



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Per. 2705 d $\frac{92}{1}$



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE, BY

J. J. HILL.

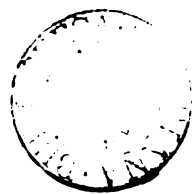
People's Magazine, December 7th, 1867.]

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

AN ILLUSTRATED MISCELLANY

FOR ALL CLASSES.



LONDON:
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
77, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS; 4, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
AND 48, PICCADILLY.
1867.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.—VOLUME I.

ABSORPTION OF GASES BY SOLIDS, 156

Abyssinia and its Emperor, 105
Abyssinia and its Roster, 760
Advice, Useful, 720
Affghan Chief, Humour of an, 92
Amboise, Castle of, 393
America, A few Words About, 27
America, Coal-fields and Timber Area of, 176
American Generals, 279
American Poets, 748, 777
American War, Incidents in the Late, 245
Ammonia Machine, The, 703
Ancient Briton, An, 188
Ancient Flint Implements, 425, 446, 479
Art of War, 11
Art, Working Men and, 55, 86
Artists, Celebrated. *See* Celebrated Artists.
Atlantic Telegraph of 1867, 13
Auld Robin Gray, 77
Australian Bush, A True Story of the, 7

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND, 406, 512

Ballads of Brittany, 201
Bateman, James, 475
Battle of Edgehill, 599
Battle of Hohenlinden, 168
Bee-keeping, Profitable. By F. V. M. Filiceul, 302,
318, 367, 383, 431, 468, 559, 686, 702
Bertrand du Guesclin, 746, 763
Besemer Steel Rails, 32
Bewildered Pleasure-Seeker, A, 74
Biography:—

American Generals, 279
American Poets, 748, 777
Ancient Briton, An, 188
Bateman, James, 475
Bloomfield, Robert, 9, 272
Brontë, Charlotte, 376
Bryant, 777
Chaucer, 248, 327
Clare, 645
Cowper, 28
Coxe, 748
Disraeli, 617
Du Guesclin, Bertrand, 746, 763
Fell, Dr., 589, 597, 616
Faraday, Michael, 758
Flint Jack, 425, 446, 479
Foley, Richard, 487
Gainsborough, Thomas, 119
Goldsmith, 92
Grant, 279
Gray, 118
Grey, Lady Jane, 24
Hogarth, 205
Ingelow, Jean, 663
Kebble, John, 630
Knox, John, 410
Longfellow, 748
Lowell, 777
Maximilian, 683
Morland, George, 296
Oxford, Bishop of, 825
Parr, Dr. Samuel, 121
Poe, 748
Pope, 798
Schiller, 568, 699
Sherman, 279
Southey, 489
Stanfield, Clarkson, 648
Stuart, Mary, at Carberry, 215
Swift, 731
Thomas, 279
Thomson, 190
Watson, Isaac, 282
Wilson, John, 697
Wither, George, 667

Blind, Sewing Machines for, 353

Biota, The Castle of. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," 473
Bloomfield, Robert, a Poet of the People, 9
Bloomfield, Robert, Letter from a Correspondent, 272
Boadicea, 260
Boats and the Emperor Napoleon, 295
Bondagers. By Cuthbert Bede, 362
Bonnets, on, 544
Bonny and the Palm-Oil Trade, 797
Boorishness, 719

Borea, 72
Boy who Listened, The. A Tale of Warning from Fairyland, 30
Brandy for Infants, 160, 256, 384, 784
Brave Shepherd, The. A True Story of the Australian Bush, 7
British Lion, The, 171
British Pluck. By F. W. Rowsell, 265
Briton, an Ancient, 188
Brittany, Ballads of, 201
Broken Mirror, The, 368
Brontë, Charlotte, Birthplace of, 376
Bryant, American Poet, 777
Buenos Ayres, Drawing Water in, 717
Buffalo Hunting in America, 504
Butterfly, Life of, 102
By the Kitchen Fireside. A Story, 390

CAERNARVON CASTLE, 89

Canada and the Reciprocity Treaty, 27
Cannibals, Negro, 173
Cannon Balls, Deviation of, caused by the Rotation of the Earth, 80
Carberry, Mary Stuart at, 215
Carrier, The Model, 88
Castle of Amboise, 393
Castle of Biola. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," 473
Castle of Caernarvon, 89
Castle of Chester, 489
Castle of Edinburgh, 440
Celebrated Artists:—

I. Thomas Gainsborough, 119
II. William Hogarth, 205
III. George Morland, 296
IV. James Bateman, 475
V. Clarkson Stanfield, 648
Ceylon, Festival of Hassan and Hasein in, 809
Character, Sketches of. *See* Sketches of Character.
Chattering, 255
Chaucer, 248, 327
Chemical Discovery, Coal and, 32
Chemistry, Popular Study of, 287
Chenonceaux, 681
Chester Castle, 489
Children, Games for, with Music, 400, 464, 576, 687, 800
Chimneys, 565
China Cups, My, 126
Chinese Newspapers, 686
Chivalry of the Prisc King, 90
Choir, Our Village, 535
Christianity at Madagascar, 345
Cinnamon Plant, The, 628
Clare, The Peasant Poet, 645
Cleansing Ships' Bottoms, 13
Clocks and Watches, 149
Clubs, Village, 768
Club-Walking, Village. By Cuthbert Bede, 552
Coal and Chemical Discovery, 32
Coal-mines, Detection of Fire-damp in, 287
Cochrane (Lord) and the Fort of Orpesa. By F. W. Rowsell, 328
Cockroach, The, 503
Coining, 439
Cold Bathing for Children, 15
Comets and Meteors—Are they identical? 704
Concerts, Volunteer, 43
Contractor and the Workman, 187
Cookery, A Few Words about, 608
Co-operative Movement, The, 70, 86, 106, 122
Cornish Fishwomen, 167
Correspondence, 18, 80, 96, 256, 272, 285, 304, 320, 336, 416, 432, 448, 480, 544, 560, 608, 624, 640, 686, 672, 688, 768, 832
Cowper, Home Memories of, 28
Coxe, American Poet, 748
Crickets, 282
Criket, Antiquity of, 80
Crumpled Rose-leaves. By Cuthbert Bede, 598
Crusade, a Provincial, 214
Cuckoo, The, 250
Cure for Melancholy, 268
Cure for Stripes, 63
Curious Facts in Natural History, 496, 592
Curiosities of Science:—
I. Modern Ordeal by Fire, 199
II. "As Quick as Lightning," 233

DEATH, FESTIVAL OF, 710, 726
Deviation of Cannon Balls caused by the Rotation of the Earth, 80
Dew, A Drop of, 533
Dialysis, 32
Dickens, My First Acquaintance with. By N. D. 750
Disease, Pneumatic Apparatus for the Treatment of, 703
Disraeli, 617
Docks, Neighbourhood of the—Past and Present, 587
Domestic Service, Letters on, 288, 304, 380, 336, 448
Drawing Water in Buenos Ayres, 715
Duck, Elder-, Something about the, 423
Du Guesclin, Bertrand, 746, 763

EAGLE, THE IMPERIAL, 378

Echoes from a Village Belfry, 808
Edgehill, Battle of, 599
Edinburgh Castle, 440
Editor's Holiday, An, 57
Education, Female Middle Class, 640, 656, 672
Education of the People, 768
Education, Primary, 80
Elder-Duck, Something about the, 423
Electro-Magnetism, New Application of, 703
England's Work among the Heathen, 281
Enigma in Verse, An. By C. O., 128
Enigma, Answer to, 144
Evenings at a Lighthouse, 442, 571, 634

FAIRY TALES:—

Boy who Listened, The. A Tale of Warning from Fairyland, 30
Freda's Fortune, 734
Giants, The Three, 174
Humpty-Dumpty, 127
Johnny's Wish, 141
Land of I Don't Know, The, 75
Little Green Maiden, The, 63
Mother Blue Mantle and her Ten Workmen 527
Night without a Nest, A, 427
Pixie-Land, 606
Red Cap, 350
Speaking One's Mind, 150
Faraday, Michael, 758
Far-famed Dr. Fell, 589, 597, 616
Feathered Friends, Our, 48
Fell, Dr., 589, 597, 616
Female Education, Middle Class, 640, 656, 672
Fernery, My, 239
Ferns, About, 422
Festival of Death, The, 710, 726
Festival of Hassan and Hasein, in Ceylon, 809
Festivities, Our Recent, 602
Few Hours at Winchester, A, 186
Figures, Lightning, 38
Fires, New Process for Extinguishing, 80
Fishwomen, Cornish, 167
Fleur-de-Lys, The, 821
Flint Jack, 425, 446, 479
Flying Machine, New, 13
Foley, Richard, 487
Food of Infants and Children, 15
Frustrating Hospital, Paris, 364
Freda's Fortune, A Fairy Tale, 734
Free Public Libraries, 240
Friends, Feathered, 48
Frost, Hoar, 582
Furness Abbey, A Visit to, 779

GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS, 119

Games for Children, with Music, 400, 464, 576, 687, 800
Gang System of Labour, 314, 346
Garden, My. By D. Deal, 143, 223, 286, 418, 495, 591
Gardening, Window, 32
Gases, Absorption of, by Solids, 156
George the Third, 456
Ghost Story which Came True. By Franc Mari, 715, 733
Giants, The Three, 174
Goldsmith, Home Memories of, 92
Good Old Times, The, 204
Gorillas at Home, 136

- Grant, American General, 279
 Gray, Home Memories of, 118
 Great-Grandfather Crost. A Story, 647
 Grey, Lady Jane, 24
- HAINSTONE, A.** 455
 Haworth, A Visit to, 376
 Heat, 166, 703
 Heathen, England's Work among the, 261
 Heron, The, 696
 Herring Cure, The, 632
 Herrings, How we Obtain them, 619
 Historians, Our, 294
 Hoar Frost, 582
 Hogarth, William, 206
 Hohenzollern, Battle of, 168
 Hohenzollern, The House of, 41
 Holiday, An Editor's, 57
 Home Memories of Cowper, 29
 Home Memories of Goldsmith, 92
 Home Memories of Gray, 113
 Home Memories of Thomson, 190
 Home Memories of Southey, 469
 Home Memories of Jonathan Swift, 731
 Home Memories of Alexander Pope, 798
 Home Training, 15
 Horton Church, 57
 Hôtel Dieu, Paris, 348
 Hôtel des Invalides, Paris, 253
 Household Matters, 32
 House of Hohenzollern, 41
 How I heard Blind Tom, 762
 How to Save Money and Keep it Safe, 794, 810, 822
 Humbug, 176
 Humour of an Afghan Chief, 92
 Humpty-Dumpty, 127
 Hungary, Popular Songs of, 42, 94
 Hunting, Wild Boar, 109
- ICE, A LUMP OF,** 183
 Illness, 15
 Imperial Eagle, The, 378
 Incidents of the Late American War, 245
 Infants and Children, Food of, 15
 Ingelow, Jean, 663
 International Exhibition of Paris, 56
 Invention and Discovery :—
 Supply of Water to London, 13
 Magnetism of Iron Ships, 13
 Atlantic Telegraph of 1867, 13
 Cleansing Ships' Bottoms, 13
 Flying Machine, New, 13
 Steel Castings, 13
 Water Signals, 13
 Bessemer Steel Rails, 32
 Coal and Chemical Discovery, 32
 Dialysis, 32
 London Sewage and Drainage, 32
 Light of the Sun and Stars Analysed, 63
 Meteoritic Rain, 63
 Railway Signalling, 63
 New Process for Extinguishing Fires, 80
 Utilisation of Photography in the Last
 Prussian Campaign, 80
 Deviation of Cannon Balls caused by the
 Rotation of the Earth, 80
 Materials for Making Paper, 112
 Spots on the Sun, 176
 Removing the Smell of Vulcanized India-
 rubber, 176
 Coal-Fields and Timber Area of America,
 176
 Whale Catching by Chemistry, 176
 New Process for the Preservation of Meat,
 287
 Ingenious Method for the Detection of Fire-
 damp in Coal-Mines, 287
 The Popular Study of Chemistry, 287
 Sewing Machines for the Blind, 362
 Lead Poison in Sewing Silk, 362
 Magnesium Light, 399
 Absorption of Gases by Solids, 156
 Pneumatic Apparatus for the Treatment of
 Disease, 703
 New Application of Electro-Magnetism, 703
 The Ammonia Machine, 703
 Heat and Light, 703
 Are Comets and Meteors Identical? 704
 The Moon, 816
 Growth of Trees, 816
 New Steam Carriage, 816
 Treatment of Ulcers, 816
- Inventors' Rights,** 63
 Ireland, Ballad Poetry of, 406, 542
 Ironclads, Our, 72
 Iron Ships, Magnetism of, 13
 Italian Organ-Men, A Word for, 828
 Ivory, Supply of, 396
- JOHNIE'S WIFE.** A Fairy Story, 141
- KEBLE, JOHN,** 630
 King John, A Note on Shakespeare's, 8
 Kingly Words, 139
 Kingsley, Charles, Novelist, 730
 Knox, John, 410
- LABOUR, GAME SYSTEM OF,** 314, 346
 Lambert and Regnault. A Tradition of the Forest
 of Ardennes, 46
 Land of "I don't know," The, 75
 Laws, The Poor, 134
 Lazarus in London, 713
 Leon and Attala. A Story, 631
 Lesson from the Rocks, 166
 Lexicographer in Trouble, A, 299
 Libraries, Free Public, 240
 Light, 512, 703
 Light of the Sun and Stars Analysed, 63
 Lighthouse, Evenings at, 442, 671, 631
 Lightning Figures, 38
 Lightning, A Flash of, 773
 Lion, British, The, 171
 Literature, 48
 Little Green Maiden, The, 62
 Little Mr. Hunter, 150
 Loches, 584
 London Sewage and Drainage, 32
 Longfellow, American Poet, 748
 Louvre, Paris, 283
 Love Story, A. By Georgiana M. Craik, 554
 Lowell, American Poet, 777
 Lunatic Life and Literature, 679
 Luxembourg, Paris, 396
- MADAGASCAR, MARTYRDOM OF THE CHRISTIANS IN,**
 345
 Madeira, 103
 Magnesium Light, 399
 Magnetism of Iron Ships, 13
 Marmalade, 720
 Martyr of Our Times, A, 345
 Materials for Making Paper, 112
 Maternal Tenderness, 15
 Maximilian, 683
 Meat, Appearances of Good and Diseased, 32
 Meat, New Process for the Preservation of, 287
 Melancholy, Cure for, 263
 Men-Pleasing, 263
 Mercury, The Planet, 326, 414
 Meteoric Rain, 63
 Meteors, 343
 Meteors and Comets : are they identical? 704
 Middle Class Female Education, 640, 656, 672
 Mirror, The Broken, 368
 Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla at Home, 136
 Mittens, The Scarlet, 218
 Model Carrier, The, 88
 Money, How to Save it, and Keep it Safe, 794, 810,
 822
 Moon, The, 816
 Morland, George, 296
 Mother Blue Mantle and her Ten Workmen, 527
 Mother's Column, The :—
 Cold Bathing, 15
 Food of Infants and Children, 15
 Home Training, 15
 Illness, 15
 Maternal Tenderness, 15
 Parental Influence, 15
 Miscellaneous, 31, 96
 The Mother with her Children, 144
 The Mother in the Nursery, 160
 The Mother in the Playroom, 176
 The Mother in the Schoolroom, 192
 The Mother in the Household, 208
 The Teething Baby. Letter from Frank
 English, M.D., 384
 The Babe Unborn. Letter from Frank
 English, M.D., 783
 Medicinal Use of Brandy for Infants, 160,
 256, 384, 784
 Movement, The Co-operative, 70, 86, 106, 122
 Musical Games for Children, 400, 464, 576, 587, 900
 Music, Notes on, 358, 374
 My China Cups, 126
 My Garden. By D. Deal, 143, 223, 286, 415, 495, 591
- NATURAL HISTORY, CURIOS FACTS IN,** 496, 592
 Natural Sounds, 22
 Needlework, Plain, 61, 78, 224, 575
 Negro Cannibals, 173
 Negroes, Help for, 540
 Neighbourhood of the Docks—Past and Present,
 587
 Newsmongering, 639
 Newspapers, Chinese, 565
 Night without a Nest, A, 427
 Notes on Music, 358, 374
 Nursing, Sick, 152
- OLD PARIS,** 220
 Omnibus Incident, 491
 On 'Change, 522
 Ophthalmic Hospital, In an, 506
 Our Feathered Friends, 48
 Our Ironclads, 72
 Our Historians, 294
 Our Troops Afloat, 774
 Oxford, Bishop of, 825
- PALM OIL TRADE AT BONYN,** 797
 Paper, Materials for Making, 112
 Parental Influence, 15
- Paris, International Exhibition of, 56
 Paris, Old, 220
 Parisian Sketches, Illustrated by Gustave Doré :—
 I. Terminus of the Great Northern Railway
 of France, 236
 II. Hôtel des Invalides, 283
 III. Napoleon's Tomb and Place Vendôme,
 268
 IV. The Louvre, with English Visitors, 293
 V. The Badignon, 300
 VI. The Imperial Library, 316
 VII. The Hôtel Dieu, 348
 VIII. The Foundling Hospital, 364
 IX. The Artillery Museum, 380
 X. The Luxembourg, 396
 XI. Markets and Market Women, 420, 444,
 461
 XII. The Theatres, 492, 508, 524
 XIII. The Suburbs of Paris, 578, 604
 XIV. The Place Royale and the Marais, 637
 XV. The Poor, 766
 XVI. The Working Classes, 812
- Parr, Dr. Samuel, 121
 Patriot Bishop, A, 626
 Penny Readings, 624, 688, 832
 Penn, Notes upon, 718
 Photography, Utilization of, in the last Prussian
 Campaign, 80
 Physician's Waiting-Room, The, 663
 Pixie-Land, 606
 Place Royale, Paris, 637
 Place Vendôme, Paris, 268
 Plain Needlework, 61, 78, 224, 575
 Pleasure-Seeker, A Bewildered, 74
 Pluck, British, 266
 Pneumatic Apparatus for the Treatment of Disease,
 703
 Poe, American Poet, 748
 Poet of the Olden Time, A, 248, 227
 Poet of the People, A, 9
 Poetry, Ballad, of Brittany, 201
 Poetry, Ballad, of Ireland, 406, 542
 Poetry :—
 Sir Lark and his Wife. By George Mac-
 donald, 8
 Sea King's Burial. By M. I. P., 14
 To a Waterfowl. By the American Poet,
 Bryant, 21
 In Dolore Felicitas. By M. I. P., 26
 Stanzas from Heine, 37
 "Faithful in that which is least." By
 Fanny Wyrill, 78
 Going Home, 112
 The Street Singer. By Eastwood Cave, 125
 A Day-Dream. By M. I. P., 163
 Probitum. By G. B., 158
 Sonnet. By Whittier, 168
 The River. By M. I. K., 192
 Love and Age. By Thomas Love Peacock,
 200
 The Shepherd's Lament. From Goethe.
 By W. P. J., 220
 Incident of the Late American War, 246
 Sword and Plough. From Müller. By
 H. T., 271
 A Rare Wife. By J. W. Roe, 271
 At Play, 271
 The Burial of Alaric. By H. Savile Clarke,
 313
 In Memoriam. By M. I. P., 316
 Stanzas. By George Arnold, 360
 The Toast. By M. M. G., 382
 Human Justice. By Isa Craig, 391
 Punch and Judy. By C. R. Coleridge, 392
 Robin's Wife. By Fanny Wyrill, 413
 Little Evila. By C. H. W., 458
 Evening Light. By Spencer T. Hall, 511
 The Best Friend. From Heine, 519
 Lady Derwentwater's Lament. By Mont-
 gomery Ranking, 520
 The Ballad of the King's Daughter. By
 Beale Rayner Parkes, 583
 Appearance, 623
 Sonnet of the Abyssinian Captives, 623
 The Ridding of the Battlements. By H. Savile
 Clarke, 671
 Solitude. By C. H. W., 696
 Sunset. By L. L. L., 704
 The Two Kittens, 704
 Duke William. By H. Savile Clarke, 745
 A Last Request. By H. Wood, 776
 The Twilight Hour. By L. M. Napier, 776
 The King of the Alder Wood, 818
 Over the Meadows. By Eliza Isabella
 Tupper, 824
 Sounds. By J. Stewart Robertson, 824
- POETS :—**
 American Poets, 748, 777
 Bloomfield, Robert, 9, 272
 Bryant, 777
 Chaucer, 248, 327
 Clare, 645
 Cowper, 28
 Coxe, 748
 Goldsmith, 92
 Gray, 118
 Ingelow, Jean, 663

Poets—continued.

Kebble, John, 630
 Longfellow, 748
 Lowell, 777
 Poe, 748
 Pope, 798
 Schiller, 668, 699
 Southey, 459
 Swift, 731
 Thomson, 190
 Wilson, 697
 Wither, 667
 Pully, the Match-Girl. A Winter's Tale. By
 X. Y. B., 781
 Poor Laws, 134
 Pope, Alexander, Home Memories of, 798
 Popular Songs of Hungary, 42, 94
 Popular Songs Illustrated. "Auld Robin Gray," 77
 Poultry, French. By W. B. Tegetmeier, 792
 Prison Babies, 790
 Prize Ring, Chivalry of, 90
 Profitable Bee-Keeping. By P. V. M. Fillicul, 302,
 318, 367, 383, 431, 468, 559, 684, 702
 Provincial Crusade, A, 214
 Public Libraries, Free, 240

QUESTION OF WAGES, THE, 411, 432

RAILWAY SIGNALING, 63

Rain, A Drop of, 311
 Rain, Meteoric, 63
 Recent Festivities, Our, 602
 Reciprocity Treaty, Canada and the, 27
 Redbreast, The, 40
 Red Cap, 350
 Rest, 59
 Rights, Inventors', 63
 Rosamond's Prayer, 471
 Rouge Dragon, 814

SAINT SWITHUN, 470

Savoury Reminiscences, Some, 330
 Salmon and the Salmon Fisheries, 520
 Scarlet Mittens, The. By F. E. B., 218
 Schiller, 668, 699

Science of Common Things:—

I. A Lump of Ice, 183
 II. A Flake of Snow, 246
 III. A Drop of Rain, 311
 IV. A Puff of Smoke, 369
 V. A Hallstone, 465
 VI. A Drop of Dew, 533
 VII. Hoar Frost, 582
 VIII. A Flash of Lightning, 773
 Science, Curiosities of. See Curiosities of Science.
 Scotch Marmalade, 720
 Sea, By the, 335
 Secrets in Cipher, 743
 Seeing is Believing, 5, 21, 132, 229, 309, 332, 477
 Self Sacrifice, 176
 Sewing Machines, 231
 Sewing Machines for the Blind, 352
 Sewing Silk, Lead Poison in, 352
 Shakespeare's King John, 8
 Sheared, 665
 Sheffield Reign of Terror, 549
 Shepherd, The Brave. A True Story, 7
 Sherman, American General, 279
 Ships' Bottoms, Cleansing, 13

Shooting Stars, 343

Sick Nursing, Hints on, 152

Signalling, Railway, 63

Signals, Water, 13

Sketches of Character:—

I. Suspiciousness, 110
 II. Superstitiousness, 154
 III. Humbug, 170
 IV. Men-Pleasing, 203
 V. Sycophancy, 222
 VI. Unprincipled Money-Getting, 231
 VII. Chattering, 255
 VIII. Spouting, 267
 IX. News-mongering, 639
 X. Busybodies, 665
 XI. Boorishness, 719

Slang, 46

Slavery in England, 382

Slumber, 685

Smoke, A Puff of, 369

Smoke, that so Gracefully Curled, The, 111

Snow, A Flake of, 246

Songster in the Chimney, The, 282

Sound upon Light, Influence of, 512

Sounds, Natural, 22

South American Shepherd, A, 685

Southey, Home Memories of, 459

Sovereigns, How They make, 439

Speaking One's Mind, 159

Spiders, 160

Sponge, 367

Spouting, 267

Square Words, 592, 736, 816, 832

Stanfield, Clarkson, 648

Stars, Shooting, 343

Steam Carriage, New, 816

Steel Castings, 13

Steel Rails, Bessemer, 32

Storks of the Watch-Tower, 620

Strikes, Cure for, 63

Stuart, Mary, at Carberry, 215

Stupid People, 90

Sultana, The, 580

Sun, Spots on, 176, 278

Superstitiousness, 154

Supply of Water to London, 13

Supply of Ivory, 395

Suspiciousness, 110

Swift, Home Memories of, 731

Swithun, St., 470

Sycophancy, 222

TAILORS, A WORD WITH THE, 207

Tales:—

Mr. Wynyard's Ward. A Tale by Holmes
 Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter,"
 1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 113, 129, 145, 161,
 177, 193, 209, 226, 241, 257, 273, 289, 305,
 321
 Up and Down the Ladder. A Tale by
 William Gilbert, Author of "De Pro-
 fundis," "Dr. Austin's Guests," &c., 337,
 353, 369, 385, 401, 417, 433, 449, 465, 481,
 497, 513, 529, 545, 561, 577, 593, 609, 625,
 641
 The Governor's Daughter. A Tale of the
 Last Polish Insurrection. By H. Suther-
 land Edwards, 657, 673, 689, 705, 721, 737,
 753, 769, 785, 801, 817

Tales—continued.

Brave Shepherd, The. A True Story of the
 Australian Bush, 7
 By the Kitchen Fireside. A Story, 390
 Evenings at a Lighthouse, 442, 571, 634
 Ghost Story which came True. By Frank
 Mart, 716, 733
 Great-Grandfather Croat. A Story, 617
 Lambert and Regnault. A Tradition of the
 Forest of Ardennes, 45
 Leon and Attala, 631
 Love Story. By Georgiana M. Craik, 554
 Omnibus Incident, 491
 Polly, the Match-Girl. A Winter's Tale.
 By X. Y. B., 781
 Rosamond's Prayer, 471
 Scarlet Mittens, The. By F. E. B., 218
 Wreath of Mallow, The, 537
 Tales, Fairy. See Fairy Tales.
 Tapping the Telegraph Wire, 263
 Telescopes, On the Use of Small:—
 I. The Sun Spots, 278
 II. The Planet Mercury, 326, 414
 Thomas, American General, 279
 Thomson, Home Memories of, 190
 Three Giants, The, 174
 Tobacco, 111
 Torpedo Boat, The, 669
 Tradition of the Forest of Ardennes, 45
 Trees, Growth of, 816
 Troops Afloat, Our, 774
 Truth, 368

ULCERS, TREATMENT OF, 816

Unicorn, The, 235

Unprincipled Money-getting, 234

Useful Advice, 720

VAGRANTS AND VAGRANCY. By an Ex-Gao

Chaplain, 651

Village Choir, Our, 636

Village Club-Walking. By Cuthbert Bede, 552

Village Clubs, 768

Visit to Haworth, 376

Volunteer Concerts, 43

Vulcanized Indiarubber, Removing the Smell of,
 176

WAGES, QUESTION OF, 411, 432

Walton, Isaac, 232

War, The Art of, 11

Water Signals, 13

Weather Prognostics. By A. STR., 767

Whale Catching by Chemistry, 176

Whistling through the Woods, 622

Wild Boar Hunting, 109

Wilson, John, 697

Window Gardening, 32

Winchelsea, A Few Hours at, 185

Wither, George: His "Motto," 667

Word with the Tailors, A, 207

Words of the Wise, 16, 32, 48, 60, 96, 267, 320, 422,
 511

Working Classes in Paris, 812

Working Men and Art, 55, 96

Workman, The Contractor and the, 167

Wreath of Mallow, The, 537

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

I.—ILLUSTRATIONS PRINTED IN COLOURS.

	Facing Page		Facing Page
LOVE ME: LOVE MY DOG. From an original picture by J. J. Hill		FLOWERS OF THE SEA. From an original picture by J. J. Hill	335
Rest. From an original picture by J. J. Hill	59	THE SHEPHERD BOY. From an original picture by J. Bateman	475
GAINSBOROUGH'S COURTSHIP. From an original picture by J. J. Absolon	119	WHISTLING THROUGH THE WOODS. From an original picture by W. Bromley	622
KITTIE'S BREAKFAST. After an original picture by Mrs. Sophie Anderson	271	SLEEPERS. From an original picture by C. W. Cope, R.A.	695

II.—MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page		Page		Page
Illustrations to "MR. WYNTARD'S WARD."	1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 113, 139, 145, 161, 177, 193, 209, 225, 241, 257, 273, 289, 305, 321.	Portraits—continued.		The Peasant's Repast. From a Painting by Morland	297
Illustrations to "UP AND DOWN THE LADDER."	337, 353, 369, 385, 401, 417, 433, 449, 465, 481, 497, 513, 529, 545, 561, 577, 593, 609, 625, 641.	Rainitsontsoraka, a Martyr of Madagascar	345	Bees Swarming	303
Illustrations to "THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER."	657, 673, 689, 705, 721, 737, 753, 769, 785, 801, 817.	Flint Jack	425	The Burial of Alaric	313
Illustrations to the articles entitled "SEEING IS BELIEVING:—"		Dierseil	617	Bees	319
York Wharf, Lambeth	5	John Wilson	697	Phases of the Planet Mercury	326
A Lambeth Interior	21	Edgar Allan Poe	748	Blowing-up of the Fort Oropesa	329
An Apartment in Ratcliffe	183	William Cullen Bryant	777	Queen Beadicea	361
Bird Exchange, Bethnal Green	229	Bishop of Oxford	825	Haworth Parsonage	376
William's Buildings, Golden Lane	309	The Sec. King's Burial	14	Haworth Church	377
Night Refuge, Playhouse Yard, Golden Lane	333	Lady Jane Grey refusing the Crown	25	Punch and Judy in Melbourne	392
Lodging House in George Yard, White-chapel	477	Cowper and his Mother	29	The Castle of Amboise	393
PARISHAN SKETCHES.—illustrated by Gustave Doré:—		Lightning Figures	38, 39	The Burial of Knox. Historical drawing by John Gilbert	409
I. The Englishman's Mania for Railway Literature	237	Feeding Robin	40	Robin's Wife	413
II. Infern Soldiers in the Hôtel des Invalides	253	Hohenzollern Castle	41	Ferns	422
III. Place Vendôme	269	Buda	43	Eden-duck Hunting in the Fjords of Norway	424
IV. French notion of English Visitors at the Louvre	284	Lambert and Regnault	45	Edinburgh Castle	441
V. The Sort of People who live in the Batignolles	301	Horton Church, Buckinghamshire	57	Hallstones	455
VI. Imperial Library	317	Rest	60	George III. and the Beggar	457
VII. The Hôtel Dieu	349	Plan of the International Exhibition at Paris	64	Scotby with his Children	460
VIII. The Foundling Hospital	364	The Bellerophon, Ironclad	73	Rosamond's Prayer	472
IX. The Artillery Museum	381	Popular Songs Illustrated. "Auld Robin Gray"	77	Château of Blois	473
X. The Gardens of the Luxembourg	397	Shirt-patterns	79, 224, 575	Tower at Chester	469
XI. 1. French Market People	429	The Eagle Tower, Caernarvon Castle	89	Buffalo Hunting	506
2. French Market Women	445	Goldsmith and his Dog	93	Salmon Fishing	521
3. French Market Woman at the Barrière	462	Ibêo, Funchal, Madeira	104	The Cinnamon Plant	528
XII. 1. The Cirque Olympique	493	Abyssinian Peasant Women	105	The Wreath of Mallow	537
2. Waiting for Admittance	509	Wild Boar Hunting	109	Village Club-walking	553
3. Eating the Galette	525	The Street Singer	125	Statue of Schiller at Stuttgart	569
XIII. 1. French Family in their Garden	574	Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla at home	137	Hoar Frost	583
2. Parisians Fishing	605	Johnny's Wish	141	Loches	585
XIV. Place Royale	637	A Day Dream	153	The Battle of Edgehill	601
XV. Vagrants at a Restaurant	765	Cornish Fishwomen	157	The Herring Gutter	632
XVI. Group of Working Men	813	The Battle of Hohenlinden	169	Herring Quay	633
PORTRAITS:—		Negro Cannibals	173	The Abandoned. From a Photograph by Messrs. Caldesi	649
Robert Bloomfield	9	Winchelsea Church	185	Sheep-shearing in Buenos Ayres: October	665
Dr. Samuel Parr	121	Logan Stone—Old Iolo resting	189	Attempt to Blow up an Ironclad Man-of-War	669
Isaak Walton	233	Guinecamp in Brittany	201	The Château of Chenoueaux	681
American Generals: Sherman, Grant, and Thomas	281	The Enraged Musician	205	A South American Shepherd	685
		Mary Stuart led to Edinburgh. Historical drawing by John Gilbert	217	The Crossing Sweeper	713
		House of LaHite, recently demolished	221	Curious Pump: Buenos Ayres	717
		Somebody's Darling	245	How Amyas threw his Sword into the Sea—Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"	729
		Snow Crystals	247	Map of Abyssinia	761
		The Canterbury Pilgrims. Drawn by E. Corbould	219	Church Steeple Struck by Lightning	773
		Cuckoo	250	Gateway of Furness Abbey	780
		Native School at Masulipatam	261	French Poultry	793
		Tapping the Telegraph Wire	264	Trading Station at the Mouth of the River Bonny	797
		Engagement between the Speedy and the Gamo	265	Dance at a Festival in Ceylon	809
		The Sun Spots	278f	Poor Italians	828

III.—MAPS.

	Page		Page
SKETCH MAP OF PARIS	129	MAP OF ABYSSINIA	761

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER I.

MISTLETOE AND HOLLY-BERRIES.

WHENEVER the Wynyards indulged in a sentimental retrospect during the period of their adversity, they always dated the beginning of the end from that merry Christmas which they spent at Brackenfield just before their Aunt Millicent was married. Life at Eastwold was narrow and monotonous; but they were young then, and the advancing shadow had

not yet grown palpable enough to eclipse their natural sunshine. "Let all the children come," wrote dear old grandmamma Hutton; and they all went—Francis, Anna, Geoffrey, Maurice, Lois, and Penelope Croft, their father's ward.

They often thought afterwards how selfish they had been, how craving of a little pleasure. The question of expense, debated with grave animation up-stairs and down, and other questions, less prosaic but not more

serious, touched them scarcely at all. Some experience and a vast deal of imagination had exalted grandpapa's house into a place of paradisaical delights, in contrast with which home appeared a dreary desolate waste, where dulness brooded in season and out of season. "Let us go! do let us go!" was their cry, morning, noon, and night; and they heard nothing pathetic in nurse's ironical rejoinder, "Ay, go, go; leave us. Leave father and mother to keep Christmas alone. Go your ways, an' be happy. You're like young bears—you've got all your troubles before you."

On the day of their departure Eastwold was awake and up early, and the noise of children's feet and voices, to and fro the house in ecstasy, never ceased until they were warmly packed into the old yellow chariot, and ready for a start. Papa and mamma waited on the steps to see them off, and as the lank postmen trotted down the avenue, the sun shone upon a bunch of rosy faces pressed to the window, nodding and shouting joyous good-byes until they were out of sight. No sense of uneasiness smote any of them, even at that last moment, except Penelope, who had chosen to ensconce herself all alone in the rumble. She was a queer little sensitive creature, pathetically ugly, and older by a year or two than any of her guardian's family. Her short nose reddened, and a few tears winked furtively in her large brown eyes; but before they had gone a mile on the road, the impression of pain she had caught from those figures, standing on the threshold forsaken, yielded to the consolation of leafless branches, clear traced against the pale blue sky, and to the tenderness of frostwork on reed and fern under the glittering hedges. It recurred now and then throughout the journey, like the sad refrain of an old ballad, but the story-part between the echoes was romantic and fanciful, and that mysterious undertone haunted her to no ill-purpose.

Over hill and dale, over moor and windy scaur for two and twenty miles rattled the happy children, laughing, chattering, quarrelling like a nest of pies; and when the sun began to sink behind the sombre Brackenwood, they caught a glimpse of grandpapa's chimneys amongst the cedars. Ten minutes after they were all being kissed and cuddled and danced up and down in the great hall, with no flaw in their welcome, save a low-spoken regret from grandmamma that they had not brought her "Mary" with them and "poor papa."

They talked about that visit to Brackenfield for long and long after—it was a bit of such genuine good cheer. A sketch that Francis made from the garden went with them in all their subsequent wanderings. It was the merest scratch, but they knew it. Some of the windows were indicated only by a single stroke, others were omitted altogether, none made any effectual pretence at seeming what they really were—heavily mullioned, and with little leaded hexagonal panes, emblazoned in the topmost compartments with the armorial bearings of all the family connexions for a score of generations back. It was an ancient house, but there were not the gaps in the walls that occurred in Francis's handiwork; neither were the trees that overgrew it such flourishes of exotic foliage, but massive firs and cedars, and dark ranks of yews, old almost as the hills for which one sinuous line in the background had to stand. An out-of-the-world place it was, and in time of snow, cut off inexorably from neighbours; but, filled with those who were kind as well as kin, it

was as cheerful a house as heart could desire to spend a Christmas season in.

First, there was Squire Hutton himself—gouty, good-humoured, and generous; then there was the dame, comely and mirthful at sixty as at sixteen; there was the eldest son John, with his wife Theodora, and their leash of riotous boys; there were Ellen and Grace, with their rival girl-babies and respective husbands, Captain Blake and Sir Andrew Goodwin; there was old Uncle Christopher who had seen the world, and lived now at free-quarters, a pensioner in the house where he was born; there was Tom Martineau, a sort of cousin, who had travelled east and travelled west from youth to grey hairs, and always stayed his weary feet at Brackenfield between his wandering journeys; and lastly there was Millicent, the youngest daughter, very fair in her unwedded summer beauty, with a love-story to point a moral for the behoof of any fantastical maiden tempted to throw happiness away in a fit of caprice or pride, as she had done.

At eighteen Millicent had been a lovely, spoilt girl, but rich in the charm that wins love. And many loved her—most of all Michael Forester, the younger son of Sir Gilbert Forester, her father's best friend and nearest neighbour, and after a breezy wooing they became engaged. Michael was frank, free and easy; it was a triumph for him to have won her, but having won her, he rested and was thankful. Perhaps he trusted her too well, who was by nature exacting; for his cheerful assurance she construed, first, into indifference, and then into neglect. Pride sealed her lips, but every change it made her heart ice to think of, she assumed as come already. When the time drew near for the fulfilment of her promise, she broke it. Michael was mortified beyond expression, and all the world of their acquaintance declared that Millicent Hutton had behaved extremely ill. Her punishment was not light. Stings of love, shame, pride, regret, each in turn pierced her to the quick. Michael acquiesced in her decision, and went his way; north, south—what was it to her? Yet wherever he went he carried her heart with him, and that perhaps everybody knew but himself.

The lapse of time had brought many changes in and about Brackenfield since then. Mary, the eldest daughter, married eight years before to Mr. Wynyard of Eastwold, had entered on a course of suffering such as was but very imperfectly understood in her father's house. John had married, not ambitiously, but much to his liking; and the only other son had laid down his life in India. Helen and Grace had gone to homes of their own, and Millicent alone was left of all their children with the Squire and the dame. At the Grange old Sir Gilbert Forester had died, and another Sir Gilbert reigned in his stead, but Michael never came back. Tom Martineau met him once in a remote village of Algeria, where they joined in a lion hunt with a vagrant Scotch laird, and afterwards parted and went their several ways, but other tidings Millicent had none.

As her fitful pride wore down, her character ripened to a rich maturity. To have taken her from Brackenfield now would have been to take away its sunshine; and the Squire looked with discouragement on any amorous swain who was tempted to cast a hope towards her. Uncle Christopher quizzed her as a paradox of constancy, and said often that she was saving up for Michael Forester yet; but, ah! well-a-day! just three years after she had sent him from her, his letters home ceased. From that time till now—an interval of seven

years—rumour had brought no news of him. Sir Gilbert Forester had entered into possession of his brother's lands, and had put up in the chancel of Brackenfield Church a marble shield inscribed to his memory. He was counted amongst the dead, but all else was mystery; and her friends spoke low before Millicent, when they speculated on how he had probably perished in some far-away torrid wild—unwept, unpitied, by strangers tended and buried.

It was not so in reality, and as his return home took place during the memorable visit of the Eastwold children to grandpapa's house, and made a permanently happy and hopeful impression on Mr. Wynyard's ward, the joyous story shall be set forth as a prelude to her own longer and more varied chronicle.

When the children and grandchildren were at Brackenfield for Christmas, the great hall was the favourite gathering-place of the family, and the fittest place, with its portraits in every panel, and its fires of Yule-logs blazing at either end. On Christmas Eve, in the afternoon, they were all there—Francis, Geoffrey and Maurice, Philip, Jimmy and Jack, Anna and Lois, tiny Poppie and toddling Nell—six boys under fifteen, and four girls under twelve. Oh, Babel! oh, glorious confusion! and their elders all enjoying it. In the midst of the floor was a heap of green boughs, amongst which the merry little folks were culling the richest in scarlet berries, and handing them up to Robin the gardener, who was decking the walls. The work went on until twilight, when it was nearly done, and there arose a question about hanging up the mistletoe; but behold! when the young ones looked out for the mistletoe, there was none to be found. No mistletoe? Christmas Eve, and no mistletoe! By all means let Robin go and cut some before the dark falls!

Robin protested that he had put more than enough into the cart, and unless the kitchen wenches had stolen it there it must be still; so the big boys rushed away through intricate passages to the back door, Aunt Millicent and Penelope Croft following with Lois, a little grace of a girl who was in immense excitement about the absent mistletoe. There they found the cart waiting, with a smoky lantern dangling at the shaft, and a stiff-set lad at the horse's head, thrashing himself with long flail-like arms to keep up his vital heat. There was a windy gloom on that north quarter of the house, and the girls stayed within the porch while gardener's Jack threw out to the boys the last green branches of yew and holly.

"Here it is, here's mistletoe!" cried Francis, and dashed off with all the other youngsters pursuing. But Millicent and Penelope stood transfixed at the apparition of a frozen white face which peered up at them from the darkness beyond the cart—such a face as Pennie had never seen either in the body or out of the body in her short life before. It seemed to gaze at them with unseeing, stony eyes, and then to turn and turn away, and recede into the purple gloom, but with never a sound of footstep or rustle of raiment, and so was lost in the blackness of the thick-clipt yews by the wall. Millicent's hand closed on Pennie's with a clutch that almost made her cry out for pain, and drawing her breath with a sob, she whispered, "It was Michael Forester's face!" Pennie did not exactly believe in ghosts, but she was mostly afraid of them; and her heart beat loud and thick as they hurried through the dark passages back to the ruddy fire-shine of the hall.

Their rushing entrance was greeted by a general outcry.

"What's amiss? You look as if you had seen a ghost," said Captain Blake, Helen's sailor spouse. "If you have a yarn to tell us, now's the witching time o' night. Come, Quixote, let us hear it."

"We have no yarn," said Pennie, answering with teeth a-chatter to one of the many names her grotesque little phiz had earned her. "But it is a night bitter enough to bleach the red out of even your face, sir."

"That's right, Pennie, give it him. He grows more like beet-root every day," cried the Squire, and made room for her in the midst of the circle. Robin the gardener observed that there would be a fall of snow before morning. Everybody echoed his prediction, and said it was lucky it had held off over Christmas Eve, or else Brackenfield must have lacked many guests, now doubtless set off upon their dark and windy way to join in the revels with which Squire Hutton always kept that festival.

At half-past five rang the dressing-bell, and away trooped young and old to make themselves gay for the dance that was to follow the dinner. Penelope was one of Millicent's most enthusiastic admirers, and her adoration pleased even while it amused the woman of sorrowful experiences. They had agreed to occupy one room, and this arrangement was now felt to be very consolatory. Millicent looked little in the mood for Christmas fun, and Pennie, to cheer her, vented a few orthodox reflections on the tricks of fancy.

"Ever since Michael Forester ceased to write home I have believed him dead," was Millicent's reply. "I have felt, too, that if he came to me I should not fear him." *Not fear him!* Yet she clung close to Pennie as they went down-stairs to the guests who were already assembling.

Throughout the dinner the dismal shadow haunted Pennie's mind. Mirth, laughter, turkey, plum-pudding, were all thrown away upon her. Uncle Christopher rallied her in vain. Was she in love? Was she in debt, or any other difficulty? She had not a single retort left in her quiver, and Millicent was in the same silent case. It was easier in the hall afterwards. There were so many, the children were so tumultuous, that a seceder or two from the universal din was not missed. When the first country-dance was set with thirty couples they were left out, and ensconced themselves in one of the deep window recesses. It was an old custom at Brackenfield, when any merrymaking was going on, to leave the curtains undrawn, that the village-folk might look in at the dancing. They had availed themselves of the chilly privilege on this occasion, and when the two girls entered the recess several rustic visages drew back, and retreated to another window, where there were no sitters-out to intercept their view.

For ever so long Millicent and Pennie watched the brisk evolutions of the maze; admiring how the Squire went down the figure, as actively as if he were twenty, with sweet little granddaughter Lois, and how his dear dame threaded the needle with frisky Phil, her eldest son's eldest hope. This was the children's dance—rare fun, too; and when it was done they all kissed their partners under the mistletoe, and were then hustled off to supper of custard and cake, and so to bed; while the ancients, having gallantly accomplished an annual duty, were permitted to retire to whist; and the multitude, who were children grown up, kept the night alive with reels, cotillions, and more formal quadrilles.

What a pretty, happy picture it was! The panelled walls blazing with light, the solemn ancestry looking down from their garlanded frames, dignified, demure, and prim—as if there were no country dances in their day, no Hunt the Slipper, or Ladies' Toilet, or Kiss-in-the-ring, or cakes and ale at Christmas time when they were lads and lasses. Ah! the old generation shows wonderfully wise when it lives only in effigy! Those airy figures that flitted in gossamer to and fro in the shining hall are sober enough now, and their agile partners are considerably heavier on the wing. But they were merry under the mistletoe that Christmas night, and if they have given way to another generation, turn-about is but fair play—us to-day, you to-morrow, all of us very soon yesterday!

Millicent and Penelope bore their part in the dance again and again; but just before supper they found themselves once more in the window recess. They talked a little, and then looked out into the night, to see if it had kept its promise of snow, when again that spectral visage met them, eyes to eyes. For an instant only—they saw it, and it was gone! They both started away to the hearth, which Pennie left no more until she went in to supper. Her escort was Tom Martineau, who said, inquisitively, "There is something up between you and Milly—what is it?"

Pennie answered, "Nothing."

"Greeting over spilt milk—just like women," rejoined he.

Millicent sat opposite to them, her face as white as her white dress, but talking nervously fast, and laughing far more than was her wont, under the surprised observation of others besides Tom Martineau.

It seemed as if the great Christmas party and the boar's head never would be cut up and eaten; as if the toasts and speeches never would be done. But there is an end to everything under the moon as well as under the sun, and that famous supper came to a close at last, and with it the night's chequered festivities.

Millicent and Pennie were amongst the earliest to beat a retreat to their room. For an hour they sat talking by the fire, but as soon as they got into bed Pennie fell into the sleep of healthful weariness. She had not slept long, however, before she was reawakened by the sound of voices on the terrace under the window, and then the stilly darkness of the Christmas morning was broken by a loud-sung carol. Both she and Millicent rose to peep out at the waits, who stood in a ring on the lawn. Snow was falling, and the lantern they carried gave a light so dim that to Pennie not a face was discernible. But when they had watched about a minute, Millicent dropped the curtain, with a shuddering cry that Michael Forester was amongst the singers.

The night got over somehow—Pennie even slept—but when they made their appearance at breakfast, and everybody was wishing everybody else a happy Christmas, Millicent's pale cheek and nervous eye could not escape anxious remark from the dame; but as she persisted that nothing ailed her, save the drowsy consequences of a disturbed night, she was let alone. Only Uncle Christopher quizzed her a little, and prophesied that Brackenfield would hear of something to astonish it by-and-by—a new lover perhaps—who could tell? During the prayers in church he regarded her too with a mischievous intelligence. Pennie walked home with him after service, in stern, silent displeasure, and was

not propitiated when he bade her smooth down her prickles for a little fretful porcupine. She would have liked to consult him about the ghost, but there was no encouragement in his rallying tone to enter on so serious a theme.

Round the blazing Yule-logs after dinner somebody proposed stories; and nerve-thrilling legends, new and old, were recounted until Pennie's turn came, and found her dumb. Tom Martineau asked if she had no spiritual reminiscences to narrate, when Uncle Christopher answered for her: "Not she, the little infidel, she believes in nothing!" on which she looked guilty, and quavered out, No, she did not—expecting the phantom-face to confront her with the wicked equivocation on her lips. She wished bed-time were twenty-years off, yet when it came to good-night, Uncle Christopher, as if he uncannily divined her thoughts, whispered: "Don't be afraid, Pennie; the ghost is shut up in the kitchen-clock, and won't molest you if you say your prayers." He had some equally irreverent speech to make to Millicent, who had a sad sleepless night of it. Pennie dropped her head on the pillow, and knew nothing more till morning, when she woke so hale and sprightly that she was half in a mind to deride the vision, while Millicent's wearied nerves were more than ever sensitive to impressions of pain and terror.

There was a beautiful walk in summer down one of the rides through the wood which skirted the Forester estates, but in winter it was commonly avoided as damp and dismal. After luncheon, however, when Millicent invited Pennie to turn out with her, she proposed going in that direction. Pennie consented, but not cheerfully. The open expanse of the park would have been pleasant—looking forward to the haunted hours that would soon be upon them in the short December day. Under the firs, laden with their frozen white Christmas fruitage, the ground was clear, but the wind whistled with a shrill music such as it is far more agreeable to hear sitting in a cosy chimney-corner than when it meets you in the teeth. With their cloaks drawn close and their heads bent down they battled against it to the end of the ride, and across a meadow dotted with fine park timber. Park in a fashion it was still, being only divided by a sunk fence from the neglected gardens of the Lodge—the place that would have been Millicent Hutton's home had she married Michael Forester. It was uninhabited now, and had been so ever since he left England, except by the bailiff and his wife. Sir Gilbert, it was reported, meant now to destroy the pretty pleasure grounds, and to turn the place into a farmstead. The change had been spoken of at dinner the night before, as likely to be taken in hand when the frost broke up, and Millicent wished to see the gardens again before the desecration began. They entered by a rustic gate and bridge across the sunk-fence, and coming round from the back of the house, strayed along a broad walk below the windows of the principal rooms, now all silent, shuttered, and dark.

What a melancholy place is a deserted house! The dead leaves had apparently been allowed to gather the autumn through, and the snow now covered them where they lay in drifts along the foot of the wall. The wind had torn away the ivy from the south-west corner of the house, where it had been left hanging and flapping in the wild gusts like a flag of distress. It was not until they turned round by the east end that they came on any cheerful signs of habitation. Then from a wide,

unscreened window, belonging to what was Michael Forester's study in his early days of possession, they saw a ruddy glow streaming abroad into the winter's cold. Pennie would have avoided the room, supposing it to be occupied by some of the bailiff's family; but Millicent wanted to see his wife, and passing close by

the window, they involuntarily glanced in—glanced in to see the tall figure of a man reading by the fire, and to see that awful grey face, more like death than ever, lift itself up and slowly turn to look who came between him and the fast-fading light of the afternoon.

(To be continued.)

SEEING IS BELIEVING.



YORK WHARF, LAMBETH, AS SEEN FROM FORE STREET.

"WHERE shall we go first?"

The question was put by one of my companions as we entered the eastern end of Princes Street, Lambeth. The reader shall be told on what business; but we warn him that he will not find the story a very attractive one, unless the facts we have to mention, or facts similar to them, have impressed him with their importance before now. He is very likely one of that preponderating class of readers who expect their magazine to be merely amusing. If so, we must ask him to forgive us for devoting a portion of our space to a serious subject, and he will find the entertainment he has a right to expect by turning to another page. Our present mood is a sad one, for we have been compelled to think of the frightful contrasts presented by the civilization of the age. On the other hand, *marj*, we are sure, will sympathize with the object we have in view, and, without the need of a hint from us—

Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes,
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as Brother Men!

To such we are sure no apology is necessary for the attempts we shall make from time to time to impress our readers with the reality of the misery of which many of them may be but vaguely informed, and to give publicity to the means, of whatever kind, that may be suggested for its removal. "It is pretty generally confessed," Professor Kingsley once observed, "that we possess sanitary knowledge (could we but apply it) to exterminate pestilence, and probably most forms of zymotic disease; that we could make our cities very nearly as healthy as the country; could considerably lengthen the average of human life; and could bring up the rising generation under circumstances almost certain to produce the highest health and vigour. But it is confessed, on the other hand, that though we know how to do all this, *we are not doing it!*" The truth is, the public conscience is not yet sufficiently aroused to the sin and shame of this neglected duty. Men do not yet realize the truth that a wrong done to one is done to all; and that vice and misery can no more fester with safety to the community, in one part of the social body, than a mortification can exist in any part of the material frame without endangering life. To make the majority of men really sensible of this may not be easy, but at least the thing should be attempted; and to this end it is of the

highest importance that facts, of which all know by hearsay, should be impressed upon us by the force of experience. Let us really *see* these lairs in which the people live so unwholesomely; the cellars, and garrets, and small overcrowded rooms in which the poor workers are huddled together, living and dying with less material comfort about them than humanity would afford to the brutes. Let us see this hard sordid fact with our own eyes; let us stretch forth our hands, and feel the loathsome thing from which we have hitherto shrunk, half in abhorrence, half in unbelief; and let us try if we cannot, by some word spoken in time, however weak, some additional bit of testimony, however small, contribute to its amelioration.

We had reached the eastern end of Princes Street, and having conferred together a few moments, continued our walk until we arrived at the corner of Eagle and Child Court, on the right, leading through from Princes Street to Fore Street. My guide pointed to a structure of dilapidated lath and plaster and broken boards, called by courtesy a house, in which he told me six families resided, numbering in all about thirty-five persons. It looked as if a vigorous push would convert the whole affair into a heap of rubbish. One would have pitied a starved cat had it sought shelter in such a den. Half doubtfully, I first looked at my friend and then slowly followed him, wishing, as we went, that he had the gift of *Le Sage's* demon, and could lift the roof and walls like the crust of a pie. Wanting this magical power, we had to grope our way through the fœtid gloom as we best could. "Fœtid" is a very mild expression, for at the entrance a drain had been opened, communicating with a closet just within the door (common to the whole household), from which a loathsome smell ascended and filled the entire habitation.

In the room we first entered a family of six persons resided—and when we speak of "residence" in these places, it must be remembered the term includes living, sleeping, cooking, washing, and the entire economy of the family; the only place besides to which the poor creatures have access being the foul staircase, and—we can hardly say the *fouler*—street. In another room the number of persons condemned to this state of sordid misery was seven. The father of these children sold watercresses, and the tub to wash them in was one of the most conspicuous articles of furniture in the room. A third apartment was occupied by a woman whose husband had been seized with cholera, but had recovered in spite of all that might have been predicted to the contrary. A fourth—but here I am ashamed to confess that I hesitated to explore further these foul recesses. The confined atmosphere, and the horrid smell which ascended from below, and pervaded the house in every part, had already brought on a feeling of nausea, and I gladly descended into the court. A crowd of melancholy thoughts pursued each other through my brain. "What was I, that these miseries should not touch me? and what were these poor wretches, that I should fly from their presence as from a pestilence?" I thought of the streets, almost within view, crowded with palaces, in contrast with these hovels, and of the lordly men and queenly women who throng their halls; but these were too remote in their grandeur to make the contrast affecting. The picture of a happy fireside in humble life was more to the purpose—the children climbing their father's knees, and the babe nestling in its mother's arms. Were such scenes ever witnessed in these repulsive abodes? Possibly so, for here, too, "Man's image, loved so well, though so distorted," is still faintly visible, and many of the children's faces have still a lingering beauty about them which even dirt and wretchedness cannot altogether obliterate.

A house at the Fore Street end of the court next invited our attention. My guide might have said, as

he gently opened the first door to which we came on the ground-floor—but he did not, for he was too full of the sadness of the scene—

Now stretch

Thy countenance a little as before,
That thou may'st closely with thy vision reach
That unclean slut, with ringlets tumbled o'er,
Now standing up, now lolling on one side,
Her flesh, with dirty nails, who scratches sore!

She came forward, grinning through the dirt which almost hid her features; and lolling, now this side, now that, as we talked to her, she looked the very picture of squalid contentment and good nature. The best rag she had (the remains of a smart printed muslin) was hung up to dry between the window and the heap of rubbish called a bed, on which her baby lay. In answer to a question, she said the baby was very well, "at least ways, as well as it could be;" and "she had nowhere else to hang her washing out." I could not prevent my eye from wandering uneasily round the dirty and dilapidated walls and ceiling, until it rested on large patches of a yellowish mouldy paste, which had the appearance of some loathsome skin disease breaking out in the plaster. I called the woman's attention to it, when, drawing the ragged garment she wore across her bosom with her left hand, she grinned more broadly than before, and, with a swing of her right arm, made the sign of tipping, and with a comic look pointed above. This little bit of pantomime was meant to inform me that a woman who lives overhead occasionally gets drunk, and as she vomits on the dilapidated floor, and is not the least careful in other respects, the ceiling is soaked with filth. "As for the landlord, bless yer, he'll do nothing." Turning to go, I remarked how pleasant it was to see her so cheerful in the midst of her troubles. "Lor, Sir," she replied, with another loll and a grin, "it's no good as I knows of being any other ways; and you see I only pays one-and-six a week, so what can I expect!"

The adjoining, or back room, not more than eight feet square, and six and a half feet high, contained a family of six, father, mother, and four children. "Oh, Sir! he's very ill," said the poor woman, in answer to the inquiry of the kind-hearted missionary; who then whispered to me, "Her husband has been lying ill some time." The bed on which the poor man lay was not at first visible. It was at the back part of the room, hidden by chairs, on which various rags were hung. The invalid was slumbering uneasily. Not willing that he should be disturbed, we silently withdrew.

We visited but one of the upper rooms in this house. It also contained a family of six—the mother a drunkard, the father a hard-working man. The only furniture consisted of an old form, about thirty inches long, a small table, and a box, for the whole of which it is very doubtful if a broker in "The Cut" would have given half-a-crown. The poor children were all but naked, and very dirty. Mother was "out," and they were minding the place. It made one's heart ache to leave them in such a den—the "loving bonds of Nature's social ties" all wanting, and the poor children more helpless in their misery than the young savages who run wild in their native forests.

Descending again into the street we continued our walk westward, and in a few moments arrived at the corner of a turning to the left, called York Wharf. The general aspect of the place is represented in our engraving; but immediately after this sketch was taken the fronts of the houses were whitewashed, and are now perhaps a shade less squalid and picturesque. The inhabitants here pride themselves on the tradition that one of the old wooden houses was the residence of Jack Sheppard! Is there not, in this fact alone, a world of sad suggestiveness?

(To be continued.)

THE BRAVE SHEPHERD.

A TRUE STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN CUSH.

SOME years ago two men, Charles Storey and Edward Ladbury, had charge of an outlying sheep-station, belonging to Mr. John Hassall, a wealthy Australian squatter. The first named was the shepherd, the second the hutkeeper. Their hut stood in the midst of a scene of primitive nature. Except the folds for the flocks, there were no enclosures of any description. The country was an open expanse of grass, with a few undulations dotted sparsely with evergreen trees, mostly of the stringy-bark species. The walls of the hut were built of rough stakes, with mud and reeds between them; other long poles formed the roof, which was covered with rushes. The fire-place was constructed of stones collected from the neighbourhood, and in this the men baked their daily damper, composed of flour and water and salt, and boiled their kettle of tea. Their stores consisted of salt beef and pork, flour and rice in casks, a chest of tea, some sugar and raisins, and a few other articles. Tin cups and plates, and two or three knives and forks, formed their dinner and tea service; a kettle and saucepan and gridiron were their chief cooking utensils; some rough slabs of the stringy-bark trees on tressels, ticking filled with wool, a couple of blankets, and a kangaroo-skin rug a-piece, formed their beds.

Such a life as they led, in spite of its sameness, its solitude, and danger, has its charms for many men. They were contented. May be, their early days had been spent in poverty and starvation in some crowded city, amid scenes of profligacy, squalor, and suffering. Here they enjoyed pure air, a bright sky, and abundance of food, and were removed from the temptations which had once beset them. Those who have once occupied nearly every position in life will be found among the shepherds and hut-keepers of Australia—brought to poverty either through their own faults or the faults of others. Few like to speak of their early lives. Whatever had been the position of Storey and Ladbury, they were now steadily performing their duty. Having despatched their early breakfast, the two men counted and examined the sheep as they came out of the fold, and picked out those requiring any particular treatment. Storey then started with the flock to a distant pasture.

Ladbury had no lack of duties. There was the fold to repair here and there, some sick sheep to doctor, the roof of the hut to patch, and a piece of garden ground, which he had wisely begun to cultivate, to attend to. His dinner was quickly despatched. His usual companion, a favourite dog, had disappeared: he could not tell how, but much feared it had been bitten by a snake and had died in the bush. He lit his pipe, and smoked and thought awhile. Again he busied himself out of doors, and once more returned to the hut to prepare the evening meal for himself and his companion. He was about to hook the freshly-made dampers out of the ashes, when he heard a low moan. He listened—the sound was repeated. He hurried out and looked about him. It must have been fancy, he thought, and was about to return to the hut, when the same sound again reached his ears. It came from a cluster of bushes at a little distance off. With an anxious heart he ran to the place, and there found his companion lying on the ground, bleeding from numerous wounds, and with a spear-head still sticking in his body. Lifting Storey in his arms, he carried him to the hut and laid him on his bed.

"It's the work of those black fellows," said Ladbury, looking out round the hut. None were in sight. He came back, and warming some water, bathed poor Storey's wounds; then he carefully cut out the barbed head of the spear, and continued bathing the

wound, except for a short time, when he poured some warm tea down the sufferer's throat. Every moment while thus employed he expected the natives to attack the hut. He had no longer Rover to give him warning of the approach of a foe. There was little doubt that his poor dog also had been speared. The pain being soothed, Storey at length, to Ladbury's great joy, returned to consciousness, and explained that he had been attacked early in the day by natives. He had run from them after receiving several wounds, but had been speared again half a mile or so from the hut, and had crawled the rest of the distance, till he fainted from loss of blood and the pain he was suffering.

Sad indeed was the condition of these two poor fellows, with no white man nearer than twenty miles, and no surgeon within, probably, two hundred. Night at length came on, when, as the natives never move about in the dark, they knew they were safe. But they both felt certain the attack would be renewed by daylight, and the event proved they were right.

Soon after dawn Ladbury, who, overcome with fatigue, had dozed off, was startled by the sound of a spear being forced through the reed-made door of the hut. Another and another followed through the slightly formed walls. "We shall be murdered, mate, if I don't put them to flight," he exclaimed, taking his pocket-knife and bill-hook, the only weapons he possessed, the first in his left hand, the other partly covered by his coat, so that it looked like a pistol. "All ready. We may never meet again in this world, so good-bye Charley; but I'll chance it." Suddenly he sprang through the doorway, shouting to the blacks, nearly fifty of whom he saw before him, that he would shoot if they didn't run. They, scarcely daring to look at what they believed to be his pistol, after exchanging a few words with each other, to his great relief began to retire, and as he shouted louder, took to their heels.

"We are saved, Charley," he exclaimed, almost breathless with excitement. "But the niggers will be back again. Do you think you could move along if I were to help you?"

"No, Ned, that I couldn't," answered Storey. "But do you get away. You'd easily reach Jenymungup before nightfall, and if you can bring help I know you will: if not—why my sand is pretty well run out as it is. God's will be done."

"Leave you, Charley!—that's not what I think of doing," said Ladbury, firmly. "While you have life I'll stay by you, and tend you as well as I can; so that matter is settled."

The hours passed slowly by. Ladbury cooked their food and nursed his mate as gently as a woman could have done. Night came, and at length they both slept. Ladbury was awake by a call from Storey.

"Ned, sleep has done me good; I think I could travel if I were once on my legs," he said.

Ladbury silently made up their bedding and the few household articles they possessed into a bundle, which he hoisted on to his broad shoulders.

"Now, mate, come along," he said, lifting Storey up, and making him rest on his arm. It was two hours past midnight, and they hoped to get a good start of the blacks. But they had not proceeded many hundred yards before Storey found he had overrated his strength, and sank to the ground.

"Now, Ned, you must go," he whispered. "Save yourself; I can but die once, and you'll only lose your life if you stop to help me."

"What I've said I'll do, I hope to stick to," answered Ladbury. Still Storey urged him to continue his journey alone. Ned made no reply, but suddenly started off at a quick pace. Sad indeed must have been poor Storey's feelings when he saw him disappear in the gloom of night. Death was coming sure enough. Already he repented of having urged his friend to fly. Daylight would discover him to the blacks, and they

would finish their work in revenge for the escape of his companion. Suddenly a footstep was heard. Ladbury appeared without his bundle.

"What! did you think I really was going?" he asked, in a low voice. "You'll not beg me to leave you again, mate. Come, get on my shoulders; we'll see what I can do."

Ladbury walked on with the wounded man on his back for half a mile or more. "Now sit down here, and I'll go back for the bundle," he said, placing him under a bush. No one but a man long accustomed to the wilds of Australia could have found his way as Ladbury did. He soon again passed Storey with their bundle on his shoulders, and once more returned for him. Thus they journeyed on till the sun rose, when they reached a stream which they well knew, having travelled about seven miles. Ladbury, however, was so completely exhausted by his exertions that he felt unable to crawl another mile, much less to carry his two burdens. Storey had again become so ill, and his wounds were so painful, that it seemed doubtful that he would survive if moved further. Though the danger was great, Ladbury resolved to camp where they were for some days, till Storey had partly recovered his strength. At last he bethought him, that though Storey could not walk, and he could no longer carry him on his shoulders, he might drag him along, should the blacks not have traced them out. He accordingly, with the aid of some sticks cut from the bush, and their bedding, formed a sleigh, which, without much difficulty, he could drag along. On this he placed the wounded man, with such provisions as remained, and recommenced his toilsome journey over the grass. He could move but slowly, and often had to make a wide circuit to avoid any copses or rocky ground which lay in his course. Even now, too, they were not safe, for the blacks, finding the hut empty, might pursue and overtake them. Still the brave Ladbury toiled on: his own strength was rapidly giving way. Once more he was obliged to halt near a stream.

"We must camp here to-night, mate," he said to Storey. "Perhaps to-morrow my legs will be able to move; to-day they can do no more." The night passed away in silence; the morning was ushered in with the strange sounds of the Australian bush, and the sun rose, casting a fiery heat over the plain. Storey had not moved. Ladbury looked at him, anxiously expecting to find him no longer alive. He roused up, however, and after some breakfast, again Ladbury harnessed himself to the sleigh and moved on. Often he was obliged to halt; sometimes he could move only a few hundred yards at a time; a few minutes' rest enabled him again to go on. Still the stages became shorter and the rests longer as the evening approached. He felt that he could not exist another night in the bush. The station could not now be far off. A faintness was creeping over him. On, on, he went, as if in a dream. Several times he stumbled and could scarcely recover himself. A sound reached his ears; it was a dog's bark. With the conviction that help could not now be far off, his strength seemed to return. The roofs of the wood sheds and huts appeared. No one could be seen. Even then he and his friend might perish if he did not go on. It was the supper hour at the station. On he must go. He got nearer and nearer, stumbling and panting. The door of the chief hut was reached, and he sank fainting across the threshold. Every attention was paid to the two men. Ladbury soon recovered. Poor Storey was conveyed to the hospital at Albany, but so great had been the shock to his system that, in a short time, he sank under its effects.

We read of the gallant acts of our soldiers and sailors in the face of an enemy, but is there not also heroism in the character of this Australian shepherd—heroism which might never have been suspected had not circumstances occurred to draw it out?

SIR LARK AND HIS WIFE.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

"Good morrow, my lord!" in the sky alone,
Sang the lark, as the sun ascended his throne.
"Shine on me, my lord; I only am come,
Of all your servants, to welcome you home.
I have flown for an hour, right up, I swear,
To catch the first shine of your golden hair!"

"Must I thank you, then," said the king, "Sir Lark,
For flying so high, and hating the dark?
You ask a full cup for half a thirst:
Half is love of me, and half love to be first.
There's many a bird that makes no haste,
But waits till I come. That's as much to my taste."

And the king hid his head in a turban of cloud;
And the lark stopped singing, quite vexed and cowed.
But he flew up higher, and thought, "Anon,
The wrath of the king will be over and gone:
And his crown, shining out of the cloudy fold,
Will change my brown feathers to a glory of gold."

So he flew, with the strength of a lark he flew.
But, as he rose, the cloud rose too;
And not a gleam of the golden hair
Came through the depth of the misty air;
Till, weary with flying, with sighing sore,
The strong sun-seeker could do no more.

His wings had had no chrism of gold,
And his feathers felt withered and worn and old;
And he sank, and quivered, and dropped like a stone.
And there on his nest, where he left her, alone,
Sat his little wife on her little eggs,
Keeping them warm with wings and legs.

Did I say alone? Ah, no such thing!
Full in her face was shining the king.
"Welcome, Sir Lark! You look tired," said he.
"Up is not always the best way to me.
While you have been singing so high and away,
I have been shining to your little wife all day."

He had set his crown all about the nest,
And out of the midst shone her little brown breast;
And so glorious was she in russet gold,
That for wonder and awe Sir Lark grew cold.
He popped his head under her wing, and lay
As still as a stone, till the king was away.

From *Adela Cathcart* (with the Author's permission).

SHAKESPEARE'S KING JOHN.

In this play, a recent commentator remarks, Shakespeare has softened for the better the principal characters, contrary to his usual custom. His John, his Constance, his Arthur, his Philip Augustus, even his Elinor, are better people than they are found in history. To account for this, it is not sufficient to say that he did not draw directly from the sources of the chronicle; there is also the design in it that the vehicles of the political story should be merely men of ordinary stamp, who derive the motives of their actions from no deep-lying passions; men neither of a very noble nor of a very ignoble sort, but, as it is wont to be in the political world, men who act from selfishness and common interest. The soul of the play is the purpose so finely expressed in the conclusion:—

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.



ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, born Dec. 3rd, 1766; died Aug. 19th, 1823.
From the Original Painting by Rising, in the possession of Bloomfield's daughters.

A POET OF THE PEOPLE.



THE fact that a century has just passed away since the birth of the poet Bloomfield will be remarked perhaps by here and there one. The author of "The Farmer's Boy" was not a Burns or a Shakespeare that he should have his festival and his celebration ode at this distance of time. His muse was a very lowly one, and, like himself, unambitious of distinction. The simple pleasures of "Giles;" the homely virtues of

"Richard and Kate;" the natural beauties around "Euston's Watered Vale;" or the impressions of an autumn ramble by "the Banks of Wye," were the themes on which he loved to meditate, leaning on his "old oak table" in the garb of a working shoemaker. His poems were for the *many*, who demand nothing in verse of greater rarity than "Spring's morning smiles;" who can themselves smile—and feel it no disgrace—

At the arch meaning of a kitten's face,

and who are not likely to be shocked by a picture of the ploughman woke up from the transient bliss of his dreams by the pain of his chilblains. The time has been, indeed, when Bloomfield was the fashion among a more fastidious class. Handsome editions of his poems were in demand; young ladies addressed complimentary verses to him; and Mr. Capel Loft, his steadfast friend,

forced him, despite his bashfulness, to show himself in society. As he himself has expressed it, he was "flung at arm's length into publicity." But all this occurred in an age of Boeotian simplicity compared with the present. Thomson had written; but Wordsworth was only beginning to write on similar themes, from that deeper insight into Nature, and with that mastery of expression, which threw "The Farmer's Boy," and even the charming ballad of "Richard and Kate," far back into the shade. The fact is not to be disputed that a new world of poetic culture and intellectual growth has rolled in its vast bulk between our own times and those of the shoemaker's success. But granting the fact of divergence in its fullest extent, and admitting the old-fashioned simplicity of their subject, there is still something in the poems of Bloomfield that we would not willingly let die. There is, for one thing, that thorough honesty of purpose, that innocence of all intellectual vice, in a word, that virtue of *sincerity*, for which a higher culture and a richer fancy are but poor substitutes. We, therefore, who address ourselves to simple folk like Bloomfield himself, as well as to those more favoured by fortune, have resolved that the author of "The Farmer's Boy" shall have his little centenary in these pages. Thousands of his simpler countrymen have found instruction and delight in his poems in by-gone days, and some few of those thousands may remain who will feel nothing but pleasure that his name and merits should be recalled to their remembrance.

To use a homely phrase, which our readers will not be slow to understand, Robert Bloomfield was his "mother's boy." He inherited her features and her temperament, as we ascertained by examining an excellent likeness of the old lady in the possession of the poet's two surviving daughters, now living in Hoxton, and we

are sorry to add, in very indigent circumstances. One of them, Charlotte, whose name will be found in the list of Bloomfield's children given by his brother George, also retains among her few humble treasures a copy of "The Farmer's Boy," with the following inscription on the flyleaf in her father's handwriting:—

To
my dear Charlotte.
This volume, by which
I was first known and
the contents of which will
longest keep my name
alive, is given by her
Affectionate Father
Rob. Bloomfield.
May 19. 1817.

Another volume—that containing the "Rural Tales" and "Wild Flowers"—is inscribed, with the same date as the preceding: "To my dear Charlotte; sincerely wishing that she may be as mild as *Phoebe*, as frank as *Jane*, and as worthy as *Peggy Meldrum*." It is natural to infer that Charlotte was the poet's favourite daughter.

The parentage of distinguished men is always an interesting subject of inquiry. Bloomfield's father was a tailor at Honington, a village about eight miles from Bury, in Suffolk. His mother was the village school-mistress, and from all we can learn of her deserves to be mentioned with the greatest respect. Left a widow with six children when Robert was about a year old, she contrived to provide for them all out of the profits of her little school for about six years, when she married again and had a second family. To her Robert was indebted for all the education he received, with the exception of two or three months' schooling at Irworth, where he was sent to be "improved in writing." He was about eleven years of age when Mr. William Austin, of Sapiston, who was related to Mrs. Bloomfield (now Mrs. Glover) by marriage, took him into his service in the character of a "farmer's boy," and, as the poet did not forget to testify, proved a generous master.

By deeds of hospitality endear'd,
Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd
A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd;
And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,
And lowing kine that grazed beside the stream;
Unceasing industry he kept in view,
And never lack'd a job for "Giles" to do.

But "Giles" was too delicate of constitution to get his living permanently by hard labour, and so his anxious mother wrote to her two elder sons, who were settled in London, for advice. One of them, George, a ladies' shoemaker, readily agreed to teach Robert his

craft, while Nathaniel, who was a tailor, promised to find him in clothes. Upon this, Mrs. Glover herself, so careful was she, brought Robert to London, and solemnly charged her eldest son, as "*he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples before him, and never to forget that he had lost his father!*" This interesting circumstance is related by George, and if the solemnity of the charge, and the humble surroundings of the little group be considered, it suggests a scene worthy of an artist's best skill.

George was a "garret-master," or one of a company of journeymen shoemakers who worked together (literally in a garret) in the house of Mr. Simms, No. 7, Pitcher's Court, Bell Alley, Coleman Street. Cobblers are proverbially great talkers if not great thinkers, and there is little doubt that Robert benefited considerably by the sage observations of his companions on passing events, as he certainly did by the habit of reading to them as they worked. In this way the education commenced by his mother bore good fruit, and by the time he was seventeen the "farmer's boy" had the pleasure of reading certain verses of his, entitled "The Milkmaid," in print. We may imagine the joy with which he sent the journal in which they appeared to his mother. At the same time he worked diligently at his trade, and learned to play on the violin for amusement.

In good time, thinking himself able, with economy, to commence life in earnest, Robert, who had been some time independent of his brother, wrote to him that he had "sold his fiddle and got him a wife." It is to be feared this was imprudently done, as he had to hire a ready-furnished room to live in. The name of his bride was Mary Anne Church, the comely daughter of a boat-builder at Woolwich, whose acquaintance he had made through the marriage of his brother Nathaniel with a woman of the same place. His first residence was in a room up one flight of stairs, at 14, Bell Alley, and the landlord kindly gave him leave to make a workshop of a light garret two flights of stairs higher. In this garret, industriously bending over his lapstone, Robert Bloomfield fashioned in his imagination "The Farmer's Boy," which he afterwards committed to paper, bit by bit, as it grew into shape. It was written on the "old oak table" presented to him by his stepfather as a wedding present, and which he thus addressed in the most touching of his verses:—

Friend of my peaceful days! substantial friend,
Whom wealth can never change, nor int'rest bend,
I love thee like a child. Thou wert to me
The dumb companion of my misery,
And off'ner of my joys.

Thou can'st when hopes ran high and love was young,
But soon our olive branches round thee sprung;
Soon came the days that tried a faithful wife,
The noise of children and the cares of life.
Then, 'midst the threat'nings of a wintry sky,
That cough which blights the bud of infancy.

The midnight murmur of the cradle gave
Sounds of despair; and chilly as the grave
We felt its undulating blast arise,
Midst whisper'd sorrows and ten thousand sighs.

Bloomfield himself was long ill, and by degrees—

. . . care gain'd ground, exertion triumph'd less,
Thick fell the gathing terrors of distress;
Anxiety and griefs without a name
Had made their dreadful inroads on my frame;
The creeping dropsy, cold as cold could be,
Unnerv'd my arm, and bow'd my head to thee.

If this is only sad matter of fact, the next three lines, still addressed to the "heart of oak," are the genuine offspring of poetic feeling—

Thou to thy trust, old friend, hast not been true;
These eyes the bitterest tears they ever knew
Let fall upon thee; now all wiped away.

No one, with any knowledge of business, will be surprised that the manuscript of "The Farmer's Boy" (completed in 1798) was returned to the author by the booksellers to whom he submitted it; the first cruelly observing in his abrupt reply that it "might afford pleasure to the person for whom it was intended;" the second, that "poetry was quite out of his line;" and so on. Poverty, illness, and disappointment, all combined, are hard to bear, but Bloomfield, referring to this period of greatest despondency, could write—

Still, resignation was my dearest friend,
And reason pointed to a glorious end;
With anxious sighs, a parent's hopes and pride,
I wish'd to live—I trust I could have died!—

Soon after this distressing period his prospects brightened for a short time. The merits of the poem were recognized by Mr. Capel Lofft, who sent it to press. In March, 1800, it was published, and Bloomfield emerged from obscurity. It has interested us to learn, from a periodical published more than forty years ago, that the purchaser of the copyright of "The Farmer's Boy" was Mr. Hood, of the firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, and the father of "glorious Tom Hood." "This gentleman purchased the copyright of 'The Farmer's Boy' for ten pounds; but, on finding the success of the work had so much exceeded all calculation, he never rested till he had made the modest and unassuming author some more lasting memorial of his kindness and liberality. One day, therefore, he called the poet aside, and, after paying a just compliment to his genius, generously surrendered up to him *one half of the copyright*, observing, he was really ashamed to be making so much money while the author himself received such a trifle. Bloomfield's heart overflowed with gratitude, and we rejoice to add," the writer continues, "that the arrangement was liberally continued to his death by his subsequent publishers, he having regularly received one half of the produce of all his works. Unfortunately, the rage had gone by, and the admirers of pastoral poetry forgot the man from whose productions they had derived so much delight."

Bloomfield, in the first blush of prosperity, gave up shoemaking, but industriously turned to account his knowledge of music by making *Æolian harps*. In 1802 he published a second volume of poems, under the title of "Rural Tales;" in 1806 appeared his "Wild Flowers;" in 1809 the two works were combined; and in 1811 "The Banks of Wye" first saw the light. A complete stereotype edition appeared in 1814. It is curious to read the author's statement, that he had "a great conceit of 'The Miller's Maid,' but thought less of 'Richard and Kate,' which he feared the critics would consider 'too low.'" It is curious also to be told, that the stanzas containing Richard's speech to his sons and daughters, which the author always thought the best in the ballad, were composed first.

Bloomfield died on the 19th of August, 1823, after years of suffering from bodily infirmities, and from embarrassed circumstances, owing to the fact that he was physically unable to work. The "old oak table" has been preserved by his daughters, and now occupies the place of honour in their dingy little apartment. If the fancy were true that every scene of joy and sorrow is indelibly impressed by Nature's chemistry upon the material surfaces where the lights and shadows fell at the time of its enactment, what visions of human woe, what images of the mind's alternate torture and repose, and what sunlit dreams of a poetic imagination would that old table reveal! And when all these had vanished, there would come to light, perhaps, these lines of a promise, which was faithfully kept—

Enough, old friend—thou'rt mine, and shalt partake,
While I have pen to write, or tongue to speak,
Whatever fortune deals me. Part with thee!
No, not till death shall set my spirit free!

THE ART OF WAR.

THE almost miraculous success of the Prussian arms has made it more evident than ever that war is rapidly resolving itself into a vast mechanical problem, having for its practical solution the overthrow of armed hosts and their defences. Science, while giving new luxuries to civilization, and additional charms to peace, is also adding to the horrors of the battle-field and the sea-fight, by investing mankind with giant energies for the purposes of mutual destruction. The sword is girt with flame, the arrow has the speed of lightning, the voice of thunder is heard amid the carnage, and the battles of the world are almost as terrible as Milton's war of the angels.

The invention of gunpowder is the primary cause of the peculiar and startling aspect of modern warfare, and every year this powerful agent is inducing fresh changes. The musket superseded the arrow and the sling; the cannon put an end to the balista, the catapult, and the battering ram. The bullet caused the warrior to cast aside both the shield and the cuirass, and despairing of shelter against the powerful projectiles of the new system, the soldier marched up to his foe—whether the latter were in the open field or within the embrasures of a battery—undefended save by his own courage and determination. Through many a hard-fought campaign the British soldier was content to mount the breach, or rush at the enemy's ranks, depending for success mainly on his power to carry the bayonet through the hail of bullets, and thus to close with his antagonist. The British bayonet-charge grew terrible, while the armour of the Romans—the ancient conquerors of the world—was a thing forgotten, save where here and there a regiment went into action bearing the cuirass and the helmet—a distinction reserved for cavalry troops, these relics of a former era being thus exceptionally retained as a defence against swords and lances, and not in any expectation that they would avail when opposed to the force of gunpowder. The celebrated reply of the guardsman, that if he had to fight the battle of Waterloo over again, he would prefer doing so in his shirt-sleeves, may scarcely be looked upon as an exaggeration.

But the firearms in use during the career of Napoleon Bonaparte were singularly defective. Taking the average, it really appeared that the weight of a man in lead had to be fired at him before he could be finally disposed of. This was one reason why the bayonet-charge so often availed to turn the tide of battle. The "Brown Bess" of the British army—doubtless a fair specimen of contemporary arms, until the French began to adopt the rifle—was incapable of firing straight. At Salamanca only one shot in four hundred and thirty-seven took effect; and at Waterloo, the fire of one side of a square of British infantry emptied no more than three or four saddles out of a squadron of French cavalry, then close at hand.

The introduction of the rifle—commenced by the French—has led to important changes in the art of war. Gradually we see an increase in the destructive effect of small arms. During the Crimean campaign about one shot in two hundred and fifty was found to be fatal; and at length a weapon was produced, which, in the hands of a trained marksman, could carry death at a distance of at least one thousand yards. Half a century ago, or even much less, small arms were reckoned innocuous at four hundred and fifty yards, and field batteries were manœuvred accordingly. But when the *carabine à tige* and the Minié began to take effect, it became necessary to increase the range and accuracy of artillery. The principle of rifling was applied to field-guns, and the French emperor provided his army with batteries which materially conduced to

the victories of Magenta and Solferino. The *canons rayés* of the French were rifled with six rounded curves, and fired elongated projectiles to such a distance, and with such deadly effect, that the Austrian reserves suffered even more severely than the troops in front.

Small arms have now arrived at another stage. The old smooth-bore musket gave place to the rifled arm, under the idea that range and precision were essential to success. More recently we have learned that rapidity of fire is as necessary as power and accuracy. The prowess of the Arab firelock in Algeria is said to have led to the adoption of rifled muskets by the French; these in their turn produced a new order of artillery; and now, by the experience of the Austrians under the fire of the Prussians, the English are led to abandon their favourite Enfield rifle, and to strain every nerve for the production of a breech-loading small-arm, capable of rapid discharge. The Enfield musket is to be "converted" upon the Snider principle; and just as the flint was superseded by the percussion cap, so the percussion cap is to give place to a fulminate contained in the cartridge and ignited by mechanical pressure or friction at the moment when the trigger is pulled. The ramrod and the external percussion cap are alike condemned, and there is to be no more muzzle-loading throughout the armies of Great Britain.

The *sundnadel-gewehr*, or needle-gun of the Prussians, which has lately committed such havoc among the Austrian ranks, has long been known to military men; but its value seems to have been singularly underrated by all except the government to which it has recently rendered such important service. Its effects, as known to us, simply show the importance of a rapid fire. The multiplication of bullets is more than equal to the multiplication of men, seeing that where the latter are increased in number there is the greater risk of their being struck, and there is more difficulty in concentrating their fire on a given point. The universal rejection of muzzle-loading single and double barrelled pistols in favour of Colt's and other revolvers, is an instance of the readiness with which the non-official mind has appreciated the merits of a compendious and rapid fire. One very critical change which now presents itself, is the inutility of the bayonet. The Austrian commander, conscious that his troops would be exposed to a destructive fire, advised them to bear down rapidly on the enemy, and rely upon the bayonet and the butt-end of their muskets. General Benedek's advice was adopted, so far as it was found practicable; but the result was that his men lay strewn in heaps in front of the Prussian infantry, and it was found impossible to complete the "charge," however gallantly it had been commenced. It would thus appear that even the bayonet is losing its efficacy; and that the most successful manœuvre of our own troops is in danger of being numbered with the obsolete forms of war.

It is said that the *sundnadel-gewehr* fails to kill. This is to some extent true, and the result is attributable, not to the lightness of the bullet, but to the great escape of gas at the breech of the gun, whereby the range of the weapon is reduced and its force weakened. It has been argued that wounded men are a greater obstruction to their general than men who are killed. This is very likely; but on the other hand, those who are wounded furnish important help on a subsequent occasion, and it is understood that those who are healed of slight wounds make excellent soldiers. In the Snider-Enfield rifle it is said that the non-killing defect is remedied, partly by an improved mode of closing the breech, and partly by the use of a thin brass casing for the cartridge, which serves as a temporary lining to the gun, and covers all crevices, thus securing that the ignited powder shall exercise its full effect on the bullet. The range of the Prussian

needle-gun is evidently much less than that of our Enfield rifle, and if the latter preserves its range—or nearly so—after being made to rival the needle-gun in rapidity of fire, our own weapon will certainly be superior to that which has controlled the late battles in Bohemia.

At the same time it is to be observed that the change thus being made in the British rifle is not expected to be permanent, a still more effective system of breech-loading being looked for. In France, the Chassepot breech-loader has found favour; while the Austrian government has had the offer of an American invention, bearing the name of "Ball." This latter weapon is said to be exceedingly simple, and capable of firing twenty-five shots per minute without difficulty. Very singularly, the use of armour is once more proposed, in order to protect the soldier from these deadly weapons. In Italy, aluminium has been attempted as a cuirass; and in France a "needy young Italian" is said to have sold to the Emperor the secret of a "flexible metal shirt," weighing only four and a half pounds, and effective as a defence against all ordinary bullets. The use of large bucklers, to be carried by the front rank men, is likewise advocated on the Continent. It remains to be seen whether so retrograde a system will be of any practical value.

Turning from small arms to great guns, we observe that the use of the shell in naval warfare has led to the most varied and complex results in the construction and equipment of fleets. It was during the Crimean war that the terrible effects of shell firing, as employed against ships of ordinary construction, first became conspicuous. On November 30, 1853, the Turkish fleet at Sinope was attacked by the Russian fleet firing Paixhans' explosive shot. The gallant defence offered by the Turks was of no avail, and their ships were all speedily destroyed, with the exception of one vessel, which served to carry the disastrous intelligence to Constantinople. Four thousand lives were thus sacrificed. Candour has compelled the acknowledgment, that during the British attack on the sea-forts of Sebastopol, one of our finest ships of the line, having received three shells, by which eighteen men were killed between decks, was abandoned by her crew, who left through the ports, and took refuge in a steamship alongside, nor could they be prevailed upon to return. Hence arose an urgent demand that ships should be so constructed as to "keep out the shells."

General Paixhans himself, as far back as 1824, anticipated the period when wooden ships of the line would become powerless in the presence of smaller vessels armed with artillery discharging explosive shot. On this ground he suggested the use of ship armour, but it was many years before the idea was deemed practicable. Towards the end of our war with Russia, floating batteries were employed by the French against the forts at Kinburn, and England commenced the construction of similar appliances. In 1857 the French Emperor ordered two frigates, the *Gloire* and the *Normandie*, to be built of wood and cased with armour. In the following year the English Admiralty entered on the construction of armour-clad frigates, building their first vessels by private contract on the banks of the Thames and the Clyde.

The introduction of ironclad ships had a singular effect on the magnitude of naval guns. As the iron plates were increased in thickness, and as the sides of the ship were made increasingly strong, so the calibre of the guns was augmented. Victory sometimes inclined to the plates and sometimes to the cannon, the general result being to diminish the number of guns carried by a vessel, so as to admit of a corresponding increase in the weight of each gun, while at the same time the sides of the ship were strengthened by all the armour she could possibly be made to bear. Experi-

ments lately made at Shoeburyness have exhibited a vast improvement in the power of projectiles, due to the "chilled iron" shot and shell of Major Palliser. The Palliser shell, of 250 pounds weight, fired from the nine-inch wrought iron Woolwich rifled gun, at a distance of 250 yards, pierced through a target composed of eight-inch armour plates, backed by eighteen inches of teak, and an inner skin of three-quarter inch iron, backed by a closely set series of ribs or angle irons, the whole secured together with Palliser bolts. The superiority of the chilled iron projectiles over those made of steel—a far more costly material—was clearly proved by these experiments.

But the altered conditions of naval warfare ultimately produced an entirely new class of vessel, a craft which could scarcely be called in any sense a ship, and against which the English government showed for a long time a very considerable prejudice. Before the termination of the Crimean war, Captain Cowper Coles, an officer in the English navy, proposed what he termed a "shield gun." Following up this idea, he ultimately devised the "cupola gun," or a gun carried on a turntable, and covered by a sort of iron dome, or cupola, the axis of the whole being coincident with the line of the ship's keel. The vessel thus armed was able to lie low in the water, and owing to the central position of her guns, was capable of bearing the heaviest description of ordnance. The Americans took up the idea with great zest, and constructed what they termed "Monitor" ships, armed with guns of immense calibre firing heavy shot with low velocities. The system of the Americans differs in some of its less salient features from that of Captain Coles, and it is believed that in the mechanism of the turn table we have the advantage, while in the calibre of the gun the Americans appear to transcend us. Captain Coles's vessels are now known as "turret ships," the exact cupola form being abandoned, and there is a very general conviction that vessels of this class are superior, both in offensive and defensive power, to those constructed on the broadside system. Doubts have been expressed as to the seagoing qualities of these nondescript ships; but the presence of the American *Monadnock* in the Pacific, and the *Miantonomoh* in the British Channel, as well as the fact that turret vessels for foreign powers have been built in England and sent safely to remote destinations, constitute a mass of evidence decidedly in favour of the strange-looking vessels which are now defying the noblest war-ships in the world. The apparent failure of the *Affondatore* in the naval engagement off the island of Lissa, cannot be cited as any example of the qualities of a turret-ship. The anomalous conditions which attach to that singular sea-fight, make it almost useless as a test of modern armaments.

Human ingenuity is still busy with various contrivances for the purposes of belligerent enterprise. Some ships are fitted with rams, designed to run down their adversaries, a method which the use of steam power invests with peculiar terrors. The torpedo is an invention for attacking vessels where they are most vulnerable—below the line of flotation—and is of the nature of a submarine mine. Sometimes the torpedo is fixed, as at the bottom of a shallow channel; at other times it is locomotive, as when carried by a "torpedo boat," a craft which is frequently almost, if not quite, submerged. There are also schemes for firing guns under water, to say nothing of innumerable and ingenious inventions for increasing the efficacy of projectiles discharged in the open air. Whether for land or sea service, there is a marvellous application of mechanical skill, in order to augment the power possessed by our engines of destruction; and we can only hope that the end will be to render war so costly and deadly as to hasten its own extinction—the great destroyer thus destroying itself.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO LONDON.—It has been proposed to supply the metropolis with water, drawn from the mountainous districts of Wales, Cumberland, or Westmoreland. London would not only gain greatly by having pure water in a sanitary point of view, but enormously in respect to its yearly domestic expenditure. It is, in fact, a question of the utmost importance to the *working man*, for, if such a supply was afforded, owing to the exceeding softness of the water, at least one fourth of the amount of tea and soap used annually in London, or rather wasted, on account of the hardness of the present water, would be saved. Glasgow is supplied with almost pure water from Loch Katrine; and a stranger visiting that city for the first time, would be surprised, on performing his ablutions, to find that the difficulty lies in preventing, rather than making a lather in cold water, even if a very small quantity of soap be used.

MAGNETISM OF IRON SHIPS.—It is a singular fact that an iron ship, built in a direction nearly north and south, becomes highly magnetic, so much so, indeed, as to be really a "mariners' compass needle" on an immense scale. This polarising effect is chiefly due to the vibration caused in hammering the different parts of the vessel; indeed, a common poker will thus become magnetic if repeatedly struck whilst held in a direction coincident with that in which the magnetic needle remains when at rest. Very recently this curious tendency had an illustration in H.M.S. *Northumberland*. Having been built with her head nearly north, it caused the compasses to show great deviation in the aft part of the ship since she was launched. By docking her, however, with the bows to the south, this peculiar effect has in a measure been reduced, and may perhaps be neutralized.

CLEANING SHIPS' BOTTOMS.—The loss of speed arising from the growth of barnacles, &c., on the bottoms of ships, is often equal to one-fourth of their normal or original speed on leaving the docks of the builder. An ingenious method has been invented and patented by Mr. Daft, by which he proposes to sheathe iron ships with zinc. A voltaic battery is thus formed, which, causing a gradual destruction of the zinc surface, at the same time effectually prevents the adhesion of animal or vegetable matter. The subject is of such great importance, that unless some means be adopted for preventing the corrosion and incrustation of iron ships in our naval and mercantile marine, the expenditure both public and private will in a few years become enormous for necessary repairs of injured plates. A paper descriptive of Mr. Daft's method was read at the last meeting of the British Association, at Nottingham, and created the greatest interest in scientific and practical circles. Captain Anderson, of the *Great Eastern*, has also applied for a patent having similar objects.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH OF 1865.—The Atlantic cable, in part laid in 1865, and happily recovered, seemed almost as fresh in external appearance as when it left the works of the constructors. The bed from which it was raised was a kind of ooze, chiefly composed of microscopic shells. The depth from which it was lifted was 1900 fathoms, or a little less than two and a half miles; and the strain on it during the operation was nearly its breaking weight, or seven and three quarter tons.

STEEL CASTINGS.—By an ingenious arrangement, already patented by Mr. Whitworth, great increased strength is given to steel castings. Employing a pressure of from five to twenty tons per square inch, the advantages gained by his method insure almost perfect freedom from flaws.

NEW FLYING-MACHINE.—Amongst novel patents taken out in this country, is one for an invention of an American gentleman, Dr. Andrews, of Perth, U. S. It is for the construction of a flying-machine, which has been compared in appearance to an inflated pillow-case. It is said to have been tried with success, but the same has been stated of all such arrangements on their first production. Having regard to the laws of pneumatics, we imagine that *Dædalus* need not yet fear for his laurels.

WATER SIGNALS.—Although water conducts sound quicker than air, experiments made, by direction of a committee of the British Association, in large bodies of water, prove that musical sounds which could be heard distinctly at a considerable distance in the air are quite destroyed by a much shorter length of water. The object in view was to ascertain the possibility of ships communicating with each other at sea by means of water, in place of the usual signals.



THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL.

I As his henchman served,
Well I of him deserved,
Never in danger swerved,
Never in fear.
So, the old vow once made,
I to the word obeyed,
When my lord, undismayed,
Knew death was near.

Oft he said "Never rest
"Shall visit valiant breast
"In narrow coffin pressed,
"Swathed in a shroud.
"Launch me some stormy night,
"Clad brave in harness bright,
"Swifter than eagle's flight,
"Winds piping loud."

So, when I, watching him,
Saw the eyes glazing dim,—
Felt stiffen ev'ry limb,

Bore I him forth.
Sparkled bright myriad stars—
Clear through his helmet bars
Shone on his ancient scars
Lights of the North.

Nigh to our home did float
Waiting, that fatal boat,
Truly my breast I smote,
Thus, all alone,
That I should launch my king
Forth to go wandering :—
Would not each billow bring
His dying moan ?

But I the vow had sworn,—
I, in his household born ;
Were I not worthy scorn,
Now did I shrink ?
So then I laid him soft
On the deck trod so oft,
While keen and cold aloft
Did the stars blink.

Pushed I the boat from shore,
With the great freight it bore,—
Pushed it—I could no more,
Traitor and craven—
Watched the white sails of snow
Forth in the midnight go,—
Watched, flapping, to and fro,
The mystic raven.

Sudden the tempest grew,
 Icy the north-wind blew,
 As those were glad that knew*
 Who sailed that night.
 Shall he lack tears enow?—
 Salt tears on breast and brow,
 Tears such as well I trow
 Then dimmed my sight?

Watched I the dusky bark
 Fade o'er the waters dark;
 Long I it black did mark,
 White crests between.
 Wild winds were sobbing sad,
 Wild waves were leaping mad,
 Wild voices shrieking glad
 Of the unseen!†

Why did I leave my lord?—
 I, who at bed and board,
 True as his trusty sword,
 Ever till then
 Bided him close beside—
 Why should e'en death divide
 One he had loved and tried
 Most of all men?

Ah! Hilda's eyes of blue
 Had pierced me through and through,—
 Sweet cheeks of pearly hue,
 Soft locks of gold!

So did he sail alone,
 Calm as a king in stone,
 Biding some penance lone
 From times of old.

Now ev'ry night of storm
 Leave I her claspings warm,
 Looking to see a form
 Cleave through the dark:—
 Sailing against the wind,
 Clear cut and well-defined,
 Sparks trailing far behind,
 Yon little bark.

Think I the deck will bear
 Him clad in armour rare,
 With his hand raised in air
 Beckoning to one,
 On whose unfaithful breast
 He should have sunk to rest,
 Since he was loved the best
 Under the sun.

But, while I waiting stand,
 Comes a warm, loving hand,
 Leading, with action bland,
 Me towards my home:—
 Back from that tottering cliff
 Leading me stark and stiff:—
 Ah! but that moment—if
 She had not come!

M. I. P.

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.—What can compensate for the lack of tender affection in the conduct of a mother towards her child? Not even the strictest performance of every other home duty. "My mother loved me," is the most precious remembrance a youth can carry with him when he has to commence, on his own responsibility, the battle of life.

FOOD OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN.—Every parent must be aware that a child sometimes shows a decided dislike to certain kinds of food. In such a case do not compel it to eat what nature may instinctively reject as being unfit. It is easy to distinguish between a *rooted aversion* and a mere *whim*, if you will only forego that which you wish the child to overcome—the petty tyranny of your own will. Even infants, after enjoying one kind of food for weeks, will suddenly reject it, and refuse to take the first spoonful. This is the voice of nature, calling for a change of diet; and you will be wise not to disregard it.

COLD BATHING.—Children, if not too delicate, should be used from infancy to the cold bath every morning, and while in the water they should be *kept in action*. When a child habitually cries on being washed, or put in a cold bath, the mother may be assured it is her own fault. The remedy is to be quick, brisk, and cheerful, provoking laughter instead of tears.

ILLNESS.—There is no good reason why every father and mother of a family should not be capable of dealing with all the lesser ailments to which their children are liable. For example, it is perfectly easy to ascertain whether a child is suffering from fever, by observing the tongue, the lips, and the pulse, and any person of ordinary intelligence should know what to do in such a case. There are doctors who will continue to make a mystery of disease so long as people are ignorant of the most elementary conditions of health and sickness. In many cases they must have their own way: one practical hint, however, may be given to young mothers. When your child is ill, and the doctor is sent for, observe carefully his proceedings. If, watch in hand, he feel the sufferer's pulse, ask him how he forms his opinion, and *go through the process after him*. In this way a large amount of valuable knowledge may be gained.

HOME TRAINING.—An invaluable lesson in the training of children is given by Mrs. Horace Mann, in the anecdote of a bright little fellow in her school who had acquired a sad habit of *sucking his thumb*. She had observed that he grew thin through indulgence in this habit (*and we now know, what she did not, that it really causes wasting of the brain, and may lead to Imbecy*). She says, "I had checked him many times, and he was good about it, but the habit was too strong for him. One day I drew on a little conversation about helping each other out of difficulties, which all agreed to; and all professed themselves willing to be helped and to listen to warnings. I then said there was one in the school whom I wished to cure of a bad habit, and I had a plan for doing it, but its means must depend upon whether he was willing, and upon whether the rest would be really friendly, and not laugh at him or tease him, but help him in every way they could. They were very desirous to know who and what it was, and very sure they would do all that was desired. I then spoke to little W—, who was only six, or at most, seven years old, and asked him if he was willing to let me tie that hand behind him, that he might be cured of sucking his thumb; for I knew of no other way. I told him it would try his patience, for it was his right hand; and he would have to be dependent upon others for many things, and often would find it very inconvenient and annoying. After I had impressed him fully with the importance of the matter, he consented, and the rest of the children promised to be attentive to his wants. I never tied the hand behind him till he put the thumb into his mouth; but it had to be done every day for a fortnight. He bore it, and all the inconveniences, like a hero, and not one child forgot to be considerate and helpful."

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.—Many an error would be avoided by parents if they would bear in mind that every part of their conduct which comes within their child's observation is part of that child's education. They create the moral atmosphere in which their children live. It is very common to find that the man in his public or professional capacity is what his public education has made him; while in his private and home life, in all that touches the inner springs of character and feeling, he is governed by the influence of his early home.

* The reference here is to the Fatal Virgins of the Northern Mythology, who were called the Valkyriur, or Choosers of the Slain, because they were sent by Odin to every field of battle to make choice of the heroes who should perish, and to sway the victory. They rejoiced when the banquet of Odin was well furnished with heroic guests. Their office in Valhalla, the Paradise of heroes, was to serve the drink and take care of the drinking vessels.

† The reference here also is to the Valkyriur.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

"Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves!"

WHEN the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me, my God! my boat is so small, and thy ocean so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY said, "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues."

FREDERIKA BREMER, in her work on Greece, speaks of "the longings after a freer and nobler life" which distinguish many of the finely gifted and high-minded young maidens of the country. Conversing with one of them, on a stormy night, she said, "I will become good, very good! I should not dread a great misfortune, for instance, the loss of my sight, if it would only give me inner light and goodness." She who so spoke was a young girl of princely birth, rich in everything that can flatter the worldly sense.

LIKE all other really great men, George Stephenson held foppery and frippery in the greatest contempt. One day a youth desirous of becoming an engineer called upon him, flourishing a gold-headed cane. Mr. Stephenson said, "Put by that stick, my man, and then I will speak to you." To another extensively decorated gentleman he one day said, "You will, I hope, excuse me; I am a plain-speaking person, and am sorry to see a nice-looking and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterned waistcoat, and all these chains and fang-dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things at your age, I should not have been where I am now."

LIGHT, whether it be material or moral, is the best reformer; for it prevents those disorders which other remedies sometimes cure, but sometimes confirm. It also shows where disorder and uncleanness exist.

YANG-CHIN, celebrated in one of the Chinese odes on virtue, had a friend who brought him a bribe, saying, "It is now evening. Take it, and no one will know it." Yang-Ohin replied, "Heaven and earth know, and you and I know it; how can you say no one will know it?" And with this he refused the offer.

It is better to be laughed at than ruined; better to have a wife who cheapens everything and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

LITTLE THINGS! who shall name their value? In the household where tender hearts are gathering, there is a mighty power around them for good or evil. Little things! how many hearts are haunted by their memory.

THE greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.

ONE reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.

TO ACT is far easier than to suffer: yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the mere repugnance to exertion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. Laziness is commonly associated with timidity. Either, fear at first paralyzes endeavour by infusing despair of success; or, the frequent failure of irresolute struggles, and the desire of avoiding labour, impress, by degrees, false terrors on the mind.

STRONG as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered, without being killed.

AMONG the finer sayings of the renowned Jeremy Taylor we reckon this: "Let the grounds of our actions be noble, beginning upon reason, proceeding with prudence, measured by the common lines of men, and confident upon the expectation of an usual Providence."



"* Questions that are calculated to elicit answers generally interesting to our readers (of which some examples are here given) will meet with the Editor's prompt attention; but in no case will it be possible to reply until the fourth week after a communication is received, owing to the necessity of giving to press that length of time before the date of publication. Each letter should be confined to one subject, and written in the fewest possible words, on one side of the paper, and in a legible hand. Address, 'EDITOR OF THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, 77, Great Queen Street, London W.C.'"

G. W.—The Public Health Act of 1848 provides for the establishment of local boards for sanitary objects. It is necessary in the first place to secure the concurrence of a majority of the owners and occupiers of property in the locality; which done, summon a meeting of your fellow-townsmen to elect representatives.

SYLVANUS lives in a little out-of-the-way village, in which there is no library or institution of any kind, either to assist him in his plans of self-culture or to stimulate others to improve themselves. The circumstances are disheartening, to be sure, yet not altogether hopeless. Take a hint from the "Angler's Manual," and if your fish will not rise to one fly, try another. Where it would be next to impossible to establish a library or a lecture-room, it may be less difficult to get up a flower-show. Ask for the use of a barn. Announce the show in February or March, and make your preparations to hold it about the middle or end of June. Never mind how humble your effort.

HALCYON.—By halcyon days is meant, figuratively, quiet, peaceful times. It is an article of poetic faith that the halcyon or kingfisher breeds in the sea, and that a calm always prevails during her incubation. The fable is thus alluded to by Cowper:—

As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,

Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.

Halcyon is the Latin name of the kingfisher, and is derived from two Greek words signifying to "hatch or bring forth in the sea."

HORACE.—The mistletoe is believed to derive its name from *mistel*, German *mist*, dung, and *ta or toe*, that part of the foot by which the bird is caught with the viscous or birdlime.

PUPIL-TEACHER.—We quite sympathise with your difficulties; but take a lesson from the celebrated Dr. Wollaston, who carried on his experiments with very few instruments, and those of the commonest description. A learned foreigner once called upon him and expressed a desire to see his laboratory. "Certainly," was the reply; and the doctor immediately produced a small tray containing some glass tubes, a simple blow-pipe, worth a few pence, two or three common watch-glasses, a slip of platinum, and a few similar trifles. Again, when Opie was asked by a young artist with what ingredients he mixed his colours, he answered, in the spirit of one of the old oracles, "with brains!"

VEGETARIAN.—The cause of the sweetness generally noticed in frost-bitten potatoes is the conversion of part of the starch they contain into sugar.

CURIOUS.—The line of contact between the fresh water of a river running into the sea and the water of the "deep" is generally well defined. Yet in the case of tidal rivers, as in other natural phenomena, much that is curious passes unobserved by the common eye. It is only half the truth, for example, to say the river Thames flows into the sea; it really flows over the sea. "At the flow of the tide," says Mr. Stevenson, in *Jameson's Journal*, "the fresh water is raised as it were in a single mass by the salt water which flows in, and which ascends the bed of the river while the fresh water continues to flow towards the sea." At high water, therefore, the sea is actually beneath the Thames, up to a certain point—say as far up stream as Woolwich.

A READER OF TENNYSON.—In the lines—

I held it truth, with him who sings

To one clear harp in divers tones—

the laureate certainly refers to Longfellow, and not to Dante, as suggested by one of our contemporaries, or to Goethe, as supposed by another. The description is so far from applying to Dante that the very reverse might be said of him. The context, however, places the meaning of the poet beyond all doubt, for this is what he "holds true"—

That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

In which a direct allusion is made to "The Ladder of St. Augustine"—one of Longfellow's most admired minor poems.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNWARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER II.

A RECONCILIATION BY SURPRISE.

WE left Pennie and Millicent surprised, almost terrified, by the sight of Michael Forester's "awful grey face" in the long-deserted library. They got away from the place in haste, and never word uttered they until they were within sight and sound of home. Uncle Christopher was the only person in the hall when they entered. He asked where they had been, and when Pennie told him, Millicent burst into tears.

"Tut, tut! what's all this about?" cried the old worldling, in anything but a sympathizing tone, and then, in the words of the old song, reminded her that—

Violets plucked, the sweetest showers will ne'er make grow again.

They left him and retreated to their room, which Millicent quitted no more that day. She would have no one to keep her company but the ancient family nurse, who believed in many things but imperfectly known in our philosophy, and whose talk was not cal-

culated to settle startled nerves. She gave it as her opinion that Michael Forester had died with something on his mind, which he now sought to communicate to his capricious mistress—"for capricious you was, Miss Milly, and used him very hard, there's no gainsaying," was her ultimatum.

That some mystery was afloat had now become plain to all the world at Brackenfield. "What is it?" asked Captain Blake next morning, almost testily. "The house seems to be standing on tiptoe with expectant alarm. There's Millicent taking her cup of tea in bed; there's Pennie as solemn as an owl; there's nurse going about upstairs in shoes of silence, bidding the children *Whisht!* If anybody has seen a ghost, as rumour whispers, pray confess it, and let us hunt the shabby rascals, who frighten ladies, out of their lair. For as for ghosts, bless you, they're knaves in-grain; no more bullet proof than you or I. Show me your ghost, and I'll abolish him, I'll cause him to efface himself. Now, Quixote, I shall begin with you—look me straight in the face, and don't prevaricate; but be pleased to tell what makes your droll little phiz as grave as a mustard-pot?"

Thus adjured, Pennie eclipsed herself in her coffee-cup, and Uncle Christopher interposed with—"Say nothing, Pennie; it is grand to keep a secret."

"There is a ghost, depend upon it," added the Captain. "Let us all open our eyes, and be on the look-out for him."

Here the dame considerably said she wished they would remember there were children in the room. There were children in the room, listening with ears on the stretch. Little Lois, indeed, began to lip an account of a ghost she had seen; but when comically requested to be precise in her description of him, she could only put up her hands and gasp, until Geoffrey cut her short by saying that she meant bo-peep behind the curtains. Playing at ghosts was the favourite game that day, and when Pennie took a walk with the youngsters, she was impressed for the chief character, and required to march with stiff legs and solemn features to the roll of Geoffrey's drum.

They wandered a long way, and returned by the woods, which were pleasant in the frosty sunshine since the wind had sunk. Pennie gathered the first snowdrops of the season, peeping up amidst pale green leaves at the sheltered roots of the trees. Anna and Lois kept her company while the boys made wider excursions on their own account. After one prolonged absence, they returned to the girls, proclaiming that they had seen such a strange-looking man, with a face the colour of stone, a hat like Robinson Crusoe, and a bear's cloak on his shoulders. He was leaning over the gate into the meadow, and stared at them very hard, but did not speak.

"Perhaps he is the new farmer who is coming to the Lodge," suggested Francis.

"Perhaps he is the ghost," said Maurice; and then they scampered off again, laughing and fearless.

But Pennie was not laughing. She was chilled to the very marrow of her bones; for she perceived that to these unromantic unimaginative boys also had been revealed the dreadful phantom-shape of Michael Forester. But stay, *phantom-shape!* Could it possibly be Michael in the body, the very Michael himself that was never dead?

The idea made her heart jump, and off home she started with joyful hurry to communicate it to Millicent.

But when she saw Millicent's forlorn face, somehow her own buoyant hope collapsed. The dame and Theodora were with her trying, without seeming to try, to entice her into cheerfulness. It was too bad, everybody said, to have dear Aunt Milly in the dumps at Christmas time. Only Uncle Christopher chuckled, and did not care. Before lunch, Pennie being left with her a minute alone, proposed that if they were bantered any more they should make a clean breast of the whole affair; and Millicent consented, only stipulating that Pennie should be spokeswoman.

In the afternoon snow fell again, and games in the hall were the order of the day for the children. The elders, who could endure the clamour, congregated there as well, some of them even taking part in the sports. The younger ladies made belief at work and conversation round the fire, until Uncle Christopher, who was playing chess with Sir Andrew, exclaimed—"The sky will fall next: I heard Quixote sigh!" At that provocation there bubbled up in her a spirit of defiance, and wagging her head, she retorted—"You would sigh too, sir, and perhaps have a fit, if you had seen what Milly and I have seen four times since Christmas Eve! Either Michael Forester's spirit is haunting Brackenfield, or Michael Forester himself, no more dead than we are."

They all looked serious enough now, except Uncle Christopher, who said in his quizzical way, "Quixote, your wickedness passes conception! How dare you insinuate that a man may be alive whose monument is on the church wall? I should like to know where you expect to go to?"

"It would be awkward for a fellow to turn up after the heir had taken possession," observed Sir Andrew.

"Don't talk so lightly," interposed the dame; "there is no chance that poor Michael will return now."

"More unlikely events have occurred in families than the reappearance of a member supposed to be dead. I could give you an authentic instance myself," began Sir Andrew. But his anecdote was not encouraged, for all were eager to hear Pennie's story. When she came to the glimpse of the spectre they had had at the lodge, Uncle Christopher's patience gave way. He declared he could not stand such nonsense any longer, and demanded that Tom Martineau should come out with him, even in the wind and the snow, to blow away the cobwebs that little spider (meaning Pennie) was trying to weave over their wits. After that all the gentlemen dropped off rapidly, and the womankind were left alone to the discussion of Pennie's narrative, until the children fell tired of their romps, and insisted on fairy tales and riddles in the twilight until the dressing-bell rang, when young and old trooped upstairs together.

Millicent and Pennie were the last to descend to the drawing-room, and it struck Pennie oddly that her companion had become the centre of most demonstrative caresses. Theodora kissed her; Helen wreathed an arm round her waist; Grace cooed at her with sweet words. The dame complacently predicted that she would soon be herself again; and Uncle Christopher, with an unwonted touch of sentiment, tucked her hand under his arm, and patting it, bade her look more sprightly for a picture of winter in her all-white robes, with the ruby-dropt holly spray in her hair. Theodora, the most tender-hearted of women, had tears in her eyes through dinner; and of the rest, those who did not look joyous, looked mysteriously important. Pennie might have asked now if they had seen a ghost; and

she did at last intimate to Captain Blake that if anything was going to happen she should like to know; but he only whispered with a tantalizing air—"I shall not tell you, little quiz. When you had a secret you kept it four days; now it is our turn, and we can keep one too."

When the ladies rose to leave the table the dame took Millicent's arm to cross the hall. For a miracle none of the children were downstairs; but Helen and Grace were in and out of the drawing-room half-a-dozen times, though both their babies were safe abed. Even grandmamma, so drowsy after dinner on ordinary occasions, was now perfectly wide awake, and trotted twice to the door, and opened it to listen to the voices and laughter that issued from the dining-room. Their restlessness communicated itself to Millicent, and when she heard Uncle Christopher's deep bass approaching, supported by a hum of lower tones, she could not help quaking with a vague expectancy of she knew not what. Instantly Helen and Grace ran out, and the dame, holding Milly's hand, followed. Pennie pursued them, of course; when, behold! there! in the middle of the half-gloom of the hall stood the *ghost*—no ghost at all, but a man enveloped in a cavalry-cloak powdered with snow, and on his head a Panama hat which he was just in the act of plucking off.

"Who's this, Milly?" cried the Squire; and Millicent, tall, pale, in her white robes spectral, melted, vanished, disappeared somehow amongst the great folds of Michael's cloak, and never again quite emerged into a distinct identity. It was a reconciliation by surprise, and no after-thought could undo it.

"Forgive and forget," said Uncle Christopher. "Kiss and make friends; you are under the mistletoe, and it is Christmas time, Milly. Rare fun, Quixote, isn't it? Get away, you round-eyed little elf, and don't talk of seeing ghosts. Is he behaving like a ghost? Milly never would have been caught without a stratagem; but now it is done, I hope you like the dramatic conclusion?"

Dramatic conclusion, indeed! It was lucky Millicent was past hearing the triumphant boast. It was Pennie's firm belief that Uncle Christopher knew from the beginning of their terrors that Michael Forester was, and was no ghost; and that it had pleased his perversity to study Millicent's pains and repentance before he told anybody the secret of her lover's return. But he never would confess it—never.

The children laughed and were glad over the event of this reunion without well knowing why; but Penelope Croft, who was already somewhat of a philosopher, cried with Millicent for sympathy; and said, now she should always have faith in the happy possibilities of life, let it look ever so blank, since even sometimes the long dead came back.

"Oh, the lost years! the lost years, Pennie!" sobbed her sweet companion; "the lost years and the *change*!" That was the burthen of her regret and her complaint. Pennie sighed and said nothing, and presently fell asleep.

The morrow came—such a strange new morrow to Millicent, who had a bewildered air of walking amongst shadows; and a yet stranger new morrow to the Eastwold children, who were to return home that day, packed in the old yellow chariot.

They had rejoiced to come to merry Christmas Brackenfield; they now equally rejoiced to go. A week's distance lent enchantment to the view of the dreary

house on the hill, where they had left papa and mamma. The little ones watched for an hour from the hall window before the lean posters that were to carry them away came with a shambling trot to grandpapa's door. "Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!" rang from all tongues in chorus.

Then were the last kisses, and the tumbings into the chariot, so musty and fusty, and anxious final investigations by Theodora into the warmth of wraps, and a futile warning to Penelope Croft not to achieve the windy, cold solitude of the rumble; then a quick "Are you all right?" from Uncle John, and an "Off with you!" from Uncle Christopher; and away they whirled in the clear blue morning, as laughing and jubilant as when papa and mamma, standing on the steps at Eastwold, had seen their sunny faces fade in a mist of tears—sunny faces, that as little children's faces, papa was to see never more—never more.

Penelope Croft had the best of it in the rumble. There was an immense confusion of tongues within the chariot. That peculiar young woman in certain peculiar moods much affected her own society. The blast blew with a capricious keenness, and swayed heavily in the tall firs of the Brackenwood. Soon that was out of sight. A gradual ascent lay long in front, with round white hills swelling up on either hand. Glimpses of life peeped out here and there from the sheltered hollows, where the golden-brown stacks of last harvest, now all hooded with snow, were ranged in goodly ranks about the farmsteads. Penelope's heart warmed to their look of homely comfort, for her earliest and pleasantest reminiscences were of child-life in a farm. What set her musing of it now—when there was Millicent Hutton to think of, and her wedding, that was no doubt to be soon—she did not know. But her fancy would fly over hill and dale far faster than the posters, and drop her in the midst, now of a noisy sheep-washing at the beck; then perch her a-top of a hay-wain rolling sluggishly home from the water-meads; and again, set her in a low, old-fashioned parlour, at the knees of a comely, cherry-cheeked dame, who was her mother. Then Pennie wished herself going home to the dear old Crofts of Craven, who were of her own blood, instead of to the gentlefolks at Eastwold, who were kind enough, but not kin.

Had fortune used the little woman considerably in making her a rich heiress, and setting her in a place to which she was not born? Pennie thought not. She felt often lonely. If only she had been pretty, or graceful, or engaging! But she was none of these things. She was only *queer*. Her face provoked many a furtive smile—there was nothing in nature more grotesque than Pennie's face when she was pathetic. She knew fortune was not in the habit of consulting her clients as to what lot she should give them, but if she could have chosen hers, she would have been interesting and *poor*. She was already more interesting than she knew. A woman always is interesting who has heaps of money, let her be as ugly as she may. Even her guardian had many a time privately wished his son Francis were of an age to go a-wooing to his ward. But Francis was only a rough, hungry schoolboy, with his heart in his stomach yet, and Pennie was just eighteen and sentimental.

How had Pennie come by her heiress-ship? That

is soon told. Her father, Jonathan Croft, tenant-farmer at Mayfield, had followed the plough in peace, prosperity, and contentment for a score of years. The railway mania set in. He was smitten with the gold-fever; he thirsted to become rich, drew his thrifty savings out of the Norminster Bank, invested them in scrip, bought and sold, and bought and sold again, and in a few months achieved a wonderful great fortune. He did not live to lose it again, but died literally of amazement at his good luck; never having seemed to realize it in any comfortable form, but only as a means of buying up Wynyard of Eastwold—Wynyard of Eastwold being the name most honoured in those parts since feudal days.

Another idea that possessed his half-paralysed brain was that his daughter Pen must be a lady. He sent for the Squire, and begged him to accept her as his ward. The Squire was astonished and a little vexed. He was not a man who loved business. He said he would consult Hargrove—Hargrove was his factotum. Hargrove suggested that it might be an excellent thing. He went over to Mayfield, talked with Croft and his wife, and found that it might be even a better thing than he had thought. He wrote the old man's will, and when it came to be read after his death, the charge of Penelope was coupled with a bequest of two thousand pounds to the Squire and five hundred to the lawyer. There was plenty of gossip about it over pipes and at market dinners as a very queer will, which left the money too free to the handling even of trustees so honourable as Wynyard of Eastwold and Doctor Grey; but Hargrove was a cunning old file, bless you, and knew what he knew. Grey would never act, and he would have it all his own way, for the Squire did nothing without him.

Seventy thousand pounds! The little lass had seventy thousand pounds!—not a penny less. And how that would grow before she came of age. Seventy thousand pounds! And the widow well left too, but tied up not to marry again. Jonathan Croft was a bit jealous, but not so far north as his neighbours would have expected—not nearly so far north. Trust, ay, *trust*—only let a man make sure where he trusts. Why wasn't his wife given any care over the lass? She came of a good family; she was a woman of sense. Ay, marry was she, and a downright hand at business. And her brother, Lister of Rood, would have made as honest a guardian for the lass as any squire in Craven. But where was the use of talking? Jonathan Croft had put a slight on his own folks and his wife's; but he had willed as he had willed, and Penelope was to be a lady.

Penelope was to be a lady. Her mother gave her up with a half sad, half proud reluctance, and the ugly little woman was carried away to Eastwold in the yellow chariot—a much more pompous and shining chariot then than now; for seven years' wear and tear make a mighty difference in chariots, though they may leave ugly little women much the same for ugliness. And during those seven years there had been a gradual decay and blight creeping over the splendours of Eastwold, such as dim the glossy lacquer of chariots yellow or various, and the lacquer of all other things that need frequent gold-wash to keep them spruce. In fact, the mining property which had enriched the ancient house for generations was working out, and the Wynyards were going down in the world—*down*.

The children had not yet much character, but they had the germs of character. On the outside they were—the boys, noisy, domineering, fearless, generous; the girls, loving, obedient, prone to serve what they loved—all given to enjoy, and without the faintest, remotest idea of what signified self-denial, self-renunciation, or world's work of any sort. For were they not come of a master-race? The traditions of Eastwold were long and honourable. The children had been nurtured on them. It was as much an article of their faith as anything in the catechism that a Wynyard never had been and never could be dialoyal to king or church, to kindred or friend. They had commonly been found ranged on the losing side, and had shed their blood in many an historical quarrel on the field and on the scaffold; but their name remained to their posterity without spot and blameless. Not a bit of rusty old armour that hung about the old hall and on the old staircase but had been in its day the defence of a good man and true. Francis had already made up his mind that he was to be a soldier, and to tread in their steps; and Anna already looked to him as the hero who would perpetuate the glory of a long line.

In these hopeful visions of their fresh youth they almost lost sight of the cloud impending over the fortunes of Eastwold. There had been year by year a curtailing of their pleasures, but no complaining. Papa and mamma wrapt their robes of pride about them, and declined quietly from past prosperity. The children imitated the dignified example. When papa looked jaded and despondent, when mamma was tired and tearful, could they be grumbling and dissatisfied? Francis and Anna, at all events, were old enough to see and know better, and they did the best they knew. The troubles that were coming on them would not be embittered by the worst of all wants—the want of love.

(To be continued.)

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

(Continued from page 6.)

We were checked in our walk along Fore Street, Lambeth, at the corner of York Wharf, by an overpowering odour, for which it would not be easy to find a more appropriate comparison than the stench of rotten teeth. This evil smell came with the wind, or, strictly speaking, with the languid, almost imperceptible movement of the air from the westward. I thought of escaping the annoyance by passing up York Wharf into Princes Street. "No, really!" said my companion; and under his gentle constraint I was compelled to face about, and continue along Fore Street, parallel with the river. At every step the cadaverous odour increased in intensity. Still we persevered, and whatever the reader may think, something like the virtue of perseverance was really called for. The vision of rotten teeth became painfully distinct, and yet, surely, it could not be a fact! Curiosity had now got the better of disgust, and I was stepping out in advance of my companion, when he suddenly nudged my elbow, and bent his thumb to the right, without speaking. Yielding to the tacit injunction, I paused to look down an open gateway, and saw huge heaps—not of the mortal remains I had pictured to my fancy, but of raw-looking bones and blood-be-smear'd skins of beasts. I am not more fastidious than other people, and have seen enough of squalor and misery in my time to be less so than many. But if the reader will recall what I have already said of the sordid condition of all this neighbourhood, and the

misery of the people in their crowded dwellings, he will not wonder that I felt something like mingled disgust and indignation that this source of pollution should be, as it were, gratuitously added to all I had witnessed. A step further, and with another significant nudge, my companion turned his thumb to the left, where a second pile of bones and skins was dimly visible.

poisonous centre, the very heart of which is inscribed, as in letters of sulphurous fire, with "greed and gain." Rash and illogical is it, to talk so? Well, we will cease talking and proceed.

Leaving Hunt's bone-yards by a court running parallel with York Wharf, we made a call at No. 7, Princes Street. The two lower rooms were shut up



A LAMBETH INTERIOR.

Again, a few steps further, bones and skins on the right. Further, again, bones and skins on the left. We were running the gauntlet of unwholesome smells and sights. Right, left; left, right: bones in heaps; bones in huge vats; bones fresh from the butcher, with the meat just scraped off; bones not so fresh; bones decidedly *not* fresh, with shreds of rotten meat clinging to them; and from some of the yards volumes of odoriferous steam! "In Heaven's name, what devil's kitchen is this?"

"These," said my companion, "are Hunt's bone-yards. The cartloads of raw bones and skins, at which your bile rises when they pass you unexpectedly in the crowded streets, are brought here and shot down in the midst of the crowded poor." Thus it ever is. The further we penetrate into these fever beds—these abodes of physical and moral pestilence—the more heart-sick we are to discover wheel within wheel of corrupting agencies, like the circle within circle of Dante's "Inferno." It is not enough that whole families of the poor should live, and sleep, and perform every domestic office in a single room; that room must be one of a dozen like it in a filthy den called a house; and that house, one of fifty, a hundred, or of many hundreds not a whit better, in a filthy conglomerate of streets, called, by a shameful abuse of words, a *neighbourhood*; and those streets again but the outworks, stretching, like spider's legs, from some

for the season, the family having gone out of town, hop-picking. The man who rented them was a tinker, and has the reputation of having invented a smoke-consuming apparatus, for which he wishes to take out a patent; but as he refuses to explain his scheme before he gets the money, and the money refuses to be got before he explains his scheme, he makes about as much progress as the old woman with the pig in the nursery tale. This benighted genius has seven children to support.

In the front room over the tinker's we found a family of eight persons, consisting of an Irish widow with seven children of all ages. This is the room represented in our engraving. Wretched as it appears, the reality was far more so. Neither pen nor pencil can portray adequately the squalor which offends every sense. The details of the engraving deserve the most careful scrutiny, as being a transcript from the life.

The adjoining back room is occupied by a costermonger and his family, father, mother, and four children. One of the four, at the time of our visit, was away at the fever hospital. The smell of the room was very close and offensive: it contained several baskets with the remains of vegetables in them.

In a room above this dwelt a shoemaker (we beg pardon, a cobbler), with his wife and three children. Thus, the five rooms we have mentioned were occupied

by twenty-eight persons when all are at home, an average of nearly six in each.

On arriving at the Princes Street end of York Wharf we turned into one of the wooden houses shown in our first engraving (the overhanging house on the left). We groped our way up a very dark and narrow staircase with much difficulty, and were about to return without seeing anything, when a door was suddenly opened at the top, and an elderly man asked us to come in. He was just going to dine, having a toasted herring on a fork, which he held in his hand when he opened the door. He spoke very cheerfully of the view from his window among the chimneypots of the neighbouring houses. He was a lone widower, and had lived in this airy little apartment (not more than six feet high) for eleven years. The contents of his room may have been worth something less than thirty shillings, including his tools and a withered "old man" in a flowerpot, which the first old man had evidently abandoned to its fate, in despair of ever making it flourish again. "Why had he stayed so long in this little den?" "Well, it was not easy for a cobbler to get a fresh lodging in these old houses; the landlords thought their continual hammering was damaging to the property. Then, he had come to like the prospect. He had never suffered in health; the smoke and stench blew over from the potteries and bone-yards, and entered the windows of the respectable houses a little farther off; and now and then he could spare a minute to look at the trains of the South Western Railway running along among the chimneypots in the distance." Like the philosophic cobbler of Goldsmith, the old fellow could patter of his experiences; for though he had lived forty years in Lambeth, and eleven years in this little room, he knew something of the world and its doings. Our interview with him was quite a bit of sunlight in the general gloom of the afternoon's experiences. It was impossible not to feel the better for having seen him, and seen, at the same time, that in certain circumstances a halfpenny herring toasted with difficulty over a few hot cinders, in a grate heaped up with dirt, may make a sumptuous and cheerful repast.

On descending we entered the room beneath that which the old cobbler occupied. Here we found two or three poor children, who had been alone since early morning. Dirty and ragged, they had not so much as a dry crust to eat, and the whole aspect of the place was squalid in the extreme. "Mother was dead." "Father went out early in the morning to buy leather" (he too was a cobbler). "He could not leave them anything to eat, because he had no money." "They did not know when he would be back." The man was probably drunk, and the poor children, hungry and dirty, and almost naked, had heroically obeyed his injunctions to "mind the place;" and would mind it till he returned, far into the night perhaps, to pollute their ears with foul words, and drive them like starved dogs to their kennels in the several corners of the room. Thus the fountain of our national life is corrupted at its very springs, and there seems to be no sufficient moral force, nor legislative wisdom enough in this mighty nation to deal with the monstrous evil. Even Lord Shaftesbury has no hope that anything of importance can be accomplished by legislative enactments, or that capital can ever be remuneratively employed in the erection of suitable dwellings for the very poor.* Yet it is an undeniable fact that the aggregate rental of dwellings such as those we have visited is very much in excess of a fair percentage on their value. Without committing ourselves to the unqualified assertion that his lordship is wrong, either in his data, or in his conclusions from them, we cannot help taking a more hopeful view of the subject. But of this hereafter.

* See his address at the opening of the Social Science Congress, Manchester, in October last.

NATURAL SOUNDS.

WE sometimes speak of "perfect silence," "profound silence," and we liken the sudden cessation of noise and clamour to the "stillness of death"—without reflecting on what these terms signify, or whether the thing, or the no-thing they represent be at all known to us, familiarly as we use such expressions. In truth, silence utter and complete is a very rare thing indeed, and it is difficult to say where it is to be found, unless it be in the brain of the deaf mute who has his world outside of the "realm of sound." We do not get silence in the deep gloom of the forest, though there may be the repose of utter solitude; that is rather a change from one region of sound to another: in summer the leaves lift up their voices, the insect millions fill the air with a chorus so faint during the live-long day, as to be hardly recognizable save by its absence when the night comes—to say nothing of the songs of birds which from time to time burst on the stillness; and in winter, even though "horror wide extends her desolate domain," it is not a horror of utter silence—the dead leaves are heard to rustle, the bare branches to moan and gnash their teeth, while ten thousand minute crepitations tell of the changes going on upon the surfaces of things around through the contraction of bark and fibre in consequence of the cold. We do not get it out in the midnight solitudes of heath or prairie, or in the lonely churchyard. The poet's idea, "Stars silent above us—graves silent beneath," may apply to the stars and the graves, but not to the pool that reflects the stars or the grass that fringes the lips of the grave, both of which will respond to the whisper of the night-wind in whispers of their own—"making night vocal to an ear attuned." For our own part we are free to confess, that notwithstanding some attempts in that direction, we have never been able to get into the actual presence of silence perfect and absolute.

Seeing that such is the case, what a wonderfully kind and beneficent arrangement of Providence it is that the sounds we hear are what they are, so bountifully fitted to our perceptions as to impart satisfaction and pleasure to us, and that of an enduring kind which for the most part never palls on the senses. This provision is one of the wonders of creation. All the sounds of Nature are sounds, so to speak, that *wear well*. When the winds lift up their voices, do they not strike upon the ear like the greetings of old friends, and is not every note they breathe full of the associations of things foregone and past which it is worth while to have thus recalled? Think of the voice of waters, the leaping of the ocean waves when "the floods clap their hands"—the seaward swirl of the running river as it sings along between the green banks—the glad ripple of wind-ruffled lake or mountain tarn—the shout of the torrent as it leaps along among the lichen-clad boulders—the grand roar of the cataract as it thunders from the steep. How thoroughly do all these sounds tell each its peculiar tale! how freshly do they appeal to the senses every time we hear them, with feelings and suggestions that are ever new and refuse to grow old! Who would wish to change them for sounds, however exquisite, produced by art or man's device? For, please to note, no sounds of voice or instrument, artificially produced, will wear half as well, or a hundredth part as well as do the accompaniments to which Nature has set her own melodies. The poet tells us of the brook "which all night long singeth a quiet tune," and the figure is pretty and touching enough. But how happy for us that it is only a figure! Just imagine it to be a fact! Suppose yourself living in a cottage on the banks of a brook that all night long was singing, for instance, "We're all a-noddin'"; that's a quiet tune—or "The Last Rose

of Summer;" that's more quiet still. How long do you think you could stand it? You know very well that you could not sit out a twelve hours' concert at St. James's Hall, even were all the talent of Europe assembled to charm you: what would you do with a single tune grinding eternally in your ears? Of a truth, whatever the tune might be, you would come to the conclusion, ere long, that it was the identical one the cow died of, and that it would kill you too unless you got out of hearing; and away you would run accordingly.

No; with all due regard to poets and musicians, Nature never plays tunes; if she did she would only worry and weary us, whereas her gentle design is to soothe us to rest or to invigorate us for work. As already stated, her sounds are everywhere; everything animate or inanimate has a voice, and things we call dead speak to one another. "The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;" the sedges in the pool talk and gossip together in the quiet evening hours; deep calteth unto deep, and amidst the mad and yeasty waves "we hear old Triton wind his wreathed horn." Her gamut extends through a tremendous scale, from the topmost treble of the shrilly gnat to the deep diapason of the bellowing thunder; and she has the wonderful knack of making sweet harmonies out of the sourest materials, softening them by distance or modifying them by artful combinations. Then she arranges her concerts with the kindest regard for her auditors, putting the rougher performers in the background, and the sweetest and best in the front. Thus the boom of the bittern, the plaint of the stork, the hoarse cry of the carrion crow, and the caw of the rook, reach us from afar, shorn by distance of their harshness; while the thrush and the blackbird pipe joyously in our orchards, the linnet and goldfinch build in our gardens, the nightingale sends his song into our open windows as we lie and listen to him by starlight, and the merry cricket chirps in our chimney-corners till the whole house rings with his jollity.

It is no great cause for wonder that all the sounds of Nature have not yet been traced to their source. If any one by way of experiment will betake himself to some lonely spot far from any human dwelling—say in the afternoon of a summer's day—and try to account for all the sounds he hears, even in a spot where he can hear the fewest, he may chance to find himself puzzled beyond his utmost skill. Travellers have been thus puzzled in a most inexplicable manner, and have tried in vain, with all their science and all their knowledge of natural phenomena, to solve the difficulty the strange sounds presented. There is a sound familiar to dwellers on the sea-coast, which is occasionally heard towards nightfall and for an hour after sunset, and which fishermen call the "sough." It is neither the noise of the wind, nor of the waves, nor of the breakers on the shore—at least it seems conclusively not to be either of these, because all three of these can be heard and distinctly recognized simultaneously with the moaning of the "sough." We have ourselves heard it several times on certain parts of the coast, and have also listened for it at the same season of the year on other parts, and failed to detect it. Seafaring men seem to care nothing about it, and it is vain to ask them for any explanation. It does not seem to come from the offing, but rather from the windings of the shore, and from the quarter from which the wind is blowing. What can it be? Perhaps the following story, upon which we chanced the other day in a volume of extracts, may throw some light on the subject. One fine Sunday morning an American clipper was making all sail for port, running with a side wind on a track parallel with a part of the coast then a hundred miles distant. The men were assembled on deck enjoying the beautiful weather, when suddenly they all started and looked at each other with amazement as the sound

of church-going bells burst upon the ear. For several minutes the familiar peal continued, louder or fainter as the vessel rose or fell on the bounding billows, while the crew stood motionless as if spell-bound. The skipper, a thoughtful man, after listening for a time with the rest, went to the helm and slowly altered the vessel's course. As she rounded a little seaward, the sweet sounds stopped as suddenly as they had come: he then put her back on the old tack, when the bells began to peal again, he repeating the experiment several times to satisfy himself of the facts of the case. The reader has probably guessed what the facts were. Although the village where the bells were ringing was a hundred miles off, and under ordinary circumstances such sounds would never travel so great a distance, yet under the circumstances then existing the fact was clear enough that they did so travel. The wind which bore the sounds blew in a stiff breeze off the land; the large concavity of the broad belying mainsail caught the musical vibrations, and, by reflecting them back as it were in a focus upon the deck, rendered them audible. This was the skipper's explanation of the phenomenon, the truth of which he had tested by altering the vessel's course. Now here, it appears to us, is a key to the mysterious sounds of the "sough" as it moans along the autumnal shore at nightfall. We have only to imagine, in place of the village church bells, a storm or gale of wind raging at the distance of some hundred or more miles, much too far off to be heard under ordinary circumstances, and, in place of the belying mainsail, such a conformation of the coast and circling cliffs as shall serve the same purpose, by catching and concentrating the exhausted undulations of sound, and thus rendering them audible. We believe that this may be the right solution of the mystery; at any rate it points to a reason why the "sough" is frequently heard on some parts of our coast and never on other parts.

Concerning the strange and inexplicable sounds heard by travellers in various parts of the world, there have been from time to time many interesting reports. Among the most curious of these are perhaps the accounts met with in the narratives of Australian explorers. Mr. Wood is not the only witness. Stuart mentions that one morning, when in the interior, among the red sandhills of the inhospitable desert, he was startled by hearing a loud, clear, reverberating explosion, like the booming of artillery. These noises, which have been frequently observed in sandy districts, seem to come with an explosive echo from the sandhills, and reverberate for a considerable time amongst the surrounding mountains. Sounds of a like kind have alarmed most of the Australian explorers. Captain Sturt, who followed the course of the Darling River in 1828, describes an extraordinary sound which about three in the afternoon, on a day in the month of February of that year, astonished himself and party. "The day," he says, "had been remarkably fine, not a cloud was there in the heavens, nor a breath of air to be felt. On a sudden we heard what seemed to be the report of a gun fired at the distance of between five and six miles. It was not the hollow sound of an earthy explosion, or the sharp, cracking noise of falling timber, but in every way resembled a discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance. On this all the men agreed, but no one was certain whence the sound proceeded. Both Mr. Hume and myself, however, thought it came from the north-west. I immediately sent one of the men up a tree, but he could observe nothing unusual. The country around him appeared to be equally flat on all sides, and to be thickly wooded. Whatever occasioned the report, it made a strong impression on all of us, and to this day the singularity of such a sound in such a situation is a matter of mystery to me."

If travellers are alarmed abroad by sounds they

cannot explain, dwellers at home are no less alarmed at times by sounds perfectly natural in themselves, but which are often made formidable by fear and superstitious dread. We have known a series of grueful groans which made a whole family miserable for a month to proceed from the vibration of a strip of leather and baize nailed on a door to keep the draught away. Wailing and sobbing noises are often heard in old houses from defects which a few nails and a glue-pot would remedy. New houses, fresh from the hands of the builder, will indulge in the strangest noises for months together; and if they happen to be full of new furniture there is no telling when one could reckon on domestic quiet. As you lie in bed you hear a crack here, a bang there, a creaking above, and a groaning below; and if you choose you may shiver with apprehension at each fresh demonstration; but you may be wiser if you call to mind that all woodwork when new is liable to shrink, and that the shrinking will often announce itself by a detonating noise. You don't hear such noises in the day because they are stilled by other noises, but the silence of night gives them a startling effect. It is far otherwise with sounds to which we are accustomed, but of these we do not here speak.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

BY THE AMERICAN POET, BRYANT.

NOTE.—It is our purpose, so far as opportunity can be found in the pages of "THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE," to promote a better understanding, between Englishmen and Americans, of those higher feelings and purposes of each which usually find expression in literature. Mutual respect is worth something more than mutual forbearance. But respect and admiration presuppose knowledge; therefore let us have all the knowledge we can of the cultivated American mind. The following beautiful stanzas are indeed familiar to English lovers of verse, who know the name of Bryant as they know that of Longfellow. Still, among the readers of this Magazine, there may be many who have not hitherto had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with this admired American poet.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon this toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY was a daughter of Henry Grey, third Marquis of Dorset, by his wife Frances, daughter of Charles Brandon, the first Duke of Suffolk, who had married the sister of Henry VIII. Henry VII. was her great-grandfather. She had been educated with her cousin, Edward VI., under the direction of Queen Catherine Parr; and, according to the Zurich letters, there seems to have been some talk of her marrying him. The king was a marvel of learning, his age considered, but Lady Jane surpassed him in power of intellect. Her accomplishments were various. She wrote an excellent hand, was skilled in music, and had an extraordinary knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, as well as of the French and Italian languages. John Ab Ulmis speaks of her knowledge of Greek and Latin as being sufficient to enable her to "speak and argue with propriety" in both those languages. It must be remembered that Lady Jane's abilities had to stand the test of comparison with those of many other clever women. The sixteenth century was rich in learned ladies. The Princesses Mary and Elizabeth were very clever—the former translated out of Latin into English a prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the eleventh year of her age. Roger Ascham tells us that on one occasion, when he paid a visit to her father's house at Bradgate, he found the Lady Jane reading Plato's *Phædo* in Greek, while the rest of her family were engaged in a hunting-party in the park; and on his expressing surprise at her studious habits, she replied that she should receive more pleasure from the perusal of *Phædo* than her relations would reap from their amusement. He further asked how knowledge came to be such a pleasure to her, and she rejoined: "One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster; for when I am in presence of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them; so that I think myself in hell till the time comes that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so pleasantly, so gently, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whilst I am with him."

At the time of Edward VI.'s death Lady Jane was sixteen years of age, and had been married but a few weeks to Lord Guildford Dudley, the son of the Duke of Northumberland.

Her love of study was in no way diminished by her marriage. Literature and music continued to engross all her attention, to the exclusion of the amusements and occupations usual to her sex and station. She passed her time at Sion House as industriously as she had done at Bradgate, and thus was in a great measure ignorant of the arts employed by her father-in-law to have her nominated by the king's will heiress to the throne of England. It was the Duke of Northumberland's ambition to secure the English crown for his youngest son, Lord Guildford Dudley, by means of marriage with one of the ladies of the blood-royal, descended from the Protestant branch of the house of Suffolk. His eye at first rested upon Lady Margaret Clifford, the grandchild of Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII., by descent from her youngest daughter; but he became more daring as the king's illness assumed a more dangerous form, and brought about a match between his son and Lady Jane Grey.

It is said that Northumberland was actuated by another motive, viz., his detestation of the Princess Elizabeth—which detestation was caused, it is supposed,



LADY JANE GREY REFUSING THE CROWN.

by her attachment to young Robert Dudley, afterwards the notorious Earl of Leicester; and that it was this, rather than any dislike to the Princess Mary, that induced him to work upon the king's feelings, by reminding him that his sisters had been declared illegitimate by Act of Parliament; and that no subsequent decree of the late king would make the nation willing to have the throne occupied by a bastard.

Whatever might have been his motives, the result of his manœuvring was an illegal will executed by Edward, in which the king formally set aside his sisters, and settled the succession upon the Marchioness of Dorset, whose next heir was the Lady Jane Grey.

For two days after the king's death, which event was kept as secret as possible, Northumberland consulted with his friends as to the best mode of carrying out the king's will. Finding that the news of his decease had oozed out, he was forced into immediate action. He sent a command to the Lord Mayor of London to repair forthwith to Greenwich, with six aldermen and twelve of the principal citizens, to announce the king's death and the Lady Jane's succession to the sovereignty, in accordance with the king's will; and he himself, with the Duke of Suffolk, the Earls of Pembroke and Shrewsbury, the Marquises of Winchester and Northampton, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others of the nobility, proceeded to Sion House, and with lowly obeisance saluted the Lady Jane as Queen of England.

Lady Jane was astounded. Grief and surprise took possession of her; both her judgment and inclination rebelled against the wishes of those before her, and she turned from and refused to accept the proffered crown, and presently swooned and fell to the ground as one dead. She saw in an instant of time that the most disastrous consequences would ensue from her father-in-law's policy. So soon as consciousness was restored, she resorted to argument to justify her rejection of such a high dignity. She asserted that the title of the two princesses was inalienable; that the present enterprise was a criminal one, and would certainly be attended with danger to those engaged in it; and, finally, she pleaded her own strong desire to remain in the private station to which she was born. Her wishes had no weight with her friends. Not only her father and father-in-law, but her mother, her husband, and his mother importuned her to recall her rejection of the crown. At length they prevailed, and without any alteration of sentiment, she consented to relinquish her own will for theirs.

It was at this time the custom for the monarchs of England to pass the first few days after their accession in the Tower, and thither the Lady Jane was conveyed with great pomp by the nobles and councillors. Her exaltation was of short duration. The pageant reign lasted but nine days. The English, ever a loyal people, mustered in great strength around the banner of "the Lady Mary's Grace," and proclaimed her the rightful Queen of England. Lady Jane, Lord Guildford Dudley, and the Duke of Northumberland and others were committed to prison. On the 3rd of August, 1553, Queen Mary made a triumphant entry into London. On the 22nd of the same month Northumberland was beheaded. There seems no doubt that Mary was willing to spare the life of Lady Jane, looking upon her as a tool merely in the hands of her parents and Northumberland, but her councillors were averse to such an act of clemency. Neither the Queen nor the Princess Elizabeth, it was urged, could be considered safe so long as she lived. Still it was not until Wyatt's and Brett's rebellion that she was persuaded to sign her death-warrant. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, was sent to Lady Jane, to endeavour to win her to the Romish faith. A pamphlet, published in 1613, tells us that "divers learned Romish Catholics, and even those which were of the best fame and reputation,"

were sent to argue with her; but that "all their labours were bootless, for she had art to confound their art, wisdom to withstand their wisdom, resolution above their menaces, and such a true knowledge of life, that death was to her no other than a most familiar acquaintance." With Feckenham, it is certain, she condescended to argue, and the conference between the Lady Jane Grey and John de Feckenham, four days before her death, touching her faith and religion, is extant; though Feckenham's exhortations did not for a moment induce her to swerve from her adherence to the reformed faith. She bore witness to his kindness towards her, saying, "God, I beseech Him, abundantly reward you for your kindness to me." She now expressed sorrow at the delay of her execution. "She was prepared," she said, "to receive patiently her death in any manner it would please the Queen to appoint. True it was her flesh shuddered, as was natural to frail mortality, but her spirit would spring, rejoicing, into the eternal light, where she hoped the mercy of God would receive it."

On the 12th of February, 1554, an hour or two after her husband's execution, Lady Jane, whose death the reformers looked upon as a sacrifice to their cause, was beheaded, within the Tower, lest the people's compassion for her youth, beauty, and innocence, should cause a demonstration in her favour.

On the scaffold she said, "I am condemned, not for having aspired to the crown, but because I refused not with sufficient firmness; and I shall be a memorable example to posterity that innocence excuseth not great misdeeds, if they any way tend to the destruction of the public weal; for he hath abundantly plunged himself in ill, whosoever even perforce hath become the instrument of another's ambition."

She asked the people to pray with her and for her, that God of His infinite goodness and mercy would forgive all her sins. Finally, she repeated the psalm of "Miserere mei Deus" (51st), which done she said, "Lord, save my soul, which now I commend into thy hands." And then, with all meekness of spirit and saint-like patience, she laid her head upon the block.

It is presumed that both Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley were buried in the Tower, but there is no authentic record of their interment.

Though the attempt to place Lady Jane on the throne was a treasonable act, it was attended, it must be confessed, by more palliating circumstances than any previous usurpation; for at the period of Edward VI.'s death the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth were, by express legislative enactments, illegitimate, and the very statute which settled the crown on them did not remove the stain of bastardy which had been fixed upon them.

The Suffolk family, represented by the Duke of Buckingham, were descended from that of Lady Jane Grey, their ancestor being Lady Katherine Grey, the second daughter of the Marquis of Dorset.

IN DOLORE FELICITAS.

Is not the whole wide world a-cold,
With tears down dropping in the mould?—
The air made gusty with our sighs?
Graves 'neath our feet, where'er we tread?
And e'en the tenderest, truest ties,
Hang but new swords above our head—
Swords that have never time to rust,
Hanging too long unused, unsheathed;
Since where we step the very dust
Once loved, and lived, and moved, and breathed!
Truly, we, seeking happiness,
Find this fair earth but bleak and sad,
But learning well its nothingness,
We grow content, and wise, and glad.—M. I. P.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT AMERICA.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO has published a book, which, as he pointedly and truly observes, "bristles with figures." It is an account of "the Resources and Prospects of America, ascertained during a visit to the States in the autumn of 1864." It is a book worth the studying, and though we cannot pretend to give an adequate notion of its contents, we have marked a few figures and facts for extract.

People who are accustomed to the idea of "Yankee smartness," think too exclusively of Americans as a trading and mercantile community. The country is in truth essentially agricultural. In 1860 the census showed 8,217,000 heads of families and other individuals whose occupations were recorded. Of this number, upwards of 3,000,000, or more than one-third, were directly occupied in the tillage of the soil. The merchants and clerks of the United States altogether only numbered 300,000 souls. The leading mechanical trades—blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, and the like—ranged from about 10,000 as a minimum, to 240,000 as a maximum, in each class. In fine, a complete analysis of the figures proves that upwards of *seven-eighths* of the entire population are engaged in agricultural pursuits, or in the various trades and professions materially dependent thereon.

In agreement with this fact, the most important branch of manufacturing industry in America is that of agricultural implements, which rose in value from a little under 7,000,000 dollars in 1850, to nearly 18,000,000 dollars in 1860. The great increase in this branch of manufacture has been stimulated by a grievous deficiency in the supply of agricultural labour, causing a high rate of wages, and naturally leading to invention. America, indeed, has become quite remarkable for the rapid succession of labour-saving machines which it has produced, and the *value of labour* is, no doubt, the leading cause of this. A slight improvement in "straw-cutters" enabled the inventor, in a western tour of eight months, with only a model instrument, to realise 40,000 dollars. Another inventor sold a machine for threshing and cleaning grain for 60,000 dollars. The "M'Cormick reaper" yields its inventor a princely income. A single manufacturer has paid as much as 117,000 dollars in a year for the use of a patent right in an agricultural machine.

On the other hand, be the value of the fact what it may, the textile manufactures of America cannot compare with those of England. In the year 1860, for which Sir Morton Peto gives the returns, we employed 30,387,267 spindles. In the United States only 5,235,727 were at work; and this, it will be observed, was before the disturbance of industry by the late civil war. If we take the *increase* in the period from 1850 to 1860 the figures are still more remarkable. The amount of raw material used in America rose in that interval from 272,527,000 lbs. to 422,704,975 lbs. To compare with these figures we have the return of British imports of cotton from the United States for 1849 as being 634,504,050 lbs., and for 1860, 1,955,982,800 lbs., or more than thrice the weight. The comparison is not less striking when made between the woollen manufactures of the two countries; and, in both cases, the article produced in America is of inferior quality.

Under these circumstances our American cousins resort to the exploded system of "Protection," as a means of encouraging the home manufacture of textile goods. The fact is interesting, as it tends to show, in conjunction with other and more material facts, that the great progress made by America, and the originality of some of her manufactures, are the results of special circumstances, and not primarily either of greater capacity in her people, or of greater liberality in her institutions. What those circumstances may be would

form a suitable subject of inquiry at another opportunity. Perhaps they would enable us to find an intelligible reason for another of Sir Morton Peto's impressive statements—for the alleged fact that *there is no such thing as Pauperism in the United States!*

CANADA AND THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

An important public question is raised by the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty entered into between the government of the United States and our North American provinces. The question has its political bearings, but these lie not within our province. It is as a commercial and industrial question that we are interested in it. A problem has now to be solved which it would take a volume of goodly bulk to elucidate. Is it in the power of the United States' Legislature to check the growing prosperity of our American provinces? And this involves a prior question. "Is the prosperity of the last fifteen years to be wholly accounted for by the friendly legislation of the United States?" To answer either of these questions it would be necessary to study the statistics of the trade of Canada during the last fifteen years. Such a study seems to be extant in Mr. Derby's report on the Reciprocity Treaty, made to the secretary of the United States' Treasury, and criticised by one of our Quarterly reviewers in October last. But then, we are far from being certain that Mr. Derby's study is an impartial one. He speaks *complainingly* of the prospects of Canada. "From 1851 to 1861 (the period reviewed) she has increased her miles of railway from twelve to nineteen hundred miles; she has increased her wheat and oat crops, her wool, the value of her forests, and wealth, *more than we have*, though she is naturally inferior in climate, soil, and position." The strict impartiality of a report, written in the spirit of which this is only one faint indication, may fairly be doubted. Our purpose, however, is not to comment upon the facts of the case, but to direct attention to the careful study of them. Some of our hard-headed working men, who may be in want of a subject of study connected with their special interests, will find one in a public question of this nature worthy of their most serious attention. The problem has a direct bearing on the connection between legislative action and industrial progress; and further, on the *morality* of international legislation directed against the welfare of a neighbouring people. On the latter point a few words may not be inopportune.

Is it justifiable in one nation to legislate against the interests of another? The answer involves a question of personal morality, for if the received rule of conduct for an individual be that of self-interest, it cannot, logically, be different for a nation. Statesmen have acted on this principle from time immemorial. Take down Puffendorf, for instance, and what do we find? At the end of every chapter is a discussion of what it is for the interest of every state to do in relation to other states, without the slightest pretence of regard for moral right or wrong. Thus, in the chapter on the Netherlands—"It is the interest of the Hollanders, either by goodness or cheapness of their commodities, and an easy deportment, to endeavour to draw the chief benefit of trade to themselves; *for this is the easier and less odious way to heap up riches, than if they should attempt publicly to wrest the foreign trade from all other nations.*" This, however, we call Dutch morality, by way of distinction from the Christian doctrine of free intercourse, founded on the recognition of the brotherhood of nations, in the present policy of Great Britain. Query: Is this Dutch morality to be the future policy of the United States? and if so, will a reward equal to that which the Dutch have reaped from it satisfy the mighty ambition of the American people?

HOME MEMORIES OF COWPER.

It has been said by a great writer that William Cowper is the most popular of English poets, and, if we exclude Shakespeare, this assertion is correct. All who read poetry have read "The Task," perhaps the only didactic poem in the language which is thoroughly readable—have laughed over John Gilpin's surprising horsemanship, and felt the exquisite pathos of the lines "To Mary," and of that singularly beautiful poem written upon the receipt of his mother's picture. The freshness, the vigorous good sense, and the fine English spirit which pervade Cowper's poems, must strike every reader. He is always clear in meaning, wholesome in thought, honest in purpose. He has strong views, and expresses them strongly. He is sometimes prejudiced and even intolerant, but he is always loveable, a man to shake heartily by the hand, a man to sympathise with and pity, and to treat with the affection we feel for a brother or a dear friend; and many who are familiar with the poet's life, and with his inimitable letters, have this kind of feeling for him. He was a sorrow-stricken man, for the madness-cloud hung over him through the greater portion of his life, but from the cradle to the grave he was tenderly watched and cared for. Loving women tended him as only women can, and he repaid their devotion with a poetical immortality. His mother died when he was six years old, and the shy, sensitive boy felt, as few perhaps feel at so early an age, the desolation of his lot. For fifty years he retained the recollection of that loss, and of his parent's gentle loving ways; and when, in his old age, a cousin sent him the portrait of his mother, the sweet memories of his infancy returned, and the long intervening space of time appeared like a dream. Hear how he treasures his relative for her precious gift. "Every creature that bears any affinity to my mother is dear to me, and you, the daughter of her brother, are but one remove distant from her. I love you therefore, and love you much, both for her sake and for your own. The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression."

So he writes to express his delight with the portrait, and soon afterwards—we are not told how soon—he composed the familiar poem, "On the receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk." The pathos of these lines is of that simple natural kind which comes home to all hearts. He remembers the sad tolling of the bell on the burial day, and how, on seeing the hearse move slowly towards the churchyard, he turned with a long long sigh from his nursery window; how the servants, to soothe the child, promised a quick return, which, as he ardently wished, so he long believed, until at last his stock of infant sorrow was spent, and he learnt submission to his fate. And then the poet recalls some of his mother's tender ways—

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissue flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin;
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Cowper tells us that the poem from which these lines are copied gave him, with one exception, more pleasure in the composition than any he had ever written; and he adds, "that one was addressed to a lady who has supplied to me the place of my own mother—my own invaluable mother—these six-and-twenty years. Some sons may be said to have had many fathers, but a plurality of mothers is not common." That lady was Mary Unwin, that poem was the beautiful sonnet he addressed to her, commencing,

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings.

Mrs. Unwin was the wife of a clergyman with whom Cowper had lived at Huntingdon, and after his death by a sad accident, she removed with the poet to Olney, where they both found a true friend, but not always a wise one, in the Rev. John Newton. Mrs. Unwin had accepted a difficult and affecting charge. Cowper's fits of madness, which took the form of religious melancholy, were most painfully distressing, and sometimes lasted for months, and even years. He attempted to commit suicide; he affirmed that he was not mad, "but only in despair;" he regarded the spiritual state of those around him with noble charity, but for himself he had no charity at all. At these times Mrs. Unwin's watchful tenderness probably saved his life if it could not preserve his reason. Her kindness was indispensable to him; he could not endure any other companion, yet he believed all the while that she disliked him. There is perhaps nothing in English literature more touching than the narrative of Mrs. Unwin's devotion, and of the poet's melancholy. The story is not altogether gloomy, but is interspersed with many cheerful passages, and is full of those interesting details which give the charm to biography. Olney is not a pleasant place, and the poet's house was certainly not in itself attractive, but he has made us so familiar with the village and with its occupants, that we feel as if we had known them from childhood. Every one has heard of the tame hares which he kept for so many years, and which he has immortalized in his verse. He made the hutches in which they lived, and being an expert carpenter, he also made cupboards and boxes, stools, and birdcages. He liked to have animals around him, and had at one time a family consisting of the three hares just mentioned, five rabbits, two Guinea-pigs, a magpie, a starling, a jay, two goldfinches, two canary birds, two dogs, a squirrel, and a number of pigeons. He was fond of his garden, and built and glazed two frames for his pines. So successfully did Cowper accomplish this feat, that he threatens playfully to turn glazier. "A Chinese of ten times my fortune," he writes, "would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China?" Poetical composition chimed in pleasantly with these simple pursuits, and Mrs. Unwin, who knew the importance of constant occupation, encouraged his literary labours. To her suggestion we are indebted for some of his earlier poems, but not for "The Task," which originated with Lady Austen, a warm-hearted, charming, impulsive woman, whose society fascinated Cowper at first, and irritated him after-



And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.

wards. She also told him one afternoon, when he was greatly depressed, the story of John Gilpin, which had been told to her in her childhood. It kept him awake the greater part of the night, and in the morning he presented to her his famous ballad. "Strange as it may seem," he said, "the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood; and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all."

Cowper, like all true poets, loved the society of refined and intelligent women. And never was poet more favoured. If he found a mother in Mrs. Unwin, a charming companion in Lady Austen, and a sincere friend in Mrs. Throckmorton, he had also a true and faithfully-attached sister in Lady Hesketh, his "dearest coz," with whom, when both were young, he used "to giggle and make giggle," and whose sister Theodora was the poet's first and only love. Theodora never saw her cousin after their youthful separation, but she heard of him through her sister, and communicated with him indirectly by sending presents anonymously, among others an annuity of fifty pounds. Theodora was beautiful as a girl, and as she never married, and refused several offers, it is supposed she remained single for Cowper's sake. It is not difficult to imagine the interest and melancholy pleasure with which she must have read her old lover's letters to Lady Hesketh, or Lady Hesketh's to herself, when the intimacy of earlier years was revived. Here is a pretty sketch which she receives from her sister of the household at Olney.

"Our friend delights in a large table and a large chair. There are two of the latter comforts in my parlour. I am sorry to say that he and I always spread ourselves out on them, leaving poor Mrs. Unwin to find all the comfort she can in a small one, half as high again as ours, and considerably harder than marble. However, she protests it is what she likes; that she prefers a high chair to a low one, and a hard to a soft one; and I hope she is sincere; indeed I am persuaded she is. Her constant employment is

knitting stockings, which she does with the finest needles I ever saw, and very nice they are—the stockings I mean. Our cousin has not for many years worn any other than those of her manufacture. She knits silk, cotton, and worsted. She sits knitting on one side of the table, in her spectacles, and he on the other, reading to her (when he is not employed in writing), in his. In winter his morning studies are always carried on in a room by himself, but as his evenings are spent in the winter in transcribing, he usually, I find, does them *vis-à-vis* Mrs. Unwin. At this time of the year he writes always in the garden, in what he calls his *boudoir*. This is in the garden. It has a door and a window, just holds a small table, with a desk and two chairs; but though there are two chairs, and two persons might be contained therein, it would be with a degree of difficulty. For this cause, as I make a point of not disturbing a poet in his retreat, I go not there." The knitting-needles of which Lady Hesketh speaks, are mentioned, it will be remembered, in the pathetic lines "To Mary," which were written two or three years before Mrs. Unwin's death.

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more;

My Mary!

For, though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will;

My Mary!

More than seventy years have passed since these lines were written, and all who knew and loved the poet have passed away. But his memory continues fragrant, and so does the memory of his devoted friends. It will be a strange and melancholy perversion of national taste if Cowper's poetry and letters cease to charm his countrymen; and until that day arrive the names of the loving unselfish women who ministered to his happiness, and tried, too often vainly, to soothe his sorrow, will be as familiar as his own.

THE BOY WHO LISTENED.

A TALE OF WARNING FROM FANCYLAND.



YOU ask, "Do you find many flowers in the South?" Yes, I answer, such flowers as we never see but in gardens in England. Anemones of all colours, gladioli, heaths, and many others too numerous to tell. Some, again, if not very beautiful, are curious and rare. If you like I will tell you a story about one of them.

At Nice, I was climbing up a steep hill when I almost trod on a small insignificant-looking orchis, so different in appearance from our beautiful purple orchis that grows in the fields in spring-time, or the lovely white sweet-scented butterfly orchis that we get in bogs and moist meadows in the summer, that it seemed hardly worth picking; but thinking, if not pretty it may be rare, I dug it up, root and all, and brought it home.

Well, I put it into a glass of water, and getting out my botany book, tried to find out its name. It was difficult at first, but after a little trouble I found that its name in French was *L'homme pendu*, "the Hung Man."

Indeed it is a most expressive name for it. There are the two long legs dangling in the air, and the two straight useless-looking arms hanging by the sides of the poor little inanimate body. Dear me, I said to myself, what a very odd thing! I wonder why it is called so, or rather how a flower ever got to be so very like a "Hung Man."

I was sitting on a very comfortable sofa in our *salon*, as they call a drawing-room in this country, a pretty round olive-wood table at my side, on which to place my books and work, a nice wood fire on the open hearth, and on the other side of the room a table covered with vases and glasses of wild flowers.

Suddenly a voice seemed to whisper, "Lady, listen to my tale."

I thought I must be dreaming, but the voice continued, "Dear lady, don't look at me, only listen. I cannot bear that any one should see me as I now appear. Alas! alas! people call me *L'homme pendu*."

Under the circumstances I could only say "Dear me, how very strange!"

"It is years since it happened," continued the voice, "for now I am a man, and then I was a boy. Perhaps, lady, you have heard of 'the boy who listened?'"

Now, to tell the truth, I have heard in my time of many little boys, and girls too, who have listened when they *ought not* (I wish they would listen when they *ought*), and so I did not exactly know what to say.

"Well, lady, I was 'the boy who listened.' I lived with my father and mother in the Pink Villa above the Dark Valley, my father having charge of the lands belonging to Count B—. When I was quite a little fellow my mother used to take me out with her into the olive yards, and many and many an hour have I spent under the great spreading olive trees, picking up the olives that fell accidentally, or that my father knocked from the branches with a long cane.

"My dear mother thought by keeping me employed to keep me out of mischief, and so in a measure she did. But though my hands were employed, my thoughts were free to rove where they would; and while I was busily employed in picking up the shining black olives, or tending the great tall mules that came now and then, dressed out so smartly with bells and scarlet tassels and gay nosebags, to carry the olives to the oil mill by the sea, I amused myself by listening to everything that was said. Worse still, if I lost part of a story I supplied it from my own brains.

"This, perhaps, would have been no great harm if I had not repeated what I heard. One must hear a great many wrong things in this world; but when people begin repeating them there is no peace either for the teller or the hearer, and so I soon found. First one would not let me come near him, and then another; now one would give me a cuff on the head, and another call me a tell-tale or an eavesdropper, till I really had no peace. My poor mother did all she could to break me of this bad trick, but to no purpose.

"At last my father declared he would bear it no longer, I was constantly getting him into trouble with one or other of his neighbours; and as I was now grown a tall sturdy lad, he determined that I should take charge of a flock of goats and sheep belonging to the count, and lead them every day up to the mountain. There, at any rate, there would be no one for me to listen to or chatter with.

"I must confess that I did not think this a very hard punishment, for while hitherto I had been but scantily clad in a loose bundle of rags, now I was equipped in knee breeches of brown cloth, thick knitted woollen stockings, good stout shoes, a great brown cloak of the same cloth as my breeches, and what pleased me most, a peaked-crown hat, such as all our shepherds wear. Every morning my mother packed up some bread, and now and then a slice of melon, in my wallet, and hung a bottle gourd full of wine at my side.

"I had known Jaques, the head goat, for years. We had been young together, and many a game we had had on the low roofs at the back of our house. He had now grown grave and sedate, and led the flock like an officer; but he never forgot me, and always greeted me with an affectionate though gruff 'Baa.'

"I was very happy for a long time. How could I be otherwise? You know, that though our mountains can boast but little grass, how fragrant are the croppy plants of myrtle and lavender, rosemary and thyme. If our valleys are but stony gullies, how beautiful are the yellow flowered shrubs that hang about the rugged cliffs, and the masses of various-coloured heaths and flowers that grow in every crevice!

"And then, in wandering from hill to hill, what splendid views opened on every side, so different from the dark trunks and blue-green leaves of the olive trees among which I had spent most of my days. How glorious the snowy mountains rising away in the north, now lighted up with the brilliant sunshine, now dull and gloomy from overhanging clouds—the nearer hills, some bleak and barren, some terraced nearly to their summits, clad with olives and vines, figs and almonds. How gay was the beautiful city spread at

my feet, and the deep blue sea studded with sails. I really enjoyed it all, and would sit looking around and dreaming, till Jaques, getting impatient, would give me a nudge with his horns, and shake his head at me, and utter a gruff 'Baa,' to tell me that the flock had eaten all they could find, and that it was my business to lead them to fresh pasture.

"All at once I discovered that I was not alone upon the mountain, but that hundreds of little people were constantly passing and repassing on various errands. The mountain, in truth, belonged to the Fairies. They used in old times to live on the opposite side of the valley, and to this day you may see the ruins of 'the Fairies' Bath;' but when the convent was built close by, they did not like the monks, and moved their quarters; and so there I was, feeding my flock on Fairy ground.

"Now, every one knows, or ought to know, that if you are civil to the Fairies, they, like most other people, are civil to you. So I, knowing this, took off my high-crowned hat, and made the party who happened to be passing a low bow. In a few days they passed again, and entered into conversation with me on different subjects, such as the state of the weather, how the olives ripened, or if there were any chance of a French or Austrian invasion. Had I been content with this ordinary chit-chat, well would it have been for me; but I could not help thinking, 'Surely they have some secrets. I wonder where they sleep, and what they eat, and if they are rich.' So, forgetting all the trouble I had before brought upon myself, I determined to listen.

"From that hour I was constantly hanging over rocks, and hiding behind trees and bushes, or pretending to be asleep, and all the while listening with all my might, and fancying the Fairies would never find out my mean, prying ways.

"But I at last discovered I had deceived myself in imagining they were not aware of my proceedings. They began to pass me, returning my profound bow with a cool nod, and in the end never even looked towards me. Still I continued to pry and listen, and one day to my dismay I heard them discussing my conduct, and understood in one moment how deeply they were hurt at my behaviour.

"'We never did him an unkind deed,' said they, 'or even played him a trick. We have allowed his flock to nibble our choicest myrtles, and his goats have destroyed our whole crop of lavender without a remonstrance on our part. What we shall do next winter for thyme to flavour our soup, or rosemary to make wash for our hair, we know not. Unsavory soup and grey locks are our portion; but of such minor things we would not have spoken, if only he had not listened. Oh! that was so mean! so low! And without doubt he must be punished.'

"'Kill him,' growled an old Fairy, in a voice exactly like Jaques.

"'No, no! only hang him,' said one, more mildly disposed, in the voice of a sheep.

"'Spare him! spare him!' cried a third, in the tones of a young lamb.

"'Middle measures are always best,' rejoined a fourth, 'so let us hang him. It would never do to let him betray our secrets to the world.'

"So they hung me. But they did not kill me outright. Every day they give a smaller and smaller quantity of food, till in the course of years I have been reduced to the size you see. My limbs are shrunk, and I have become the wretched object you now behold.

"Dear Jaques, I have reason to believe, took the flock safely home when he missed me, and my parents think I came to an untimely end, and constantly search for my bones; but Jaques knows better, and neither he nor any of the flock ever crop a leaf of their unfortunate shepherd, 'The Hung Man.'

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

Mrs. DILKES punishes her children, who are models of infant virtue, whenever they disobey. Inference: when Jack comes roaring to you about noon, and refuses to stop when he is bid, you first scold, then raise your hand—but, dear madam, just one moment. Jack has been broiling in the sun since breakfast time. His legs ache, and the gnats have had a nip at him; his hair is in his eyes; he has a hole in his trousers and a stone in his shoe; his face is begrimed and his fingers are sticky. If your legs ached, your hair were in your eyes, and your fingers were sticky, how do you think you would feel under the circumstances? Would it not be advisable, by washing, brushing, and combing, first to ascertain how many parts are depravity and how much is dirt; and then, if need be, to correct him, à la Mrs. Dilkes?

WHAT young minds imbibe is scarcely ever to be rooted out, and they are disposed sooner to imitate defects or vices than virtues and good qualities. Alexander, the conqueror of the world, could never correct the faults in his gait and manners which he had learned in his childhood from his master, Leonidas.

GEORGE WILSON enjoyed the happiness of excellent training. It was his mother's custom to visit every night the cot where he and his brother slept, and utter beside them the patriarchal benediction, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." This was done so often that George Wilson recollected it as one of the most hallowed remembrances of his infant years; and he once said to a friend that he used to lie awake, with his eyes shut, in order that he might listen for the words of his mother's blessing.

CHILDREN better like to be told what to do, than what not to do. The distinction is an important one, and but too little attended to by parents. There are occasions, indeed, when a stern assertion of the negative is imperatively called for; but the better way is to study the means of making obedience attractive.

MISS EMILY SHIRREFF, in her work on education, has remarked that in dealing with timid children the endeavour should be to encourage boldness and to rouse decision; to accustom them to responsibility, the latter being made a mark of honour; to excite sympathy for the great deeds of fearless and heroic natures. Fear, therefore, should never be appealed to, though at the moment, fear is the readiest instrument to accomplish a particular purpose.

Soon after the first Napoleon became emperor he happened to meet his mother in the garden of St. Cloud. He was surrounded by his courtiers, and half playfully extended to her his hand to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand. "It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

It was remarked by a clergyman, that the aged Germans in his parish in Pennsylvania, when on their dying beds, will often begin to talk in the German language, the tongue of their childhood, although they have long ceased to speak it, and while in health seemed altogether to have forgotten it. This shows that early impressions are indelible. They cannot be effaced; and this it is which gives so much importance to the instruction of children.

SULLEN children should not be punished in such a way as to provoke their sullenness. Whatever punishment they are able to bear with dogged obstinacy is plainly not for their good. If the necessity for inflicting pain cannot be avoided, it should be sharply done, rather than continued for any length of time. Hence, all task-work, confinements, and prohibitions of whatever kind which restrain action, are to be especially avoided with children given to "sulks."

AN American writer says, "While I lived among the Choctaw Indians I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me that at their start they made a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. Their boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest both in wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we could educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers they educate their sons.' This is the point, and it is true.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

COAL AND CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.—There is no raw material with which we are acquainted that is utilised to so great an extent as coal. A few years ago almost the only product obtained from it was gas; but chemical discoveries continually increasing lead to an almost weekly addition to the number of patents connected with coal. Heated in the retort of the gas-house, it affords our chief source of artificial light. At the same time a large quantity of ammonia is produced, a material of great commercial value, and one form of which is familiarly known as "smelling salts." With the ammonia tar is afforded, and from this chemistry obtains those beautiful colours known as the aniline dyes; the nitro-benzole, which is almost identical with the essence of bitter almonds; paraffin and paraffin oil, naphtha, creosote, pitch, &c. Very recently large quantities of Prussian blue have been obtained by a peculiar chemical method of dealing with the cyanogen, also produced by heat from coals. The waste in the retort—the coke—is the chief source of the profit of gas companies. Ten years ago Boghens coal was the only source of paraffin in this country. Now, through improved chemical processes in treating the raw material, whole districts are covered with oil distilleries, and this peculiar coal is discovered to be almost as widely distributed in Scotland as any other of its minerals.

DIALYSIS.—Some time ago Professor Graham introduced a new method for separating certain substances in solution, or mixture, which was effected by placing them in a kind of tray formed of parchment, the latter resting in a basin of distilled water. After the lapse of some hours, all the soluble matter in the tray passes through into the water, and thick matters, such as starch, &c., are retained in the tray. Very lately Dr. Graham has succeeded in separating the constituents of air, which, as it is breathed, contains one part of oxygen mixed with four of nitrogen. He finds that if the air be drawn through a thin film of india-rubber, it leaves half its nitrogen behind, and, consequently, what passes through possesses a much larger portion of oxygen, and therefore has a higher stimulating power of the nervous and circulating system, if breathed. This process of separating both gases and liquids has been termed *dialysis*.

LONDON SEWAGE AND DRAINAGE.—One of the greatest engineering feats of modern times is found in the system of metropolitan drainage, now rapidly approaching towards completion on the north side of the Thames. The sewers are divided into the High and Middle Levels, which discharge their contents by gravitation, and the Low Level Sewer, from which the sewage is pumped at Abbey Mills, in the east of London, by eight steam-engines, each of 140 horse-power, and capable of lifting 15,000 cubic feet per minute to a height of 36 feet. The total quantity of sewage estimated as produced daily on the north side of the river is 10,000,000 cubic feet, beside an average rainfall of 23,500,000 feet. The reservoir at Barking, receiving the sewage, has an area of nine and a half acres, and an average depth of 16 feet 9 inches.

BESSEMER STEEL RAILS.—The process, invented by Mr. Bessemer, for manufacturing iron and steel, direct from pig iron, is one of the most scientific and successful of modern times. One of the applications of the steel has been of great advantage on railways; for it has been proved that a Bessemer steel rail, laid opposite to one of the ordinary kind, will wear out upwards of twenty of the latter, and still be of service. This is not owing to the hardness of the metal, but to its purity, and even softness.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

APPEARANCES OF GOOD AND DISEASED MEAT.—We quote the following from Dr. Letheby's Report on the Cattle Plague, on account of its very great importance to many of our readers:—"Good meat is neither of a pale pinkish colour, nor of a deep purple tint. The former is indicative of disease, and the latter is a sign that the animal has died from natural causes. Good meat has also a marbled appearance, and the fat, especially of the internal organs, is hard and suety, and is never wet; whereas that of diseased meat is soft and watery, often like jelly or soddened parchment. Again, the touch or feel of healthy meat is firm and elastic, and it hardly moistens the fingers; whereas that of diseased meat is soft and wet—in fact, it is often so wet that *serum* (the watery part of the

blood) runs from it, and then it is technically called *wet*. Good meat has but little odour, and this is not disagreeable; whereas diseased meat smells faint and corpse-like, and it often has the odour of medicine. This is best observed by cutting it and smelling the knife, or by pouring a little warm water upon it. Good meat will bear cooking without shrinking, and without losing very much in weight; but bad meat shrivels up, and it often boils to pieces. All these effects are due to the presence of a large proportion of serum in the meat, and to the relatively large amount of intercellular or gelatinous tissue; for the fat and true muscular substance are to a greater or less extent deficient."

Other distinctive characteristics are mentioned by Dr. Letheby, but they are too refined for general observation; and some of them—such as the examination of the fibre—call for the use of the microscope. How far the use of diseased meat affects the human constitution is unknown, but there is no doubt that tape-worm, trichina, and other parasitical diseases are produced by it. Experience also points to the fact that carbuncles and common boils are in some degree referable to the use of the flesh of animals affected with pleuro-pneumonia; and occasionally we witness the most serious diarrhoea and prostration of the vital powers after eating diseased meat. It is, therefore, safest to forbid its use; and it is, at all times, best to guard against the possibility of injury, by having meat well cooked—in fact, rather overdone than otherwise.

WINDOW-GARDENING.—Mrs. Twining, in an interesting little tract on window-gardening, points out how much the cultivation of a few flowers in a window may contribute to the health of the family. There is, of course, the pleasure itself arising from the care of flowers, and their refining influence on the imagination. But, in addition to all this, they help to purify the air in the apartment, by taking up just that constituent of the atmosphere which we reject, and by giving back, in return, some of that good portion which we require. Besides, they want a good supply of air, out of which to draw in what is necessary for them; they soon begin to fade if kept shut up in bad air which has been breathed over and over again by human beings. Whoever, therefore, begins to care for a plant growing in a pot placed near the window, he or she finds it quite natural to open the window when the sun shines on it—an attention which is not only good for the plant, but for all who live in the room. "Then we have long ago found out that plants like a full bright light; so the owner of a plant will be sure to clean the windows and let all the rays of the sunshine through without being dimmed by smoke and dust on the glass panes. Will not this be also very good for the family? . . . The mother of little children will never be in doubt how to treat her plants, for they want exactly the same kind of treatment as her children do. She knows it is necessary to keep them clean; that they cannot be healthy if the countless small pores of the skin are allowed to be closed by dust and dirt over them. She will, therefore, manage the plants in the same way—wash them well all over to keep the pores open, and thus enable them to breathe freely. These hints will have served their purpose if they cause a few bright flowers to appear here and there in windows which might have been blank and desolate in the coming spring.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

INDUSTRY grows rich while Intrigue is laying his plans.

HURRY and Cunning are the two apprentices of Despatch and Skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

LET no man be deceived as if the contagions of the soul were less than those of the body. They are yet greater; they convey more direful diseases; they sink deeper, and creep on more unsuspectingly.—*Petrarch*.

A CHEERFUL temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and make deformity itself agreeable.

THE analysis of love as a complex feeling presents to us always at least two elements—a vivid delight in the contemplation of the object, and a desire of good to that object.—*Brown's Philosophy on the Human Mind*.

It is not the painting, gilding, and carving, that make a good ship; but if she be a nimble sailor, tight and strong to endure the seas, that is her excellence. It is the edge and temper of the blade that make a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard; and so it is not money or possessions that make a man considerable, but his virtues.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER III.

EASTWOLD HOUSE IN DECAY.

THE January afternoon was trenching on twilight when the yellow chariot rattled up the white avenue to Eastwold door. For a marvel nobody was waiting to welcome the children—not even nurse. But before they could disentangle themselves and tumble out, it was opened by mamma in person—by mamma nicely dressed, and smiling, as if she had just come down

from her room. She was smiling, but it was a smile so forced that Francis immediately said, "What is the matter, mamma? Where is papa?"

"He has gone on a journey, dear; I will tell you about it by-and-by. Come in now—tea will soon be ready, with ham and eggs, in the drawing-room. I am sure you are hungry;" and then Mrs. Wynyard broke off suddenly, with a quiver in her voice, looking round upon them all half bewildered.

"Tea in the drawing-room, mamma; shall we have it with you?" cried Lois, delighted.

"With me, my winter blossom," responded Mrs. Wynyard, and took her youngest child in her arms. It seemed to Lois, Maurice, and Geoffrey that mamma was gay; but Francis and Anna looked at her and at each other, and felt that it was only fair-seeming to hide sharp suffering.

Nurse now came on the scene—nurse without any pretence at jollity. "You've gotten home, bairns," was her address; "you've had your bit of pleasure, and it's over."

"It is over, but we have had it," rejoined Geoffrey, mimicking her lugubrious tone.

Then there came inquiries about grandpapa and grandmamma, and the uncles, aunts, and cousins, which loosed all the young tongues, and set them going together on the eloquent theme of Brackenfield and its festivities. In the full midst of the gossip nurse swept the chatters off impatiently upstairs, to change their travelling garb for something more suitable to sit at tea in the drawing-room—in its way a treat worthy even to compare with those enjoyed in the hospitable Christmas Eden whence they were just returned. But the check only invigorated their powers of speech. When they were re-collected round the table, with mamma presiding at the teaboard, and Anna dispensing fragrant collops, the loudness and fluency of Geoffrey and Maurice became quite stunning, deafening. Francis said little, but he thought the more. The irrepressible loquacity of his brothers annoyed him, because he saw the effort his mother had to make to bear it. She listened with a sweet patience; with a careful, self-watchful attention, dropping a question here, a word of wonder there, a note of admiration everywhere, as if fearing lest her children should detect some want, some loss.

"Oh, dear mamma! I love you, I am so happy," gushed Lois, presently, leaning a soft little cheek towards her, courting the caress which Mrs. Wynyard never withheld from her expectations. She took the darling into her lap now, and poured out second cups of tea with inconvenient satisfaction to them both.

Penelope Croft sat in her accustomed place, where she could turn on the water from the urn to replenish the pot, and cut fresh wedges of bread to appease, if possible, those unappeasable young appetites. She had felt the atmosphere of restraint and pain the moment she came into the house. Nobody more sensitive to atmospheres and currents, whether literal or metaphorical, than Pennie. The result was perfect silence on her part. Millicent Hutton, Mayfield, every romantic or pathetic fancy that had kept her sweet company through the day's journey vanished now—out of sight, out of mind—under the influence of a very present but invisible disaster. All the Eastwold children had acquired that discretion of speech which lies in asking few questions. When they asked one, and were not directly answered, they never repeated or pressed it. Francis was exceedingly impatient to be alone with his mother, but his impatience sought no manifestation beyond an occasional reminder to Maurice that, while he talked so fast, he did not eat, and when all the rest had finished he would be to wait for. That papa was gone on a journey was very new news to all of them; for Mr. Wynyard's travels had of late years never extended beyond the county town. But not one was tempted to inquire whither he had

gone after they had heard mamma promise to tell Francis by-and-by. Tea and talk over, they all gathered round the fire for a few minutes' longer realization of *real* home; then said good-night, Lois adding, with wistful entreaty, that she wanted to kiss papa.

"Kiss mamma for both, and I'll give you a ride upstairs pickaback," suggested Francis, and the little whimperer went off, exalted and exultant, her brief trouble forgotten in her big brother's wonderful condescension. Geoffrey and Maurice decamped also, but Pennie and Anna lingered, doubtful whether to go or stay. When Francis returned, shaking his locks into order after Lois' merciless tugging, Anna rose from the rug at her mother's feet, and decided to go. Pennie went with her, their consideration silently but significantly acknowledged.

Francis Wynyard had the privileges of an eldest son at Eastwold already. A very strong bond of affection and confidence subsisted between himself and his mother. If his father had talked with him less and less openly, it was from the natural shrinking any man might feel at telling his heir that his inheritance was dwindling down to nothing; that the name which had descended to him, rich in honour, would pass from him, if not tarnished, at all events lowered in the pride and pomp of circumstance, denuded of all the outward and visible appliances of rank. Francis understood the facts by inference, and through his mother's often encouragement to vigour of purpose and active self-reliance. That was why he had fixed his future hopes on the life of a soldier, instead of on the beatific visions of squiredom, which, under a continuance of the former order of things, would have been his easy, uneventful destiny. And he had just that amount of ardent, adventurous spirit which enabled him to see beforehand how there would be compensations in the change of estate.

"What has happened, mammy darling?" was his first address to his mother when they were left alone.

The answer was given with tears in her eyes and in her voice. "What I have long dreaded, Francis—your father has been obliged to go abroad. When we may see him again, God only knows."

Francis was silent for a minute or two, staring stoically into the fire. "I wish I were a man," said he.

"Six years to wait, my boy; but I can trust you when the time comes."

"I hope you can, mother. Eastwold may go, but 'honour shall bide,' as our motto says."

There was another long pause. Then Mrs. Wynyard—"Hargrove advised your father to go. He started at less than an hour's warning. Hargrove went with him."

"And you have been four days quite by yourself, mamma?"

"It is not known in the house yet that he may not return. Nurse guesses, perhaps; but of course——" She ceased.

There is always a feeling of shame, pain, disgrace, humiliation, in flight. Francis thought for a moment he would have rather stood the difficulty out. But he did not comprehend the difficulty. Nor could he tell by intuition what a tedious imprisonment within four walls is. Better any exile than that.

"And you have not sent word to grandpapa, or Uncle Raymond, at Eskford?" he asked.

"No, I have done nothing. They cannot help us—nobody can help us but ourselves. I have been trying to see how we may do it best. And I think, if you agree with me, Francis, that the home-farm shall be let at Lady-day, and the park and gardens, and all the west-end of the house, as Hargrove proposed a year since. There would still be room enough left for us, and Pennie's pony must be kept."

"Then you do not think of our all going abroad to poor papa?"

"No, nor does he wish it. He would not like his boys or girls either to grow up half-vagabond English. We shall stay at Eastwold to the end; but if any accommodation can be made for his return before, Hargrove will not neglect it. I must think of my children now." In the last sentence there was a slight tone of resentment and injury which Francis did not fail to detect. Mrs. Wynyard had, in fact, been kept in the dark more than was either wise or just. She believed that had she been trusted she might have averted some of their calamities, and it is very possible that she was right.

"No one can speak ill of papa as if our misfortunes were his fault, can they?" asked her son. She did not immediately reply. "No wrong has been done? tell me, mamma?" added Francis, more urgently and anxiously.

"It is hard to know beforehand what the world will think, or whom the world will blame. Men to whom large sums of money are owing will not be lenient judges. Hargrove was so sanguine about the yield of that new mine in Arkindale, that your father was entirely guided by him, and went to vast expense. There has been a fortune sunk in it, and lost; for the ore is inferior, and will never pay the cost of working. So Dixon, the foreman, says, yet Hargrove obstinately maintains his first opinion, and will not hear of shutting it up. The money borrowed to set it going is the present difficulty. The interest has not been regularly paid, and the lender dropt some threat at Norminster market, which came to Hargrove's ears. He drove over on Tuesday afternoon, and he and your father went off to Kirkgate Station to catch the mail-train for London."

"You have a mighty strong faith in Hargrove, mamma," said Francis, with an impulse of youthful distrust.

"No, dear, less than you suppose. I did depend on him; but I see now where he has misled your father so often, that, though I hope and trust he is honest, I have no reliance on his judgment."

"Why did not papa see more to his own business? He could have understood it if he had tried."

"I used to urge it, Francis, but he had not been brought up to take trouble, and he avoided it. That is how it was, and Hargrove did as he liked. We had a large nominal income when we married, and I had a handsome settlement; but my trustees allowed the money to be put in the Arkindale working when it looked a hopeful speculation, and it is as good as gone with the rest. Oh! my boy, that I must make you share my anxieties."

Francis put out his hand to his mother, and his eyes filled with tears. "It seems the saddest for poor papa. Do you know where he is?"

She shook her head. "We shall not hear until Hargrove comes home."

It was nine o'clock in the Eastwold drawing-room,

and it was nine o'clock in the dreary little cabinet of the hotel at Dieppe, where Mr. Wynyard and Mr. Hargrove sat talking after a meagre dinner. Mr. Wynyard was a man who unconsciously owed much to his surroundings. In the faded elegance of his own house he looked the indolent, refined, anxious, helpless, gentleman, without any of the degradation of the character. He had drifted out of that atmosphere of repose now; he was in very different quarters, and he looked a different person. He felt it, and Hargrove felt it, and betrayed it too, by being more at his ease, and less deferential than was his wont towards Wynyard of Eastwold.

It snowed and it blew over the town in a whirlwind, and every now and then the gusts came hurling and skirling down the narrow street, like a legion of spirits driven from the sea by tormentors. There was no heartiness of warmth in the tiny porcelain stove, and Mr. Wynyard sat with a plaid about his shoulders, a picture of misery and dejection—his cheeks blue, his nose red, his lips pinched and parched. His sudden flight—never contemplated before—had completely unnerved him. He knew it had opened a gulf in his life which could never be closed.

"I would rather have been carried to Eastwold Church—I would rather a thousand times have been carried to Eastwold Church," he had reiterated in monotonous soliloquy every hour since he had crossed the Channel. He was harping on the same string to-night, and talking of his poor wife and children as lost to him, until Hargrove, who had no wife or children, was weary of the theme.

The lawyer was a tall, burly man, with a red face, large features, and a big voice; a man to overbear opposition, and to get his own way in the world as much as any. He was making the best of circumstances now with brandy-and-water—not that there was anything oppressive in the circumstances to him. Indeed, they were acceptable to him, and he said so. "It is a positive relief to me to know you are safe out of the way, sir. Jacques was growing troublesome—very troublesome indeed." Mr. Wynyard groaned.

"There is only one consolation—Penelope Croft's money is all safe," said he. Hargrove sipped his brandy-and-water. "That is safe, and not a shilling of it shall ever be risked. I wish she were of age, and I were quit of the burthen. It has been a care and a temptation to me from the beginning; but I am thankful now I listened to Mary—what will she do, what will she do? Poor Mary!"

Two things Mr. Hargrove never did. He never used conventional phrases of piety, and he never told a lie to no purpose. Had he been inclined to put a gloss on untoward events, he might have reminded Mr. Wynyard how the wind is tempered to shorn lambs, but that was not his present object. He had brought him abroad, and it was his business to impress on him the necessity of staying there until the inclement wind changed into a milder quarter. Perhaps he had interests of his own to serve in that, as well as interests of his employer.

He recurred to the subject of Mr. Wynyard's ward. "Jonathan Croft gave his daughter a long day to wait for her coming of age—five-and-twenty."

"But she may marry before, and that would release me. At five-and-twenty, if she remain single, she is her own mistress, to set up an independent establishment, and to live where she likes. I hope she will marry."

"She is well weighted. I am not sure, though, that some of her money is not worse invested than it would be in Arkindale. Those West Lancashire railway shares, for instance."

"They are good shares enough. As for Arkindale, I wish it were at the bottom of the sea. That has been my misfortune. Arkindale will drag down Eastwold."

"You are wrong, sir, you are wrong there. I'll back Arkindale to do as well or better yet than ever the old Crossfell pits did. And you are wrong, too, in not employing your ward's money to better advantage for her."

"Her money is where her father wished it to be, chiefly in the Three per Cents., and there it shall remain. Mind, Hargrove, I will not have it meddled with, whatever might be rescued by it. My own and my children's—that is wreck enough. If her fortune were in it, too, that would be dishonour—that would be roguery." Mr. Wynyard spoke with excitement, the lawyer sipped his brandy-and-water; the clock ticked, the stove hummed; the wind whistled and rattled the casement. "*Roguary*, I say. If they must weep, they need not blush. Poor souls, poor souls!"

Mr. Hargrove left Mr. Wynyard at Dieppe, and returned to England by the Newhaven boat on the morrow. He transacted some business in London, and the same evening departed for Norminster; slept there, and reached the Kirkgate Station in the morning by eleven. Francis Wynyard, at his mother's suggestion, had walked thither each day, to intercept him, and ask him to take Eastwold in his way round to his own house at Allan Bridge. As the lawyer got out of the carriage he saw Francis, and hailed him. The lad came forward, and colouring as he shook hands, said, "Your gig is waiting outside—will you drive by Eastwold, and see my mother?"

"To be sure—that was my intention. She is anxious, of course. Jack, put my bag and this hamper into the trap. She must not take it too much to heart. You'll ride, Francis?"

"No, I will walk back across the fell, as I came. I shall be there almost as soon as you."

"The roads are bad, I dare say. Got the mare sharpened, Jack? All right—jump in. It's a biting wind. Phew!"

Francis was gone before Mr. Hargrove had settled himself in his seat, and when the gig turned in at the lodge-gates there he was in the porch talking with Crabtree, the tough old man who had been now for several months past the only gardener, groom, game-keeper, and general helper out of doors that Eastwold retained. A shrewd and bitter character he was, with a snap and a snarl at the service of all the world except his master, his master's wife, and his master's children—amongst whom he reckoned Penelope Croft. Mr. Wynyard's hasty and unexplained departure had annoyed him beyond measure—it was not like the ways of the house to do anything without a reason. Mr. Hargrove passed through the gate, his loud greeting acknowledged only by a grunt, and as he drove slowly up the avenue, with Francis walking alongside the gig, Crabtree soliloquized after him: "*Thou's* at the bottom o' all the trouble that's coming upon 'em. *Ay*, my lad, if I only had thee where I could squeeze a secret or two out o' thy lying throat! Boy and man, I ha' been on the place a good forty year, an' niver heerd tell

o' any mystery about it before. Speak truth, an' shame the devil—that's my motto. Where there's a mystery there's mischief, an' I'll rout it out if I be smothered wi' t' smoak."

Francis sought his mother in the drawing-room. "He is coming," said he, and they entered the library together at one door as Mr. Hargrove presented himself at the other. He was prepared to be sympathetic and cordial, but Mrs. Wynyard was concisely calm, and gave him no opportunity.

"Take a chair near the fire, Mr. Hargrove, and let me hear how and where you left my husband."

"I left him at Dieppe, and well," was the answer following her cue. "At the Hôtel Sauvage."

"Mamma, here's uncle John," suddenly cried Francis, who commanded a window with a view of the avenue. "He has ridden Malek over, the beauty!"

"Mr. John Hutton?" asked the lawyer, with a perceptible inflection of alarm in his voice.

"Nothing could have happened more opportunely," said Mrs. Wynyard. "Go, Francis, and bring your uncle in."

Francis was already going, and in a minute or two the opportune visitor appeared.

"I am sorry to hear your news, Mary," said he, kissing her; "and I am bound to tell you, Mr. Hargrove, that you have advised Wynyard very ill. He could not have taken a more unfortunate step than to go abroad at this moment."

"If you think so, he is not a prisoner; he can come back," replied the lawyer, promptly; at the same time resolving that it should be his first business to make such a coming back impossible, except under risks that he knew Mr. Wynyard would not encounter. In that brief passage of arms the men had measured each other's strength, and Mr. John Hutton retreated a little.

"You ought to know best how the land lies; but if he had come to Brackenfield for advice, he would not have found one of us to bid him leave home, much less leave it secretly."

"He had not the chance of consulting anybody. I gave him certain information, and he acted on it as we both judged best in the emergency. The other side of the water is better than the inside of Norminster jail." The last sentence was uttered roughly and sullenly. The lawyer had determined on his line. Mr. John Hutton had not received any invitation to interfere in the affairs of his brother-in-law, and he would not encourage him to interfere by using a humble propitiatory tone.

A bell rang in the hall. Mrs. Wynyard rose, saying it was for the children's dinner; would they go into the room, and have some luncheon. Mr. Hargrove excused himself; he was within a couple of miles of home, and would drive on, he thanked her.

"Surly dog, that Hargrove," said Mr. John Hutton, as he accompanied his sister to the dining-room.

"I would rather not have him offended," was Mrs. Wynyard's reply. "You do not know how much he has in his power—I do not know myself, but I fear."

At present he had it in his power to disseminate the news of Mr. Wynyard's journey to France, and to colour it with that tint of nefarious evasion which is most damaging to a good man's name. As he mounted into his gig he only shook his head as if involuntarily, but Jack saw and understood, talked, and exaggerated, when he went to the Wynyard Arms at night for

his pipe and pot of beer. The next morning a neighbour dropped into his office early, and after a few inconsequential remarks, came to the point.

"So Mr. Wynyard has gone on a trip to France, I hear? Bad time of year for a jaunt, eh, Hargrove?"

"That depends on what you go for. Some business won't wait. When did you see Jacques last?"

"At Norminster market on Saturday."

The neighbour put the lawyer's words, tone, and look together; deduced therefrom that Mr. Wynyard had found it advisable to go out of the way for a time, and circulated his intelligence in that form. Before noon, it came round again to Eastwold still further simplified.

"So t' Squire's rinned away fra' his debts," said a lurching fellow, the poacher and pest of the dale, to old Crabtree, whom he met on the road to Allan Bridge.

"Yo' tak' thot," retorted Crabtree, and straightway knocked him down, and marched on.

It was soon no secret anywhere, or in any company, that Squire Wynyard had gone to France, and that no definite time was fixed for his return. Mr. Hargrove had to hear fifty hard and sharp inquiries during the ensuing fortnight, and to answer them or evade them as he could. Jacques was more troublesome than ever.

"Look you here, Hargrove; didn't you swear, when I give notice, that my brass was as safe as if it ha' been in the Bank of England? Mind you, I mun have it as t' first of last November six months. Them was the terms—six per cent., and six months' notice to pay."

"You can have it, but I advise you to leave it where it is," was the lawyer's cool rejoinder.

"I don't heed what you advise—you'd advise a fellow to put his cargo aboard a leaky ship if t' was your own. If Mr. Wynyard means fair, what has he taken himself off to France for? Who was going to touch him?"

"Come, Jacques, you're a man of business, you are, and should know better than to ask questions of that sort."

"You won't bamboozle me. I ask questions because I heerd at Norminster market o' Thursday that t'd threatened to put the screw on Mr. Wynyard. I never threatened nothing o' t' sort. I couldn't put t' screw on him until notice is up. There is agents shift enough to befool both lenders an' borrorers. There is one in this parish who'd make a rogue the less if he was out of it. I've said my say, Mr. Hargrove, an' if you like, you can charge it as a consultation in the bill."

Thus far Jacques in a cold fury, and then forth he lunched, the stumpy grazier, out of the office into the town-street of Allan Bridge. A hundred yards or so from Hargrove's door he met Morris, landlord of the Wynyard Arms.

"Can you tell a fellow what the damage 'ud be to kick a 'torney?" chuckled he; indicating with his thumb pointed over his shoulder what 'torney he meant.

"Maybe thirty shillings," grinned Morris.

"And very cheap at the money."

The North Riding man had, however, too shrewd an eye to the main chance to waste cash on the indulgence of a whim; and having relieved his feelings by mentioning it, he began to talk of fat cattle at the London Christmas Show; and the landlord being interested to hear, they adjourned to the bar-parlour to have a comfortable glass and pipe with their gossip.

At Eastwold Rectory, between Doctor and Mrs. Brown, in half the drawing-rooms of Craven, in every hunting-field, Mr. Wynyard's travels and their motive were a nine days' talk and wonder. His half-brothers, Mr. Raymond, of Eskford, and Dr. Raymond, vicar of St. Jude's, and master of Chassell's School at Norminster, came over to Eastwold in consternation, and found Mrs. Wynyard and the children almost as much resigned to their abandonment as if they were widowed and fatherless.

"It is done," said the mother, "and for the present it must remain. It does not appear that it would be safe for him to return."

"Perhaps not, just when people are alarmed; but why did he ever go?" said Mr. Raymond. "I shall start for Dieppe myself and see Robert. I have had an interview with Hargrove, but he is so close there is no getting an accurate notion of anything from him. I wish Robert would consent to a thorough overhauling of Hargrove's books. He was always muddle-headed about business himself, and has been quite at his agent's mercy all along."

Mrs. Wynyard shook her head. "I do not think you will prevail on him to do anything that might vex Hargrove. He has the most bigoted confidence in him." She was right. Mr. Raymond took his journey, but it was to no purpose.

"Hargrove is the only man who understands the mining property thoroughly," the expatriated gentleman declared. "He has been engaged in it since my father's time. He has sunk money of his own in Arkindale, and if anything can be made out of it he is the person to make it. He has his own way of going on, and I cannot at this moment see how any of you can do more than be civil to him, and let him try his best. There is a great deal owing, and I feel as if he were the only bar that stands between us and ruin—ruin complete and irrevocable." Thus Mr. Wynyard spoke to his brother, thus he wrote to his wife, to the old Squire at Brackenfield, to every one who had a right to address him on the subject of his embarrassments.

On his return from Dieppe Mr. Raymond went over again to Eastwold, and told Mrs. Wynyard what he had seen and heard. "There is nothing for it but patience and submission, Mary. You and the children must live quietly on here, and Robert will stay about in Normandy until a way is opened for his return, or until Francis is of age, and can join him in breaking the entail and selling the property. I am truly glad to know, for everybody's sake, that not a sixpence of your little ward's fortune has been risked in Robert's affairs. He has proved a wiser trustee for her than John Hutton and I for your marriage-settlement. If that money be finally lost, we shall make it up to you amongst us." And there, for the present, was a pause in the Eastwold family affairs.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS.

THOU art as a flower,
So pure, so fair, so dear;
And yet a thought of sorrow
To my soul presseth near.

Me-seems I lay in blessing
Mine hand upon thy brow,
Praying, God keep thee ever
Pure, dear, and fair as now.—From *Heine*.

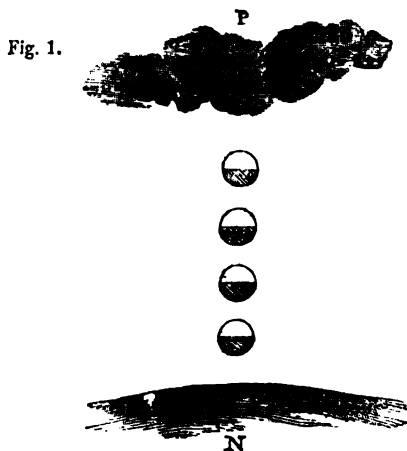
LIGHTNING FIGURES.

It is related that Benjamin Franklin was often heard to speak of a man who was standing near a tree when it was struck by lightning, and that an exact representation of the tree was afterwards found on the man's breast. We have not been able to find this statement in any of Franklin's printed works, but similar statements are made in the newspapers every year. Thus we read that in August, 1853, a little girl was standing at a window before which was a young maple tree, and a complete image of the tree was found impressed on her body after a flash of lightning. Again—a boy climbed a tree to steal a bird's nest; the tree was struck by lightning, and the boy thrown to the ground. "On his breast the image of the tree, with the bird and nest on one of its branches, appeared very plainly." An Italian lady of Lugano was sitting near a window during a thunderstorm, and had the portrait of a flower permanently impressed upon her leg. A case is recorded in which some sheep were killed by lightning. The animals were skinned, and the fellmonger found "a very accurate representation of the tree and of a portion of the surrounding scenery on the inner surface of each skin." During the year 1866 two such cases have been reported.

A few years ago a scientific man, M. Poey, attempted to prove that these curious figures were really photographed by the lightning; that the surface of the human body might, in fact, be so sensitive to the intense light of the discharge, that a picture of a tree might be impressed on the body of a person standing near it. M. Poey forgot to explain how a reduced image of the tree is formed, or what performed the office of the lens which in photography converges the rays of light which proceed from the object, so as to form a small optical image on the sensitive plate. As long back as 1786 a report was made to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on some tree-like figures found on the body of a man who had been killed by lightning. These marks were accounted for on the supposition, that the lightning in passing through the body, had forced the blood into the vessels of the skin, so as to make all their minute ramifications visible on the surface. We read in the *Lancet*, July 30th, 1864, that some boys had been struck by lightning, and the medical man who reports the case says of one of them, "The figures on either hip were so exceedingly like, and so striking, that an observer could not but be impressed with the idea that they were formed in obedience to some prevailing law."

Our knowledge of these occurrences is chiefly derived from the remarks, not of trained observers, but of ordinary bystanders, who, seeing a tree-like figure on the body of the person struck by lightning, naturally associate it with the tree. To make their narration more surprising, they call the image "a true picture," or "an exact representation of the tree." A blur in the image will pass for the bird's nest; another blur for the bird, and so on. Nothing is more difficult than to observe and report a fact correctly, especially when the theory which apparently explains the fact is already in circulation. It is popularly admitted that lightning has this wonderful property of imprinting a copy of a tree on the body; and when a ramified figure is seen on the skin, an unskilled observer concludes that it is a copy of the tree; and if the figure have a number of small branches, he will declare the copy to have all the minute details of a photograph, as indeed was said in a case reported in the *Times* of the 8th of September, 1866. The true explanation was given in a paper read by Mr. Tomlinson before the British Association, in 1861, by whom it was shown that common electricity, in passing between two conducting surfaces, actually forms a tree-like figure, which can be made visible. To make this clear, we will go a little into detail.

The identity between lightning and common electricity was established by Franklin, and later discoveries have only confirmed his view. Effects, therefore, produced by the ordinary electrical machine, may represent in miniature the grander effects of the thunderstorm. There are two kinds of electricity: one, obtained by rubbing glass, is called *vitreous*, or *positive* electricity; the other, obtained by rubbing resin, is known as *resinous* or *negative* electricity. These two electricities combine with a flash of light and a crackling noise, and produce electrical equilibrium or neutrality. All bodies in nature have their share of electricity, and we are not conscious of its presence except when the equilibrium is disturbed. If a body be electrified, positively or negatively, we may draw sparks from it, which strike another body with the noise referred to. If two bodies, free to move, be electrified with the opposite electricities, they tend to discharge into each other so as to produce electrical equilibrium. It is never possible to electrify one body with one kind of electricity without having an equal amount of the opposite kind of electricity present in near or distant objects. Thus, if from any cause a mass of cloud, such

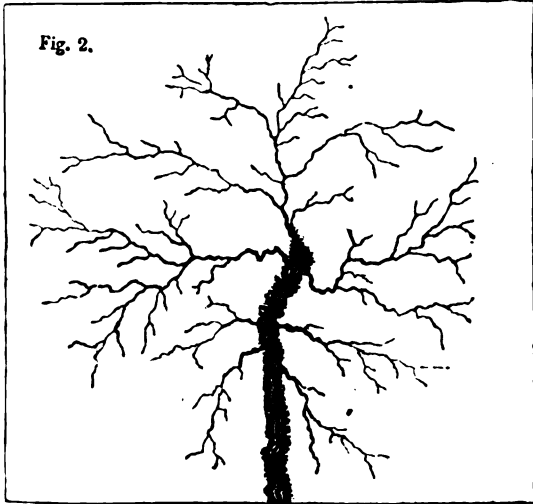


as P, Fig. 1, be electrified positively, it will throw an equal extent of the earth's surface below it, N, into the opposite or negative state; and this it does through the medium of the intervening air. If we suppose the four circles to represent four of the innumerable myriads of air-particles between the cloud and the earth, the action as applied to all of them may be thus explained. The negative electricity of the first particle is attracted by the cloud, and occupies the upper part of the particle, while its positive electricity is repelled by the cloud, and occupies the lower or shaded portion. This first particle in like manner decomposes the electricity of the particle immediately below it, the second particle acts on the third, the third on the fourth, and the fourth on the earth. We thus have an electric cloud acting, through the intervening particles of air, on an equal portion of the earth beneath; and these two charged bodies act and react upon each other through the medium of the air, so that the cloud becomes more intensely positive, the earth more intensely negative, and the air particles more excited, until the system at length breaks down from over tension—the air-particles discharge into each other, and thus connect the cloud and the earth by one tremendous discharge or lightning flash; while the returning particles of air striking upon each other, produce noises which reach the ear from different distances, and being repeated and reinforced by clouds and other objects, form a peal of thunder.

In imitating these effects with electrical apparatus, a Leyden jar may be conveniently used, in which elec-

tricity has been accumulated by the usual process. If the jar be discharged by means of a bent wire, with a knob at each end and a glass handle in the middle (called a discharging rod), the two electricities will rush together without passing through the body of the operator, and there will be a dazzling spark of light, and a loud crackling noise—the one representing the lightning, the other the thunder. If we hold, between the upper knob of the discharging rod and the knob of the Leyden jar, a piece of window glass about four inches square, the discharge will pass over the glass, turn round the edge, and so get to the conducting knob of the discharging rod. On holding the pane of glass up to the light nothing is seen, but on breathing on the glass a remarkable tree-like figure becomes developed, consisting of a trunk, and a number of branches and twigs, the manner of producing which may be thus explained. All objects exposed to the air become covered with an invisible organic film, which no dusting or ordinary cleaning will remove. Wherever the electricity touches this film it burns it away, and leaves the glass chemically clean; so that, on breathing on the surface, the breath condenses in continuous streams wherever the electricity has been; while in other parts of the plate, where the film still remains, the moisture condenses in minute globules or dew.

Fig. 2.



The electric figure consists of a main trunk of a somewhat rippled character, representing the line of least resistance along which the principal discharge travels. This trunk is evidently hollow; and reminds one of those lightning-tubes sometimes found in sandy districts, formed by the lightning striking the ground, penetrating it, and fusing the sand into a tube, twenty, thirty, or forty feet long. These tubes are called fulgurites, and specimens may be seen in the British Museum. They are often branched, showing that the lightning divided, or *bi-furcated*, as it is called, and when there are three branches, *tri-furcated*. This is exactly what sometimes takes place when a building is struck. The discharge may fall at the same moment on two or even three parts of the building, or it may strike the building and then divide into two or three branches. In like manner the figures on our glass plates sometimes give admirable examples of bifurcation and trifurcation. But whether each trunk be single or divided, it is accompanied by a number of smaller branches, as represented in Fig. 2.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that in the formation of this tree-like figure, the trunk is not the first to be produced. The electricity sends out feelers, which find out, as it were, and prepare the line of least resistance, along which the principal discharge can

most readily take its way. It is a common observation among sailors, that before a ship is struck they experience a tickling sensation, as if spiders' webs were being drawn over the face. This is exactly what takes place if a glass tube be rubbed with a dry silk handkerchief, and moved up and down before the face. A similar sensation is felt by some persons if an electrical machine be worked in the room where they are sitting. We have proof in our glass plates that the branches and spray precede the main discharge; for if the glass be so thick as to oppose too much resistance, the jar is not discharged; but upon breathing on the glass plate we get the spray, and some of the smaller branches of the figure, but not the trunk.

A singular confirmation of Mr. Tomlinson's theory may be found in the fact that when a tree is struck by lightning, and portions of the bark are torn off, the passage of the discharge may be sometimes traced by ramified lightning figures impressed on the inner surface of the bark. Dr. Pooley has communicated to the writer such a case, which occurred in 1857, at Oakley Park, near Cirencester. The lightning first fell on a branch north-west of the tree, which it barked, and shivered to pieces; it also passed through the fork of the tree, and descending the south-west side, cut a clear line, about one inch and a half in width, out of the bark, and loosened other portions of the bark to the extent of one foot and a half on each side. The seam gradually widened as it reached the knotty roots. Fig. 3 represents the ramified figures on the inner surface of the bark. The chief lines of the figure were

Fig. 3.



gouged out, roughened, and slightly charred at the edges; but such figures, whether on the bodies of men or on the bark of trees, are not very permanent. They fade in a few days, or even hours.



FEEDING ROBIN.

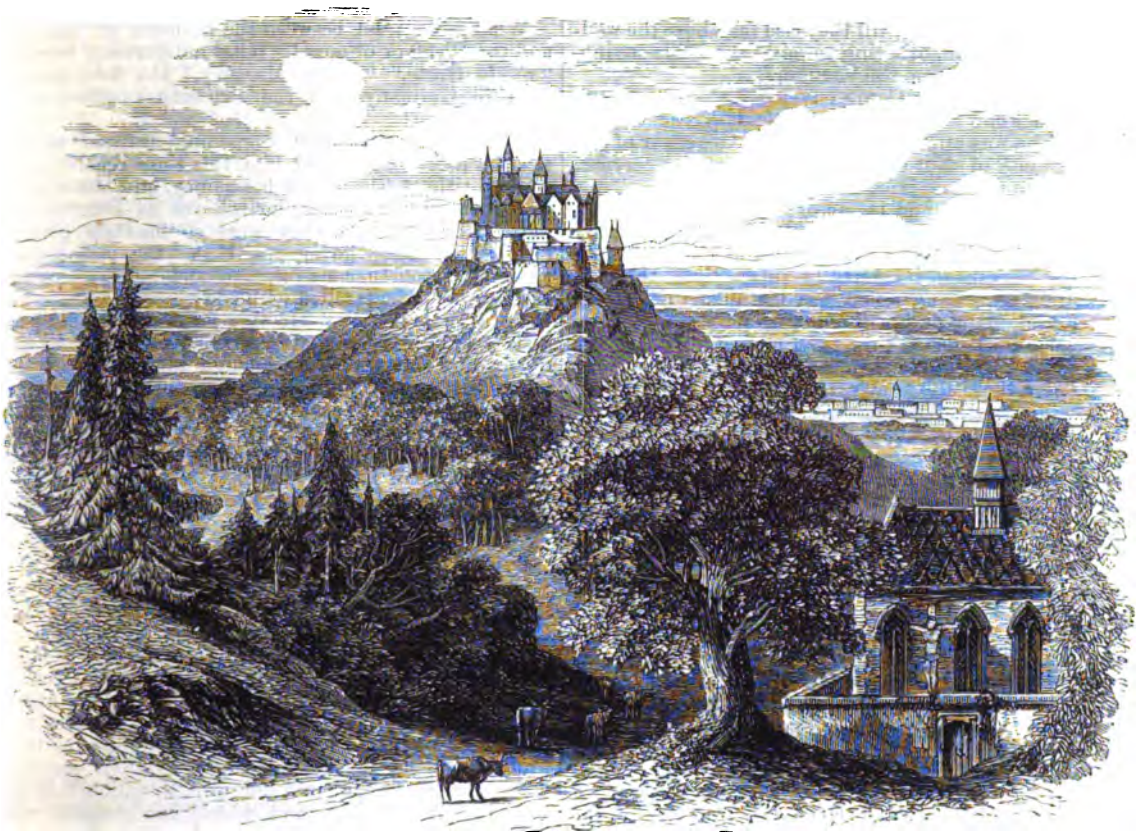
THE REDBREAST.

It is hard to believe there is not some mysterious sympathy between the redbreast and man. Certainly no other bird appeals to him so confidently for shelter and protection. In the country houses of the rich he resorts, now to the stable or coach-house, now to the conservatory, and now to the breakfast-room. Almost every farmhouse or retired cottage affords him a home in autumn and winter. Many a time have we heard him piping sweetly and plaintively in cathedrals and parish churches, perched sometimes on the organ, and sometimes on the mouldings of a pillar, or a mullion of the chancel window. Not unfrequently, during a country walk in autumn, when we have seated ourselves to rest on a bank by the road-side, we have heard his well-remembered twitter in some neighbouring thorn, or seen him even alight in the road, as if to examine us close at hand, and discover whether we were not some familiar friend. Foresters will tell us that when they are felling wood, no matter how seemingly ill-adapted the locality may be to the habits of the redbreast, one of these birds will assuredly find them out, welcome them with a morning song, pipe to them many times a-day, watch them at their meals, pick up their crumbs, and, at evening, wish them good-night with a longer and sweeter strain than usual.

We happened once to be paying a visit to a friend in the country, and, after breakfast, were invited by the lady of the house to come out and see her robins. We had not taken many steps when the lady made a chirping noise, and straightway a redbreast, who had seemingly been expecting her arrival, flew out from a laurel hedge, perched on her hand, picked from it a morsel of bread, and then flew away to eat its meal in privacy. A few steps further on the lady chirped again, and a second redbreast appeared, hovered a second or two in front of her face, and, without alighting, pecked from between her lips another morsel, with which he too flew off to his hiding-place.

All this is strange and pretty. There are many instances on record of animals of various kinds taking man into their confidence without any previous domestication, but these are chiefly remarkable for their singularity. With friend Robin this is not the case. All robins, old and young, habitually frequent the haunts of men; and any robin, we believe, might easily be induced to perch on a lady's hand, or feed from her mouth. In early Christian times this sympathy of the redbreast with man was accounted for by the legend, "that a redbreast accompanied our blessed Saviour to Calvary, and plucked off one of the sharpest thorns from his crown; in reward for which act of compassion God gave to this courageous bird a portion of his divine spirit." This fable, like many a fairy tale in our own day, was perhaps intended to teach some practical religious truth in the form of a parable from nature.

While admitting the fact that the redbreast is instinctively more fearless of man than any other known animal, and that its habit of courting human society is not acquired either by teaching or example, we are sorely afraid that, after all, there is little real sentiment in all this apparent devotion. Just as the spider spins his web in front of some tempting bunch of blackberries, which his instinct tells him is a certain lure to flies, or across some narrow path through a furze brake, which is a highway for gnats—so friend Robin affects our society for the sake of what he can get. In autumn and winter, insects, his favourite food, are most abundant in gardens and the neighbourhood of houses. Flies and spiders frequent barns, conservatories, and churches, for the sake of shelter from cold and safety from their enemies. Where his favourite food is most abundant, thither the redbreast repairs when times are hard; and finding welcome from man, accepts any proffered meal that may be to his taste; singing, when his meal is ended, not from any feeling of gratitude, but in the exuberance of animal spirits, which, in feathered as well as unfeathered bipeds, is the accompaniment of a well-filled crop.



HOHENZOLLERN CASTLE.

THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

ROMANTIC PERIOD.

FAR away in the south of Germany rises the Castle of Hohenzollern. On an eminence nearly three thousand feet above the sea, on a precipitous rock eight hundred feet above the valley, stands the ancestral home of the Kings of Prussia.

To the north are the vineyards and sunny valleys of Wurttemberg; to the west the pine-clad heights and gloomy dells of the Black Forest; to the east the Rhane Alp; and to the south, the white mountains of Tyrol, Glarus, and Berne bound the horizon.

Very beautiful it is at early dawn to see peak after peak catch the rays of the morning sun, the lower lands still lying in shadow, while overhead the osprey soars, debating for a moment whether on that day he shall fish in the Neckar and other tributaries of the Rhine, or rifle the waters of the Danube. We are standing on one of those backbones of Europe which determine the courses of rivers. Those to our right flow west and north into the German Ocean, on our left they reach, after many wanderings, the Black Sea.

This present castle, built by the late King of Prussia, after the Principality of Hohenzollern was ceded to him in 1849 by the elder branch of the family, who had sunk in the world, stands on the site of one more ancient, whose foundations were laid with great pomp about 1450. It must have been a great day. We read that "Josse-Nicholas," Count of Hohenzollern, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, Albert, Elector of Brandenburg, Charles, Marquis of Baden, and Albert, Duke of Austria, a goodly company, men known in history, "with trowels and hammers of silver," were masons for the day.

This new castle was necessitated by the fact that Henrietta, Countess of Wurttemberg, in defending the supposed rights of her two sons, had come suddenly down on the Counts of Zollern, and burnt, and as she thought, utterly destroyed that nest of the Black Eagle, which had been founded in 980, by a Frederick, Count of Zollern. He at any rate was the first who, in a rude way, fortified that "House on the Hill," which in after days was to send forth one of the ruling houses of Europe. His ancestors had been rich landed proprietors in Swabia, and had had a share in the local government confided to them. In this position they might have continued to this day, simply princely proprietors, but for a circumstance which we often see repeated in a modified form in our own times.

A Count of Hohenzollern had four sons. Trained to arms and accustomed to adventure, they found their petty principality too small for their ambition; so it happened that Conrad, one of the younger, went forth to seek his fortune.

Can we not picture to ourselves the high-spirited lad, slowly wending his way down yon precipitous path, mounted on his favourite war-horse, whose flowing mane and tail have been plaited and decked with gay ribbons (after the fashion of the time), followed perchance by some faithful dog, or equally faithful vassal (foster brother for aught we know), bound for the Holy Land, to fight the Infidels under those great leaders, Frederick Barbarossa and Richard the Lion-Hearted of England. From that day the Swabian fortress saw him no more, for the younger son "rose in the world," "made his fortune," as we may say, while the elder branch remained, at best, stationary. Just as we often see portionless younger brothers, or the younger members of overgrown working families obliged to exercise their talents and call

forth all their energies, till they rise far above the well-cared-for elder son, bringing to mind the Bible saying, "The elder shall serve the younger."

We cannot follow Conrad step by step. Enough for us to know that towards the end of the twelfth century he was appointed Burgraf or Governor of the Imperial city of Nuremberg, as a reward for services rendered to the Emperor.

Nuremberg was and is one of the most interesting and curious of German towns. Wonderfully charming are its quaint old streets, its "Beautiful Fountain," its ancient churches—wonderfully interesting the old memories that hang about the birthplace of Albert Durer, and many others famous as painters, carvers, or mechanics. There they say the first watches were made, and called by the queer name of "Nuremberg eggs," and there the first cannon, at any rate in Germany, were cast. Alas! now its most celebrated manufactures are lead pencils and children's toys.

For more than two hundred years Conrad's descendants remained governors of Nuremberg—two hundred years of incessant wars and tumults—a time when great rights were fought for, and great wrongs done, to describe which would lead us far out of our depth in a troubled sea. The Hohenzollerns were not much loved by the citizens, and often indeed at open war with them; but they thrived, adding field to field and treasure to treasure, till the sweet Franconian country, with its gentle vales and sparkling trout-streams, became theirs; whether by purchase or inheritance is hard to say, but possibly the latter, for Frederick, third Burgraf of that name, married a sister of a Duke of Meran, and after the Duke's murder, in 1248, his possessions near Nuremberg fell into Frederick's hands. He was a staunch friend of the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg (founder of the present Austrian dynasty), and is said to have been the person to announce to him his unexpected election to the Imperial Crown, while fighting under the walls of Basle.

Frederick IV. rendered signal services to the Emperors Albert, Henry VII., and Louis of Bavaria.

Frederick V., declared Prince of the Empire 1363, at his death in 1402 divided his estates between his two sons—John, the elder (married to a sister of Sigismund, King of Hungary), and Frederick VI. As John died childless the younger succeeded to all his property; and this greatest of all the rulers of Nuremberg was, as it were, the second founder of the House of Hohenzollern. One of the most accomplished nobles of his day, immensely rich, and evidently what we should call "a good man of business," he greatly assisted Sigismund in his election to the Empire, apparently bearing him no ill will for having jilted his sister to marry a king's daughter, and lending him one hundred thousand gold florins into the bargain, a sum never destined to be returned, at any rate in kind.

About 1411 the Electorate of Brandenburg fell to the Emperor Sigismund, in consequence of the failure of direct heirs, and this province was conferred on Frederick, in part payment of his debt, with the title of Margraf, or Governor of the Marches, the Emperor reserving for himself the Electoral dignity. The towns submitted readily to the new governor, but it was otherwise with the great nobles. Two brothers, Von Quitzon, headed an insurrection, declaring that "should it rain an army of Burgrafs, still they should not establish themselves in the Marches."

Vain boast! Frederick raised troops, attacked the insurgents, reduced them, greatly assisted by a single cannon (the first used in that part of Germany), lent him for the occasion by the Margraf of Thuringia. Dietrich Von Quitzon escaped, and perished miserably; his brother was taken prisoner; while the other rebels, among whom we find a Bismark, submitted to the conqueror.

What a contrast between the Bismark of that day and the Bismark of ours! What a difference between "Faule Grete," "Dirty Margery," the first cannon used in Germany, and the Prussian needle-gun of modern times!

Again the spendthrift Sigismund wanted money, again Frederick supplied him, this time receiving the coveted title of Elector for his money, and the citizens of Nuremberg knew the Hohenzollerns as Burgrafs no more. Legends say they were so heartily glad to be clear of their governors, that "the magistrates, assembling together men women and children, caused their castle to be levelled with the ground, so as not to leave a trace behind." If this be true, it must have been rebuilt not long after, and may be seen to this day by any one fortunate enough to wander up the winding Mayn, through the Bavarian Forests (I must say Prussian now), scented, oh! so sweetly, by myriads of lilies, to that quaint old city of Nuremberg.

So ends what I have ventured to call the Romance of the House of Hohenzollern. Our next sketch must teach us somewhat of the Electors of Brandenburg and the Teutonic Knights.

POPULAR SONGS OF HUNGARY.

ONE of the most ancient and most remarkable of European races is the Magyar (pronounced Madjar) portion of the inhabitants of Hungary, who occupy the regions overrun by the Huns, when, under Attila, they invaded and settled in that part of the Austrian dominions—whose sovereign they recognize as their king, but have not acknowledged as their emperor. They have a language of their own, to which they are passionately attached, and which has resisted with wonderful persistence the introduction of foreign words. The future fate of Hungary is one of the most interesting problems which has now to be solved; and it is to be hoped that the Austrian influence, no longer dominant in Germany, may seek to consolidate itself by cherishing and directing the affections of the various peoples of the empire who are not derived from the Gothic or Teutonic stem.

A German poet has said of the popular songs of the Hungarians, that they—

as sunbeams break

Through rains and clouds that veil the April skies;
Like the wild warblings of the woods they speak,
Yet force the tender tear-drops from the eyes.

The condition of the Magyars is unexampled in European history. Their free institutions are coeval with our own, for the antiquity of their Diet is only five years less than that of our Parliament. Their language, preserved and cherished with a most passionate love, is one of the most ancient of the spoken dialects of modern civilization. Their nationality has been preserved, notwithstanding every influence, personal, social, and political, which has been brought to accomplish its destruction. Invaders, Moslem and Christian, have often overrun the soil, and seemingly subjugated the people, but in the words of one of their bards—

They live—their City stands—they shall be saved;*

* By "their city" is meant the ancient Buda, the capital of Lower Hungary. Pesth, the new city, is on the opposite shore of the river. Miss Pardoe, in her "City of the Magyar," speaks in glowing language of the "calm regality" of the old metropolis. "The contrast between the two shores, linked together by a bridge of boats upwards of twelve hundred feet in length, is peculiarly striking. On one side Imperial Buda, the original and ancient capital, spreads stern and still, clasping the dark heights with houses and convents, clothing their sides with habitations, and cresting them with lordly palaces and bristling fortresses; while right and left along the river bank stretch its long faubourgs, where you may distinguish at intervals an old Turkish tower, a remnant of the times when the Moslem

and this dream of future redemption runs like a thread of golden ore through the whole stratification of society. The lover singing to his mistress—and no nation has so many love songs as the Hungarians—seldom fails to make some reference to his beloved father-land. No mingling of races, no vicissitudes of history, no repressive laws, no government persecutions, none of the seductions of power, no, not even the passion for military glory which has characterized the Magyar races, have destroyed that traditionary feeling, which, linked with the remote and perished past, has invigorated and cemented a living present. Decree upon decree has been issued, in the hope of exterminating the ancient tongue; but that tongue, in the keeping of nursing-mothers and prattling children and youths and maidens, has but struck deeper roots and extended wider branches.

A melancholy tone runs through a large portion of the national music, and many a bard like Petöfi has addressed his country in strains like this :—

TO HUNGARIA !

O, land of many sorrows !—wilt thou never
Raise from the dust thy long dishonoured head ?
Say, shall thy ignominy last for ever ?
Hast thou no memory of the illustrious dead,
No visions of the future, to deliver
Those whom the tyrant's chains have manacled ?
Man will arise from darkness and decay,
And shall not nations have their resurrection day ?



BUDA.

It has been truly said of Hungary's great poet, Alexander Petöfi, that though his life was like a meteoric blaze, his productions have left an enduring light spread over the whole Hungarian land. There is no other example of a popularity so suddenly acquired, and yet so firmly established. He has been compared

held away in the chief city of the Magyars, or a stately monastery, upon whose spire the cross now glitters in the sunlight, unprofaned by the vicinity of the crescent." Our engraving affords some idea of the beauty of the scene, and of the half Christian, half Moslem character of the buildings.

to Burns among the Scotch and to Beranger among the French, but neither of these national poets agitated or captivated the minds of their fellow countrymen as Petöfi moved the Magyar people. His history is as romantic as his genius was prolific. Born in the lowliest obscurity—passing through every stage of want and woe—he reached the very highest position of social and political influence—and died at the age of twenty-six, fighting by the side of Bem, for the redemption of his country.

On the Continent there is scarcely a language into which the poetry of Alexander Petöfi has not been translated, while he is scarcely at all known to English readers. It is our purpose therefore to give a few specimens of his style, preceded by some short examples from old anonymous sources, and from the works of some of those who preceded Petöfi in the field where he has been the most distinguished and successful labourer.

The Magyars, scattered over vast plains, and having little intercourse with any but their own classes and clans, linked to and dependent on their masters, even more than were the Highlanders upon their chieftains, have always been remarkable for their passionate admiration of woman, their love of poetry and music and dancing, and their laudation of the vine. These, and their patriotic attachment to *Magyarism*—for they have given a name to their nationality—are the leading topics of their popular melodies, many of which have never been printed. Some would be deemed treasonable to the imperial government of Austria; others are too coarse for the publicity of the press; while many display that national vanity which is no rare weakness, and which is so tersely expressed in the burthen of the song—

Whatever you do, wherever you be,
Life's only worth having in Hungary !

It may be doubted by some if these little vanities are worthy of being reproduced. Yet they illustrate character, and in a future number we propose to insert a few characteristic specimens which we have selected for translation.

VOLUNTEER CONCERTS.

DURING last autumn many interesting accounts appeared in the London newspapers of the amateur concerts which for some time past have been given in villages and small country towns, at a price for admission merely nominal, so that the very humblest classes might attend them. In all instances the object of the promoters of such experiments has been identical—namely, the supply of amusement to the people—the furnishing them with a reasonable and innocent excitement in the place of the mischievous and often ruinous attractions of the ale-house or the beer-shop. They have accepted the fact, so often affirmed by writers on social subjects, that the people *must* be and *will* be amused; and have done and are doing their best to allure the labouring man from amusements which are debasing and demoralising to others which are at least harmless, while they are humanising in their tendency. With the view of making this movement more generally known, and, if it may be, of rendering it a little assistance, I shall briefly recount some of our experience in the business at Byrriver.

I hardly know whether to call Byrriver a village or a small town. It is a town in the topographer's view, for it has a market-place, where there is some show of a market at odd times, and where certain periodical fairs are held for the sale of cattle and dairy produce. It has some two thousand inhabitants, and a capital church, big enough to accommodate every person old enough to go to church, and not containing a single pew. But to the view of the casual traveller the place

is more like a village—the cottage population being vastly in the majority, and their low-roofed cottages, straggling in all directions; while their pigs, fowls, gobbling geese, and shaggy donkeys, have pretty much their own way in the thoroughfares.

Our first attempts to wean the labourer from the public-house, and to amuse him in the long winter evenings, were made about four years ago. Like most first attempts, they came short of any very decided success; the chief reason being, that those who could have given us the most valuable aid were slow to recognize the importance of our aim, and were consequently in no hurry to come forward. And another reason was the difficulty, not to be summarily dealt with, of making a selection among volunteer performers, whose readiness to exhibit was apt to be in the inverse ratio of their ability.

We got over both these difficulties in time. The appointment of a committee of management did away with the worst of them, because it got rid of personal responsibility in regard to selection; and our partial success, manifested in the delight of our audiences, had the effect of bringing more talent on the platform. At the present time we may be said to have a volunteer staff nearly always available, made up of the most incongruous materials, socially considered, but happily congruous considered harmonically. If our instrumentalist drives in in her carriage to open proceedings with a sonata of Beethoven's, and afterwards to accompany Long Ned from the smithy, while that "harmonious blacksmith," with cavernous bass notes, "bays the moon with hideous howl," I submit that no objection ought to be made to this kind of co-operation on any grounds whatever. At any rate, we have got rid of such objectional feelings, if they ever existed, and are quite of one mind on that matter. We have solo singers of all grades—duets between primos of high standing and secondos of no standing; and we get up capital glees, and sing them well, too, which we should never be able to get up at all if class feelings and prejudices interfered with our harmonious essays, and people who have hundreds a year refused to blend their voices with others who have but shillings a week. Our entire orchestra consists of a serviceable piano, hired at small cost, always gratuitously played, and generally by some young lady, of whom there are several well qualified in the neighbourhood ever ready and prompt with their services. I shall not recite any of our programmes, though these are generally printed and circulated—the sale of them usually defraying the charge of printing, with a trifle over. The price for admission—the regular price—is a penny only, and as the school-room, where the concerts come off, will hold by cramming (and it always is crammed) five hundred people, there is a gain of about thirty shillings after all expenses are paid. This surplus, of course, is applied to some benevolent purpose, and for the most part may be said to go back to the class who chiefly contribute towards it, in the shape of blankets, fuel, and necessaries of various kinds, to the sick and indigent among them. Besides the penny concerts, we have, however, for special occasions special concerts, at which higher prices (sixpence and a shilling) are charged for tickets of admission, and which are of course attended by the more moneyed classes; still, the entertainment is pretty much of the same character as at the more popular assemblies, for as we make a point of always doing our best, we can do no more for the gentry than we do for the poor. The special concerts are got up in furtherance of some benevolent design—either to supplement the funds of the district visiting society, to increase the store of black diamonds at the coal-club, to provide warm winter clothing for poor cottagers' children, or for some other object equally desirable and praiseworthy.

Occasionally, to vary the evening's recreations, or to

meet the convenience or the likings of those on whose good offices we are dependent, we alternate readings with musical performances. When the readings are really good the evening's entertainment is even more satisfactory than when it consists entirely of music; but, as all who know anything of this business are but too well aware, the difficulty of getting good readers is almost insuperable. Unfortunately, elocution has been all but ignored in the education of Englishmen, so that where you will find twenty people who can sing agreeably, you will scarcely find one who can read tolerably. I have noticed that when a well-chosen piece is well delivered by the reader, the satisfaction of the audience, however humble that audience may be, is always at the highest, and their applause the loudest. Now and then the vicar will read, and as he is sure to choose something quaint or droll, his lecture will be heard with peals of laughter long and loud: he has the good sense and the tact to leave his homilies for the pulpit, and to lend himself unreservedly to the amusements of the hour.

Beginning at half-past seven, with a brief word of introduction from the chairman, the business of the night is got through in a couple of hours or so, by which time our dwellings are all closed, and our streets quiet; and though the ale-house is not yet shut, and a beer-shop or two may remain open, the instances are now comparatively rare in which there is any adjournment from the school-room to the tap-room. We are happily in a condition to report, with perfect good faith, that the influence of these cheap concerts in Byriver has told to a very perceptible extent on the character and pursuits of the inhabitants. It has given to many a young lad something else and something better to think about than mere "beer and skittles;" and if it has only led a few to cultivate a musical talent or a regard for the contents of books, even that is something worth striving for.

Although these cheap volunteer concerts have latterly gained ground in the villages and small towns throughout the country, the reader may be fairly reminded that they did not originate in the provinces. All that the country promoters have a right to claim is the idea of carrying out in country places what had long before been done in London, and of reducing the charge for admission to the popular penny. So far back as fifteen or twenty years ago, cheap amateur concerts, the cost of admission to which varied from one penny to threepence, were common in London; and unless we are much mistaken they owed their existence mainly to Mr. Hullah's popular teaching. More than fifteen years ago we had occasion to attend at several of them, and we recorded at the time the results of our observation in a popular journal. As is the case now in the villages, they were held in school-rooms, the performers were volunteer amateurs, sometimes assisted by choruses of children, and they often gave selections from Handel's oratorios with considerable effect. They dealt, however, a good deal in comic singing, and had a decided leaning to the funny and humorous, and were occasionally leavened with a little speechifying not too refined. But they offered a welcome retreat for the working classes after the toils of the day, and were to them a source of real and innocent pastime. It is to be regretted that in London these gatherings have almost, if not entirely, ceased to exist. The truth is, and it is not a pleasant one to accept, that they were gradually done to death by the activity of a race of publicans of the philharmonic order who sprang up about that time; and who, by combining together the charms of music and of beer, grog and tobacco, offered overwhelming attractions to the young and thoughtless, and ere long extinguished the twopenny concerts. Surely it might be worth while to take a hint from the villages, and start them again at a penny's fee.



LAMBERT AND REGNAULT.

LAMBERT AND REGNAULT.

A TRADITION OF THE FOREST OF ARDENNES.

A LONG time ago, in the neighbourhood of the famous Forest of Ardenne, there lived a gentleman who had two sons. The name of the elder was Lambert, that of the younger Regnault. When Lambert was about eighteen years of age, and Regnault scarcely sixteen, their father died, leaving them to the care of an uncle, who dwelt at a distance of forty miles from their home. The lads were directed to present themselves before their uncle as soon as they had laid their father in the grave. All the property bequeathed to them consisted of two horses, two riding-cloaks, and a purse containing twenty crowns.

When the days of mourning for their father arrived, and the last rites had been performed, Lambert and Regnault resolved on beginning their journey. Each had a horse and a cloak, and they shared the money between them, ten crowns each.

After travelling for several miles through the forest, they suddenly came upon a woman who was crouching on the ground and weeping bitterly. Lambert proposed that they should ride on without noticing her grief, but Regnault was tender-hearted, and refused to follow this advice.

"Good woman," said he, "what ails thee? can we help thee with aught?"

"Dear gentleman," she answered, "I am mourning for my son. He was the joy of my heart, and the support of my life; he is dead. There is no one left to care for me or nourish me; I am perishing for lack of bread."

"Nay, it were a shame," said Regnault, "that the aged should lack while the young have to spare. Accept these ten crowns, good mother, and may your heart be comforted."

"A blessing on your fair face, stranger; I pray thee accept a gift from me." She held out a small

bottle filled with a white liquid, and he accepted it, more to humour her whim than because he thought it to be of any value.

When Regnault rejoined Lambert he was laughed at for his want of prudence. "If thou must needs give," said Lambert, "a crown would have sufficed."

As they journeyed on together, the feeble cry of a child arrested their attention. A grim smile was on the face of Lambert, as turning to his brother, he pointed out a pitiable object by the wayside. It was a child, thinly clad in rags, and shivering with cold. "Another object for thy bounty," Lambert said, and rode on, while Regnault dismounted and approached the child.

"Ho, little one! what ails thee?"

"I am dying with cold; thieves have stolen my cloak and my cap."

"Evil hap betide them, but they be cowardly knaves to strip thee, little one. Come, dry thy tears, and thou shalt have my cloak."

He took off the garment as he spoke, and wrapped it round the child.

"Thou art a brave good gentleman" quoth this little one, "and thou shalt have my bird for thy cloak."

The child produced a white pigeon cooped in an osier cage, and pressed it upon Regnault.

When Regnault rejoined his brother, Lambert laughed outright.

"Nay, but thou art a simpleton," said he; "thou shouldst wear cap and bells. Thou hast but to be rid of thine horse now to be quit of thy fortune."

"An' I see that my horse would serve another more than he can pleasure me, I will e'en part with him. For what saith the Book: 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay him.'"

"Excellent security," said Lambert, with a mocking laugh. Just then an old man came towards them. He seemed too weary or too ill to move. Regnault accosted him.

"Good father, what ails thee?"

"I am footsore and weary," the old man answered, "and must measure fifteen miles before the sun dips."

Regnault alighted. "My horse is sure-footed and docile, I pray thee borrow him of me. My limbs are strong, and a walk will do me good."

"Thanks," said the old man, and mounted with some difficulty. Then he gave to Regnault a skein of crimson silk. "Take it, good son, it may serve thee some day. Farewell."

Great was the indignation of Lambert when he saw his brother running after him on foot.

"Away! I will have nought to do with thee," he cried. "Thou art a beggar, and no brother of mine."

But while he spoke three men sprang from behind an old oak and stopped their progress. Lambert, with a cry of terror, turned his horse and would have fled, but three or four other men, well armed, cut off his retreat. They were robbers, and escape from them was impossible. Both Lambert and Regnault were made prisoners and conducted to an old castle, where they were lodged together in an upper story.

Bitterly Lambert rated his brother as the occasion of their misfortunes. It was in vain that Regnault protested the fault was none of his. "Thou hast been fool enough to give away all thou hadst; and I, in lingering for thee, am caught by thieves and robbed of mine."

"At least," said Regnault, "the thieves have not robbed me; what I had has been well spent."

"Well spent! what hast thou to show for it?"

A strange voice spoke in the ear of Regnault, "Take thy gifts and show."

Regnault took forth the bottle which the woman had given him. "I have this."

And the strange voice whispered, "Drop it on the iron bars of the window." Advancing to the heavily-barred opening through which light and air struggled into the narrow cell, he dropped a small portion of the contents of the bottle on the stout bars; they melted instantly, and vanished away.

Lambert could scarcely believe his senses.

The strange voice whispered to Regnault, "Cast forth the silken skein." In obedience to this command he produced the skein which the old man had given him, and threw one end of it from the opening. Lo! it became a stout cord, and thus offered to the prisoners the means of escape. Taking advantage of this happy turn in their fortune, the brothers rapidly descended, Lambert going first. When they had reached the ground in safety they looked round, wondering which path they ought to take. Then the strange voice whispered again in the ear of Regnault, "Let the white pigeon spread its wings." So Regnault unfastened the osier cage, and the pigeon flew away. Not far away—it hovered near, as if inviting them to follow, and they followed it. It led them through the forest by a road of which they knew nothing. How long they followed it they could never exactly calculate, but it only left them when they were in sight of their uncle's house. Then it flew up into the blue sky and they saw it no more. Regnault felt in his pocket for the silken skein and the bottle. Both were gone!

But the journey was ended, and an aged man came forth to welcome his nephews.

"So like my brother—ay, ay, ay—but he was a proper man! Now which of you two youngsters is Regnault?"

"'Tis I, uncle," Regnault answered.

"Then thou art fortunate. A handsome present waits thee in the stable. Go to—but thou art a made man."

Regnault hastened to the stable, and heard strange music as he drew near. When he entered he saw his own horse, but its trappings were studded with jewels, and chiefly made of gold and silver. He saw his own

cloak, but instead of cloth it was of velvet, and richly brodered with gold. He saw his own purse, but instead of holding ten crowns, it contained no less than a thousand golden pieces. And round about stood three radiant spirits, who smiled graciously as Regnault entered.

"Son," said the strange voice which had spoken to him before, "thou hast well done, in that thou hast remembered the poor, and given to their necessities with a free hand. These are the objects thou didst help in the forest. They were good spirits sent out to test the goodness of thine heart. In freely giving thou hast been freely blest. Thy charities have won rich garner for thyself. He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the liberal soul shall be made fat!"

So Lambert, with all his caution, lost everything, and Regnault grew rich in doing good to others. He insisted on it that Lambert should have half his fortune, which Lambert accepted with much gratitude, and many promises of being more kind and charitable in days to come.

ON SLANG.

THERE are very few persons who do not sometimes make use of some kind of "slang," and so often as they make use of it they commit an absurdity. But it may be said that the Roman poet was not wrong when he wrote "it is pleasant to be absurd *in place*," and it may be argued that it is possible to be absurd *in place*. Be it so; nevertheless, it may be worth while to point out some cases in which the absurdity involves something which is hardly defensible on the ground that it is pleasant. The absurdity may involve profanity which the most lax would scarcely care to defend, or misrepresentation which the most careless might find it in their hearts to condemn. "Slang" may be apparent in face, manner, voice, dress, language; but it is in language that it is most noticeable. "Slang," so far as it has to do with language, takes for the most part two forms; it discloses itself either in peculiar phraseology or in scurrilous abuse. In the latter form it is, if not most common, at any rate most objectionable and senseless. For when you say that you trod on a man's toe in the street, and he "slanged" you, or you had a dispute with a cabman, and he "slanged" you, or you heard two omnibus-conductors having an altercation, and they "slanged one another like pickpockets," in what words does one immediately conclude that the "slanging" was couched? Not in the words which a magistrate uses in reproving an offender; not in the words in which a judge tries to convince a prisoner of the enormity of a crime committed; not in the words in which a grieved parent remonstrates with an erring child; not in the words in which two sober and rational men endeavour to prove each that the other has done a wrong, or is under a mistake, or has committed a rudeness which demands an apology. One concludes that the words were either "sound and nothing beyond," or that added to the sound there was a more or less unmeaning farrago of low language and blasphemy. It is said that Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," used to get his drooping spirits cheered by listening to the Oxford bargemen "slanging" one another. But Burton was a gloomy, eccentric character; and even he, as he was a man of taste and learning, though he may have often laughed at the occasional "hits," must have more often sighed at the emptiness of the redoubtable "slangers." How very unmeaning is "slang" in the sense of abuse may be gathered from the well-known story of how Daniel O'Connell, by a skilful use of the word "hypothese," reduced to silence an angry fishwoman. In a similar manner a mathematical undergraduate of

Cambridge produced a prodigious effect upon his bed-maker, who had made free with his tea and sugar, by threatening her with an "asymptote" and a "parabola." But having learned that the expressions, as they were applied, meant absolutely nothing, she conceived a very low opinion of the undergraduate's novel "slang." And so it would be in all cases if people would only examine into the meaning of ordinary "slang," so far as it is synonymous with abuse.

Sometimes the "slang" which arises from angry altercation is not only intelligible and innocent withal, but is even tinged with a certain humour; as, for instance, when an enraged mother calls out to a dirty little quean, "Let me get 'old on you, my lady, and I'll warm yer." There is something akin to humour in the irony which confers the title of dignity, and purposely confuses a painful tingling with an agreeable warmth. But generally speaking, abusive "slang" being the mere outward and audible sign of inward anger, which "is a short madness," is incoherent, senseless, absurd, as the ravings of madmen might be expected to be. "Slang," moreover, leads to misrepresentation, for it very often implies that a human being belongs to the dog tribe; whereas it is well known that the best authorities (whom perhaps too much science has driven mad) deduce man from the gorilla.

The "slang" which consists in a peculiar phraseology is open, at the outset, to one great objection, viz., that it is not necessarily a part of a liberal education, and that the most accomplished ladies and gentlemen are liable either not to understand or to misunderstand you if you use it. There are occasions, too, when it is absolutely bad manners to use it; and yet habit is second nature, and he who habitually uses "slang" cannot always change his spots or his skin when it is advisable to do so. Besides, some kinds of "slang" are fashionable and some are not; fashion changes, and it is only he who is very watchful, and who goes a great deal into society, who can be sure what sort of "slang" he may employ at any time. And does not he who uses language which the best educated persons may either not understand, or misunderstand, or decline to understand, commit an absurdity? "Slang," then, at the best, must be confined to cliques. There is the "slang" of fashionables and the "slang" of unfashionables; the "slang" of schools; the "slang" of universities; the "slang" of the army; the "slang" of the navy; and the "slang" of the civil service. Of course there may be a few highly-favoured and industrious persons who have made themselves acquainted with every kind of "slang," but for the most part the "slang" of one clique is unintelligible to another. This is useful in certain instances: thieves, for example, no doubt find their "slang" or "patter" useful in enabling them to talk about their affairs without being understood by their neighbours; but the world in general is not interested in promoting what is useful to thieves. Of all "slang," however, that of the turf and the prize-ring is most incomprehensible to those who are fortunate enough or wise enough to know and care little about horse-races or prize-fights. It may be fairly said that nearly every account in the sporting newspapers of a horse-race or a prize-fight contains many expressions which an ordinary reader cannot comprehend. When it is said that a certain jockey "figured in the pig-skin," that one horse "upset a pot" upon another, that a certain filly "walked in" for a certain race, and that one colt gave another "a ten pound beating," &c., there are thousands of well-educated folks who would be at a loss to explain what is meant. But it is in the language of the prize-ring that "slang" is not only freely introduced, but almost entirely displaces ordinary phraseology. And there is good reason for this; it misrepresents things and throws a veil over a ghastly picture. According to the pugilist, a man has not a head, but a "nut" or "pimple;" not a forehead, but a

"knowledge-box;" not a face, but a "frontispiece," or "dial," or a "mug;" not a nose, but a "snuff-box," or "proboscis," or "smeller;" not eyes, but "ogles" or "peepers;" not a mouth, but a "potatoe-trap" or "kisser;" not teeth, but "ivories;" not a stomach, but a "bread-basket" or "victualling department;" not hands, but "fins" or "daddies;" not a fist, but a "mauley" or "bunch of fives;" not legs, but "pins" or "understandings;" not feet, but "trotters;" not blood, but "claret" or "ruby" in his veins. It must be confessed that some of the expressions are graphic enough, but their figurative nature including a certain comic element prevents one from fully appreciating the tragedy which they are commonly used in recording. For example, when you read that "Bill's 'mug' showed signs of 'pepper,' his two 'peepers' having adopted the early closing movement, his 'smeller' being as flat as a pancake, his 'kisser' wonderfully enlarged, and his 'dial' so covered with 'the ruby' that his own mother would not have known him," you are prevented by the grotesqueness of the description from fully realising the horrid condition to which the "noble art of self-defence" has reduced "the human face divine." Nor when you read that "poor Ned met with an accident," would you at once conclude that he had slain a man and a brother; yet such would be the "slang" of etiquette in a case of homicide in the prize-ring. If prize-fights were described without the gloss of "slang," it is probable that the disrepute into which they are day by day more and more rapidly falling would, in a very short time, become all but universal.

Once more; "slang" partakes of familiarity; to which fact may be traced the reason why no pugilist seems to have a pure Christian name. It is not probable that any human being was ever christened Bos, or Tass, or Ike, and the first two at any rate are not short for any known Christian name, so that they are very likely only "slang," or nicknames; but even those gifted beings, whose qualities get them the title of the "talent," must have had some name given them at their baptisms, such as Edward, or Richard, or Thomas; and yet who ever heard of a pugilist being called anything but Ned, or Dick, or Tom? and he would most probably take it ill of (and perhaps knock down) even a stranger who addressed him after any but the Tom and Jerry fashion. Connected with this sort of "slang" is the "slang" of manner which is observable in the familiar shake of the hand which passes between pugilists and admirers who are totally unacquainted. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a stranger to point out to you a bulldog-looking man, and to say "that's Tom So-and-so, as fought Such-and-such; he'd shake 'ands with you if you was to arst 'im." And it is a singular thing that these two phases of "slang" are particularly common amongst the Americans, who use the abbreviated or familiar form of the Christian names, and insist upon shaking the hands of their great men, as "Abe" Lincoln could have borne witness in his day, and as "Andy" Johnson could testify now. And there are persons who will maintain that the Americans are, as a nation, very much addicted to "slang" and similar "notions;" but no opinion upon that point is intended to be expressed here.

Swearing is often meant for slang by the thoughtless and uneducated who indulge in it, but the words used, if they have any meaning at all, are essentially blasphemous. We may here take a hint from Shakespeare. Sir Toby Belch recommended Sir Andrew Aguecheek to "swear horribly," as an accompaniment to a quarrel, and the advice may be considered as a satire upon the employment of abusive "slang," wherein senseless oaths and meaningless flth are the chief ingredients. For Sir Andrew is represented as being both a fool and a coward.

LITERATURE.

MR. JAMES HANNAY has recently published a "Course of English Literature," from which many valuable hints may be gathered by young men desirous of making a general, yet exact acquaintance with our national literature. The first question which may be expected to present itself to a youthful student, as his eye wanders round attractive but bewildering shelves of books, is, "Where shall I begin? Shall my reading be desultory, or shall it be systematic?" Mr. Hannay answers the question by an illustration. "A literature is like a country. Let us set about seeing and knowing it, as if we were travellers on a tour—travelling for amusement, but not for amusement only; and here is the key-note. We are not to read merely for pleasure, but we have a right to consult pleasure, too; and, indeed, in the matter of learning, where there is no pleasure there is little profit. Besides, we, just now, are not writing to those whose 'parents and guardians' are having them made to read, whether they like it or no, but to persons who, from the very fact that they begin this book, show that they wish to be set on a good track of study for study's own sake."

Without following Mr. Hannay through all the details of his illustration, we may state that it does not lead him to dictate a rigidly systematic course, "because as a tourist is not supposed to be engaged on an ordnance map, so our reader is not supposed to be reading for acquirement only. He is reading for development, for culture in the proper sense, to make himself a fuller, happier, completer man in his own practical occupation in life." The plan Mr. Hannay lays down allows for literary recreation and variety, while it is well calculated to act as a check on that vague rambling from period to period, and from subject to subject, "which may be indulged in, indeed, after a solid foundation of general knowledge has been laid, but which is dangerous before." It will not, we hope, be taking an unpardonable liberty with Mr. Hannay's book, if we state that the leading feature of his plan is its grasp of variety, by making history the backbone of the whole course of study, and diverging, as by pleasant bypaths, to poetry, philosophy, art, anecdote, and light literature generally, without once losing sight of the main road.

But history itself is a large field. Mr. Hannay, therefore, defines his position by recommending the History of Literature itself, as a starting-point; and, in this department, not curiosity alone, but prudence, induces one to peruse whatever has been done for literary history by such men as Isaac Disraeli, Campbell, Hallam, Macaulay, and De Quincey—the essayists, such as Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt—or the less remarkable, but still valuable *litterati*, who have executed such work for the various publications of the Messrs. Chambers and Mr. Knight. He truly says, "This handful of modern writers, duly examined, will whet your curiosity to know more, while really teaching you a good deal; and by arranging what is so learnt in due mental order, you will begin to form some notion of the *set of currents of thought and taste* in our history." Advice more thoroughly practical could not be given.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

JAMES HARTING, in his "Birds of Middlesex," tells us that no less than 225 species of birds have been found in Middlesex. Of these, 60 are resident, 68 migratory, and 97 rare and accidental visitants. The woods around Hampstead, Highgate, Edgwarebury, Stanmore, Pinner, and Harrow, still afford protection to various members of the Hawk, Owl, Crow, and Woodpecker families, in spite of the persecution they are constantly receiving at the hands of keepers, bird-stuffers, and mere collectors. The warblers are found suddenly scattered over the country at the period of their general migration. Wheatears and Stonechats then appear on the fallows; Whin-chats in every grass field; Willow Wrens and noisy White-throats in the green lanes; and the handsome Butcher-bird in the tall tangled hedges; while all along our brooks the Sedge Warblers and amusing Tits are found hunting incessantly for their insect food. On the other hand, Partridges and Pheasants are by no means numerous. Many species of waders and wild fowl are attracted by the large reservoirs of Kingsbury and Elstree, and from the heronries of Osterley Park, near Hounslow, may be seen many a long-legged visitor among the shallows of the Brent.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing but the substitute for exercise and temperance.

LAY your designs with wisdom, carry them out with resolution, and whatever may be the result you will have discharged your duty.

BY doing good with his money, a man as it were stamps the image of God upon it, and it passes current as the merchandize of heaven.

ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Do not wait for a change of outward circumstances, but take your circumstances as they are and make the best of them.

MACHIAVELLI has well observed that there are brains of three races. The one understands of itself; the second understands as much as is shown it by others; the third neither understands of itself nor what is shown it by others.

PLEASURE is a rose, near which there ever grows a thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to pluck the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfumes exhale to heaven in gratitude and adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

CONTENTMENT is the great sweetener of life in every state.

EVERY spark of a good thought should be blown into a flame, and produce a suitable practice in our lives and conversation.

PASSION dies soon, killing itself with its own food. Esteem lives and strengthens by its own power.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

I HAVE told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—*Southey*.

GIVE not thy tongue too great liberty lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like a sword in the scabbard—thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles*.

BOOKS, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman*.

I NEVER knew a man remarkable for heroic bravery whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity.—*Lord Erskine*.

NOTHING can tend more to the health of the body than the tranquillity of the mind and the due regulation of the passions.

SELF-RESPECT is the best security against moral degradation.

OR Law, says the illustrious Hooker, there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

TRUE happiness is a tender plant; noxious insects ever hover round it, an impure breath kills. Man is appointed its gardener, and has for his wages blessedness. But how few there are that understand their business; how many themselves introduce into the close cup of the flower that flower's deadliest foe; how many look on unconcerned, or even amused, while hurtful insects settle, gnaw, and fret, and the blossom fades! Happy he who looks up in time, and with ready hand saves the blossom and kills the foe; he preserves his heart's peace and saves his soul alive—these hanging together like body and spirit, this world and the next.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER IV.

PENELOPE AT MAYFIELD.

MR. WYNYARD stayed about in Normandy, and by-and-by his household settled into its new routine. The Christmas holidays came to an end. Francis, Geoffrey, and Maurice went back to school—the Grammar School at Allan Bridge, where they boarded with the head-master, Dr. Tasker. Miss Rosalyn, the girls' governess, did not return, Mrs. Wynyard having

decided that she must teach Anna and Lois herself henceforward. As for Penelope Croft, her elementary education might be considered as finished, and any learning she wanted further it was in her own power to acquire from books, of which there was no lack in her guardian's house.

Pennie had none of the polite accomplishments. She played on the piano with a wooden finger, her voice was untuneable, she had no eye for perspective

on paper, and her dancing was as queer as her countenance. Miss Rosslyn had laboured at her in vain.

"She is a good girl, and a clever girl in her way; but she knows nothing beyond the three Rs—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," said the painstaking, disappointed woman, feebly joking.

"Say the *four* Rs, and add riding—I can do almost anything with a horse," cried Pennie, who overheard her.

Do almost anything with a horse! She might have said, too, that she could do almost anything with a tree, a wall, a hurdle to climb, a race to run, a boat to row, a bird to shoot, a dog to break. These things came natural to her. It was a thousand pities she was not a boy, for she never would be a lady. It was however within the limits of possibility that she might be a straightforward, practical, honest little gentlewoman; and as she grew up, it became more and more certain every day that this was what she would be. Small, plain, outspoken, romantic, generous, simple, courageous, dutiful—those were the outlines of Mr. Wynyard's ward when his circumstances and Mr. Hargrove's alarm drove him into exile.

Pennie was likely to feel his absence less than anybody at Eastwold. She was *out*. That had been accomplished the previous October, at the Norminster Hunt Ball, when she was pronounced, by a high provincial authority, the ugliest three-year-old he had ever seen, but with a pot of money, and no end of fun in her. Her mother, who still presided in rosy widowhood and prosperity over Mayfield Farm, was kept well informed of every event that transpired at Eastwold. News of Mr. Wynyard's journey reached her through the usual channel—the weekly letter from her daughter—and common fame told her the rest. She was not disposed to be anxious about Pennie's fortune, but she was very much disposed to bewail her prospects.

"Why, the house'll be ever so dull; there'll be no company for her, poor thing, no beaux, nor nothing." Thus she opened her mind to her confidential gossip, Mrs. Jones, of Beckby Farm. She had set her heart on Pennie's marrying early. "Then I shall, maybe, get her more to myself," was her wily expectation.

"It wasn't fair of Jonathan, was it, Mrs. Jones, to take the bairn away from us all, for her to grow up a stranger to her own mother and kin? Not that she's proud, bless her, not a bit of it! She's the same with one as with another, for she has got a real sensy head of her own, just like her father. If she were only bonny! She'd better have taken after Listers than after Crofts. Listers has all clean skins, and wears well; Crofts is sallow, and ages soon. I don't want her to marry high—there'd be no comfort if she married high. I should like to see her take up with Mr. Tom Boothby now, or her cousin, Dick Lister. I could go to their houses, and feel at home with my own child. But if she was to take up with a dandy fellow, such as young Raymond at Eskford, or Captain Bangham, with his great red beard, she'd be further off nor ever."

"Get her over to Mayfield for a week or two," suggested Mrs. Jones, entering cordially into her neighbour's feelings. "I'll give the young folks a dance and a supper, and I'm sure her Aunt Lister'll do the same. If it was *me* was her mother, I should be all for keeping the money in the family. Dick Lister's a rael fine fellow, and good-looking; Tom

Boothby tosses a glass overmuch sometimes, and he's a dreadful temper."

"Then I'd rather see her in her coffin than tied to him; for bad temper in a man is what I can't abide. Jonathan had his faults—who's without?—but grumbling and nattering was never one of 'em. He was the satisfiedest man at home that you'd wish to see. Penelope has just his easy way—so considerate she always is."

"She is a nice little lass. It is only a pity she does not favour more of your fam'ly, Mrs. Croft; though she hasn't to sing, like a many gels, 'my face is my fortune, sir, she said.'"

"We got churning over'd to-day. If weather holds up, I'll take a drive to Eastwold to-morrow, and bring her back."

"Do. You'll not repent it."

The weather did hold up, and in the morning, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Croft mounted into the high phaeton, which it was her custom to drive herself, and, with a lad in the back-seat to open the gates, set forth on her mission. She was in full visiting costume—velvet bonnet and feather, scarlet Paisley shawl, ruby satinette gown, "stiff enough to stand of itself," and new pale driving-gloves. The mare was a beauty; the harness silver-plated; the whole turn-out well-to-do and well kept. Everybody who met the comfortable widow on her way greeted her cordially and respectfully. She had her half-crown ready for Crabtree, in case he was at the lodge, and even that cranky personage abated his asperity under the glow of her broad and beaming countenance. He condescended to touch his hat as he accepted the fee, and to add for information that Miss Pennie and Miss Anna were about in the park "a-gathering of snow-drops."

"I shall meet them, I dessay," and nodding her thanks, Mrs. Croft drove gently on, keeping a look-out on either side between the trees for her daughter.

Pennie espied her first. "Oh, Anna! there's my mother!" and away she ran, dropping the flowers from her basket as she went, and jumped up into the phaeton with a spring, almost knocking the velvet bonnet from its propriety in the ardour of her embrace.

"Eh, Pennie, my darling, bless thee!" gasped the widow. "There now—easy, easy, whoa, easy, I say." to the mare. "Sit down, Pennie. How d'ye do, Miss Anna? She's fresh: easy, easy—she hasn't been out of stable three or fourer days. And how are you, honey, and how are they all?"

"She'll be off again, mother, mind her." The mare gave her driver enough to do for the next minute or two, and then they were at the door. The lad held her head while his mistress alertly extracted herself from her wraps and descended, and then he led her away to the stables, tossing and prancing, and ready for anything in the way of high jinks.

"She has a hard mouth, that's the worst of her," observed the widow, watching solicitously. "It isn't temper, she has no vice, and Ned's steady enough. Well, Pennie, my love, I'm come to beg a holiday for you. I want you at Mayfield a bit. Will Mrs. Wynyard spare you, d'ye think?"

"Oh, yes. Come into the house; it is *so* different now." The last sentence was whispered sadly and confidentially, and was acknowledged by a pathetic closing of the widow's eyes, and shaking of her head.

"I've heard all, Pennie. It can't help but be

different. What's doing here?" They were now in the hall, where a man was at work with lath and plaster, closing up the dining-room door.

"That side of the house is to be let with the farm to Mr. Dykes, and so it is to be quite shut off from our part." Mrs. Croft shook her head again, and sighed, but said no more. Pennie entered the drawing-room and announced her mother, who dropt a little curtsy as she advanced to meet Mrs. Wynyard's outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Croft, and so, from her face, is Pennie. Take your mother's shawl, Pennie dear, and give her a stool for her feet. You must have had a cold drive, I'm afraid; the wind is rather high." Thus Mrs. Wynyard in her usual kind way, only perhaps in a voice somewhat strained, as of a woman fretting inwardly.

"It was not unpleasant; the sun warmed the air. We are going to have fine open weather after the frost, I hope. It is needed. And how are you, ma'am, and the children, and Mr. Wynyard when you heard from him?"

"All well in health, thank you, Mrs. Croft; quite well in health. Lois, you have not shaken hands with Mrs. Croft." As Mrs. Wynyard spoke she glanced aside at the child, standing by the table with a slate, her hair ruffled up into a golden mop, and her face set determinedly over a line of figures which she was multiplying by seven. Lois half abstractedly laid her task down, crossed the rug to the visitor, and pouted her rosy lips to be kissed.

"She is a good little busy girl, I'm sure," said Mrs. Croft. "She loves her book; don't you, dear?"

"Not without Maurice;" and Lois sighed, as she shook her mop and resumed the slate.

Pennie sat unobtrusively on a low chair in the fireside corner by her mother, until the conversation wound round to her, and leave was asked and given for her to go to Mayfield. "Eastwold 'll spare you for a month, I dessay," added Mrs. Croft, with amiable insinuation.

Mrs. Wynyard assented. "Yes, we will spare her for a month, and then I think her services will be wanted at Brackenfield. My youngest sister is about to be married, and Pennie has been bespoken for one of her bridesmaids."

"Won't it be charming, mother? I have been longing to go to a wedding," cried Pennie, exuberant.

"I heard of Mr. Michael Forester's arrival. And he's to marry Miss Hutton, is he? I'm right glad of it. Foresters is a good sort. But is it true, ma'am, that he's got a family by a black wife?"

"I hope not—I have not heard of it." Mrs. Wynyard could hardly forbear smiling, and Pennie looked amazed with wrath.

"How folks will talk! Why, they'd got black wife and bairns quite pat at Saturday's market-table, I was told."

It was decided that Pennie should ride her own pony over to Mayfield, and after the early dinner which Mrs. Wynyard, in her diminished household, now shared with the children, she went immediately to equip. Pennie ought never to have been sent out of her riding-habit and hat. Her figure was so shapely, firm, spirited, and well set-up in her saddle, that she looked better on horseback than many quite handsome women.

"You's something like riding," reflected her mother,

with pardonable pride, as Pennie took a gallop across the sward to the park-gate, while she steered the mare, always fidgety at starting, slowly down the avenue. On the high-road Pennie reined in, and kept pace with the phaeton, chattering all the way, and delighting her mother.

It was a five-mile ride by a way that was beautiful all the year round. The road lay along the fell side, the narrow sinuous valley of the Esk below, and steep slopes of meadow and moorland above. The February sun shone high and clear in the pale blue sky, and the tiny beck, full-flooded with melting snows, rushed singing and laughing over their pebbly beds.

"It feels almost like spring," said Pennie, snuffing up the aromatic scent of the fir-wood near Rood Abbey; of which was left only a gateway, and a few arches built into the wall of a long, low, retired house, with a neglected garden running down to the river. The owner was just issuing forth as they passed—a gentleman of middle stature and dark visage, who recognized Mrs. Croft with a friendly touch of his hat, took a rapid survey of the figure on horseback, and passed on smiling to himself. Pennie asked who he was.

"Mr. Tindal, my landlord and your uncle Lister's. He's in a hurry to-day, it seems, unless you've frightened him, Pennie," replied her mother. "He has been touring it for five or six years, poor fellow, and now he's come home to live. It is a pretty place in summer-time, is Rood Abbey, but it is let go to waste shameful."

Another half mile or so brought them to Mayfield, with its familiar trimmed yews over-topping the wall which screened the garden from the road, and the old door for those to enter at who had no business at the farmyard beyond. Pennie passed it, telling her mother she would come in by the other way, and rode on to the stables, where an old lame man welcomed her with an assurance that she looked as fresh as paint, and he hoped he see'd her well.

"I'm thriving, thank ye, Jacob, and how's yourself?" said Pennie, who slipped now and then into the native idiom.

"I frames to get about, but I'se racked wi' rheumatiz terrible—terrible."

Pennie dropt lightly from her saddle, gathered her skirt over her arm, and glancing round at the busy hens pecking between the stones, at the cows crowding to the fold-yard gate, at a team of tired plough-horses going down to water at the pond, made her way to the back-door, and into the glowing kitchen whither her mother had preceded her.

"Home's home be it ever so homely, Pennie, isn't it, now?" said the widow, warmly.

"Yes, mother, it is." No mistake about Pennie's sense of satisfaction. She was at her ease at Mayfield, and happy.

It was a substantial house with double doors and no draughts; crooked stairs in a corner, carpeted with red, a square hall, tile-paved, long, low, sunny rooms, with broad windows, cushioned seats, and little panes; solid old furniture kept at a wonderful polish, and in the best parlour, pretty pale chintz curtains and covers, chosen in deference to Pennie's wishes, a piano, and a book-case with glass-doors. Mrs. Croft preferred the stuffy crimson comfort of the little dining-room, where she and her husband had always sat, except on Sunday afternoons, when they dozed in

state over good books in the best parlour, to keep it aired. But during Pennie's visits the best parlour was opened for daily use, and as she went upstairs to the cleanest and sweetest of white dimity bed-rooms, she saw the gleam of the fire through the door ajar, and felt how nice it was, for a change, to be more made of than anybody.

The first evening was not to get over without a visitor. Pennie had come downstairs, had esconced herself before the fire in a chair, especially dedicated to her service, and was cosily contemplating the red play of the flames in the half light, and listening to her mother's voice in high debate with Bessie, when the garden door banged, somebody tapped at the window in passing, and Mr. Richard Lister marched in—a very loud young man, of whom the whole house became aware the instant he entered it.

"There is no need to ask if that is Dick," said Mrs. Croft, bustling into the hall. "You are come to stay?"

"I'll have my tea, aunt. Nothing would serve my mother but I must walk over and see if you had brought Pennie."

"Yes, she's there in the best parlour. Pennie love, here's your cousin Dick."

Pennie rose and presented her small paw, which the young giant clapt between his two big ones sonorously.

"What a mite it is; she doesn't grow a bit," said he, and chucked her under the chin, and bade her look taller.

Poor Pennie hardly knew whether to laugh or to be angry, and while she was making up her mind, Dick pulled a chair close alongside of hers, and took possession of her in a masterful, manly sort of way, that there was no getting rid of without being disagreeable. Dick knew he was doing the cousinly to admiration (as the cousinly was done in those parts), and if Pennie had given herself airs of dignity he would only have teased her. She had wisdom enough to understand that, and, after a momentary qualm, to take his assiduities in good part. He helped her at tea to the daintiest messes; he made her play, and tried to make her sing for him; he asked if she could sew worsted work, and promised to ride with her to the meet of the hounds; and before he took himself away, he insisted on a pledge that she would dance the first dance with him whenever the party that was to be at Rood came off.

"It is to be some day early next week, that's all I know. But you'll come to-morrow and see my mother. Good-night, aunt; good-night, cousin Pennie. *That's* to be all, is it?" and touching her fingers delicately, he made her a formal bow, and walked with a mock majestic air into the hall.

"Did cousin Dick expect me to give him a kiss, mother?" asked Pennie, affronted, when he was gone.

"I daresay he did, love; it's Dick's way. The gels at home spoil him. But never you heed his nonsense."

Rood Grange lay in the fields about a quarter of a mile wide of the abbey. It was within a moderate walk of Mayfield, but Pennie rode and her mother drove, as on the day before, it being Mrs. Croft's intention, after showing her daughter at her brother's house, to go round by Beckby to visit Mrs. Jones. Pennie felt a shy reluctance to encounter again the boisterous courtesies of her cousin Dick; but she

braced up her mind to bear them with complacency rather than vex her mother, or make any of her kinsfolk think she was "above them"—a tendency which she had seen and suffered from on former occasions. It could therefore be no disappointment when they got to the Grange to hear that Dick was gone to Norminster with his father, and that only aunt Lister and the girls were at home, with a fire in their best parlour in expectation of the visit.

Mrs. Lister was a tall, handsome woman, of six or seven and forty, rather austere in her notions, and very proud of her family, whose gravestones for three hundred years back were to be seen in Eskdale churchyard. Her daughters, Joanna and Lucy, were shorter and homelier; without their mother's beauty, but not without her pride. They kissed Pennie, and sat formally down again in their chairs, and looked her over while *their* mother and *her* mother talked about her in the frankest way.

"She is the moral of Croft, the very moral of her father, she is," said her aunt, considering her visage critically. "But never mind, Pennie; beauty's but skin deep, and handsome is that handsome does."

"I don't care for being ugly; I never think of it unless I am reminded," replied Pennie, quickly.

"Aunt Lister didn't mean to remind you of it, Pennie love; she's better manners," said her mother, patting her arm.

"I don't know what sort of manners Miss Pennie's used to among th' Wynyards, an' Huttons, an' Raymonds, but I dessay they're much t' same as our own," rejoined Mrs. Lister, who was piqued at the allusion to her manners. "My famly's as good as theirs. Dobbies was in Eskdale before any of 'em."

The challenge was not taken up. Everybody who was neighbour to Rood knew Mrs. Lister's pet theme, and avoided it as judicious people always do avoid a crotchet and a bore. Joanna turned the conversation adroitly by asking her mother if she did not think Pennie's habit a lovely fit. Joanna wanted a new habit herself.

"Yes, it sets very nice to the figure; I dessay it's London cut." Mrs. Lister was not mollified in a moment.

"No; it was made by Robinson, the tailor at Norminster," said Pennie.

"Then, mother, I'll have mine made at Robinson's," cried Joanna. Joanna was rather high in the shoulder and flat in the waist, but nobody suggested that there was something in the figure as well as in the tailor, because nobody present felt envious of her, or wanted to inflict a mortification on either mother or daughter.

Mrs. Lister's feelings towards Pennie were complex. She thought her as ordinary a little body as ever slept, and yet she felt jealous of her. She was aware that her sister-in-law had in her mind that project about her handsome son, and she was ready to forward it by every means in her power, and to hate Pennie, if Dick married her, with a teasing querulous hatred, such as women never indulge in except to their sons' wives. Pennie was sensible of her aunt's contemptuous antipathy, which dated from several years ago, probably from the day when Jonathan Croft's will was read, and that public slight of omission put upon his wife's family which Lister of Rood had never forgiven, and which his helpmeet had adopted as a reflection on the Dobbies also. But she was a Christian woman, who knew her duty as a connection, a

relative, and a neighbour, and who plumed herself on fulfilling it in every contingency. She therefore now stated her hospitable intentions of giving Pennie a party, and said Thursday in next week would suit her if it would suit her sister Croft. The widow was gratified, and showed it. Even Lucy, who was of a sluggish temperament, grew animated. "We want mother to ask Mr. Tindal, but she says it wouldn't do. I wonder why it wouldn't do?" cried she, noisily.

"He is as free-spoken as can be," added Joanna, "and I dessay he'd like to come. People that has lived in France is not so stiff as we are, and I'm sure he must find it dull enough at home."

Mrs. Lister looked annoyed. "Mr. Tindal makes himself very friendly, talking to the gels, but he's laughing at 'em half the time. I shan't ask him any more than I shall ask young Squire Raymond. It is the same thing exactly. Let folks keep to their own kind. There's more sociability and comfort without any of your grandees. No offence to you, Pennie; you didn't choose where you'd go live."

"They've not spoilt her, if they have made a lady of her," said Mrs. Croft, who did not want for spirit.

"I'm not saying they have. But about Mr. Tindal, gels, your father wouldn't allow of it, if I would; and there's things we haven't talk on besides, and so let it rest. You'll have beaux in plenty without him." Lucy relapsed into silence, aware that it was useless to dispute when her mother had spoken; and Mrs. Croft reminded Pennie that it was time they were going on to Beckby.

Pennie was glad to be in her saddle again; the social atmosphere at Rood was not pleasant that afternoon; it would have been pleasanter had Dick been there. The visit to Beckby was more of a success. Mrs. Jones was hearty and jovial. She was all things to all men, and all women too. She declared Pennie was as tall as her cousin Joanna, and of a deal smarter make; she admired her pony, her hat, her whip, the way she did up her curly hair, her habit, and even her boots. "A neat foot and ankle is my weakness," said she. "I was one gel brought up with five brothers, Miss Pennie, and I look always at a woman from a man's point of view."

"And I think that's the best and the kindest," replied Pennie, laughing; and she told her mother afterwards that she liked that fat Mrs. Jones, who did not make a stranger of her, much better than her Aunt Lister.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

PENNIE had been three weeks at Mayfield. The party at Rood Grange was over, and so also was Mrs. Croft's return entertainment. Pennie had seen her kinsfolk in the familiarity of their homes, had made acquaintance with her mother's friends, and had left a kindly impression on nearly all. And what impression had they left on her?

It was growing dusk in the parlour. Mrs. Croft had gone out by herself for a gossip, Pennie did not know where, and she was alone. She had on her pathetic face, and she sat still, thinking—"I hope I am not unnatural, but I could not lead this life always. If I had never left them I should be happy enough amongst them. I should feel as they feel, and think as they think, but now I cannot. How tired I get of

their talk—beaux and butter, money and mice, markets and marrying, and lambing! Bessie in the kitchen is better off than I should be here, for I have no interest in anything. Dear mother, how good and kind she is! It would weary her to live my life as much as it wearies me to live hers. She would not know how to get through the day without her farm and her farming friends. No, I must stay at Eastwold; and I can come over oftener now Miss Rosslyn has left. It is only a morning's ride after all. Yet it *must* be sad for her alone in these long winter days and nights."

So her mother had told her, suggesting that she should come home to Mayfield altogether. Pennie was in infinite perplexity and distress about it. She wanted to do what was right, and for a vexed moment she felt as if her mother ought not to have put her on making such a sacrifice, nor yet on refusing to make it. For a sacrifice in a large sense it would assuredly be. Pennie had cultivated her intelligence, her taste, her fancy; she was not at all *fine*, but she liked the friction of good company, and would like it still better as she grew more mature in mind. Eastwold, with its faded refinements, its sorrows and many cares, suited her better than the rough jollity of her kinsfolk and her mother's friends. Distance lent enchantment to the view of Mayfield, as of other places; absence made Pennie's heart grow fonder of the old barnyard and the chickens. Since she saw them last, womanly sentiments had begun to bud in her, which were proving not of the native briar, but of the foreign graft. There had been a little aching sense of disappointment with her at odd moments ever since she came, and when her mother spoke of her staying on for always, she only felt what an effort it had been sometimes to behave as she was expected to behave.

She was going over it all in her own mind to no profit when an event came to pass—an event of small importance as it seemed, but which had its great consequences nevertheless.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Whatever's happened?" The voice was Bessie's, rushing to the back-door. Pennie was off the window-seat, and out of the room in a twinkling. "What's happened to you, sir?"

"Nothing worse than a sprained ankle, my girl. Let me come in and sit down a minute." It was Mr. Tindal who spoke, as he limped with painful difficulty up the steps, helping himself by the wall.

"Take my shoulder, sir—lean on me. Kitchen is not redd up yet; it's only a step farther to best parlour, sir, and there's a sofa there. Miss Penelope, just run up to your mother's room, and bring down that old leg-rest that was your father's. It's in corner by clock." Pennie went and came quickly, and Mr. Tindal was accommodated as well as could be. He appeared to suffer acutely, for he held his leg with both hands, and frowned under his hat tremendously.

"What is good for a sprain? I'm sure if I know!" ejaculated Bessie. "Do you know, Miss Penelope?" Pennie shook her head, and Mr. Tindal, looking at her, applied one hand to the removal of his hat.

"I bear pain very ill," said he, apologetically. So it appeared, for his face was grey to the lips. Pennie got him some brandy, and wished her mother would come home. Bessie proposed sending Ned off to Allan Bridge for the doctor. "I wish you would, and if he is out, let Buckhurst attend," added the patient. "Pray, don't stand, Miss Croft, or I shall feel less at my ease still." As Ned clattered out of

the yard on Darby, Bessie returned to the parlour with candles; drew the curtains, stirred the fire, and said Missis would not surely be long now. She then went out and shut the door, leaving Pennie to keep the accidental guest company.

Who could be sociable in the first agony of a sprain? Mr. Tindal rejected Pennie's potion, and sat glooming, now at his disabled limb, and then at the fire. "I shall not get back to Rood to-night. Will that lad of yours think to tell them as he passes that I am here?" he inquired presently.

Pennie knew little of Ned's ways, but arguing from one boy to another—from Francis, Geoffey, or Maurice, to him—she feared that he would not think to do anything sensible that he was not bidden to do. "But, you know, the doctor could leave a message as he returns," added she; "or if there is likely to be any anxiety about your absence, old Jacob shall go now—at once." Mr. Tindal said there was no need to trouble old Jacob, and then he relapsed into silence. Pennie remembered her cousin's panegyric on him, and thought he must be a very different person at different times.

He was a man of one or two-and-thirty, and had a fine sensible face, with a curve of healthy sarcasm about the lips; evidently not a man to be known in an hour's idle society, though he could be free and familiar enough on occasion, to delight the fluttering souls of Lucy and Joanna. At this moment, though his features were contorted with pain, his countenance was one to inspire liking and confidence. Unconsciously he appealed to the kindness and forbearance of strangers wherever he went, and Pennie's sentimental heart was peculiarly open to such an appeal. She wished the doctor would come, she wished her mother would come, but most ardently she wished she could do something for the sufferer herself.

Mrs. Croft was the first to arrive. "Oh, dear! that I should have been out, Mr. Tindal, and that a gel of mine should be so helpless as not to know what to do for a sprain!" was her cry. "Pennie, love, take my bonnet and gloves, and go to my cupboard, and, straight in front of you, you'll see a bottle labled—"

"I'll wait for the doctor or Buckhurst, Mrs. Croft, thank ye," interposed her reluctant visitor, in alarm. "Perhaps it is more than a sprain. If my boot were only off—it will have to be cut. Ah, no, let it be—let it be!" he remonstrated, before the widow had touched his foot, and she was glad to leave him to himself. His extreme sensitiveness shook her nerves, and made Pennie run to ask Bessie if she thought the doctor would be long.

"No—listen. That's him riding into t' yard now." Bessie went to open the door, and Pennie, standing by the kitchen fire, recognized the voice of Mr. Buckhurst entering with a joke. He turned in there first, put down his hat and whip, and chafing his hands for a brisk minute, nodded, and followed Bessie into the parlour.

In less than five minutes he was out again, in a cool hurry. "You'll have Mr. Tindal's company for a month to come. It is a broken leg—just above the ankle; a slip on a loose stone, and a fall," said he, and was gone.

Dr. Grey returned with his assistant, and Mr. Tindal's man, shortly. The limb was set, and by Mrs. Croft wept over. "Oh, how he bore it!" sobbed she, telling the story to her daughter and Bessie. "*Beau-*

tiful. He's resting now, poor fellow. There goes your parlour, Pennie; he says he won't stir till he's well. Put supper in the dining-room, lass; the doctor and Buckhurst will be glad of something before they go. Mr. Tindal's man'll sit up with him, and I'll make his gruel myself. He's to get nothing else to-night. I've a true pity for him," added she to Pennie aside, "but I'd as lief he'd fallen before somebody else's door. There never was a man that ill-luck dogged as it dogs him. One might fancy there was a curse upon him."

Mayfield hardly knew itself on the morrow. An uninvited guest (especially an uninvited male guest with a broken leg) upsets the routine of small households completely. Pennie had no dulness or inoccupation to complain of now. Her mother was obliged to make her useful in all manner of ways, and she complacently accepted the duties with which she was charged, to relieve others for service in the parlour. Dr. Grey congratulated her on getting into training for a farmer's wife, and promised to tell her cousin Dick what a clever, handy little body she was—compliments Pennie did not appreciate from her negligent co-trustee. Her leave of absence from Eastwold was extended, and she no longer felt any particular anxiety to return. She conceived a deep interest in the tenant of her pretty parlour, from which she was exiled for many days. The coming and going of the doctor, of the housekeeper at the Abbey, of Pierce, Mr. Tindal's man, and of other persons, to help, to hinder, or to inquire, created a perpetual bustle and variety. The first hour of rest in the daytime that Pennie enjoyed was one afternoon when her mother slipped out of the parlour to get a taste of fresh air in the garden (and of gossip with Mrs. Jones), when she was bidden to slip in, quietly sit her down, and, if Mr. Tindal asked for drink, to give it him, but not let him talk.

Pennie did as she was told with a great awe upon her. Mr. Tindal had been at death's-door; he was as weak as water yet, and it was much if he got better—so Bessie, and the strange nurse Dr. Grey had provided for him at the worst, had talked before her. Pennie had never been in the presence of any one hovering on the confines of the other world; and when she entered the parlour she felt like going to church in Lent, when the pulpit was draped in black cloth, and the choir pitched all their tunes in a minor key. A low iron camp-bed had been set up between the window and the fire, and there lay the sick man, white, worn, pathetic, with shut, sunken eyes, and close-clipt hair. He was so still that she thought he slept, but presently he muttered a wish to know what o'clock it was. Pennie drew a little nearer, and said it was half-past three. At the sound of a fresh voice he opened his eyes, looked at her, and then at the table, where stood a pitcher of refreshing drink, a glass, and a spoon. She interpreted the glance into a thirsty desire, poured some out, and offered it to his lips.

"Is Pierce here?" he asked. Pennie said he was not. "Nor your mother? Then try if you can raise my head a little, so that I can get a convenient sip." Pennie proposed the spoon. "That is right—you will soon learn." His face took on another expression altogether. "I feel that I have got a good turn at last," said he.

"Yes, but you must not talk," replied his new nurse, with decision. "If you do, you will fall off again."

"No, I shall not." This flat contradiction put to flight Pennie's awe, and she felt no more solemn than she had done when helping to wait on the Wynyard boys once, all three convalescent and fractious together after the measles. While she was still presiding in the parlour her mother returned, bringing in with her Dr. Grey, and, in reply to the usual inquiries, the patient said he thought he might enter on a course of amusement now.

"Is he off his head again? A course of amusement, when he can't lift his hand to his mouth!" whispered the widow.

"Glad to see you in spirits, sir," said the doctor. "We will put Miss Penelope in charge of you again. She has stirred you up." Pennie remonstrated that indeed she had only told him what o'clock it was, and given him drink with a spoon. "It is all right, my dear, you shall give it him again. A bit of diversion with his tonics will help him on."

(To be continued.)

WHAT HAVE WORKING-MEN TO DO WITH ART?

A CERTAIN duke, asked to lend some of his pictures for the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures, is said to have wondered "what Manchester wanted with Art-Treasures." Many people wonder, in much the same spirit, what working-men want with art. The truth is they want more with it than most people. They want it as a refining pleasure, to embellish lives of hard material work; to gladden homes usually inconvenient, too often squalid and depressing; to counteract the temptation to vulgar and debasing amusements. They want it to educate a part of them which their work, and their homes, and their schools, all leave uneducated—their sense of beauty.

That working-men, as a class, know very little about art, is forced home on one at all points, but most at the working-men's exhibitions, of late so common. In these, what is sent in as art is, as a rule, utterly bad and worthless. Where one sees anything decent, it proves, generally, to be the work of an art-school pupil. In the Islington Exhibition, just closed, I found nothing of any appreciable value among all the drawings and pictures, except the fruit and insects of H. Major, a postman, who employs his leisure in painting, and to such good purpose, that his large composition in oil (called "Unbidden Guests"), of a wasp, a bee, a bluebottle, and a chafer, taking toll of a dessert, would not have discredited a professional painter of repute. When one does see anything good in art from the hands of working-men, it is usually imitative, still life, very often fruit or flowers. Their attempts at landscape and figures are usually childish. This is not to be wondered at; but certainly those are not the working-man's true friends who blink the fact, or praise such art as working-men's exhibitions usually display. This should not be, and need not be, with the resources now at the command of working-men. Cheap trains now bring nature's face within half-holiday reach of all, and half-holidays are happily getting more common. But men do not get to art—at least they only get to her in the course of generations—by way of nature. Now-a-days we rather reach love of nature, and perception of her beauties, by help of art. In fact, each leads to recognition of the other. It is art, even more than nature, that our working-men need to know more about if they are to quicken their sense of beauty. They have enough of the noblest art within their reach, if they choose to open

their eyes and minds to it. There is the Crystal Palace, full of it in its casts, its models, its galleries, where they may see art arranged by countries and schools, so as to tell its story systematically, by the mouths of Egypt and Assyria, of Greece and Rome, Italy and Germany, France and England.

You must pay to see the Crystal Palace, but there is no lack of art to be seen without paying. There is the British Museum, South Kensington, the National Gallery. I believe there is no capital in Europe in which such grand art-collections are so liberally opened to all classes as in London. But a Parisian working-class crowd seems at home among such collections. An English working-class crowd is quiet and curious; it stares rather vacantly, and passes on, and yawns a good deal. You do not hear the comment, or see the quick, intelligent, understanding look and pause, that strikes you in the Louvre.

In Italy the working-classes do not visit the galleries much. They have so much of their art in the churches and the open air, they scarcely need galleries. Indeed, their mere taste in pictures is quite uncultivated, and usually execrable; but for all that, of all European populations of the same class, the Italians are the most refined and the most sensible to beauty. But in our less ornamental and less beautiful life, art is not to be imbibed by breathing, and living, and looking about us. We must go to look for it. There is the British Museum, where, in the statues and friezes of the best and the worst schools of Greece, earlier and later, we may see what Paganism could do to consecrate and immortalize beauty. There is the National Gallery, where, when the collection is methodically hung, we shall be able to follow the history of painting by well chosen examples; from its early dawn, in the rude attempts of the Byzantine painters of Sienna, Pisa, and Florence, to its meridian splendour in Raphael, and Titian, and Leonardo; where we may trace the curiously-varied forms art has taken in Italy and Germany, in Flanders, and Holland, and England. When the alterations in the National Gallery are finished, we shall not only be able to hang our art-treasures by schools and dates, but we shall be able to hang the English pictures of the collection now at South Kensington.

There is this great good in studying art in a collection of old pictures. You are not left to hap-hazard in your admiration. Time has weeded the painters for you. You see here the strong swimmers who have survived the wreck of ages, and kept afloat above the waters of oblivion. The National Gallery just now specially deserves a visit, if only to see the magnificent large landscape by Rubens (the Château of Stein) in its renewed splendour, since its late skilful and judicious cleaning. The cleaner, working always under the watchful eye of Mr. Boxall, the director, has removed all the liquorice-water and yellow varnish with which the canvas was smeared and re-smeared by Sir George Beaumont (who bequeathed the picture to the nation) and the picture-doctors of his day, who liked brown trees better than green, and preferred skies of dingy dirt to the heavenliest blue. Now we may see this marvellous transcript of Flemish landscape as it was when it left the easel of Rubens. The colours have not changed sensibly. The surface is in perfect condition, with every touch of the master's pencil still apparent. You may trace the places where he altered the shapes of his trees as he painted. And it is a landscape to be studied now more than ever; for it is landscape, largely and intelligently painted, in which you see truth conveyed to the mind by a shorthand, which all art is; not a laborious failure to represent nature inch by inch, and touch by touch, as so many of our cleverest young painters are breaking their hearts in the vain attempt to do. We shall have more to say on this subject hereafter.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

BEFORE this meets the public eye many arrangements which are now only talked about in connection with the forthcoming show of the world's industry at Paris will have advanced to perfection; and many projects of which we may have heard little or nothing, will, perhaps, have been matured or made good progress. Among the more useful of these arrangements is that entitled "The Working Man's Club and Institute Union," honoured by the presidency of Lord Brougham. Already a good working committee has been announced, having its head-quarters in the Strand, and its local secretaries in every quarter of the Metropolis. If the Union really succeed in its endeavours to keep the cost of a week's board and lodging in Paris down to thirty shillings, we see no reason why that capital may not be visited by many thousands of our working population in the ensuing summer.

The opportunity is a great one. The International Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park took the world by surprise, and moved the hearts of men as no achievement of the kind is likely to do again in our time. Still the forthcoming exhibition at Paris has peculiar claims to attention. In completeness it will probably surpass all former attempts, owing to the masterly manner in which our neighbours have availed themselves of an idea, not indeed originated by them, but which no other people in Europe are so well qualified to realize with equal taste and ingenuity in all its details.

On another page we have given a ground-plan of the structure now rapidly approaching to completion. The whole space of the Champ de Mars—that immense plain in the near neighbourhood of Paris, on which one of the finest armies in the world has been so often manoeuvred, and which has the prestige of a strangely-dramatic history to recommend it to the imagination—will form the stage on which the grandest and most hopeful of all its proud spectacles will be arranged. The bridge of Jena over the Seine will form the commencement of a long avenue leading up to the principal entrance, through the ornamental grounds appropriated to Great Britain on the right, and to France on the left. The area of the building is composed of curvilinear galleries, or concentric rings, as they might be called, if the form of the building were circular. It is more nearly elliptical in shape, but not quite so. To describe it accurately, it is a circle cut in half, with an oblong rectangle inscribed between the two halves; and the continuation of the avenue through the entire building to the Ecole Militaire forms its longest diameter. The entire half on the left of this diameter is appropriated to France, with the exception of a small corner accorded to Belgium and Holland; while the space appropriated to England is the quarter section on the visitor's right, diminished by a thin slice from the centre to the circumference, set apart for the United States. The interior of the elongated circular space will be laid out as a garden, and will contain various erections for such objects as cannot be advantageously displayed in the covered galleries.

Above the section appropriated to the United States in the plan will be seen eight narrow strips, marked off respectively for Russia, Turkey, Persia and Central Asia, China, Japan, Africa, Mexico, and Brazil. The names of the other civilized nations to which the remaining space is allotted may be read off with ease on the engraved plan, commencing with Italy and terminating with Prussia. Each of these allotted sections will extend from the centre, in the interior garden, through the successive galleries, or curved halls, to the ornamental grounds surrounding the building.

Such is the plan, described according to sections or

radii extending from the centre to the circumference; and the visitor, by following this arrangement, may confine his attention to all the various products of one country. But a little consideration will make it apparent to our readers that objects so placed naturally fall under another arrangement, not less interesting. The visitor may choose to continue his walk along one of the curvilinear galleries entirely round the building, in which case he will see in succession the similar products of different nationalities. This may be intelligibly explained by commencing with the outside ring or covered space, which will form a sort of covered portico or cloisters running all round the building, roofed over indeed, but almost entirely open to the exterior garden. It will serve as a kind of promenade, beneath what may be called a gigantic verandah, and will contain stalls where refreshments may be procured and necessities purchased.

The circle within this will be the great gallery, or principal hall, in which all kinds of machines and instruments will be exhibited. It will be walled in on both sides, but cross passages will intersect it at numerous intervals, and there will be many doors, to admit persons proceeding from the interior rings to the exterior, or contrariwise.

The next inside gallery will be devoted to Raw Materials, wherein the unworked supplies of which all manufactured goods are made, from every part of the world, will be placed in proper order.

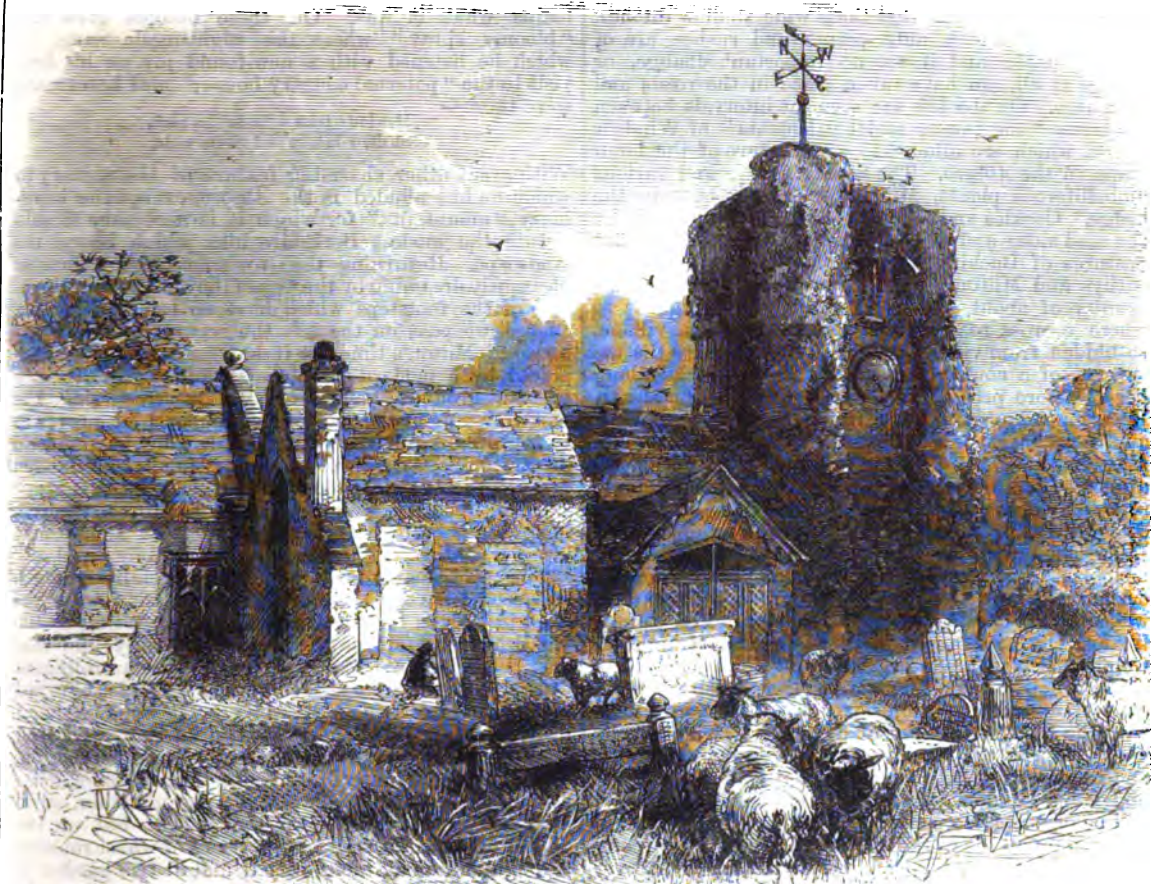
In the third circle (or fourth, reckoning the outside verandah as one) we first come to the display of Manufactured Goods, and after that again to another interior gallery, containing other manufactured goods of particular descriptions, according to certain arrangements, which will be strictly insisted upon.

The last of these concentric galleries will run all round the interior open space or garden ground. It will be specially designed to suit, and appropriated solely to, specimens of Fine Arts—to paintings, engravings, statuary, architecture, and the like.

Thus, on entering the building by the main gateway, the visitor may follow, if he please, the exhibited specimens of *Machinery*, or of *Raw Material*, or of *Manufactured Articles*, or of the *Fine Arts* of all the nationalities of the world in succession, just as the particular gallery traverses the radiating sections allotted to the exhibitors. By following this plan he will be able to compare the locomotives of England with those of France; or the rice of Italy with that of India or America; or the silks of France with those of China or Italy; or the paintings and statuary of Holland and Belgium with those of Italy or of Spain; and so on indefinitely, with the least possible trouble and the greatest certainty attainable.

Again, by entering any of the particular courts, and proceeding along the sections or radii from the exterior to the interior, or from the interior to the exterior, traversing or cutting the galleries at right-angles, and passing along any of the radial passages, we may compare the different products of the same country with one another, or the similar products of rival exhibitors from any particular part of the world. Or, again, we may examine the stages through which different materials pass on their way from the crude state up to the manufactured article fashioned and ready for use.

The beauty of this arrangement must strike our readers and every beholder with admiration. It will greatly facilitate the study of the immense collection, as it will also the classification of objects and their arrangement in order by those entrusted with the duty. Supposing this plan to be carried out in all its completeness, as there is no reason to doubt it will be, the great world's fair, to which the Emperor Napoleon invites every nation, and tribe, and family, will far surpass in splendour all that we have yet seen in beautiful Paris itself.



HORTON CHURCH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

AN EDITOR'S HOLIDAY.

It was seven o'clock and a sunny morning when I turned my back on the honeysuckle and rose-covered porch, beneath whose pleasant shade sat Polly and Horry, sedately eating their currants and cherries fresh with the dew, which always adds a delicious flavour to fruit gathered and eaten before breakfast. The tempting red bunches and rosy lips reminded me of that charming line of Tennyson's—

Maud with the sweet purse mouth, when my father dangled the grapes—

And I thought the picture was a no less charming one in which the actors were both children, and one of them had his battered straw hat stuck all round with clover and wind-flowers and ripe grasses, by the tasteful little hand of his tiny sister. With a hurried "Good-bye, Horry! good-bye, Polly, my lamb!" I strode away to meet the iron horse, having a mile to walk across our breezy common, and less than twenty minutes to do it in. But Polly—irrepressible Polly—is not to be defrauded of her dues. Out of the porch, currants and cherries forgotten, across the forbidden lawn (thus early in the morning), and along the winding path, now hidden by the shrubs, now in full view, with hair and ribbons streaming, she flies, screaming after "Papa." So a few precious moments are lost (no, not lost, but stamped upon the memory with an added brightness), while the "envied kiss" is hastily given, and then I depart in peace for Wraysbury, in quest of an "Editor's Holiday."

And why an "Editor's Holiday?" and why "Wrays-

bury?" Because an editor's holiday always means some kind of *work* which may conduce to the amusement or instruction of his readers; and at the distance of a mile, more or less, from Wraysbury,* is situated the parish church of Horton, memorable for its connection with the history of MILTON. It was to Horton that Milton's parents retired in the decline of life, and from thence the poet dates much of his correspondence in the interval between 1632 and 1638. It was there, in 1637, that his mother died, and there, immediately in front of the chancel, she lies buried. It was in his new home at Horton, after leaving college, that our immortal poet made that intimate acquaintance with Nature to which his minor poems are indebted for their essential charms. Here he wrote his *Sonnet to the Nightingale*, his incomparable companion pieces, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, his *Arcades*, and his *Comus*. Reader, if the first three of these pieces are not fresh in your memory, take down your volume of Milton (you surely possess a copy), and having filled your imagination with the "sweet images of nature" they suggest, tell me if I could have turned my short holiday to better account than by visiting the rural scenes which inspired them, and if my friend the artist could have found a prettier subject for his pencil within the same distance of London?

Leaving Wraysbury Station, and passing over a rustic bridge spanning the dark waters of the Colne, we find ourselves on a level road which runs white before us, with a hawthorn hedge and a broad shallow ditch on either side, nearly as far as the eye can reach.

* Wraysbury itself is a station on the Windsor branch of the South-Western Railway, about seventeen miles from London.

Already, perhaps, we are in the footsteps of Milton, for there can be no doubt that these wide shallow ditches, almost choked with water-plants and rushes, are of ancient date; and if so, no important change, or change at all, can have taken place in the roads and footpaths. On the left are seen, at intervals between the trees, "the towers and battlements" of Windsor Castle, which are alluded to as a feature of the landscape in the *Allegro*. The Scotch thistle and various umbelliferous plants, *Millefolium* and "Jack in the hedge," Cocksles and Pimpernels, grow abundantly by the road side; and on either hand stretch the rich flat pastures of Buckinghamshire, bordered with pollard withys and Milton's "hedge-row elms." A pleasant saunter of about a quarter of an hour brings us to where a cross road reveals some signs of a village, so hidden from view, however, that we require the assurance of a countryman that "Horton is all along here," before proceeding on our way with confidence. In a few minutes more, after passing the Five Bells and the adjacent smithy on the left of the road, and a handsome lodge on the right (of which a word hereafter), we find ourselves opposite the ivy-clad church, represented in our engraving. Farther on still we come to a fine old elm in the middle of an open space where three roads meet, and though the houses have to be looked for in the nooks and corners around, there is evidence enough that this is the *grand square* (shall we call it?) of the village of Horton. For a mile further the road again runs white and straight to Colnbrook; and having resolved to extend our walk to that town before visiting the interior of Milton's old church, we find there a long street like a stranded wreck, with the desolate remains of at least a dozen inns, by which, in the pre-railway period, a hundred coaches and waggons rattled and creaked daily on their way to and from London. Who knows but that the railways will be obsolete, too, some day? Change and decay are stamped on all the works of man; and here is my companion with the sketch-book, better pleased to discover a bit of crumbling old wall or a ruined pigsty than to be introduced into a palace.

In the "long unlovely street" of Colnbrook there are several ranges of building, which we cannot be mistaken in believing were familiar to the eyes of Milton; and many an old inn yard by which he may have lingered and gossiped with the "boots" of those days, or with old Boniface, when about to start on one of his journeys to London; or when, at this time, he went to Oxford to be "incorporated" Master of Arts, which honour was conferred upon him in company with the renowned Jeremy Taylor, in 1636. Milton sauntering up the main street of the busy little town, and exchanging good-day with a tradesman, or loitering for a long talk with a waggoner, and then joining the group that was certain to gather at the entrance of the inn where the waggoner stopped, is a very conceivable picture. It was only a short time before that he wrote his commemoration verses on "old Hobson," the university carrier—verses which prove he was not above essaying a jest with this sort of folk. Not that our immortal epic had any particular talent this way; for Milton's joke about Death "dodging" old Hobson between Cambridge and the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, and about its being impossible for him to die so long as he could look alive and keep moving, are among the dreariest things of the kind in print. Alas, for him, if any Sam Weller of the period had served as "boots" at one of those old Colnbrook inns! It is pleasant to think that his sublime communications knew no such discomfort, and if he dispensed a jest, it was done with a lofty smile, in the manner of a prince giving largesse to his subjects.

The way back to Horton is hot and dusty; but every step is interesting, as we are now certainly in the poet's track. These runnels at the road side existed in his

time, and in all essential features the landscape remains what it was. On these hedges grew the "bloomy spray" where the nightingale sang, to which he listened with a new-found joy on his first visit to the "paternal country house;" and hereabouts, were those—

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,

With every other charming feature of the scenery to which he has alluded in the *Allegro*, except the imaginary "mountains," for which it is necessary to substitute the modest Berkshire hills which bound the landscape. Returning thus towards Horton Church, pleasantly dreaming by the way of the old Puritan times, and of the footsteps which have so long since been effaced, we pass on the left the rectory (not the old house of Milton's time, for it has long since been replaced by a modern structure), standing in its own pleasant grounds; and See! on the right a carriage has just drawn up at the door of a cottage, which proves to be the dwelling of the sexton. But what have muslin dresses, and gay parasols, and rosy faces half hidden beneath their shade, to do with this grave functionary? These are visitors, going like myself to Horton Church, not altogether on the poet's account, as I presently discover, but to see the gravestones of their people.

The gentleman of the party was socially inclined, and soon gave me to understand that his family had lived in Horton for "centuries!" So, standing by the old stone font (old as the church certainly, and that may be six hundred years), with the sexton's intelligent daughter jingling the church keys at my side, I turned to a page in Professor Masson's great book, which I had thriftily carried under my arm all day, and read from the memoir: "There was a tradition at Horton, which has found its way into books, that Milton's house was one which stood on the site of a new mansion, called Berkin Manor House, near the church, but on the opposite side of the road, with streams of water running through and along the grounds; and in the garden of this house there was shown, till the other day, the remnant of an apple tree, under which, according to the innocent style of local legend about such things, Milton used 'to compose his poetry.'" "That is *quite right*," said my friend, in a hasty tone of excited approval. Then I read Mr. Masson's additional statement, that he had "not been able either to authenticate this legend or to disprove it." "So you see," I said, closing the book, and thoroughly enjoying my companion's discomfiture, "the fact is very gravely doubted by the biographer." "There is no doubt about it at all," he exclaimed, indignantly. "It has always been known; it has been known to all my family for generations. Look here! under this stone lies my grandmother, whom I well remember, and she was buried forty years ago. And here—" shifting his ground and pulling a bit of matting up in the aisle—"lies another of my family, who was buried, you see, in 1756. We can go much further back than that, and I am as sure as I stand here that Milton's house was on the very ground now occupied by Mr. Tyrrell's." And this, I afterwards learned, was the house with the handsome lodge entrance before alluded to, opposite the Five Bells and the village smithy.

Like a true Englishman, I always try to climb as high as possible; so, the right key having been produced, I mount the stairs of the church tower, and find that it commands a fine view of the surrounding country. This is the only point, in fact, from which a "landscape" can be said to present itself in the neighbourhood of Horton, except the distant view of Windsor from the Wraysbury road. This fact set me thinking, until I persuaded myself that the young poet had often mounted these well-worn stairs, and that the scenery of the *Allegro* was sketched from this "coign of vantage." It may be a fancy, but where else could the



W. DICKES.]

1871-03

REST.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE, BY

J. J. HILL.

poet have imagined himself standing, when he exclaimed, with a burst of delight—

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures—

Mount the tower, as I did, after a ramble through the neighbourhood, and you will not doubt for a moment that those lines mark a transition in the poet's feeling, and a new and larger view of the landscape, than had been present to his mind's eye a moment before. It may even be that the contemplative poet sat here at midnight to "outwatch the bear," "unsphere the spirit of Plato," and brood over the tragic memories so solemnly recalled in the *Penseroso*. Milton paints the enchantment of Night as only one familiar with its solemnity could paint it; and some "rising ground" (not easily to be found in Horton), or some "lonely tower" formed his ideal of a spot suited for reflection.

I remarked before descending that Windsor Castle is not visible from the church tower at present, owing to a clump of intervening trees. In Milton's time the view may have been open in that direction. Then I recalled to mind, as a great bluebottle went buzzing past, and the cry of a startled blackbird caught my ear, that the poet was a great lover of *sound*, as Tennyson is of *colour*. Every one knows that Milton was a musician, and music ripples through his verse with a richness and variety of cadence which may be compared to the jubilant notes falling from the sky when the lark sings his blithest. This is conspicuously so in the concluding lines of the *Allegro*; indeed, the "country sounds" in the same poem are its greatest charm. Note the song of the milkmaid, the noise of the mower whetting his scythe, the cry of poultry, and the sound of hounds and horn from the neighbouring chase, if we please, of royal Windsor. But "the merry bells ring round" also; and here, in Horton Church, are five bells of old date, which Milton himself may have helped to ring. It was my intention, if time had permitted, to make a thorough search in the old tower for any inscription which may have recorded such a fact. But the few I looked at were all of recent date, as if the bells had never been rung, nor the tower visited by any creature curious enough to cut his name in the stone, till 1828—the date of the last whitewashing.

Out again in the churchyard! and behold, while I have been groping up dark staircases, and poring over old scratches on walls and timbers, my friend with the brush has been at his magical work in the light of day. Ah, Mr. Artist! you have the advantage of me, with your fine colours and finer artistic taste; that touch of red in your shepherd's jacket is very clever indeed, but wait awhile, my fine fellow—we will see how your pretty picture looks in black and white. You have worked a miracle too, and by some power of art-magic caused those sheep to appear just where you wanted them for effect—stray lambs and ghosts of sheep from the "nibbling flocks" of Milton. "They are there!" say you. Verily, they are where you point; they look quite alive, and we can even hear them biting the grass as they move to and fro slowly over the graves. Yet there is something almost uncanny in the fact that an artist can always find precisely what he wants, or what he chooses to call "paintable." Is it because Nature herself is the greatest of all artists? True, you painted what you saw. But these, for me and my readers, are the ghosts of Milton's sheep notwithstanding. And hark! the mower "whets his scythe" while we are talking; and hark, again! is not that the "milkmaid singing blithe?" No, it is the voice of yonder tinker lolling on the gate: there is no "neat-handed Phillis" within view or hearing to complete Milton's Pastoral. On the other hand, a few hundred yards from here, there is a sound Milton never heard. It is the "puff, puff" of a little steam-engine employed in threshing out the corn, and

doing more work than the "lubber fiend" with his "shadowy flail," whereof Milton's rustics delighted to talk over their "nut-brown ale."

Well, if the English Muse loves the country, and "tramps in the mire with wooden shoes," as some one has said, it is because the ordinary Englishman loves Nature too; and, loving Nature, he loves the works of his own hands best when Nature has done her part to clothe them with beauty. Therefore it is that an old ivy-clad church like this of Horton, apart from the sacred memories which cluster round it, has a deeper and sweeter charm for the countrymen of Milton than the richest marble shrine that art could devise. It is loved like the trees and fields themselves, and how these are loved, by the loftiest spirits as by the lowliest, Milton will tell us, and even a musty editor may be permitted to confess on his return homeward from a brief holiday—

Ah me! My meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sharp ringing of a bell, and Milton and all belonging to him vanished angrily in the trail of smoke and steam, which told me once more that we are not now living in Milton's times, and—that I was just a minute or so too late for the train homewards!

REST.

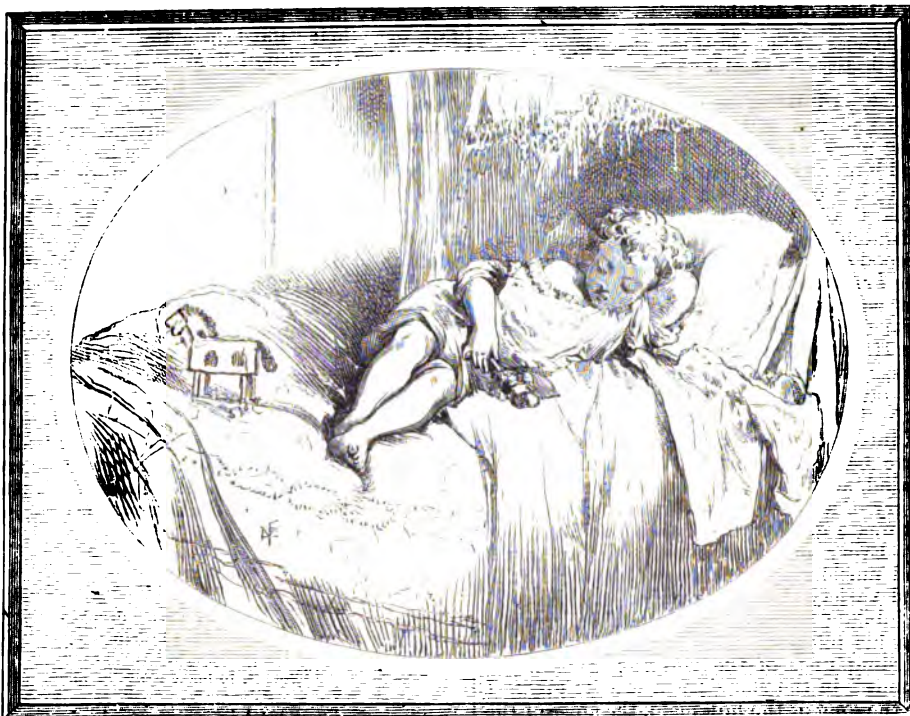
How he sleepeth! having drunken
Weary childhood's mandragore!
From the pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures, to make room for more.

* * *

Speak not! he is consecrated;
Breathe no breath across his eyes!
Lifted up and separated,
On the hand of God he lies,
In a sweetness beyond touching, held in cloistral
sanctuities.

Thus beautifully has Elizabeth Barrett Browning expressed her thought concerning "A Child Asleep!" And who is there, whether poet or no poet, gazing upon the same beautiful familiar object, who has not been, again and again, thrilled with a tender awe?—has not been stirred to the heart's core, and been, as it were, brought face to face with the presence of the inscrutable? "Death and his Brother Sleep" present themselves, twin-like and involuntarily, thus in their sweetest and most innocent guise. That little graceful, and hitherto restless body, palpitating with frolicsome life, mercurial in its intoxication of animal existence, akin to the "maddest, merriest" creatures of the Spring, the frisking lambs and the carolling, swift-winged birds, and adorned with more beauty and glory than the "lily of the field," suddenly hushed into deep repose; relaxed from the firm tension of active life into the most helpless physical apathy; the last murmur of exuberant mad-cap glee faded away into pathetic dumbness of the soft lips; whilst the wilful little hand lets fall the toys longed for and treasured by the childish heart. But lo! this child has only abandoned external consciousness of life for an interior, and, perchance, yet more beautiful consciousness. A smile passes like a sunbeam athwart the meek face, and we say, with bated breath—"Look! the angels are whispering to him!" The poet's heart seizes with joy upon this living effigy of death before him, and he says, in the words of Holy Writ, "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshing." The "whole duty of man" appears to round itself thus into a symbol, exquisitely given to us by a modern sculptor, of an infant Jesus slumbering in happy rest; his little head pillowed upon his cross, a crown of thorns lying beside him, fallen from the grasp of his baby fingers, whilst he dreams of his "Father in Heaven."

Whether it be an infant monarch, pillowed amidst



the splendours of a palace, or a beggar's babe, cradled in a noisome attic—or, happier far, beneath the waving boughs of forest or hedge-row; whether there be times of peace and joy, or times of peril; whether there be countless woes afloat, of fire and of sword, of pestilence and famine, of imprisonment and shipwreck; still these little children, guarded by their angels of innocence, unconsciously teach us their great lesson of unwavering faith and eternal rest in God.

Gazing upon the countenance of a sleeping child, what visions of strange poetry flit, ghost-like, through the brain! A perfect "Dream of Fair Children," who have sunk to rest in beautiful or desolate places, rendering rich our hearts by their gentleness and unconscious heroism: history, sacred and profane, fable and romance, and the "simple annals of the poor," all yielding up these young forms to swell the long and fair procession.

Here we have the little Australian heroine of yesterday, lost, with her younger brothers, for many days in the dense, untracked "bush," and discovered, when near to death, calmly sleeping with the younger children beside her—the youngest one clasped in her arms, and wrapt up tenderly by her young motherly hands in her own little frock, which she had taken off to protect him from the cold; the "young princes in the Tower," asleep, whilst their grim murderers are stealing upon them; the luckless "Babes in the Wood," lying down in each other's arms amidst the "darksome night," in the lone forest, to sleep the sleep of death; young Hercules dreaming in his cradle of future combats, and half aroused by the hissing serpents, the outstretched writhing necks of which his stalwart baby arms will clutch with deadly grasp; ay, and the child Cassandra with her little brother sunk to sleep upon the couch of laurel-leaves within Apollo's temple, and the sacred serpent unsealing with his tongue her infant ears to the stern voice of prophecy. Cain and Abel cradled in the arms of Eve, who has learned, over the unfolding beauty of these human flowers, to smile again.

Again, the vision changes, and we are shown the

babe Moses softly slumbering in his little bulrush ark, as it floats, amidst papyrus and lotus-blossom, to the proud feet of the Daughter of the Pharaohs; the child Samuel asleep in the hushed temple, dreamily listening to the sublime call from the voice of Jehovah; the infant Obed slumbering within the bosom of aged Naomi, who "became nurse unto him," whilst Ruth, hanging upon her mother's neck, looks tenderly upon her infant—a sweet and holy group, foreshadowing one of far holier significance, in fulness of time to be born of Obed's stock, and whose centre is the "royal babe," "whose kingdom shall know no end."

But lo! the dream has departed, and our eyes revert with looks of tender love upon the little slumbering face before us; and we may speculate and moralize upon it in some such fashion as the following:—

Thou'rt gone far from us, little one: then why
Take we no thought for thee, nor what thou doest?
We know not where thou art, nor can espy
The faintest glimpse of what, perchance, thou viewest.

Thou'rt farther from us now than thou could'st be
In any part of all this globe; nor is it,
By any power of science, ours to see
That world thou'rt gone, for half-an-hour, to visit.

Does that Dream-Land look much the same as this,
Which we, like moles and kittens, blink in blindly?
Is some good angel giving thee a kiss?
And art thou good—and dost thou take it kindly?

Do some bright, shining Guardians, there, replace
Thy father, and partake thy mother's joys?
Are little Loves, fresh from their Father's face,
Now showing thee their toys?

We know not! It sufficeth us, the while,
To feel, by faith, that thou art well looked after—
Where'er thou art—in proof whereof, a smile
Is breaking o'er thy lips, almost to laughter;

And if thou can'st not back to us, and never,
To see thee here again, it might be given;—
Thou'rt cared for there,—not oftentimes, if ever,
Would'st thou have been, while here, so near to Heaven.

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

"The Mother's Column" in previous numbers of this journal has been occupied with hints having a general bearing on education and training. In order to be as useful as possible to all classes of readers, we now propose to offer some practical observations on one of the most important accomplishments which wives and mothers can possess.

How is it that women in general of the present day know so little about plain needlework, and that those who do know something about it rarely use that knowledge with profit to themselves or those about them? Whatever the reason may be, it is a mistaken one; for, from the highest lady in the land to the most humble cottager or labourer's wife, it is not too much to say, that every one wishing to be thought worthy the name of a wife should not only know how all sorts of garments are made, but should be able to cut out and make them, whether it may ever be necessary for her to do so or not.

There is real economy in having clothes well made at home. They are cheaper and wear longer; and true economy is *never* out of place, it can never be unbecoming or unladylike; while ill-made and ill-mended clothing, especially under-clothing, or seamstresses' bills that you cannot afford to pay, most certainly are.

Some young ladies say "they hate plain needlework, it's so dull and uninteresting." They think, however, that it does not look well for a lady to have no useful work in hand, so they keep a little piece for appearance' sake; but as to taking any real delight in their work, or intending it to be of any real ultimate use, that is what they never dream of. Should you venture to say to these benighted females that *you like* needlework, you can see very plainly that the opinion formed of you in their little minds is, "not all there." But plain needlework is really *very* pleasant when understood, and as much taste may be displayed in the execution of it as is required in elaborate pieces of embroidery-work.

Even if our position in life, and our other duties compel us to have our work done by others, a practical knowledge of needlework must always be of great value. For instance, how much more interest would Lady, or Mrs. C. take in her pet school, and how much more real useful influence could she exert over the tastes and habits of the girls, if she were able, in such an every-day matter as the making, cutting out, and even mending of their clothes, to show her real superiority, to point out what was wrong, and show them by example the right way of doing these necessary things.

Plain needlework should be regarded as an indispensable accomplishment for every young woman about to become a wife; and I think that no one, at least in the humbler stations of life, should be allowed to marry until she has made and cut out with her own hands a shirt for her intended husband, which he himself confesses to be a good fit. This would advance the cause of needlework, and at the same time act as a wholesome bar to many an imprudent marriage. But, say some, it is almost impossible to make a home-made shirt fit to the satisfaction of the wearer. This generally means, that if a shirt is not *made* to fit, it will very seldom fit after it is made. Now tell me why should not a home-made shirt fit? I can tell you why it *does* not.

Suppose a new set of shirts is required for a husband, a son, or a brother. A woman very commonly begs as a pattern a shirt that fits some one else of about the same size, without regard to shape. Now it is a fact that no two men are exactly alike in size or shape. They may be of the same height; but one has a broad back and narrow chest, the other a broad chest and narrow back. One is deep-chested, the other flat. One has sloping shoulders and a long neck; the other has square shoulders, a thick throat, and no neck to speak of.

If proper care be taken, there is no reason why a home-made shirt should not fit as well as one made for the shops. If the same rules are adopted the same results must follow.

And here let me notice a common mistake with regard to sewing-machines. Many people think that the introduction of these useful helps renders the old-fashioned needlework education to a great degree unnecessary. Not long ago a little girl said to me, "I need not trouble myself about work, because I shall have a sewing-machine when I grow up." Don't be deceived, little girls or great girls; if you wish to make a sewing-machine really useful, it will be far more necessary than it was before you had one that you should understand needlework thoroughly; if you do not, the money spent upon it is thrown away.

A clergyman's wife, of all women, ought thoroughly to understand every branch of this useful art. She must be qualified

not only "to inspect" the needlework in her school, but know, at least as well as scholars and mistress put together, how to cut out, fix, and finish all the work taught there; and *this* should be, as far as possible, *all* that the girls are likely to require in after life for themselves or families; for, if not well taught at school, few will have the opportunity of making up the deficiency afterwards; and girls brought up in a national school will not, in all probability, be able to put their work out, nor yet possess a sewing-machine of their own. Though much has been done in our national schools by the aid of "needlework exhibitions and competitive examinations," much still remains to be done; and unless we can instil into the minds of our teachers that they must be able to teach all kinds of fine work as well as coarse, and mending too, it is almost useless to expect the reformation to take place that is still so greatly required. There are yet to be found, I am sorry to say, mistresses holding first-class certificates "who don't think much of school work, because ready-made clothing is so cheap, and far less trouble."

Not long ago I was taken into a very good national school, to look at the work, which (like the mistress) was "first-class." It had lately taken a prize at a competitive examination. Of course I expected great things, but was doomed to disappointment. The mistress herself and her head girl were engaged on tape-work, all very well in its way; but if a girl can be taught fancy stitches in tape-work, why cannot she be taught to make a fine white shirt? I was told they *never* were made in this school, and I quite believe it, for girls from thirteen to fifteen years of age wanted their hems basted for them. I was also informed that white shirts "*never* were made in national schools—they were a trade to themselves;" which I do not believe, because I know the contrary. In many schools that I could name I have seen them fixed and made by girls younger by several years than many of those in the first class school I speak of. In the infant school in the same place (and a very good infant school in other respects it was) I was still more astonished to find that the little girls were not taught to work at all. "They were too young." There were some tiny children writing from a black board without any help. If they could do this, surely they could have done a little hemming. Where the needlework exhibitions are established, I have known the members of the society offer a two-and-sixpenny prize to children from three to five years of age who showed the best hemmed handkerchief, and five shillings to children from four to seven years of age, for seaming, felling, and hemming; and I have seen work from these little things that would put many a lady to the blush.

The village schoolmistress has far more opportunity of making good seamstresses of her scholars than her friend in the town. In the country they may go to harvest-work a part of the year, but they are not taken off at the early ages of seven and nine to work in the warehouses, as they are in some of the manufacturing towns. There the only remedy is the evening class of young girls and women, and the "mothers' meeting." I have seen these worked with the greatest success in large towns, and in the country village too, where the work had been neglected in the schools. How proud these grown-up scholars have been of the first garment they have made themselves! Some would bring their dresses to make up, and would often ask the clergyman's wife or daughter superintending the class to choose them something pretty and useful for the purpose. Do not we often bemoan the bad taste, the dirty finery, and flimsiness of material conspicuous in the dress of the poorer class of young women? Here is the opportunity so many of us long for to make an improvement in this respect. I have been asked more than once to lend patterns for a "mothers' meeting," and any one unacquainted with these things would scarcely believe the pleasure the very poorest took in copying them, and making their clothes "nearly as nice as a lady's." I should mention that in these classes all materials are paid for by a small weekly instalment, before the completed garment is allowed to be taken home.

In future numbers of this magazine we propose to give a series of patterns, with full instructions, for cutting out garments, commencing with plans for making a shirt.

WHATEVER people may say, genius is gentle and full of tenderness. It is cleverness which belongs perhaps to the children of this world. Some very dull and sad people have genius, though the world may not count it as such: a genius for love, or for patience, or for prayer, may be. We know the divine spark is here and there in this world: who shall say under what manifestation or humble disguise?—Miss Thackeray.

THE LITTLE GREEN MAIDEN.



AM not sure about the year, but it was on the morning of a Christmas Eve, long ago, that four children were left to themselves in a room in an old-fashioned house. Indoors the fires burned brightly, and it was snug and warm, but outside the snow fell in great flakes, which almost darkened the air. The children sat by the fire and talked about the Christmas Tree that their mother was at that moment decking, and about all the beautiful things that no doubt would be upon it; for had not grandpapa sent a great enormous box of presents all the way from London?

So they talked and talked, till they were tired of talking, and then they went and looked out on the snow.

The snow lay thick on the ground. The gardens, the fields, the hills, were all covered with a thick white coat, so that you could hardly distinguish one place from another. The bare branches of the leafless trees, had each their line of snow, but most beautiful were the great drooping pine trees, with their broad branches laden with snow. "Sugar trees" the little ones called them, but the elder children laughed and said it was "only snow."

And as they stood looking, a light wind drove the flakes of snow against the window, and one larger than the rest, in the form of a beautiful star, made the children jump with delight; but gradually, as they looked, it melted away and became a little small maiden all dressed in sea-green garments, with yellow hair streaming over her shoulders. The children started back, for they were frightened to see the tiny stranger standing there instead of the Snow-star.

But the Little Green Maiden wept so bitterly, and begged so hard to be let in, that at last the children opened the window, and the poor little creature stepped into the room.

Oh! if you could but have seen her! she was so very, very small! the very tiniest feet, the very tiniest hands, and the loveliest sea-green dress that ever was beheld! But her yellow hair all streamed with wet, and her beautiful dress was soiled and dripping.

"Why do you weep, little maiden?" asked one of the children.

"I wanted to go to Heaven, and I have fallen back to the earth," said the stranger.

"If you are good you will go to Heaven some day," replied one of the children. "Our father tells us so, and he always speaks the truth."

"I am not good, I shall never get to Heaven," said the stranger, wringing her hands.

The children were sorrowful, for they knew not how to comfort her; but Ursula, the youngest of them, put out her arms to her and cried, "Little maiden, tell us who you are and where you come from; tell us a nice pretty story, and you shall have a gift from the Christmas Tree, and then you will weep no more."

Now Ursula was one of the best and gentlest of children; everybody loved her, she was so unselfish, kind, and pure-hearted, and the Green Maiden lifted up her head, and, looking at Ursula, said, "I love you, I will tell you my story."

"I come from the Kingdom of the Great Ocean. I am one of the Sea-Green Fairies. Once I was happy and contented, and lived in a cave, with my sisters, fathoms deep beneath the waters. The blossoms of our trees were rubies and amethysts, and their leaves were emeralds. The sands we trod were of gold; our dresses, woven from the waves of the sea, were spangled with diamonds. We played and sported about all day without thought of ill, while around us swam beautiful creatures of all shapes and hues. But somehow an evil spirit crept in among us, and we grew discontented, and thought there must be places more pleasant than the home we had. So we determined to set forth on our travels. Alas! I have now been wandering for ages, as it seems to me, and have never seen again either our beloved old home or my dear sisters."

"We waited till the Ocean King sent his messengers, the waves, to the upper earth, and then, clinging to the mane of one of his white horses, I came up into the sunlight."

"Alas! I had not changed for the better. Instead of my deep sea-cave, with its golden sands and my old companions, I was now alone, and for a long time lived in a deep pool, with black craggy rocks all around me, where, instead of jewelled trees, were only pale-coloured corallines and faint-tinted weeds. Once only did I feel for a short time happy. I was sitting listlessly under the shade of a broad green leaf, when for the first time I heard the voice of mortals, and looking up I saw the most beautiful vision my eyes had ever beheld. It was a child peering down into the water, her long hair partly shading her face, and her blue eyes shining like two stars. She laughed gently, and pointed with her little white hand to the very leaf under which I was sheltered. How I loved her! and how I longed to tell her so! But she went away, and as her voice grew fainter and fainter, a sound swept over the water, and seemed to say, 'You have looked on the face of a pure-minded child.' I was very sad after that, and resolved to get out of the pool. One day there was a great storm. The King sent his messengers stronger and more furious than ever; so clinging again to the white horse's mane, I once more went on my way."

"After what seemed to me a long, long journey, I found myself in another deep pool, darker and more dismal than the first. Slimy green weeds swayed hither and thither in the eddying stream, which was never still, ever surging and boiling, while from a lofty cliff a cataract rushed headlong down. Now I was indeed miserable, and I wept and mourned all day and night."

"One day the sun shone out, and I saw high up in the waterfall a lovely coloured bow. Thousands of fairy-like forms arrayed in various hues danced in the spray, slowly ascending to the cloudless blue. I looked and longed, and at last felt myself lightly borne up, and I joined the spirits of the waterfall. They called the bow 'The Bow of Hope,' and said it was a 'Pathway to Heaven.'"

"As I ascended with my companions to the sky I

looked down on the great ocean where my home had been, and on the shore below the waterfall I saw a mother and her children; and one of them looked up at me as I floated on, and I recognized the pure-minded child."

"Ah!" exclaimed the children altogether, "We remember now the rainbow at our own dear waterfall!"

"For a while I was happy in the sky, and then it grew cold and colder, and the wind blew us hither and thither over the face of the sky; and instead of reaching Heaven, as I had hoped, we were driven before the wild north wind till our blood froze, and we became but lumps of ice; and we fell, fell, fell, till again we reached the earth we had hoped to leave for ever. As I fell I saw the child I had loved, and I prayed the wind to waft me to her, and so I dropped at your window."

As she finished speaking, the Green Maiden grew more and more shadowy, her voice grew fainter and fainter, and she melted into air.

Ursula stretched out her arms to the shadow, and called on the Green Maiden to stay and tell her more stories; but with a faint cool breath the sorrowing Sea-Green Fairy went heavenwards.

THE CURE FOR STRIKES.

In November last Mr. Arnold of Manchester addressed a letter to the *Times*, on a question of the greatest importance both to working-men and their employers. It seems that the "Partnership Amendment Act" of 1865 has led to the commencement of a system known as "Partnerships of Industry," which occupies the middle ground between a purely co-operative system and the old relations of employer and employed. "An employer may now agree with any number of his hands to work at a certain rate of wages, and may bind himself to reward their labour with a portion of his profits, if any, without lessening the control of his capital, or entitling them to any share or right of interference in the management of his business. He may then divide his invested capital into shares of small nominal amount, and allow his work-people to invest the bonus upon their wages—assuming this to be the form in which their share of profit is paid—in the purchase of these shares, reserving to himself a large preponderance of shares, in order to maintain his authority in the management." In the few instances in which these "Partnerships of Industry" have been already formed, Mr. Arnold states that the most satisfactory results have ensued. "The bonus so given on wages has been more than earned by the newly-introduced stimulant of self-interest among the workers, so that, practically, it may be said the employer is not asked to surrender any portion of his profits." This movement well deserves the heartiest support, as tending to secure identity of interest between employers and employed, and to efface class distinctions—not by artificial, and much less by arbitrary means—but by the elevation of character and the feeling of mutual respect which it will necessarily beget. It was not many days after the appearance of Mr. Arnold's letter when the *Manchester Examiner* recorded the happy termination of a strike at Middlesborough, by the application of this new principle of partnership. Messrs. Fox, Head, and Co. proposed to their workmen that they should commence work at the reduced wages which had caused the strike, and that, after the payment of ten per cent. on the capital invested, the profits should be equally divided between capital and labour. There was a clause in the proposal that both masters and men should relinquish combination, to which the men for some time objected, but at length yielded to conviction, and resumed work on the equitable terms stated above.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

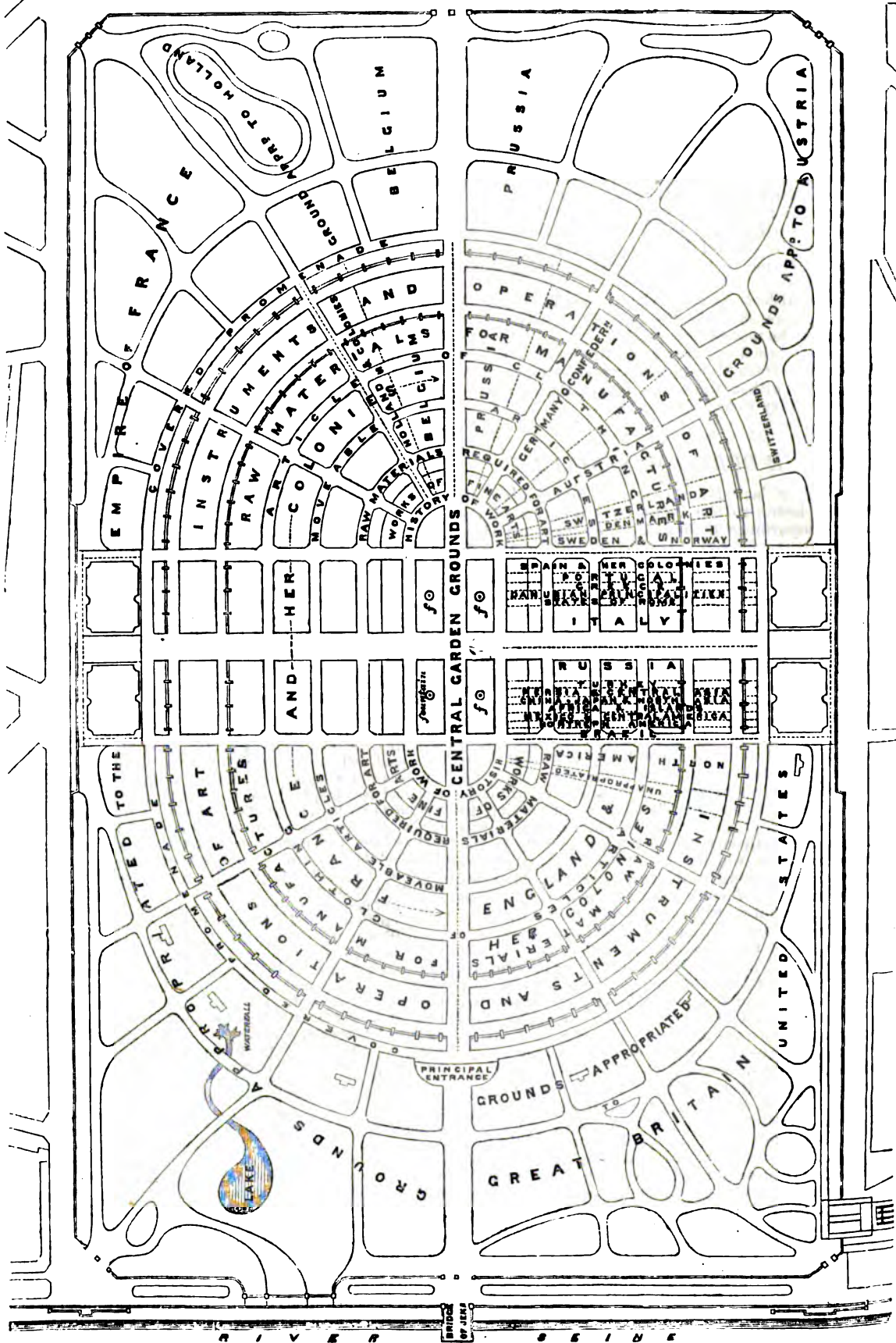
METEORIC RAIN.—It has been ascertained that the remarkable meteoric shower, which recurs on one of the days between the 9th and 14th of November, completes a period in which it passes from its least to its greatest splendour, in thirty-three years and a fraction of a day. Such a period was accomplished in November last, when the midnight sky exhibited a scene of unwonted splendour. Professor Newton, of Yale College, U.S., has traced the historical records of this recurring period back to the tenth century.

LIGHT OF THE SUN AND STARS ANALYZED.—By means of the spectrum analysis, we are enabled readily to detect the presence of a grain of any substance, as soda for example, in the flame of a lamp. Applying the same means to the sun, iron and other metals have been detected in the form of vapours in its external atmosphere, proving that it must be in a high state of incandescence. Similar results have been obtained by observations on some of the fixed stars.

RAILWAY SIGNALLING.—Despite the system of "blocking the line," that is, preventing a train from passing a station until the preceding train has cleared the next one, accidents have happened, owing to mistakes made by the man in charge signalling "all clear" too soon, or by sending that signal in place of the reverse one. By a recent invention this duty is in part taken out of the hands of man, and undertaken by the engine, which, as it passes the station, acts on a lever, and thus a current of electricity is immediately established. Until this is done no signal can be sent; hence the invention renders safety, in this respect, almost a certainty on railways.

INVENTORS' RIGHTS.

The evils of the present Patent system—arising partly from defects in the law itself, partly from shortcomings in its administration—have been for some time generally admitted. We have reason to think that the coming session will see an attempt, at least, to remedy the recognized evils; and our present business is to call the attention of a very large class to the subject in which they are primarily interested. To sum up the evidence that has been given on this question, from the date of the Lords' Committee of 1851 to that of the Royal Commission of 1864, it is certain that a vast number of useful inventions are from year to year made by the higher class of mechanics. It is equally certain that the employer, in a majority of these cases, takes advantages of his servant's want of capital, and thinks him well paid by a gift of perhaps as much as 5*l.* for his secret. Meanwhile the master takes the risk, and most frequently the profit of the invention, which we venture to say may, more often than not, be reckoned by hundreds. Besides this, he has all the credit of it, if successful, and we know how much success, to the national temper, is a stimulant to exertion. Thus two wrongs are wrought; the true inventor fails to receive his fair reward, and that incentive to further exertion failing, the nation is defrauded of that eager activity of mind which it is one of the main objects of a Patent-Law to promote. For this there is but one remedy—a great diminution in the first cost of taking out a patent. The contest is between labour and capital. If, instead of costing 35*l.* at least, a patent could be obtained for 10*l.*, there are few of the class immediately concerned who would not manage to raise the necessary amount. They would then have a substantial property to offer for sale, instead of having to trust to good faith for their recompense, which, as the story of Samuel Crompton warns us, is not always proof against the temptation of large profits. We admit it to be a serious objection, *primâ facie*, to a system of cheap patents, that it produces a number of mushroom inventions so-called, which are either not new or are impracticable. This may be met, however, by a system of preliminary examination; this was, in spirit, an important part of the Act of 1852, though it has not hitherto been brought into operation. We do not doubt but that it must form a part of any proposed amendment of the law. Another check is, the system of graduated patents, so that the first payment is proportioned to the length of the monopoly applied for; this obtains in many states of the Continent, and seems to deserve consideration. Our object now is to call the attention of intelligent workmen, and of those societies who profess to provide for their welfare, to the question, as one which must be handled shortly, and as to which there is a strong minority disposed to abolish Patent-rights altogether. It will be our care, when the time comes, to keep this subject fairly before our readers.



PLAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

(See Remarks, page 56.)

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNWARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER VI.

A THORN AND FLOWER PIECE.

PENELOPE was still at Mayfield when the blackthorn winter was over. Mr. Tindal was still there, too, but in a fair way, at last, towards recovery. He had made himself very much at home in Mrs. Croft's best parlour, like a man accustomed to frequent change of quarters. Its pretty pale chintz furniture was none the fresher for his seven weeks' occupancy, and none

the sweeter for his convalescent pipes. He was not a docile patient, and the consequence had been a bad bout of fever, and a hospital nurse from Norminster, who frightened him into good behaviour, and brought him round. She had departed again now, and he was left mostly to Pennie's care, which also must shortly cease; for the wedding at Brackenfield was drawing nigh, and she would have to go. He really might have gone himself a week ago, and Dr. Grey had

suggested a removal; but Mr. Tindal then began to profess a concern for the stability of his cure which he had not previously shown, and the result was that he stayed on.

It was now mid-April, a sunny bright morning, and the parlour-window stood wide open to let in the air. Mr. Tindal lay recumbent on the sofa, a cigar between his lips, idly watching the lazy motion of the smoke as he puffed it away. Pennie was gone into the garden to gather a few sweet violets, white and purple, to offer to her mother's guest—a morning gift that had regularly accompanied her morning inquiries since she had been admitted to do her part in waiting on him. He espied her in the distance, stooping over the violet beds, and raised himself a degree or two that he might command her movements, which he followed with as much interest as if he were her lover. They had, in fact, struck up a cordial friendship, and Pennie went and came about him with the quiet assurance of a woman who knows that her comings and goings are noted with satisfaction. He did not care what trouble he gave her. It was Pennie here, Pennie there; I want this, give me that; read to me, sit where I can see you, child, and so forth; and Pennie was all cheerful obedience. He had ceased to think of her as either plain or queer: he only felt that she liked him, studied him, and was necessary to him. As for Pennie, if the present life could have gone on for ever, she would not have wearied of it.

By and by she turned towards the house, walking slowly, and stopping now and then to arrange her posy. Mr. Tindal called to her: "Pennie!" She looked up at the window, and stepped that way. "I am briaker this morning, Pennie, ever so much. Grey told me again yesterday that I might go home—must I?"

"There are your violets," tossing him lightly the fragrant tuft, tied with a green silk thread. He caught it, and said, "Was that the way she answered him?" Pennie smiled a little ruefully. Her mother had been tired of her guest from the beginning, and now most heartily wished he would take himself off—it was on a hint from her that the doctor had twice spoken.

"I shall bid Pierce bring the drag over for me this afternoon, Pennie, since you do not care."

"I am going back to Eastwold myself on Monday." It was now Thursday.

"Come in, and let us go on with our book. We shall not finish it now, but we will finish it some day." Pennie moved away from the window, and presented herself in the parlour. "Sit against the light, child. What is that pretty red-leaved thing just coming out by the glass? An American trailer—I thought so."

Pennie took up their book, placed herself where she was told, and began to read. It was an Italian story of Manzoni's, by means of which Mr. Tindal had undertaken to improve her accent. The passage was a description of wild mountain scenery at sunset. She went through a page or more without interruption, and then, glancing off her book towards her master, said, "You are not attending." He was gazing at her, nevertheless, meditatively, through the fumes of his cigar, and he heard her voice, though not her words. He asked why she did not go on, and she proceeded, always aware that he was, as she said, "not attending" to her pronunciation. Presently she paused again, and Mr. Tindal emerged from his abstraction.

"It is not interesting to-day, is it? Put it by, and let us talk," said he. "You are sorry—I see you are, and so am I."

Yes. There were tears in Pennie's eyes—foolish tears. "I don't know why," said she, and tried to laugh, and shake them away.

"So end all pleasant things! Come here, my child." He held out his hand to her, and she gave her own, looking away out of the window to hide her face. Poor Pennie; tears were not becoming to her, but she never thought of that. Her heart was very full; its pang quite as acute as that which wrings the bosom of fair women in the like case. She was young, and hardly comprehended her own distress. It was something much more poignant than the parting pain; something sprung of odd mysterious words heard here and there, whose meaning in her new self-consciousness she had never dared to ask. She was feeling after it, when Mr. Tindal spoke again.

"Pennie, I am a venerable person in comparison with you, and have seen a deal of the world. I want to keep you for my friend, dating from the night when I limped broken-legged into this house. I used to have plenty of friends. I have none now—only acquaintances. If you wish to know why, your mother, or anybody in Eskdale can tell you, who remembers the events of seven or eight years ago. Why do you look at me as if you were afraid?" She had turned with eyes of startled, troubled inquiry. He went on with more vehemence: "Pennie, I was watching your mouth as you read, and I made up my mind that you liked me, and would stick fast by me; that you would hear that terrible story without being stirred from your kind opinion. I was going to ask a pledge of you."

"Ask it—I believe in you—I shall always believe in you," said Pennie, in eager, tender haste to dissipate the pain and distrust she perceived she had caused. "I will not hear that story."

"Hear it, Pennie, but hear me first. I am as clear of that guilt as you; so help me heaven in my extremity!"

How had they travelled to this view, down a dark vista from the violets and the Alpine sunsets?

He was dreadfully excited, half mad for a moment. His mouth writhed and quivered, then his eyes filled, and tears quenched that ominous spark of the devil. His passion overawed Pennie, though it endured but a few seconds. She saw it, and it was gone; but it was never forgotten. There was silence in the air for a little while after, both wrestling for composure.

Presently Mr. Tindal said: "I have vowed to myself again and again that recollection shall not master me—but it does, it does yet! Mine is no better than a dead life, Pennie, and I began it with all manner of high hopes. Don't you forsake me, child. See here—I made Pierce bring it from Rood a day or two since—it is a ring my mother wore. She told me on her death-bed to give it to the woman I married. No woman would venture to be my wife now, so I will give it you—a thank-offering for the only genuine bit of love and faith I have found since I lost her." He put it on a finger of her small brown right hand, wrung it, and let it go.

The April morning went on shining, the birds went on singing, and those two, suddenly and singularly allied, went on talking. A new and solemn interest had entered into Pennie's life. She was excited still,

and did not see all its bearings; but she felt that something had come which she would not for the world have had pass her by, though there was such a strong under-current of trouble and mystery in it. Mr. Tindal reposed himself with watching her. It was not love, like his passionate young love, that he felt for Pennie, but only a longing for what would love him, and give him rest—be a medium through which, perhaps, he might return to the common pleasures, joys, and cares of common life. For "that cottage-smoke, that confounded inclination towards sitting-still comfort," which Richter says gnaw at a man's heart, had gnawed keenly at his for the last year or two of his vagabondage. He had been made originally of good metal that bends without breaking; and there was spring in him yet, though the weight that held him down had hung about his neck, until the best and hopefulest of the years of his life had drifted away; and he could even now, for the aching weariness of it, only lift his eyes at distant moments to the sky. Since he had been at Mayfield he had won a little ease by grace of Pennie, had indulged a dream of entire freedom for an hour, but had lost it again in her frightened gaze. He could meditate calmly now.

"I have no right to ask her to share my burthen; but if the day should ever come that it falls off, and she is free, I will ask her to share my rest."

It was the first bit of planning and promising that he had made to himself during eight years that he had lain in bondage to an accusation of which there was neither proof nor disproof to be had. The world did not give him the benefit of the doubt, however. Pennie had dimly discerned in many speeches of her mother that some great peril hung suspended above his head, which might at any moment fall and crush him; but since he had spoken of it, and had given her that passionate asseveration of his innocence, the sense of unrest and perplexity had left her. She gave her mind now consciously to loving and trusting him; and if there seemed in her devotion something of sacrifice, to Pennie's temper that was only a reason the more for persevering and being stanch.

The clock on the stairs struck twelve, and a minute or two later, Pierce, Mr. Tindal's man, came to the door, and Pennie left him with his master. The servant was worn and anxious-looking to a degree that pained kind folks to see him; as if at some time or other of his life he had had a blow that had broken him down, body, soul, and spirit. And that was the fact. He had been born and bred about Rood Abbey, had served Mr. Tindal's father and mother, and had made the honour and fortunes of the house his own, as hereditary retainers of old families occasionally will. The calamity that had destroyed his young master's happiness had crushed him to the earth, and he had never risen from it since. He entered the parlour with his accustomed face of woful astonishment, bowed respectfully to Pennie, as he held the door open for her to pass, and then turned to the occupant of the sofa.

"How do you find yourself, sir?" said he tenderly, as one might address a friend lying in the shadow of death.

"Ready to go home. I want you to bring the drag over at four o'clock for me." Mr. Tindal spoke firmly and cheerfully: he never fell into his servant's despondent tone.

"You must take another turn abroad, sir, to set you up. Change of air and scene is good after an illness."

"I don't intend to go abroad again at present, Pierce. I shall do very well at Rood this summer." Pierce sighed unconsciously, and after a few more mournful words retired.

"I have eaten your salt a long while, Mrs. Croft; will you stop and break bread with me on Monday as you take Pennie back to Eastwold?" asked Mr. Tindal, when all else was said, and he was getting into the drag.

"Well, sir, we will if you wish it," replied the widow, not altogether graciously. Pennie stood with her at the garden-door, watching their guest's departure.

"Thank you very much," replied he, and smiled at Pennie. This had been agreed on between them previously.

The horses began to move, and Mrs. Croft at once drew Pennie back and shut the door. "Come in, my girl," said she. "How cold the east wind do blow, to be sure, for all it is so sunny! I wish Mr. Tindal hadn't asked us to go to Rood. I doubt we shall be the first that has been there since he fell into his trouble. It would ha' sounded unchristian to say him nay, as he put it; but it isn't much appetite I shall have under his roof."

They went into the house, the mistress thereof snuffing up disconsolately the odour of tobacco that infected Pennie's parlour. "It must have a good clean down, and the curtains and things must be hanged out to sweeten for a day or two; but we won't begin on it till you're gone," said she, settling herself by the fire-side for a chat, and feeling more relieved to have her house to herself again than she knew how to express. Pennie placed herself on the opposite side of the hearth, and heard her mother recite what a bonny deal of extra work she had had since Mr. Tindal came, and what a bonny deal more there would be to do in getting things to rights now he was gone.

"Not that I begrudge my trouble," said she; "nobody that knows me 'ull think *that*; but I'd a fear and terror upon me all the time lest something should be found out, and him taken while he was here."

"I am quite in the dark, mother," replied Pennie. "What is it makes the mystery about a man, whose nature it is to be easy and generous, open and kind?" He had bidden her hear the story; and she felt that it was not possible to live at peace with herself much longer in ignorance of it.

"What is it? Ay, you were too little to be telled, of course you were; but since you've made friends, it is good you should know, that you may take heed, and say nothing before him you shouldn't. I'm sure, poor fellow, I pitied him for one, and it laid his mother low. She never held up her head after, and Pierce was a'most as bad. Your Aunt Lister saved the *Norminster Gazette* that had it all in. I dessay she'll lend 'em you to read."

"He gave me this ring for a keepsake," said Pennie, with a sudden impulse of confidence towards her mother, extending her hand with the old-fashioned diamond hoop upon it. Mrs. Croft drew it off to look at it closer, and asked what were the words engraven inside—she could not see them without her glasses. "God send me well to keep;" that is what they are," replied Pennie. "God send me well to keep."

"There's need He should keep us all," said the widow, staring thoughtfully into the fire. "There's a many unaccountable events happens in this world that never gets cleared up. We want to trust some one out and beyond of ourselves and of what's befallen us, that we do. We're poor weak cretura, here to-day and gone to-morrow." Mrs. Croft paused for a minute or two in pious meditation, and then began her story.

"I was at Rood when it was done, but *who did it* is the mystery that isn't bottomed yet, and never may be. We were all out in the gardens (and pretty gardens they were when Mrs. Tindal was alive) after lunch was over in the tent. Everybody had a story after, no two of 'em alike, so I'll only say what I saw myself. I was standing as it might be here," laying a hand on the table, "talking to Mrs. Raymond of Eskford (I should tell you it was at a picnic at the Abbey, that Mrs. Tindal gave every summer to her friends and the big tenants), talking to Mrs. Raymond in the shadow of some yew-trees that stands yet on the slope near the river. There was a lot of low thick bushes behind us, and the shrubbery, near a couple of acres of it laid out in paths, and there the company chiefly was, for the day was August, and melting. Not twenty steps off, higher up on the grass, there was three gentlemen in a group; one was Mr. Wynyard of Eastwold, one was Mr. Oxenden, parson at Berrythorpe, and the other was Mr. Tindal's brother, Hugh was his name, and he was a year or two older than Arthur—*him* you know. They was very merry all of 'em, talking, as I could hear by chance words, of Norminster races, that was to be the week after; and Hugh Tindal, with a braggadocio way he had, was just giving a toss with his left hand, when a gun was fired off in the bushes at the back of me. Hugh Tindal sprang straight up, a foot or two into the air, and fell forward flat on his face—dead—shot through the heart. Before one could breathe, Arthur ran out from among the trees, and brushed by us, white and staring, to where his brother lay. It was, you may believe, a terror and confusion. Some cried to keep off the ladies, some to fetch a doctor, some to search the plantations: everybody giving orders and nobody doing anything to a purpose, till Pierce came tottering down the lawn, and gave him one look. 'Cover his face,' says he, 'he's gone before his Maker, that equally judges all.' I remember the words as if I'd heard 'em yesterday. Arthur helped to carry him in and lay him in his chamber. A fine-looking man he'd been, as all the Tindals were, but a grief to the mother that bore him; and if he wasn't much belied, a shame and sorrow to other women as well as her."

"And they sought through the plantations, mother?" said Pennie, with pulses almost at a stand."

"They sought 'em through and through for days; they raised a hue and cry all over the country. Who was at odds with Hugh Tindal? Who was to gain by his death? No one could ever tell where the first whisper came from that said his brother Arthur was the man; but before he was buried it was loud enough. Folks caught it up like wild-fire. I won't deny, Pennie, that his look had struck me at the time, and had haunted me after, for all I said nothing. I won't deny either that I felt a prejudice against him then, or that I have my doubts still."

It was growing gloomy in the parlour; Mrs. Croft stirred the fire, threw on more wood, and made a blaze,

while Pennie took up a newspaper, and held it for a screen betwixt her face and the light.

"It was murder," said the widow, reseating herself; "as black a murder as was ever done. If Arthur Tindal did it, he has the devil's own front to brazen it out; if he didn't, he's suffered a world o' misery for another man's crime. Dr. Grey said he wondered the lad didn't curse God and die; for the doctor never would hear a word of Arthur's being the villain. They had him up on a warrant before the magistrates at Allan Bridge; every tittle they could swear against him was sworn, and he was committed to Norminster 'sises. But when the 'sises came on, the grand jury found no evidence in the bill likely to bring it home to him, and he was let out of gaol; for they said that if he was put on his trial *then*, he was sure to be acquitted; and the law could never touch him after, though the best of proofs might turn up. And that's how he stands to this day, neither cleared nor condemned."

"It is a cruel case, mother. What cause was there for his being suspected?"

"Both he and Hugh were sweet on Miss Sylvia, Squire Curtis's daughter, at Methley Towers, and though *she* was for Arthur, her family were all for the elder brother, who had the property. Here was a sort of motive, if there had been enough to back it. But though some folks said the brothers had had words about her, it could not be made out that they had ever really quarrelled in their lives. The only stranger that had been seen about the place was a woman with a bairn at her back—a poor lost cretur, who came, most likely, seeking harvest work. There's a short cut through the Rood plantations that leads to the Grange, and she was up and down, and hanging about for a bit of victual, I daresay. One of the lasses at the Abbey said she went to the back-door to beg, and Pierce drove her off with bad words. Then all of a sudden came the noise of what had happened in the garden, and when she was hunted for, she wasn't anywhere to be found. But what could she have had to do with shooting Hugh Tindal, if they'd found her ever so, as people said?—a tramp with a baby. We may talk and talk, but we know nothing for certain, except that a deal of folks held to their hard thoughts of Mr. Arthur, when all was said and done—ay, and holds to 'em still."

"What did Miss Sylvia do, and his mother? What did he do himself afterwards?" Pennie asked.

"His mother, poor thing; she died a week or two before he came back from Norminster. Miss Sylvia believed what she was told, and that was the worst. He took it all in a prond bitter way, and stood his ground a goodish while at the Abbey before he gave up. I've heard Dr. Grey tell of his riding to the meet the winter after, and finding never a man but himself in the field to shake him by the hand. Folks said he'd taken to the property as if he was glad to get hold of it, and they kept him off like the plague. He's been a capital landlord, I must say, and has neglected nothing but his own place. He stayed there through the spring and summer by himself, when it was newswed about that Miss Sylvia was going to be married to a Sir Thomas Brooke, a gentleman she'd met in London, and before the wedding was, he took himself off to France. It was only just before Christmas that he came back. Some people pities him in their hearts, I do believe, seeing him so forsaken, and yet holding his

head up, and looking 'em in the face, like a man that won't let himself be killed by a lie if he can help it."

"It is a lie, mother; nothing else. Be sure of it. I am!" cried Pennie, with tears in her voice.

"I wish I could be sure of it; I've ever spoke him kindly for fear I was wronging him in my thoughts; but it is a real relief to my mind that he's gone to his own house again, and left me mine to myself. I wonder when Bessie's going to let us have any tea. I must be seeing after her. Pennie, love, if I was you I should say nothing to your cousins or Aunt Lister about that ring Mr. Tindal's given you; it will be better not. It is enough you've told me."

Pennie acquiesced, adding that she intended to solicit silence on her mother's part had she not counselled it herself.

When Mrs. Croft rose the next morning Bessie had news for her. The loveliest of Alderney cows had just been led into the yard by Jacques, who was in the kitchen waiting to see her.

"If Jacques expects me to ware money on his lovely Alderney coo, he'll be disappointed," said the widow. "What has he brought her here for? I may ha' wished for a Alderney coo, but I've no thoughts o' buying one. Give him his breakfast, and I'll speak to him when I come down."

After a brief interview with the grazier, Mrs. Croft sought Pennie, her comely countenance all aglow with satisfaction and surprise.

"It is very handsome of Mr. Tindal, I'm sure; and I never expected no return! What do you think, Pennie, love? He's sent me a present of a Alderney coo—a perfect picture she is! Come out and look at her—such a downright beauty as 'll make your Aunt Lister a most jealous o' Mayfield dairy."

Pennie did not need twice bidding. She seized her straw hat, and followed her mother across the barnyard to the daisied pasture, into which Jacques and old Jacob were inducting the Alderney.

"See ye here, Miss Penelope!" cried Jacob, "see ye here, this pritty, sweet, dossil cretur; you'll ha' to larn milking, that you will."

"If Miss hasn't larnt milking yet, it's time she did; and here's a rael coo that a queen might milk," added Jacques.

Pennie stepped into the deep dewy grass to caress the beautiful animal.

"Let us call her Daisy, mother, the dainty, prim thing," said she. "Oh, what soft, gentle eyes, and a skin like satin!"

"She'll tek to her; she'll larn milking noo, she will," chuckled Jacob. Pennie's reluctance to "larn milking" being a standing theme of argument between him and the "young missis."

Second only to the pleasure of receiving Mr. Tindal's munificent gift was the pleasure of telling about it. Pennie was in nowise astonished to hear her mother propose that after dinner they should take a walk over to the Grange to see her Aunt Lister.

"You'll fall to bid her good-bye before you go, and this may be the last chance you'll have. But you'll come for a week or so in haying time, Pennie, love, won't you?"

Pennie replied that she certainly would if it depended only on herself to arrange it.

The report of the Alderney cow had flown to the Grange before them, and Mrs. Lister was full primed with congratulations.

"We have heard of your fine present, sister, and I'm sure you're in luck," said she. "Jacques tells Dick she's the very beautifullest young coo ever he bought. His orders was not to stick at price, and I dessay it is worth every penny he paid for it; for Jacques is a judge of a coo. I shall step down to Mayfield some day next week, and look at her. I've always wanted a Alderney, though master likes his own breed best; Alderneys is such good uns for cream and butter."

"They are. I'm right pleased, I can tell you. But I never looked for no such return."

"It is no more than right though, sister, that he should make one. You must have had a sight o' extry work—bad as a month's wash going on for six or seven weeks."

"Nay, nay! not such a harass as *that*. Since he took the turn to mend, Pennie's had most o' the watching, and keeping him quiet wi' reading. It was sitting still got over me. But now, God be thanked, he's all right, and is gone home to the Abbey again."

"I'm sorry your cousins is out, Pennie," said her aunt, turning to her with a little stiffness. "They've rode over all three of 'em to Litherby Force. If they'd known you was free, they'd ha' been glad o' your company, I dessay. We have seen nothing of you for a month an' better."

"Poor gel, she's been tied pretty close," said the widow, rallying to the defence of her daughter, whom she felt that her Aunt Lister rather pecked at. "When she's gone out, it has only been into th' garden of a morning, or for a canter on the moor of an afternoon, when I can best bear sitting still myself. It hasn't been gay visiting at Mayfield this time—always excepting your beautiful party and Mrs. Jones's—but she's been a good lass, and a comfort to her mother, that she has, and I don't care who knows it."

"If I was to praise my Lucy to her face i' that way, she'd be so set-up as never was. But I dessay Pennie's got more sense. You'll stop and have a cup o' tea, sister, won't you? The master's gone to Norminster, for to-morrow's market, but Dick and the gels 'll be back by three."

Pennie was rather sorry to hear her mother consent, but she did not show it; and when she went upstairs to take off her bonnet, she put on her best behaviour. And she had her reward. Dick and his sisters came home in high good-humour, all more or less tired, and predisposed to be quiet; and just as tea was set on the table, in dropped a little brisk gentleman with grizzled hair and whiskers—the new vicar of Rood, whose predecessor had lately been promoted to a parish and a canon's stall at Norminster.

The Rev. Harry Featherston was making his first round of visits to his flock, and when he was warmly invited to share the evening meal at the Grange, he did not excuse himself by reason of his dinner with his wife being at seven, but sat down like a man of the world, took a cup of tea, and laid a good foundation of opinion in his two leading female parishioners' minds at once. He was already well up in the annals of his cure. When Mr. Tindal's name was mentioned he looked grave and passed no remark; when Mrs. Lister caused him to discriminate between her own daughters and her niece, he showed his knowledge of Pennie's wardship by inquiring how Dr. Brown at Eastwold was, adding that Eastwold had been his own first curacy. Half-an-hour passed pleasantly and

swiftly; and when Mrs. Croft intimated, as the vicar took his leave, that she was losing her daughter on Monday, he said, "Then I will bring my wife to see her to-morrow. They ought to be acquainted." Pennie was glad, thinking how much more agreeable it would be for her at Mayfield, if she had a friend in the clergyman's wife.

Daylight was already waning when they were ready to go, and Mrs. Lister called to her son: "Dick, you'll set your aunt and cousin Pennie a piece of the way home, won't you?"

Of course he would; and his hat was on his good-natured curly head in a minute. Pennie had kissed her aunt and cousins good-bye, and had gone a few paces down the path towards the garden-gate, when Dick, issuing from the porch, said, "Not that way, Pennie. We'll cut off a bit of the road by going through the Abbey woods. It isn't dark yet, and I dessay none of us is afraid o' ghosts."

"Not us!" responded Mrs. Croft cheerfully. "And we'll just ask at the lodge as we pass what sort of day Mr. Tindal's had. You've heard of the beautiful Alderney coo he's given me, Dick?" The key-note of their conversation thus struck, Pennie let her mother and cousin walk on before; and thinking her own thoughts, followed up the gloaming meadows that lay between the Grange and the Abbey woods.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

L.—ITS ORIGIN.

So far as we can learn, it is not clear who were the first originators of the co-operative system, or where the first experiments were made. It is likely enough that the earliest co-operators were a small group of friends or intimates, who, having large responsibilities and small means, combined together to purchase their necessities in the wholesale market instead of the retail one, and thus, by abolishing *one* profit, and that the greatest, in the distribution of wares, to increase the purchasing power of their narrow incomes. Under this form co-operation may have existed for centuries. It is no marvel that such an attempt should succeed, seeing that so long as the purchases of the co-operators were made only to meet demand, every transaction must have realised a profit; and it is no marvel either, that the success of the first experimenters should have stimulated others to follow their example. Success, however, was by no means universal among the early co-operators. It was found that what could be done with certainty among friends and intimates who could rely upon each other was not so easy of accomplishment by parties indiscriminately associated; and not a few of the earliest associations got into difficulties and ultimately broke down, partly from want of business-knowledge among those who managed them, but more, it is to be feared, from want of principle among the members. There is an art in buying as well as in selling, and the knowledge of both is essential to insure success.

The principles on which such associations ought to be carried out had evolved themselves, and were recognized by the classes interested in them, when, in 1844, a few weavers in Rochdale, with a view to better the condition of themselves and their fellow-workmen, set about organizing the association which, under the name of "The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society," has since acquired a world-wide reputation, and set the example of thrift and foresight and diligent self-help to working-men among every civilized nation. Their beginning was emphatically the "day of small things." They had every difficulty to contend with:

wages were low, they had very little money to start with, those whom they sought to enlist on their side wanted confidence in their plans, and there was more mistrust than faith among the mass of their fellow-workmen. But they were not daunted: determined to do the best they could, they resolved themselves into a committee of management, and sending out canvassers and collectors, enrolled what members they could gain over, gathering subscriptions from them to the amount of less than forty pounds. With this small sum they commenced operations, spending nearly a third of it in fitting up a small shop, which they had rented at ten pounds a year, with a few homely fixtures and appliances for doing business. With their remaining funds (some twenty-five pounds) they went to market, purchasing only such wares as they were sure of selling, and being guided in their choice by their own domestic wants. The shopkeepers of the neighbourhood laughed at the small show they made; but the weavers cared nothing about that, feeling it was a defect which would cure itself if only their comrades would appreciate their endeavours.

They started on the principle of both buying and selling for ready money, knowing well that taking and giving credit had been the ruin of previous experiments of the kind, and they resolved at all events to avoid that peril. They may not have recognized the fact that in this peremptory rule they had embodied a great moral advantage, and had taken the very best precaution to insure the continuance of their trade; but they acted upon it invariably, resisting all attempts made to infringe the rule, and refusing to do any other than a ready-money trade. While their transactions were few, and the store was only opened in the evenings after working hours, they could manage, and for a time did manage, without hired assistance; but it was not to be expected that this would last. The superiority of the goods they sold, and their comparatively lower prices, soon became known, and heads of families supported by weekly wages flocked to their market. By and by the store had to be opened earlier, to allow time for the increased business, and a paid attendant had to be engaged. Then, as the trade increased, they were enabled to buy more largely, and as a consequence, more cheaply; and were soon in a position to engage a regular foreman and shopman.

As the Society's plan of doing business did not necessitate any expensive show, such as is indulged in by ordinary competitors in trade, they were spared all cost of this kind, which is usually no small drawback on a shopkeeper's profits. If they were tempted to any species of rivalry they at least abstained from all unprofitable display. Their object was to sell their goods, not for the benefit of themselves, the storekeepers, but of their customers, who were their fellow-working-men. To do this effectually, they sold them at a rate as close to wholesale prices as they could do with safety, allowing only such a margin of profit as would suffice to pay expenses, with a percentage over, which percentage should be ultimately apportioned among the members, as we shall presently see.

At first, the stock sold at the store consisted principally of the daily necessities of life; but as the managers saw their way clearly, and there were no longer any doubts of the stability of the Society, they began to extend their operations. To the provision store they added, first a shoemaking, and then a tailoring department; and having become adepts in the art of buying, they ventured at length into wholesale dealing. As the reader will naturally infer, the number of co-operators went on increasing from year to year. At first starting the numbers were but twenty-eight; in six years' time they had risen to six hundred; in six more years they were above two thousand; and at the present time the co-operatives of Rochdale number more than five thousand. Every member is a

proprietor to the extent of his investment, and the Society is therefore a joint-stock-company with unlimited liability—though we have seen that, owing to its ready-money principles, its liability is only nominal. The original plan was to constitute shares of one pound each, no more than four shares to be held by one member—though that number was afterwards increased to five. Each member paid a shilling on entry, and made small weekly payments afterwards until his shares were paid up. Upon the completion of these payments the owner of the shares received every three months his interest and proportion of profits; or, at his option, instead of receiving the cash, he might add the amount to his account, and thus increase the number of his shares; but he would not be allowed to accumulate stock in the Society beyond the amount of two hundred pounds. This limitation was probably so fixed in order that the interest payable quarterly, and which would have to be paid out of the realised profits of trading, might not be too heavy a charge upon the funds. To prevent the stock from becoming the subject of speculation and jobbery, no member is allowed to sell his shares, and, indeed, the shares are not transferable. If a member desires to realise his stock, he has but to declare his wish to withdraw, when his account is made out, and the amount to his credit paid over to him. The Society also reserves to itself a right, the policy of which is obvious, to compel members to receive back a portion of their money whenever there is more capital in hand than can be profitably invested. Another precaution, characteristic of the prudence of the founders, was the establishment of a fund called "Redemption Money," which is applied in making good the deterioration of property, and which fund is made up of the first shillings paid in by members on entering and the last shilling to their credit when they leave. If a member dies, the Society pays to his representative the balance due to him. Some of the above regulations have at first view rather an anomalous aspect, but in fact they are wise and well-considered, and go far, there is little doubt, to insure the continuance of prosperity. The Association has the power of enforcing these, and all its regulations, being registered pursuant to Act of Parliament (13 & 14 Vic. c. 115). By this Act the rules of all such societies are rendered binding on the one hand, and on the other, members and their representatives are enabled to enforce their claims, and guarded against any fraudulent dissolution of the Society to which they belong. The common property of the members is vested in a trustee or treasurer, who may sue or be sued in his own name; frauds in respect to the Society's property are punishable by magistrates; petitions to the Court of Chancery are free from payment of fees; disputes may be settled by arbitrators, whose award is final; in case of the death of a member, payment of any sum under twenty pounds may be made without the claimant obtaining letters of administration; and all members are admitted as witnesses in legal proceedings regarding the Society's property.

Let us glance now at the manner of doing business at the co-operative store. The shop is open all day, but is most frequented in the evening, being generally crowded on the Saturday night. As everything has to be paid for in ready-money, all purchasers must of course bring their cash with them. Whatever be the amount a customer lays out, he or she receives a tin ticket, on which is stamped the sum paid, such tickets being vouchers for the receipt of the money. The buyer preserves these tickets until the expiration of the current quarter, when he brings them to the store, and for whatever amount of them he can produce, he is entitled to a proportionate share of the profits of the concern during the quarter. The whole of his purchases in the time may amount, perhaps, to five or six pounds; if the profits averaged 10 per cent. he

would be entitled to ten or twelve shillings; and he might either receive the money in cash or have the same transferred to his account credit in his pass-book, in which case it would go to increase the deposits on which he receives interest. The shop being open to the public, and the tin tickets being issued to all customers alike, non-members are in the habit of disposing of them to members, who are credited for their value on producing them.

The advantages to a working-man and his family of dealing at a store like this seem to us worth dwelling upon for a moment. It is true they are obvious enough to co-operators who have experienced them; but we should like, if possible, to impress them upon others, in order that an experiment from which so many have benefited may be more generally tested. In the first place, co-operative goods, and specially so in the case of provisions, are as a rule the best that can be bought for money; the co-operative buyer has no inducement to buy inferior wares for the sake of making a dishonest profit; and, from the very nature of business transactions, he commands the best market because he buys only for cash down. In this age of adulterations, when almost everything that comes to our tables is more or less sophisticated, it is impossible to estimate this advantage too highly: considered in relation to economy it is all-important, inasmuch as genuine goods will go half as far again as adulterated ones; and considered in relation to health it is still more important, for reasons sufficiently plain; we say nothing of the pleasure and comfort of consuming genuine provisions instead of fraudulent ones, though that is no trifling consideration. In the second place, look at the position of the co-operative buyer as to the future: an ordinary workman spending his money at an ordinary provision-shop, buys what he wants, pays for it, goes his way, and there's an end of the business: not so with the co-operator, but very different indeed—every purchase that he makes may be looked upon with perfect truth as an investment in a savings-bank, the tin ticket he receives being as good as an entry in his bank-book; the more he spends the more he saves, and he saves in the very act of spending. To show the truth of this statement, we shall cite one or two instances of members' savings from No. 1 of Messrs. Chambers' "Social Science Tracts." "A is a working-man, with a wife and two children. In 1850 he had 30*l.* in the society. He has since paid in at different times 94*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* He has withdrawn 159*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.*, and has still left in the society 6*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*, showing a profit of 41*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.* B has a large family. In March, 1850, he had 10*l.* in the society, and has since paid in 24*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* During the last ten and a half years he has withdrawn 63*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.*, and has still left in the society 67*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* His profit has been 93*l.* 13*s.* C, another working-man, with a large family, who all traded in the store, had 5*l.* in the society in 1850. He has since paid in nothing, yet has withdrawn 115*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* He has still 10*l.* left in the society. This man has made a clear gain of 120*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* since 1850. D is another remarkable case. In 1854 he had just 6*l.* in the society, and paid in since only 1*l.*, yet he has withdrawn 92*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, and has still left to his credit 26*l.*, showing a clear profit of 111*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* in six and a half years."

The reader may as well bear in mind that such savings (coming mainly out of spendings) were not due to high wages—the average wages in Rochdale being from 15*s.* to 20*s.* a week; and though some are nearly double these amounts, they are exceptional instances. Neither were they due to niggardliness and pinching on the part of the members. Good food, and plenty of it, is the order of the day among co-operators in the north. These admirable pecuniary results, effected between the years 1850 and 1860, must be placed to the credit of the co-operative system.

BORES.

THE tunnel through the Alps is a gigantic bore, but not of the kind we are going to describe now, though the very mention of it recalls an old story which will still bear repeating. An old gentleman having caught a listener, was detailing at frightful length how he had been trying in vain to make an Artesian well, and the luckless hearer was in utter despair. "Well, sir," he continued, impressively, "I bored, and I bored—" "Oh!" ejaculated the tortured one, "that you did, I'll be bound—I am sure you bored."

A Bore has been defined as "somebody who doesn't know when it is time for him to leave off doing something;" and this is right as far as it goes. But a man may bore by beginning something which is inopportune. When Bob Sawyer described over the breakfast table the extraction of a tumour from a gentleman's head, illustrating with a loaf and oyster-knife, he was an unmistakable bore. I was on a country visit not long since, writing against time one morning. Enter housekeeper, with a countenance half-dismayed, half-amused, and announces Mr. Boggley. He came in, looking like *Punch's* picture of John Bull, and sat down for three hours and ten minutes, and recounted how he had made a speech at the last vestry. I don't think there was much in it, but it began thus: "Gentlemen, I says—just as it might be to you now—Gentlemen—Squire Oaks was a settin' as might be there—Gentlemen, I says, two and two makes four, leastways they allus did when I went to school." Boggley thought this so neat that he repeated it a dozen times in the course of his monologue. What suffering I endured! I threw myself into attitudes, I drew portraits of Boggley behind my desk, I read the paper, but still he bored. I related my sufferings next day to Farmer Wuts, who told me that once, as he was driving out of Colchester to go home—eleven miles—he overtook Boggley and offered him a lift. Boggley related then the measures he had taken to remove an obnoxious waggon which had pulled up opposite his window. He had dilated on the attendant circumstances, and was nearing the crisis of his story, when they reached home. "I'll tell you next time what I done," said Boggley, as he got out. "But he never will," added Wuts, confidentially.

Boring does not necessarily mean talking on distasteful subjects. One has to do that sometimes, whether people like it or not. But a bore is of necessity a selfish person. Boggley was inconsiderate of our feelings, therefore he bored. On the other hand, it would be hasty and uncharitable to say so of the hero of a beautiful drawing which comes into my memory as I write. One of Leech's sketches displays Jack Troublesome, a pickle from school, in a room with his sister Lucy and her betrothed lover, Mr. Whitey Brown. Master Jacky relates at length how Boodle's dog worried Cobby's rabbits. You may guess, if you do not remember, their misery-stricken faces. Now certainly Jacky was boring, but he is not a Bore proper, because he is talking in all innocence, thinking the listeners enjoy it. If they had given him a hint to go he would have taken it, being a good-natured fellow. As, however, people in like circumstances often have not courage to do it, we will give the hint for them. Never make a *third* in a conversation. If you see two people talking, don't go near them. The chances are a thousand to one that if you do you will bore.

Space is exhausted, or we would have dissected the different kinds of bores, the croaker, the singer, the critic, the man who has quarrelled with somebody, and reads you the whole correspondence—the most intolerant of all. Try your own hand, and take warning by

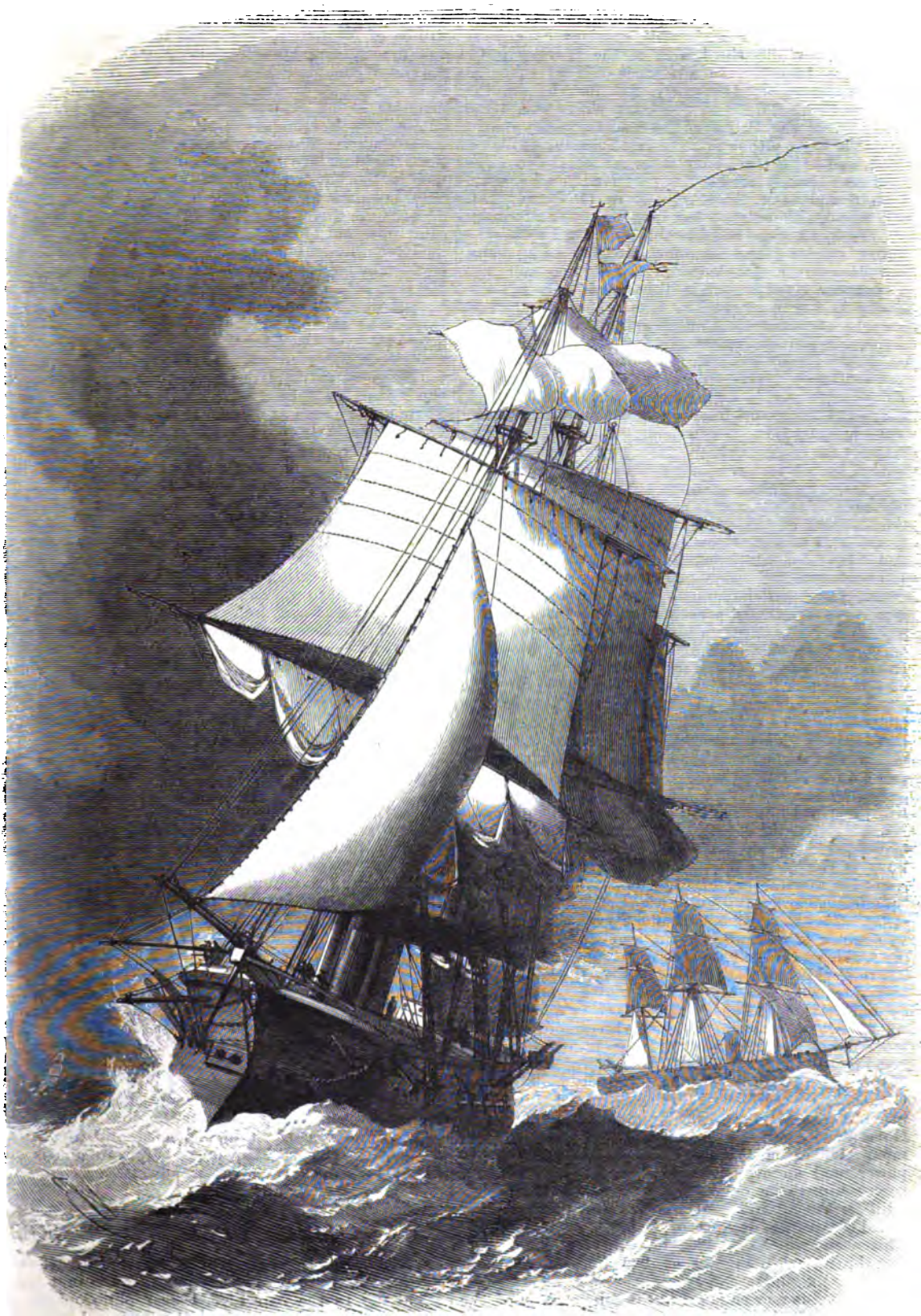
your discovery.

OUR IRON-CLADS.

As far back as the year 1824, General Paixhans—having invented the explosive shot known by his name—advised the French Minister of Marine to try the effect of casing war-ships in iron, with a view to exclude the new projectiles, the inventor having a strong conviction of their fatal effect on wooden vessels. Without proceeding to anything in the nature of a trial, the French authorities concluded that the idea was impracticable, owing to the enormous weight which the vessel would thus have to bear. In 1845 the American Government paid some attention to the subject; but the conclusions arrived at went no further than this, that five inches of iron would be impregnable, but that the weight of such a mass would be fatal to the sea-going qualities of the ship. At about the same period iron ships were built in England as an addition to our fleet; but the plates were too thin to possess the character of armour, and when fired at were so easily pierced, that the unfortunate vessels were forthwith dismantled as ships of war, and relegated to the transport service. The idea, however, was not entirely dropped, and frequent experiments followed. At length, during the Russian war, England and France agreed to construct floating batteries covered with armour, for the purpose of attacking the sea-forts of Sebastopol. Three of the French iron-plated batteries actually took part in the assault on Kinburn, but the English vessels were not ready before the cessation of hostilities.

In 1857 the Emperor of the French proceeded to the construction of the *Gloire*, a wooden iron-plated frigate. This vessel was launched in 1860, and possessed the startling property of being absolutely impregnable to the heaviest ship-guns then in use. But England was on the alert, and two days before the close of the year launched her *Warrior*, a vessel decidedly superior in strength and speed to her French competitor. The English frigate was 380 feet in length, of 6109 tons burden, with engines of 1250 horse-power, and carried armour $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. Her cost was 357,000*l.*, and her speed—as proved in October, 1861—a fair average of 14 knots per hour. The French Emperor followed in June, 1861, with the *Solferino* and the *Magenta*. In March, 1862, came the famous encounter in Hampton Roads, when the Confederate iron-clad, *Merrimac*, triumphed so completely over the wooden ships of the Federal navy. All the naval powers of Europe seemed to take the alarm, and in England the art of building and equipping the new class of vessels was from that time sedulously cultivated. In September, 1862, the *Black Prince* tested her speed at the measured mile, and proved nearly equal to her predecessor the *Warrior*. The two were in fact sister vessels, having the same length, tonnage, and steam power. In both ships the armour plating was restricted to the central portion, occupying a length of about 212 feet. It was thought that some very important advantages would be obtained by building vessels of a yet greater size; and the *Minotaur* style was next introduced, exhibiting the enormous length of 400 feet, with a burden of 6621 tons, propelled by engines of 1350 horse-power. The great defect of these vessels was their "unhandiness;" and the recent disaster to the *Re d'Italia* at Lissa has since been pointed to as an example of what this involves.

The appointment of Mr. E. J. Reed, as the Chief Constructor of the British navy, was an event which took not only the public but also the professional world by surprise, and has been followed by a considerable amount of criticism. Mr. Reed commenced by attacking the notion that great length was necessary to speed. In fact, he proposed moderate dimensions



THE BELLEROPHON, IRON-CLAD.

(See page 74.)

in all respects, but more particularly in length. The *Pallas* is a vessel entirely the production of Mr. Reed, concerning which a variety of opinions have been expressed. While the length of the *Warrior* is 6½ times the breadth, the *Pallas* is only 4½ times as long as she is broad—namely, 225 feet by 50, the tonnage being 2372, and the horse-power 600. Yet the speed of the *Pallas* at the measured mile was 13 knots per hour, although she carried armour 4½ inches thick, and had a ram under water at her bows. The smallest class of frigates designed for the navy, apart from the plans of Mr. Reed, was the *Defence*. But this vessel, although 230 feet long, and with a tonnage of 3720, had a speed considerably under 12 knots. The *Pallas* carries four 9-ton 8-inch muzzle-loading guns, two 64-pounder muzzle-loading rifle guns, and two 40-pounder rifled breech-loading guns. By a peculiarity in her construction, the line of fire can be brought almost directly ahead or astern. On one occasion she proved herself the fastest ship under canvas in the Channel Squadron.

A still more remarkable vessel is the *Bellerophon*. This magnificent iron-clad has a length of 300 feet, with a breadth of 56, her tonnage being 4270, and her horse-power 1000. Her armour, which extends sufficiently far to protect her battery, is 6 inches thick, backed by ten inches of teak, with an inner skin of two plates, each three-quarter-inch thick. This vessel is double-bottomed, and is made enormously strong by the adoption of the cellular principle in her construction. Her armament consists of ten 12-ton 9-inch, and four 6-ton 7-inch muzzle-loading rifle guns, two 110-pounders, and two 40-pounder breech-loading rifle guns. Her speed has created much surprise to many who were originally sceptical as to her steaming powers, her rate of progress being 14½ knots per hour, or more than that of the *Black Prince*, and a mere fraction below that of the *Warrior*. Her handiness is said to exceed that of any ship in the navy, and she also has the advantage of complete protection for her steering gear, as well as for her water-line. Her cost was 340,000*l*. This, however, is exclusive of her share of the dockyard establishment, which otherwise would make a total of 430,000*l*.

During the time that Mr. Reed has been thus actively engaged in perfecting vessels built on the broadside principle, the "turret" system has found many advocates. The most striking example in the British navy is the *Royal Sovereign*, originally intended as a wooden three-decker of 130 guns, but cut down and transformed according to the plans of Captain Cowper Coles. This singular but formidable vessel is propelled by engines of 800 horse-power, and carries five 12-ton guns, disposed in four revolving turrets. Her length is 240 feet, while her deck is only 8 feet out of the water. Her sides and her turrets are coated with armour 5½ inches thick. The *Prince Albert* is another turret vessel, of the same length, with engines of 500 horse-power, an armament of four 12-ton guns, and armour 4½ inches thick. The *Scorpion* and the *Wyvern* are two turret-ships, originally built for the Confederate service by Messrs. Laird, of Liverpool, but first seized and afterwards purchased by the British Government. They are each 224 feet long, with armour 3 inches and 4½ inches thick, engines of 350 horse-power, and an armament of four 12-ton guns. A turret-ship, to be called the *Captain*, is now being built for the Admiralty at the private yard of Messrs. Laird, from the designs of Captain Cowper Coles. This vessel will be of 4272 tons, 320 feet long, by 53 feet broad, with engines of 900 horse-power, and carrying six guns.

Mr. Reed is now engaged in the construction of the *Hercules*, of 1200 horse-power, carrying armour 9 inches thick, backed by 12 inches of teak, and an inner skin of 1½-inch plates. The cellular system will

be adopted in her construction, in an improved form as compared with the *Bellerophon*. The *Hercules* will be of 5226 tons, length 325 feet, breadth 59 feet, and her estimated first cost is 401,000*l*. She is to be ready for commission in July, 1868. Her armament is to consist of twelve guns, eight of which will be mounted in her central battery, under the protection of the 9-inch armour-plating. It is intended that these shall be 20-ton guns (*i. e.* 600-pounders), while the remainder are to be of 15 tons. Another vessel now in the hands of Mr. Reed is the *Monarch*, the only instance in which the Chief Constructor has adopted the turret principle. This vessel is to be of 5100 tons, and 1100 horse-power. She will not only be double-bottomed, but will be a double ship from end to end. The midship battery, for a distance of about 200 feet, is to be coated with armour 7 inches thick, backed with 14 inches of teak, with an interior double skin. The armour of the two turrets will be nearly a foot thick, and each turret will be adapted for carrying two 20-ton 600-pounders. There will also be two 6-ton 7-inch guns, as revolving chase guns. The stem of the *Monarch* will be a solid forging of iron, weighing 20 tons, to be used as a ram. The vessel will float with her deck from 12 to 14 feet out of the water. She is to be fully rigged for ocean service, and the contract for her engines requires a mean speed of 14 knots per hour. This vessel was intended to be ready at the same time as the *Hercules*, but it is now probable that she will be some months later. The *Penelope*, of 3000 tons, and 600 horse-power, is also in course of construction, to be launched next June.

We might mention other vessels, already afloat, but those referred to will suffice to give a general idea of the British iron-clad fleet. It must be understood that some of the armoured ships have their hulls built of wood, while others are of iron, though in the latter instance wood is used as a backing for the plates. Among the iron-built vessels are the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Achilles*, *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Prince Albert*, *Scorpion*, and *Wyvern*. The *Hercules*, *Monarch*, *Captain*, and *Penelope*, will also have iron hulls. The iron-clad wooden ships include the *Pallas*, *Lord Clyde*, *Ocean*, *Caledonia*, *Research*, *Enterprise*, and several others, together with the *Lord Warden*, of 4080 tons.

The *Waterwitch*, launched in June last, differs in engine-power from all her predecessors, being propelled neither by screw nor paddle, but by an internal wheel or turbine, which being made to revolve some 40 times in a minute, draws water from the sea through the hull of the vessel, and ejects it from nozzles at the side. By this extraordinary contrivance the vessel is, as it were, "sucked" along, and having been tested at the measured mile in the Lower Hope, has exhibited a speed of nine knots per hour—a rate which is considered highly satisfactory. The *Waterwitch* is of 778 tons, measuring 162 feet in length by 32 in breadth, and is wholly built of iron, partially plated to a thickness of 4½ inches, backed with 10 inches of teak. Her engines are of 160 horse-power, and her armament will consist of two 7-inch and four 20-pounder guns, the former mounted to fire not only on the broadside, but also on the line of the keel. This singular vessel is double-ended, and almost flat-bottomed. Her peculiar mode of propulsion is said to possess some very important advantages.

A BEWILDERED PLEASURE-SEEKER.

IN dictionaries I find the word pleasure thus defined—"gratification of the senses or mind." I cannot understand it. In the year 1866, I hear philosophers and moralists alike declaim, in bitter terms, against the folly and frivolity of modern society, as being occupied in the sole pursuit of pleasure and amusement. I am

attracted. There is always something attractive in what is wrong; and pleasure and amusement have a seductive sound. I seek the gay and giddy throng, regardless alike of both moralist and philosopher. Mrs. Smith's ball is just coming off; it will be the best thing this winter, everyone says: and Mrs. Robinson has one of her renowned dinner-parties the same night. I am going to both—fortunate creature that I am. On this evening I shall be sure to drink deep of the intoxicating draught of pleasure and amusement. At a quarter before eight I survey myself in the glass—satisfactory, certainly—considering that I am not indebted to art for hair, complexion, or figure. My dress is a success—fresh from Paris—not paid for, but never mind—no rose without a thorn—and the thorn won't come till after the rose. In a short time I am cramming, squeezing, struggling into the space allotted to me at Mrs. Robinson's table. The room might have dined sixteen comfortably; there are twenty-two at table. My partner is a—well, I mustn't say what; but he is, nevertheless, a hopeless, irredeemable something—though I believe quite harmless. Conversation consists of spasmodic gasps. Course succeeds course in seemingly endless succession; but I hate made dishes, so can't get anything to eat. Every moment the atmosphere becomes more intolerable. I don't believe the windows had ever been opened since the house was built. Ice becomes powerless to cool. Will Mrs. Robinson never move? At last she does, and I escape, after having sat at that banquet two hours and three-quarters. Oh! the inexpressible charm of that breath of comparatively fresh air which met us when the dining-room door opened.

In another half-hour we are at Mrs. Smith's. With desperate courage we plunge into the struggling crowd on the stairs. More than once repulsed, we return undaunted to the charge, and at last succeed in storming the citadel. Dancing is going on somewhere, but nothing is visible but a writhing mass of humanity. Crinolines being diminished, Mrs. Smith has doubled her numbers, and human flesh is less compressible than crinoline. A sudden surge of the crowd shows through an opening the still water where dowagers repose. My chaperone dashes through; I try to follow, but am hopelessly entangled with some one else; the delay is fatal, the opening closes, and I am left alone. Thank goodness, I am not very short, or I should be suffocated. In a few moments I hear my name: an acquaintance has, by desperate efforts, succeeded in getting within four feet of me: with one more frantic struggle, he gets closer. "Will you waltz?" he gasps. "I'll try," I answer, grimly; I am beginning to feel cynical. He is tall and muscular; with a Herculean effort he drags me through the crowd, to where, on a space about as large as a billiard table, dancing is supposed to go on. My partner has a quick eye; he dashes in. We take half a turn, then three couples come violently in contact. Luckily we are a heavy pair. We try again. Crash! we come against a couple trying to dash in at the wrong moment. I won't stand it, and give it up. By dint of hard fighting we reach the refreshment-room, and I obtain a half-melted ice, but not one spoonful touches my parched lips. I am jostled, shoved, and pushed, till I give up the attempt in despair. Again we storm the breach. The heat is intolerable—and the air—oh! for one breath of air not poisoned with sickly perfume, and foul to the last degree—I shudder at the thought of it. "Don't you think we had better go?" says my chaperone. "Go!" I answer; "this moment, if we can only reach the front door." After a desperate hand-to-hand conflict of nearly half-an-hour, we reach the carriage, breathless, gasping, worn out. In ten minutes I am standing before my glass again. Alas! what a change! My unpaid-for dress is torn to ribbons, my fan broken, one glove gone, my hair

dishevelled, my face flushed, my eyes red, my head aching furiously. And this is pleasure and amusement—"gratification of the senses or mind." I can't understand it. Pleasure!—Amusement! To be bored, pushed, squeezed, hustled, poisoned with foul air, and sickened with horrible perfumes! At last light flashes on my bewildered mind—I have it. Talleyrand was right. Language was given us to conceal our thoughts. Here lies the solution of the mystery. I tumble into bed, and resolve I will cut society and write a dictionary—giving the real meaning of words—for bewildered seekers after knowledge, and fall asleep just as I am trying to define the meaning of the word "Pleasure."

THE LAND OF "I DON'T KNOW."



HERE was once upon a time a little boy—
"Ah, there now," I hear you exclaim,
"that is the way so many stories begin!
I wish you would tell us his real name,
and where he lived?"

I might if I liked; but, perhaps, when the little boy is grown older, and quite got over the bad habit that was the cause of the misadventure I am going to relate, he would not like to have you pointing at him and reminding him of his fault; so you must be quiet, and let me tell my story my own way, and be careful that you do not get into similar trouble.

"Tom" lived in a very pretty house, in a very lovely garden. He was fond of reading, and had a great many books, that ought to have been kept on a shelf by themselves, but— Every night before he went to bed he used to take his favourite toy and his favourite book for the time being, and place them on a chair by his bedside, so that he might have them close at hand the moment he awoke. Like other boys, he was very often restless at night, and then he would knock them over and break their backs, and altogether behave very badly to them. In the morning, too, when he ought to have washed and dressed as quickly as possible, he would take one of his books and place it on his wet washstand, and while he washed one eye would read out of the other, till the poor books got almost as much water as his face, and their red and blue covers were all blistered and defaced by soapy water.

His mother and sisters called him "Untidy Tom,"

after that sad boy in the story of Struwpeter; and, indeed, he was quite as bad, if not worse.

He had still another fault. If his mother asked him where anything was, the answer was sure to be "I don't know."

"Where is your hat, Tom?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your whip, Tom?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your watering-pot?"

"I am sure I don't know."

And once when he was amusing himself by acting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the shrubbery by himself, and had borrowed his sister's black doll to personate "Topsy," he left the poor little negress out in a dreadful snowstorm; and when asked where she was, of course answered, "I don't know."

His mother was very much displeased with him, and said, "Tom, to-morrow I must really take some severe measures with you, unless this is the last time I hear 'I don't know' from your lips."

Tom was very much frightened. He did not wish to vex his mother or be unkind to his sisters. He did not intend to break his books' backs, or give Topsy her death of cold; but he was so very very careless and forgetful, that he was always doing some mischief.

Others besides his mother were angry with him, and determined to punish him. It is all very well treating books and playthings as if they had no life in them, but you may do it once too often.

One night when Tom was fast asleep in his bed, his room, as usual, strewn with his clothes and playthings, there was a great discussion going on, though he did not hear it.

"I'll not stand this any longer," said Masterman Ready, stepping from the boy's bookshelf. "I'm an old man, and I'll not be insulted in this way. Here, it is near a fortnight ago that that young rogue, who is sleeping so snugly there, under half-a-dozen blankets, actually tore off my only coat, and since then I have been shivering all through this bitter weather in nothing but my shirt. I should like him to feel as cold as I do!"

"And I," said the Lady of the Lake, who was standing near, "would gladly see him punished. He has thrown so much soapy water over me, I feel as if I were in a Scotch mist. I wish he was on the top of Ben Nevis, with a good fog rolling round him."

"And I," said Robinson Crusoe, "owe him a grudge, not so much for the many injuries he has inflicted on me personally, but for his disgraceful conduct to that interesting Black Lady who lies buried under the snow yonder. I make no doubt she was nearly related to my beloved servant, Friday, and any slight cast on him or any of his relations shall be avenged by me."

The accusations against the unlucky boy now came in so thickly that it was impossible to make them all out. Whips without lashes, lashes without handles, guns without locks, ramrods without guns—the hubbub became so great, the wonder is the whole house was not roused by the voices of his accusers.

But even Tom slept quietly on, little dreaming what was in store for him, till he felt an icy hand laid on his arm, and a stern voice desired him to rise. He was too much alarmed to speak, but one glance showed him that old Masterman Ready, clad in nothing but a tattered shirt, stood at his bedside, with many others, who in the dim light he could not recognize.

No time was allowed him to look about. He was quickly blindfolded, dragged from his nice warm bed, and out into the bitter night air, with the white snow beneath his feet, and the clear frosty starlit sky above his head, his only covering his nightgown.

His enemies hurried on at a fearful pace, and his poor feet ached with the cold, and his legs trembled under him. At length, just as he was completely ex-

hausted, they removed the bandage from his eyes. Ah! what a sight he beheld. There was the drum he had broken, no longer a poor inanimate thing, to be kicked and beaten at anyone's will and pleasure, but a living moving being on legs, who rushed up to Tom, and inquired, in a haughty voice, "Why did you break in my head?"

And then the watering-pot came and demanded, "Why did you leave me in the mud at the bottom of the pond?" And a double-barrelled gun, with a lady-like-looking pistol hanging on his arm, upbraided him for his cruel usage, and whips, and spades, and trunpets, and hoops, all came and reviled him; and, lastly, his late victim, the poor black doll, in a winding-sheet of snow, said, in a melancholy voice, "You are worse than an American slave-dealer: had you no compassion on my warm African blood, that you left me to perish beneath the snow?"

Poor Tom seated himself on the hard ground and burst into tears, but the more he wept the more his tormentors jeered him; and really Masterman Ready and Robinson Crusoe seemed to incite the others to insult him, and the poor little boy was very miserable.

At last his strange companions, tired of playing with him, or afraid of the bitter cold wind, took their departure, and Tom was left alone.

Such companionship had been bad enough, but solitude was worse. "Oh! I must find somebody," cried the poor boy, starting up, and trying to make his nightgown cover his poor little ankles. "I don't know," sighed the wind. "Which is the way home?" shouted Tom. "I don't know," shrieked a curlew. "Where's my mother?" screamed the boy. "I don't know," croaked a frog in a neighbouring morass. Too frightened to speak any more, Tom groped his way along in the darkness. As day dawned he came to a directing-post. "Saved!" thought Tom, as he climbed up it like a sailor-boy up a mast. Imagine his horror. It directed him to the "Land of I don't know!" Tom slipped down quicker than he went up, and pursued his way. Presently he came to another finger-post. It was lighter now, and he could read it without the trouble of climbing; and what think you he read?—"This is the Land of I don't know!"

The day passed and night came on, and still he wandered up and down, while strange voices mocked him with the oft-repeated phrase, "I don't know." "I don't know," varied sometimes with "This is the Land of I don't know!"

Poor Tom, half-mad with terror, hunger, and cold, rushed headlong on, till a sudden light, a sudden breaking of the mist, showed him that he stood at the edge of a precipice, a deep blue lake far below. Then he knew where he was; on the very topmost ridge of Plinlimmon, and the blue lake shining below he knew to be the source of the Severn, that his father had shown him, a year before, when travelling in Wales.

Fearful of falling, he uttered a piercing shriek, and called aloud on his mother to help him. Conceive his joy when he found himself in her arms, and heard her well-known voice reassuring him, "You are safe, my boy, quite safe; what has frightened you?"

"Oh! mother, I have been to the 'Land of I don't know'; and, only think, it is on the top of Plinlimmon."

You may be sure Tom did not soon forget his adventure. He got Masterman Ready a new coat. He dug up Topsy from under the snow, and fished the watering-pot from the depths of the pond; and if he ever mislaid anything he tried to find it again, for he said, "I have no wish to go again to the 'Land of I don't know.'" And you, my young reader, the next time you are asked where the Severn rises, say, "In the 'blue lake' near the summit of Plinlimmon, in the county of Montgomery, Wales," and you will be A 1 in your class for a week.



POPULAR SONGS ILLUSTRATED.

THE history of music and song is one of the most delightful branches of literary study, not only because of its association with sweet sounds and the memories of childhood, but because of the pretty surprises in which it abounds. For example, some favourite air, which by general consent was believed to be Scotch, turns out on inquiry to be of English or Irish origin; some well-known English drinking song turns out to be French, or perhaps German; the new suddenly becomes old, and the old assumes unexpected importance, from the romantic or historical incidents with which we find it connected. These surprises, and the perpetual intermingling of the familiar and the strange in ballad literature, impart a charm to the study which the humblest may appreciate.

Who is so devoid of imagination as not to be interested in the statement made by Professor Crotch in the preface to his "Specimens of Various Styles of Music," published many years ago, that "the lower orders of people among the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, whilst at their work, sing most beautiful wild fragments of melody, which are far superior to the songs of their convivial meetings, and bear evident marks of antiquity;" though he adds, "their shyness and disinclination to repeat them when requested render it difficult to note them down." A short time ago Mr. Tom Taylor translated a selection of ancient Breton songs, commencing with one full of barbaric passion, which was probably sung in chorus by the old inhabitants of Gaul round their campfires after the slaughter of their foes, or even worse. We have heard music on the Welsh harp which may have been, and almost certainly was, struck by the Druid bards long before Cæsar's invasion of this island.

We are not carried back to these very remote periods by the favourite ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," yet it is generally admitted that the air is old. It was known in times past by its title of "The Bridegroom Grat." It appears to be Lowland Scotch in its origin, and a writer in the first volume of "Notes and Queries"

remarks, "I have a little book entitled 'The Original History of Old Robin Gray; with the Adventures of Jenny and Sandy: a Scotch Tale.' This original history," he says, "was reprinted and annotated by Haslewood." The ballad to the old air was written about 1770-1772, by the Right Honourable Lady Anne Barnard, born Lady Anne Lindsay of Balcarras, and the first authentic edition of it was published by Sir Walter Scott, in 1825. The first verse, now generally omitted, is as follows:—

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

It then proceeds as we generally hear it sung:—

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie ga'ed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

In the collection of "the Songs of Scotland," by George Farquhar Graham, an English air to the same words is given. It was composed by the Rev. William Leeves, rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire, who tells us, that having received a copy of Lady Barnard's verses from the Hon. Mrs. Byron, he immediately set them to music.

In Sir Walter Scott's edition of the song an interesting account of Lady Barnard and the origin of the ballad is given, together with a "Continuation." A second ballad or sequel also exists, entitled "Auld Robin Gray's Ghaist," which begins—

Right sweetly sang the nightingale.

Crotch says, "the Lowland Scotch tunes claim a preference over the national music of every other part of the world. They raise in the mind the affections of grief and joy, and soothe it into serenity more suddenly and more powerfully than any other species of music whatever." The artist to whom we are indebted for our engraving has evidently not been insensible to this charm in Scotch song, and has admirably represented the feeling expressed in "Auld Robin Gray."

"FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST."

"LILY, my little lily-bud,
The heat of day is o'er;
And evening gilds the distant wood,
The river's grassy shore.

"Lay down your books; we'll wander forth,
From out our schoolroom cage;
No book, at such an hour, is worth
One line of Nature's page.

"We'll scramble down those wooded banks,
Where strawberries grow wild;
Where Lily plays such mad-cap pranks,
When she is but a child.

"Now she shall be a little queen;
And who but she shall rule
The gipsy tea spread on the green,
Below Our Lady's Pool?"

"To-morrow, auntie; not to-night:
I've promised Pussy-cat,
To sup with her and Kit so white,
Here on the nursery mat."

"Oh, Lily! nonsense! Hear yon bird,
Clear-throated with delight."

"Nay, auntie; I have pledged my word
To sup with Puss to-night."

"But Pussy's bargain you may break:
Adjust your balance true,
That cats and aunts alike may take,
At Lily's hands, their due.

"Come; we will track the pensive stream,
Whose murmuring waters flow
More sweetly than your last night's dream."—
"O! aunt, I cannot go."

"Not go, my child! why, what means this?
Who said, but yesterday,
Mamma should have her best, best kiss,
Might we but walk that way?"

"But Pussy—but my promise."—"Nay,
Here's Pussy at all hours;
Come, see the bonnie foal at play,
The woods, the birds, the flowers."

"Oh, aunt! I love the flowers and birds,
And, best of all, the foal;
But papa told me, 'Broken words
Blacken the whitest soul.'

"And auntie dear, I've heard you say—"
Here two big tears dropped down.—
"My Lily, you shall have your way;
Your conscience is your own.

"Hereafter, hold the like firm faith;
Be just and loyal still;
Fight for your conscience to the death;
Lily, I think you will."

Alone, I mused long time on that
Which I, well pleased, had heard;
Not even to a pussy-cat
Would Lily break her word.

FANNY WYVILL.

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

We commence our promised series of patterns for plain needlework with accurate directions for making the common pattern for a grey or unbleached shirt. But first as to the material.

A good strong scarlet flannel may be bought for 1s. per yard, and for twopence or threepence more you may have a very serviceable quality. Still, flannel is expensive wear, though no doubt a good preservative against "rheumatics" and inflammation. There is a material which I prefer to flannel, and answering the same purpose; it is cheaper, has the same warmth, and if washed before it is made up, will shrink so slightly afterwards that it will make but little difference in the fit of the shirt. I mean a thin kind of linsey, made with a mixture of cotton; this wears well.

For a white shirt there is nothing to equal Crewdson's calico. At 10½d. per yard, yard wide, you may have a strong, but very coarse make; but from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d. per yard you may have a quality that will suit the most particular of wearers or housewives. There is another make of calico, which I can recommend to those who cannot afford Crewdson's, and yet wish for a strong calico. It is Findley's. For the unbleached, I always prefer the calico finished with a green end, and should never recommend a woman to purchase one under 6d. or 6½d. per yard for a shirt, at the present rate of prices.

The shirt I am about to describe is of a medium size: that it is not therefore warranted to fit every medium-sized man, I need hardly say; but common sense will enable our readers, after due measurement taken according to the directions that will be given, to make any alterations in size that may be necessary.

The usual quantity of calico required for a shirt is 3½ yards, yard wide: in cutting more than one, less may be sufficient. Thirty-two-inch calico is recommended by the shopkeepers. I consider it dearer, as half a yard more is always required at the least. The first thing that has to be determined is the length of the shirt (the pattern one is 37 inches). To find the length required, take your tape and measure from the bottom of the neck to the middle of the thigh; mark this length on the calico, but do not tear it off. From the mark measure another length two inches shorter than the first: here tear the calico across, and from one side of the length torn off tear a strip 4½ inches wide (out of this piece you may cut the yoke, and perhaps the side gussets). The remainder will be found, in all but the most extraordinary cases, amply sufficient for the width of the shirt. Now tear the length in two at the first mark: the longer piece is for the back, the shorter for the front.

Double the calico for the front of the shirt (No. 1 on the diagram) in half, lengthways. Draw a line across one side of the folded calico 1½ inch from the top: call it A B. Draw another 15½ inches from the top: call it C D. Make a dot E at the very top of the calico, 7½ inches from the two edges represented as B D. Make another on the line A B, 3 inches from point B: mark it F. Join E F by a line: this gives the slope for the shoulder. This shoulder line varies in length according to the size of the yoke.

The armhole is usually from 7 to 9 inches long, from the lowest part of the shoulder, F: the length of the pattern one is 7½ inches. The method of cutting is as follows:—Make the point G in line B D 7½ inches from B, and from it draw G H 3 inches across the shirt; join F H with a line, and curve the armhole by these lines, as in the engraving. The linings for the armhole are cut the exact shape of the armhole itself, and are made from 1½ to 1¾ inches deep. The dotted line round the armhole shows where they are placed. They may be cut from the piece that we shall take out of the front. The side gussets are 1½ inches square; they are sewn in at the end of the side seams. There is no rule for the length of these side seams; they are usually from 13 to 14 inches long, and are measured from the bottom of the armhole to the hip bone. Hollow the side to the depth of 1½ inch in the centre; cut it out on the curve; then round the corner of the flap.

To take out the front piece.—Draw a line I J 6½ inches from B D; make K 4 inches from J, and L 3½ from J; join K L by a line. Cut out the calico (through the two thicknesses; by the line I K, K L, L C. This part never alters unless you have a simple band, either of linen or of the same material as the rest of the shirt, instead of a fine front. Cut out the armholes, shoulders, and sides, as described. Then take the long piece of calico for the back, and cut the armholes and sides, and round the flaps as already directed for the front piece, only remembering, that as no slope is required for the shoulder, the armhole is to be cut from the top of the calico.

The measure for the length of yoke, No. 2, is taken from

As the first duty we owe to ourselves is the attainment of rectitude by all the means and appliances in our power; so the first duty we owe to others is to supply those means, as far as it may lie within our power to do so.

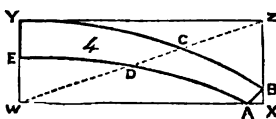
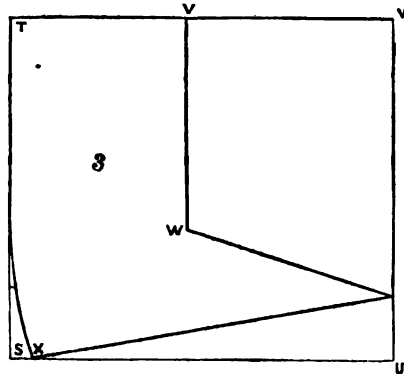
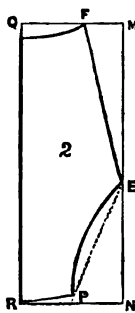
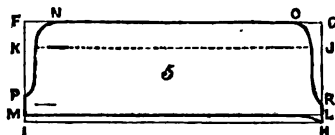
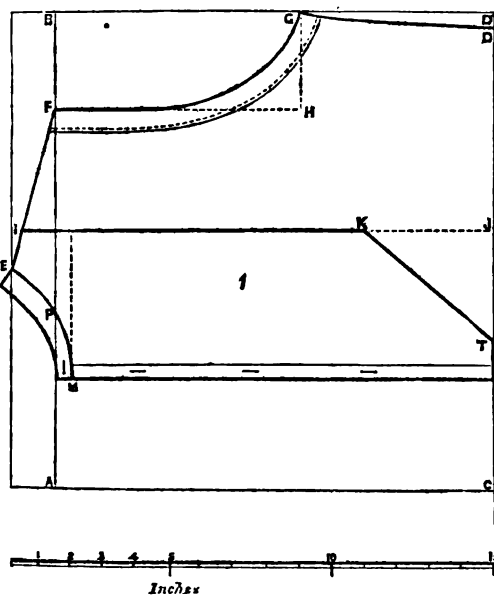
the spine to the extreme edge of the shoulder, the other parts of it being shaped in proportion: the depth is from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 inches, without turnings. When you have taken the measure, cut out the pattern in paper, larger or smaller than the one given, as required.

Take a piece of paper: on it draw an oblong figure $8\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 inches, M N R Q. Make E in line M N $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from N. Make F $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch from M in line M Q. Join E and F by a line: this is put to the corresponding E F in shirt body. Make a dot $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from Q in line Q R; join the dot with F by a line, and hollow it the eighth of an inch. Make P $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch below N, but make it the eighth of an inch within the line; join P R with a line; draw a dotted line from P to E, and curve by the engraving. The greatest depth of curve is half an inch. In cutting the yoke in the material, if economy is not an object, cut it on the cross, as it gives an elasticity to the shirt which you do not get when cut (selvedge way) out of the material which is taken from the side in the first instance. The shoulder of the shirt is put into the yoke plain; the back is also plain three inches on each side the yoke. Regulate the fulness carefully in the middle. Four pieces like the pattern are required, as it must be two thicknesses: join them together by a neat seam at P R.

The measure for the sleeve, No. 3, is taken from the spine to the shoulder, round the elbow (bent so that the fingers will

The wristband, No. 5, should be cut so that when made it may be $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wider than the wrist itself. The pattern is the French gauntlet. On a piece of paper draw an oblong figure, F G H I, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 3. Make the line M L $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch above H I; make K J $\frac{1}{2}$ inch below F G; make P $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above M; Q 2 inches from H. Curve by the engraving from Q to H. Make R $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above H, N and O one inch from F G. Make a dot on the line J K half an inch from each letter; join these dots with N and O (see engraving); then join them with R and P. Make a button-hole on line J K on each side the wristband, but the button at the bottom, in the slope corner R H.

All that now remains to be done is to cut the front itself, which is made of fine lawn, about 3s. to 3s. 6d. per yard. It is $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches long from the highest part of the shoulder, which allows for the turnings, $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the front, and 8 inches wide. Cut your lawn in length $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, then cut them $8\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and double it lengthway of the material. Draw a thread for stitching $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the doubled edge, another 2 inches from it. Morning shirts always have the fronts plain and of doubled linen (the pattern one is made in this manner). Look at the diagram of the body, No. 1, and use the same lines and letters. A B is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the top of the linen; M N $\frac{1}{2}$ inch below line A B. Make I $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch above N, and E $2\frac{1}{2}$ above line M N. Join E and I by a line; then join M and E by



touch the mouth) to the wrist joint. Deduct from this length the width of the yoke, not allowing for the turnings, also the depth of the wristband: then add half an inch, and you have the full length. Take a piece of paper this length, and $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Double it; mark it S T U V. Make W $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches from V, on line U V; X $\frac{3}{4}$ inch from S on line S W. Join X W by a line: this represents half the sleeve. T V is the back, X W the under part and the seam. Shape the top of sleeve, S T, by the engraving; leave three inches at the bottom of the seam for the opening; work a strong loop across the bottom of the seam, as it is far less clumsy than a gusset.

The collar, No. 4, and the wristband, No. 5, are made in strong Irish linen, about 2s. 6d. per yard, and are both cut lengthways of the material. The measure for the collar is taken round the very bottom of the neck; but the surest method of having it comfortable is to make it about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch less than the loose collar usually worn. In putting the collar on the yoke, divide it with pins into three parts; put each pin on either shoulder at letter E, the centre of the collar to P, and you cannot be wrong. To cut the pattern in paper, draw an oblong figure, W X Y Z, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Make A B $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from point X on lines W X and Z X; join by a curve. Make E $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above V on line W Y. Make D 3 inches from W on dotted line W Z, and 1 inch from line X W. Make C $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches from W on line W Z, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from line Y Z. Then shape your collar from A to D, D to E, and from B C, C Y. This represents half the collar.

a dotted line; it will be $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Draw a fine line from the centre of this line M E to P; it will be $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, which is the greatest depth of the curve for the neck. Draw the curve from M P P E. When you have stitched in the sides of the front, lay your shirt flat on the table; fix and stitch neatly the calico cut out in the line L O L K on the bottom of the front, arranging the fulness in a large plait in the centre; take care to make the left side wrap over the right, and hem the front down inside. All the parts of the shirt being cut and arranged, I will conclude with a few golden rules for sewing.

Never commence with a knot. Don't break, or, still worse, bite off your thread, but cut it. In seaming do not take too deep hold of the edge; stroke your seams down well. Take two threads only in back-stitching, more looks coarse; less, like a dirty line instead of fine sewing. Make your buttonholes round at each end, unless for studs; then work them square. It is only tailors that make their buttonholes round at one end and square at the other, and in tailoring entirely different rules are used in working a buttonhole. Take care, in working your buttonhole, to work a strong guard thread round it, and draw your thread out well to the left; then the edge won't look all of a heap, as some do, but regular and even.

When tucks are made in the shirt-front, or in any very fine work, hem them, do not run them. And last, but not least, sew your buttons on with double cotton.

M. E. S.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

NEW PROCESS FOR EXTINGUISHING FIRES.—Messrs. Dawson and Co., of Milnsbridge, Huddersfield, have recently patented a new process for extinguishing fires by means of carbonic acid and nitrogen gases. It seems to differ materially from the well-known "fire annihilator," as the necessary gases can be obtained in very great abundance, and the supply continued for any length of time, at a short notice and at a small cost. In an experiment tried by the patentees, fire was set to an upper room of a large building, in which room was placed a large heap of wood and shavings, sprinkled with spirits of wine and other inflammable liquids. The whole was soon in a blaze, and had the confidence of the patentees not been well founded, there can be no doubt that the building would have been speedily burned to the ground. In less than a minute after the apparatus had been set to work, the fire, which had been gaining in intensity every moment, was put out, and not a vestige of its presence remained, except in the blackened roof and sides of the building, and the charred wood and shavings in the room. The gases were conducted into the room where the fire existed by means of flues, and as soon as the volume injected bore a certain proportion to the atmospheric air combustion was at once arrested.

UTILIZATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE LAST PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.—The part which photo-lithography played in this campaign was of great importance. The movements of the army presupposed the most accurate knowledge of the places to be occupied, which could only be obtained by the aid of the maps of the general staff; yet, as regards the enemy's country, only a limited number of these could be procured. Photo-lithography presented an excellent means of making an accurate fac-simile, both on an *enlarged* and on a *smaller* scale, of the desired maps, thousands of copies of which were prepared and sent after the advancing army.

DEVIATION OF CANNON BALLS CAUSED BY THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH.—Our cannon are now becoming so perfect in their mechanism, that scientific men are beginning to look for the sources of error in the deviation caused by the rotation of the earth. This deviation, we are told, under certain circumstances, amounts, with a bomb of about 12½ inches in diameter, to 26½ feet in 13,125 feet.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

WHENEVER we drink too deep of pleasure we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

"He," says Lavater, "who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best mental gifts of mankind."

AN imagination highly cultivated, and sensitive to outward and inward impressions, cannot be too greatly valued. Without this transforming, and we almost say creative faculty, all our ideas stagnate, all our conceptions wither, all our perceptions become rough and sensual.

WEALTH bears heavier on talent than poverty.

A RATIONAL, moral being cannot, without infinite wrong, be converted into a mere instrument of another's gratification.

OUR fellow-creatures can only judge what we are by what we do; but in the eye of our Maker what we do is of no worth, except as it flows from what we are.

THE deeper the foundation is laid, the higher can the superstructure be reared.

VIRTUE does not give talents, but it often supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue, nor supply its place.

THE faults of the world can only be learned by a long acquaintance with it, and by suffering from that acquaintance.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman*.

STRAIGHT lies, with neither break nor swerve,

The sharp drawn line of Duty;

Soft flows, with many a waving curve,

The lovely line of Beauty.

Follow the first inflexible, and ever thou wilt see

The second's fairest arabesques run side by side with thee!

M. J. P.



* * Questions that are calculated to elicit answers generally interesting to our readers will meet with the Editor's prompt attention; but in no case will it be possible to reply until the fourth week after a communication is received, owing to the necessity of going to press that length of time before the date of publication. Each letter should be confined to one subject, and written in the fewest possible words, on one side of the paper, and in a legible hand. Address, "EDITOR OF THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, 77, Great Queen Street, London W.C."

A.—We propose at an early opportunity to devote some portion of our space to the question of primary education. It is of infinitely greater importance than many questions which absorb the public attention, and is yet beset with difficulties which at first sight appear almost insuperable. The objections urged against any Government scheme of compulsory education were ably summed up by the Education Commission of 1861, and as quoted by Mr. W. R. Callender at Manchester, in December last, are briefly as follows: they said, "First, Government cannot interfere for fear of exciting popular jealousy and mistrust; secondly, if Government find the money they must take the entire school management, and thus supersede all existing arrangements; thirdly, that between the Government and the managers religious differences must arise; and lastly, the Government cannot devise a scheme applicable, without hardship, to the entire circumstances of the country." In these objections the Commission itself coincided, and they have had a paralysing influence on all action in the matter. The meeting in Manchester was a very influential one. Its object was "to consider the propriety of petitioning parliament in favour of the adoption of a measure to provide for the primary instruction of the children of the poorer classes by means of local rates, under local administration; with legal power, in cases of parental neglect, to enforce attendance at school." Mr. Alderman Bennett, President of the Education Aid Society, spoke on the occasion, and related the following facts in support of his argument for compulsion. "He was conversing, some time ago, with a gentleman who was a partner in a large machine-making establishment, and who, having become imbued with a feeling of the value of primary instruction, made up his mind to try what compulsion would do. The firm had a great number of lads at work, and he gave six months' notice that at the end of that time every lad who could not read short words would be discharged. The six months went over, and, true to his word, he set up an examination, and he had nobody to discharge. He then turned the screw a little further, and after another period of notice—six months, or more—which he gave them to learn to write, he had very few to discharge." From these facts he drew the inference that "a little wholesome compulsion, such as a parent sometimes exercises upon his own children, if exercised by a school committee of the Town Council, upon that portion of the population which most need it, would most certainly prove beneficial, not only to those who experienced it, but also to the population at large." The question is too important in all its social bearings to be decided hastily, and we are not prepared to say that there are not grave objections against the plan proposed by the Education Aid Society. We confess, however, that we should like to see those objections clearly stated; and if, by assigning some portion of our space to the subject, and especially to the record of such instructive facts as those alluded to by Mr. Callender, we can contribute to the formation of a sound public opinion on the question, it will be a real happiness to do so. In one thing we are all agreed at the outset—the children of the poorer classes ought to be educated, not only for their own sakes, but for the better security of society. So far primary education is a defensive measure, not differing essentially in its aim from the institution of a police or the organization of an army. It is for a Christian community to make it so much more than this, as the Gospel is more and greater than the Law, but by no means to fall short of this measure of justice at its own extreme peril.

LONG-STOP.—The precise antiquity of the noble game of cricket has never, so far as we know, been satisfactorily ascertained. Strutt mentions a manuscript, dated 1344, containing an illustration of a game called "Club-Ball," in which he says the score was made by hitting and running (as in cricket). The illustration represents a female figure in the act of bowling a ball to a man, who elevates a straight bat to strike it; behind the bowler are several figures, male and female, waiting to stop or catch the ball, their attitudes grotesquely eager for the chance. This is understood to represent what would now be called the single-wicket game of cricket. The earliest mention of cricket in literature dates about 1685.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER VII.

ROUND ABOUT ROOD ABBEY.

THE way was not long. In rising the gradual ascent from the river, Pennie could discern the front of the Abbey, all the windows blank except one on the ground floor, which shone with a red glow through the twilight. She said to herself that *there* Mr. Tindal was, and when she lost it again, at the entering into the woods, she felt that the night had fallen dark all

at once. Under the fir-trees it was very gloomy, but up near the Abbey the plantations opened into glades and winding paths of shrubbery, through which again were glimpses of the grey walls, the bright window, and the shadowy gardens. At a certain point, Mrs. Croft waited until Pennie came up, and while professing to take breath, managed to intimate, without calling Dick's attention, that hereabouts was the place from whence had come the shot that killed Hugh Tindal.

Pennie shivered irrepressibly as she glanced round on the undistinguishable bushes growing close to the ground, with the boles of tall trees springing up amongst them, and the black clump of yews not ten paces off on the open slope of the lawn.

Five minutes more brought them to the lodge, on the steps of which stood Pierce. In answer to Mrs. Croft's inquiries, he said his master had passed a favourable day, and had been out a little while in the garden. Dick went no further than the old Abbey gateway, and once on the high-road, Pennie and her mother stepped out fast. It was a dry, sharp night, with an eerie east wind whispering in the rookery trees which spread their broad boughs over the garden wall, and darkened the path. The church and the vicarage stood about mid-way between Rood and Mayfield, and they had just crossed the graveyard, which cut off an angle, and shortened their walk, when Pennie said she was sure she heard a child crying, and stopped to listen. Her mother urged her to come on, but the pitiful little voice rose shrill and terrified, and she could not resist the impulse to run back along the road to see if the child were alone. No; lying on the path under the churchyard wall was a woman, fallen insensible, so far as Pennie could judge—at all events, fallen helpless; and running to and fro, equally helpless, making the night echo with her cries, was a little girl, bare-footed, bare-headed, all one flutter of ragged clothing and ragged hair. Her loud complaint had been heard at the vicarage also, and as Mrs. Croft reached the spot, a female servant appeared hurrying down from the house.

"She's drunk, I dessay. Whisht, bairn, whisht, you're enew to deave a body!" grumbled the last comer. "Oh, Mrs. Croft, ma'am, is that you? It's so dusk, I didn't know you at the moment, I'm sure."

Apologies and compliments were abbreviated by the arrival first of the vicar, and then of the vicar's man. By this time Pennie and her mother had contrived to raise the forlorn wayfarer's head, and to discern that it was probably famine, and not drink, that had overtaken her on her journey. The vicar ordered her to be carried into his kitchen, and while this was being done, Pennie tried her best to still the child. It was food and warmth she craved rather than caresses, and though her keen cry sank to a wail at the sight of the fire and the strange faces, it sounded even more distressing. As soon as they had seen the poor waifs taken under shelter, Mrs. Croft whispered to Pennie that they were in good hands, and she had better leave them, and come away; for she could be of no use, and perhaps would only be in the way.

The stranger had been set down in a chair by the hearth, and divested of a tattered shawl that covered her head. While Mrs. Featherston administered strong stimulants to restore her to consciousness, the child crouched beside her, quiet now, devouring a cake that the cook had given her. She appeared about seven or eight years old; but she either could not, or would not, answer the questions put to her, except only that her name was Alice, and the woman was her mother. Presently, like a little tired dog, she coiled herself up and went to sleep. It was so long before the woman showed any signs of returning sensibility that Mrs. Featherston grew alarmed, and would have Doctor Grey sent for; but before he could arrive she had rallied, had taken some food, and had risen to be gone. This, however, the vicar would not

permit, and when she saw he was peremptory, she resigned herself, and sat passively staring into the fire.

Oh! the wan, wasted, dreadful face! Mrs. Featherston, who was a round little rosy button of a woman, and knew nothing of the wicked world but what she read in good books, looked at it like a revelation. This was the manner of face that haunted the ghastly London lanes where the Bible-women went to seek out souls that were perishing. This was the mask that womanly beauty took on when guilt and misery had drenched the womanly nature through and through. What did she here—effacing of some foul city streets—in the green lanes of Eskdale?

Dr. Grey arrived in a fuss—it was much, the messenger had told him, if he found the woman alive when he got to the vicarage. As he came into the kitchen she turned her head to the door, and he stood with the latch in his hand for a minute facing her—evidently recognizing her, and she as evidently recognizing him. She began to fumble at her shawl to put it on, and roughly shook the child awake.

"Get up, Alice, let us be going," whispered she, always with her eyes on the doctor.

"Stop a bit, there's no hurry," said he, kindly. "I don't like to have a ride by night for nothing."

Cook and the other servants were about their business again. No one witnessed this unexpected meeting out Mrs. Featherston, and she was discretion itself. She could see all without seeming to see anything. The doctor soon told her what she had already discovered, that want and misery were the sickness he had been called to heal; and then again the desolate woman said she would be going; she wanted to get to Allan Bridge, to the poor-house where they would take her in.

"She might as well," said the doctor, addressing the vicar's wife. "She would be in the way of your servants here. I'll give her a cast in my gig, and drop her at the door."

Almost before the words were out of his mouth she was ready; the child was on its feet, and the old rag of a shawl that had covered her own head was cast over its elf locks. Mrs. Featherston quickly brought from her clothes store a coarse hooded duffel cloak, which she gave to her—to keep, said the little rosy woman chokingly, in reply to an eager question. The doctor helped her into his gig, lifted the child into her lap, and drove off through the now murk night, while the vicar's wife sought her husband in his study, and announced with an air of discovery, "She is an Eskdale woman, John. Doctor Grey knew her, though he did not choose to say anything."

"Is this Hugh Tindal's child, Alice Pierce?" asked Doctor Grey, when he had driven on in silence for a few minutes.

"Yes, doctor. My father's at the Abbey now, isn't he, sir?" The doctor replied in the affirmative. They were just passing the gateway. The lodge within was all dark; the house through the trees invisible.

"Have you been in Eskdale since you went away with him?"

"Once—only once. I was here that day he was shot, doctor. I saw it done. I wish I was dead!"

"It is a keen night: wrap your cloak over your breast. You saw it done, did you, Alice? You know that it has always been laid to his brother Arthur?"

"No, I know nothing. I saw him drop, struck

through his bad heart, and I went my way. I'd no call to cry for him. My father sent a curse after me, and refused me a bit to eat. Oh, if *she* was only dead, and I was dead!"

There was another silence, which lasted until they were nearly at their journey's end. As the gig crossed the old steep bridge of a single arch over the little river Allan, which gave the country town its name, the doctor said: "The master and matron at the house are man and wife, strangers here; they come from Liverpool way. They will not recognize you, if nobody else does. I should advise you to stay quietly there until you have recovered your strength, and then to try if your father will forgive you, and put you in the way of earning a decent living. I suppose that was your object in coming, Alice?"

"I don't know what was my object, doctor; it was like as if I could not help it. And now I'd fain be back where I came from. I've no hope, and I can get no rest. It is all just judgment—the scourge that's driving me, I twined and knotted it myself."

The doctor did not gainsay her. The gig stopped opposite a high wall with a white door in it, at which he got out and rang, the rickety-rackety jangle of a broken bell answering his energetic pull, and waking up all the echoes and sleeping dogs in the bleak marketplace. After the lapse of a minute or two the master appeared at the door with a lantern.

"Jefferson, here's a woman and child the parson at Rood picked up starving by the way-side. The woman must go into the infirmary. I'll drop in early to-morrow and see her."

"Very good, Doctor Grey. Old Sainsbury's gone dead this afternoon, sir; he went off quite quiet at last."

"Ah, well, it's a release. You'll look well to the woman; she may want an eye on her; you understand?"

This confidential communication made and responded to, the doctor helped Alice out of the gig, saw her and the child pass into the poor-house yard, and then drove slowly across the market-place to his own door, cogitating very seriously on the night's adventure. If it had not been so late he would have turned his horse's head back again to Rood there and then; for here was a difficulty to unravel harder than a tom-fool's knot to untie.

The doctor was not a man of energy except in the way of his business, but he was a man of heart and probity. He could know a thing about which all the world was curious without yearning to achieve a cheap notoriety by talking of it. His morning thoughts were not less grave than his night thoughts, but they were more cautious and reserved, and when he saw Alice again, he was glad he had not gone to Rood on the spur of the event. She shared the sick ward with two women so ancient that they were past minding anything but gruel, tea, snuff, and the fire. Her bed was next the window, and there she lay, wakeful and anxious, when he entered.

"Give me something to make me sleep, doctor; the longer the better," said she. "I've had no rest all night. I should like to shut my eyes, and never open 'em no more." She did not mention her child, nor did the doctor tell her that the little creature was fretful, sickening, he feared, for the scarlet fever. Misery is selfish, and her own sensations absorbed her. The matron was within earshot, and the rheumy, mazy

eyes of the ancient women were looking that way. The doctor could only speak his common formula of question, counsel, and comfort, and go; but he contrived to convey to Alice an intimation that the secret of her being there would not be noised abroad by him.

After his visit to the poor-house, Dr. Grey set forth on his daily round, leaving Buckhurst at home to answer casual comers. He took Rood Abbey nearly the last, arriving on his visit to Mr. Tindal about the middle of the afternoon. Pierce ushered him into the library, where his master was, and left them together. Mr. Tindal had been employed in looking over a file of old newspapers when he was interrupted. He was tired and dispirited—had been doing too much, as the doctor plainly told him.

"I want my little nurse to amuse me. You are her guardian, Grey, along with Wynyard of Eastwold, are you not?"

"Yes, I believe I am; but she has nothing to thank me for in the way of care," replied the doctor, awakening all of a sudden to an embarrassing case, which had grown up under his nose quite unobserved and unsuspected. He shirked away from it, for the moment, by inquiring what his patient had been doing to get so weary and excited.

"Trying to find a way out of the wood," said Mr. Tindal, pointing to the newspapers strewn on the floor and table. "I will rest no more until I do. There is a way, and I think I descry the guide-post."

"Ha! I wish you luck, that I do. What track are you on?"

"You remember the whole dreadful business?"

"As well as if it had only happened yesterday."

"There is a story in Monday's *Times* of a girl shooting a soldier in the park—shooting him dead; for jealousy and revenge, of course. My brother Hugh had given more than one woman the same reason to change love for hatred, and sweet for bitter: notably, Alice Pierce and Aimée Vibert. Could that dark gipsy-coloured woman who was sought after—but not half sharply enough—have been Aimée? Alice was light-complexioned."

"Yes, Alice was fair," repeated the doctor. "Grey eyes, clear pale skin, not much colour, and nut-brown hair. A proud lass in her innocent days, but not one to stop half-way to the devil when she had started."

"Her father assures me he has never seen or heard word of her since she left her home. She may be living or she may be dead, for anything he knows—or wants to know."

"Ha!" ejaculated the doctor, thinking to himself how shrewdly the old fox had kept her secret, and confirmed in some preconceived strong suspicions by Pierce's falsehood. There had always been a misty crooked notion in his mind that the woman in the wood was the assassin, and that Hugh Tindal got only right served for his sins. After a brief pause he asked his patient: "Could you ever guess where the first whisper rose from against you?"

"Never. I had not an enemy in the world that I was aware of. I had done no man wrong, and no woman either. My only rival was Hugh himself."

Mr. Tindal took a cigar. "You don't smoke, Grey, I know." He enjoyed his own pleasure for some minutes in brooding silence, but just as the doctor

was beginning to feel his company superfluous, he brought forth his thought. "You are the one friend that never had a doubt of me, and therefore I can talk to you face to face. Has it ever occurred to you as an interpretation of Pierce's most remarkable dolour that he could tell the truth about Hugh's murder if he would?"

"I'll tell you what has occurred to me—that his behaviour and manner of speaking to and of you, have done more than anything else to keep alive the suspicion that was bred nobody knows how, and nobody knows where. He is so confoundedly protective and guarded, both in your presence and behind your back, that he suggests to sentimental minds the notion that he is standing always between you and a dreadful fate."

"So said my deft little nurse at Mayfield. Pennie declares that Pierce provokes her past her patience. I have entreated him to put off his mourning, and go less like a ghost, but to no purpose. And the man's anguish is real enough, Grey—there's no feigning there. If his Alice had been swarthy, I think I could have unriddled the riddle. I mean to try hard as it is—I have a reason more than I had for wishing to be cleared."

"I can read your reason; well—you shall have my consent; Pennie is a worthy little lady. But let the clearing go before the declaration, Tindal. She is very young, she has a great fortune, and we live in a censorious age."

"I wish she had not a sixpence! I don't want her money, but herself—she understands me."

"Not a doubt of it, and I daresay she likes you the better for being an ill-used man."

"I am not sure of that. Pennie hates a mystery. She is as eager as I am that the cloud should break."

"Should you know Aimée Vibert if you saw her, or Alice Pierce?"

"Not Aimée—I never saw her; but amongst Hugh's things there were some miniatures—I'll show you them. I have devised no plan of proceedings yet; a blood-hunt is not after my heart, but I think I shall set a search on foot after Aimée." As Mr. Tindal spoke, he unlocked a drawer in a cabinet by the fireplace, and brought out several small cases, which he opened, and handed in succession to the doctor.

"Ah, poor Alice, this is very like her—and this is Aimée? A dark skin, Tindal, but not a bad countenance."

"No; tender, touching. There is more of the Magdalen repentant about her than about Alice. That is Lady Brooke. I hear she is very happy with Sir Thomas Brooke, and thrives amazingly."

"Yes; she is fat and well-looking, and either takes troubles lightly to heart, or has a light heart to take 'em to. She has buried three children, and keeps one—a son."

"Umph—time has increased her charms. Pretty sylph here—she is almost overwhelming for figure now."

At this moment Pierce threw open the door, and announced Mr. Featherston. While Mr. Tindal received him, the doctor closed the cases, and laid them in a pile together. After a minute or two of general talk he rose to leave.

"One moment, Grey; how is that poor woman?" said the vicar, arresting his departure. "Is she at the poor-house?"

"Yes; I saw her this morning. She wants rest and nourishment; nothing more."

"You don't know where she came from? My wife is interested in her."

"No, I do not," answered the doctor, point-blank. In fact, he did not know where Alice had come from; and leaving the clergyman under the impression that his shrewd little wife was mistaken, he made his escape.

Pierce attended him to his gig with his usual soft-going mournfulness. The doctor compassionated him from his soul; but there was irritation mingled with his pity. He eyed the old servant keenly, and asked, with some abruptness, "Have you any intelligence of Alice yet, Pierce?"

"That is what my master has been asking me this very morning, sir. Have I any intelligence of Alice yet?" said he, giving no direct reply, but looking up in his questioner's face with tremulous agitation.

"Well, have you? God knows, Pierce, that I am not the man to be hard on you or on her; but don't you think, honestly now, that the innocent has suffered for the guilty long enough? Look what his life has been. Wasn't it *you* that breathed the blight on it to screen the woman in the wood; and wasn't the woman your Alice? Perhaps Hugh Tindal did not get much beyond his deserts; but that sort of wild justice has ceased to be appreciated in these days. If you knew where Alice was, would you help her out of the country, and then would you let in what daylight you can upon that tragedy? It must dawn sooner or later."

"But I don't know where she is, sir. I hope she's gone where the weary are at rest."

"No, Pierce; she is in the poor-house at Allan Bridge—she and her child. She has told me that she was *here* that afternoon, and *saw it done*. It is all coming out plain enough to me."

"She is my daughter, sir—what would you have me to do?" asked the old man, in an agony of appealing misery.

"I would have you tell your master *all* you know, and without delay." There was no suggestion of compromise in Doctor Grey's aspect, and his tone intimated that if Pierce did not follow his advice, he would certainly speak himself.

"Give me a little time, sir! Oh! if you knew the winsome thing she was—the pretty winsome thing. No one remembers that but me. They could never have proved it against Mr. Arthur. I was well aware of that, sir."

"A man might as well be dead as carry Cain's mark upon him. It will be safer to confess now than to keep silence, for he will not bear it any longer in peace." The doctor gently shook the reins, and turned out through the old Abbey gateway, in the open court within which, secure from listeners, this conversation had taken place.

The church bells were ringing for morning service at Allan Bridge, and all the respectable population of the little town were trooping across the market-place to the wide open doors, when Doctor Grey set forth on his Sunday round. He was sprucer in his dress, as became the better day, but working, with him, had often to stand for praying, and it was rarely he saw the inside of a church. His district extended far and wide amongst the hills, and he went on his mission of

healing as sedulously to the crippled broom-maker, who lived high upon the moor near Pedlar's Bones, as he did to the well-paying squirearchy and yeomanry who had their comfortable being in the rich lowlands of the dale. His first visit was, as usual, to the poor-house.

The matron brought him, to begin with, into a faint, chill room, where Alice's child was the solitary occupant. The little creature was unconscious, tossing, fretting, and moaning in a burning fever. "I don't think she'll pull through it, Doctor Grey," said the woman. "They rarely do when they are like this." The doctor asked if her mother had been told. "No, sir; master judged it better not. She is as flighty herself as ever she can be. She has got a sleepless fit on her like that young woman we had to move to Norminster Asylum last autumn. I shouldn't wonder if she ended there too; it is horrid to hear her grinding her teeth, and raging, as if she had something bad on her mind."

"Does she talk much?"

"Nothing to be understood, sir; only wishing herself dead, and that. Mr. Clewer was here yesterday afternoon, but she was sullen then, and took no notice; though I do think if ever there was a young minister that had the right way with him in dealing with such as come here, it is surely him."

"I'll go up to her, and just you call old Hannah and Sally Perkins out of the way. If she is low, you must watch her."

When Doctor Grey entered the sick ward, Alice was sitting up in her bed, her face bowed down upon her knees, rocking her body to and fro, and moaning in the misery of her heart. He called her twice before she heard, and raised her haggard eyes; and then, after staring vacantly at him for a moment, she dropped her head once more into its former position. "I will come in again later," said the doctor, as he passed the matron on the stairs. "You can only take care at present that she does herself no mischief. Her wits are going." The matron fancied the doctor was very short, and not so feeling as he generally was. She could not guess what a relief he was experiencing to think that perhaps God might be pleased to call this poor soul to His mercy, and thus to simplify a task that he felt to be cruelly difficult.

He took Rood first in his round this morning. Mr. Tindal had gone out into the sun, and was making a tour of the lawn, with the aid of Pierce's arm and a stick. He looked delicate, but fresh and almost gay. Pierce was as usual desolate and respectful. "This is a good move," said the doctor. "You will soon colour again in the air; your skin takes kindly to the tan. Exchange Pierce's arm for mine a few minutes."

The servant resigned his office and retired, his master looking after him with a countenance almost of compunction. "He has told me, Grey. Poor old Pierce, I've known him from a lad! I had not the heart to be righteously indignant when I heard that it was perhaps to save his own daughter I had been sacrificed. The sudden sense of release at last was too great happiness to be spoilt by crucifying him anew. What a life he must have led—for he has loved me after a manner, and has felt every pang, every humiliation, every loss that came on me, like a fresh sin added to his burthen—he says so; I declare I gave him not one reproach; I could not."

"It must have been a deliberate deed—if she did it. A journey—a disguise; and what do you propose to do in the matter, Tindal? Vengeance for Hugh's murder is evidently not in your thoughts."

"I have given Pierce a promise to bear my yoke, and not to publish the fact of Alice being here that miserable day, until she is out of the road. Pray, therefore, that it may be soon."

"I daresay it will." The doctor then gave Mr. Tindal an account of how he had found Alice that morning. He listened, but his inclination was rather to expatiate on his own feeling of freedom and buoyant life, than to hear any mournful history. He said his first impulse had been to go to church to give thanks, but Pierce had suggested that it would be so strange to see him there, the people might wonder; so he had come out under the open heaven instead.

"I only long to tell Pennie, but I shall refrain; when I tell her that, I shall tell her more besides. You have vouchsafed me your consent, Grey," he added pleasantly.

"Yes." The doctor had not leisure to stay long at this time of the day, and soon Mr. Tindal had his garden and his contented thoughts to himself. As he sat in a sunny south-sheltered corner, near the house, he could hear floating across the still Sunday fields the sweet singing in church, and his own soul swelled with gratitude to the Almighty power that, after all his straying in the wilderness, had set his feet once more in a straight and open path.

Who knew the streets of the world more wisely than Arthur Tindal? or the churches, the theatres, the prisons, the antiquities, the pictures, the things old or the things new that are to be seen for a silver fee? He was not drawn to the deserts and solitudes of the earth. If he must be alone, still let it be in a crowd. He liked to move amongst his kind, to hear voices, to watch the little dramas that are perpetually enacting on the stage of life. Pierce travelled with him everywhere—a lugubrious shadow projected out of the dismal past, a *memento mori* that never ceased its sighing. Yet neither shadow nor sighing could get their cold chill into his bones. He raged now and then indeed furiously. What a capacity for happiness he had—what a keen sense of appreciation for the feast of earthly good things, at which he might never sit down!—for who sits and eats in peace with Damocles' sword hanging by a hair above his head, and with his *convives* eyeing him askance, as if his presence were poison in the dish? He looked on, thinking no more to taste the sweet and the savoury, mingled for most mortals so ingeniously with the bitter of life. He looked on, sarcastically, sadly, yearningly, hungrily, for nearly seven years. He had a taste and a palate still undulled, and an appetite that, instead of turning away sick, grew only more and more craving, until he declared at last he must eat or die.

So it came to pass one morning shortly before Christmas, being then at Avignon, he announced to Pierce his determination to return to England. The servant exerted his utmost efforts at dissuasion in vain. His master would go. He had been long enough a stranger and pilgrim, and he would return to the house of his fathers. Who could tell whether the Eskdale families might not have repented their harsh behaviour, and be willing now to give him again the hand of fellowship? He had reached home. Rood

Abbey received him without a welcome. A week—a fortnight—a month elapsed. Not a man sought him out. He mounted his horse and rode to the meet at Berrythorpe; he followed the field all day; he was in at the death, but nobody appeared to recognize him as one of their company. He had gone away, a rustic young fellow, under an awful cloud; he had returned, a man with the air of travel, experience, cultivation, and world-weariness. Spring and summer, autumn and winter, the times and the seasons had gone their round, but the bovine fixity of Eskdale opinion had stirred not a whit. Here was the Cain who had killed his brother; the mark had been plainly set; let him be outcast still.

A feeling akin to despair had descended on him when he saw there was no repentance and no change. He went about glooming, and trying to fight it off. It was during one of his dark days that he met Penelope Croft riding to Mayfield with her mother. It was during another that he fell before their hospitable door, was taken in, was taken care of, and had his wounds bound up with tender Christian charity. Whether he would have seen love in Pennie's eyes had they met where all was gay and all serene, is a doubtful question. Perhaps he would not have taken patience to consider the face that was more pathetic than pretty, that had no regularity of feature or beautiful bloom of colour. But shut up with it so often alone, he had learnt to see that the countenance was womanly and thoughtful, that the eyes were now sparkling with mischief, now soft with an inexpressible tenderness, that the mouth was delicately firm, the skin clear and smooth as satin, and susceptible of a rosy flush under provocation. Pennie was fastidiously dainty and neat in all her belongings. She satisfied the most critical taste by her exquisite personal cultivation, and Mr. Tindal had not much to do beyond criticizing and observing her for ever so long. She gained by this close scrutiny; person, temper, mind—all stood the test; and when the time came for him to leave this little lady, he discovered that he loved her with all his heart.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

II.—PROGRESS.

By the year 1850, after six years of experience and almost uniform success, the Rochdale Pioneers had proved the practical soundness of their business principles, and that in a way of all ways the most satisfactory. They had in fact, during that period, solved the difficult problem of bringing labour and capital amicably together, by transforming labourers into capitalists. There were now many members of their association, who, in consequence of having been for five or six years their own customers, and laying by all the while their own profits, were in possession of money for which it was desirable to find a new investment. After due consideration they resolved to start a flour-mill. It was a bold undertaking, because these men knew nothing of the miller's vocation; but then they had been just as ignorant of the grocer's calling when they opened the provision-store six years before: so, in spite of all obstacles, they formed themselves into a trading company under the designation of the Rochdale Corn-mill Society, and commenced their undertaking. For the first year or two—as might be expected in the case of a company of proprietors ignorant of the business they carried on, and therefore

much at the mercy of those who managed it for them—they did not succeed. They had made a mistake in renting an old mill at a distance from the town, and grinding their corn after the old method. They repaired this error by building a new mill in the town, filling it with the best machinery, and manufacturing their flour in the most approved methods. With the means of doing business thoroughly and well, their trade increased, and as their produce bore a high character it was much in demand, particularly among the co-operative storekeepers, who were growing more numerous year by year and month by month. In 1859 no fewer than fifty co-operative stores in Lancashire and Yorkshire were buying their flour and meal of the Rochdale mill-owners, who were then grinding by steam-power at the rate of 1400 sacks a week. During that year they did business to the amount of 85,845*l.* realizing a profit of 6115*l.* Their chief customers were the Pioneers, their parent society, who paid them some ten thousand pounds a quarter. Since that time the business has been steadily increasing, and probably has doubled ere this; the amount of cash received for goods sold in the year 1865 being 148,533*l.*, and the profit realized on the sales 12,511*l.*

Looking to the success of the co-operative stores and corn-mills, it is no wonder that the weavers of Rochdale should think of applying the co-operative principle to the carrying out of their own trade. Accordingly, their next undertaking, a still bolder one than either of the former, was the establishment of a cotton-factory of their own, in which they should receive wages from their own capital, and ultimately divide the profits of their own labour. About fifty thousand pounds would require to be spent before they could set to work, a sum which ten years before no working-man in England would have dreamed of raising. But co-operation sets aside such difficulties—regarding them as things of course. In 1854 the Co-operative Manufacturing Society was planned by a body of working-men; the 50,000*l.* was to be raised in ten thousand shares of 5*l.* each, such shares to be paid up at once or by instalments of a shilling a week. Without waiting for the whole capital to build their factory, they hired an upper floor for cotton-spinning, a lower floor in another place for power-loom weaving, and began to work. They had no difficulty in getting a sale for their products, and their capital steadily increased. In about four years from starting they began to build their factory, which in due time was finished and stocked with the necessary machinery, at a cost somewhat exceeding their original estimate of 50,000*l.* In 1860 their capital had risen to 64,000*l.*, their members numbered 1600; they had 320 looms at work, 23,000 mule and throstle spindles, and employed 270 hands. During the sad years of the cotton famine they suffered loss as well as others; but the loss which overthrew many an establishment of private capitalists, however severely it may have tested their system, did not ruin them: like other co-operative associations, they came out of that trial with credit, and with unabated ardour. At the present time their capital is about 91,000*l.*, and they received cash for goods during the year 1865 to the amount of 133,895*l.*

It may be as well to state in this place how the co-operative principle is made to work in a factory or any other industrial undertaking. It is but a modification of the plan pursued in the stores, and which has been described in the preceding paper. Just as the customers at the store receive a profit proportioned to their purchases, so do the workmen at the factory receive a profit proportioned to the wages they earn. The fairness of this plan is self-evident, and it is with good reason much liked by the workmen themselves. It acts as a stimulus to the "hands," whether old or young, to improve themselves, so that they may deserve a higher rate of wages, which will bring with it a larger

share of profit. The community of interest further tends largely to the prosperity of the undertaking: there is no waste either of time or material, because it is the interest of every man and boy who is employed to use all care and diligence. It may be said that virtually the master's eye is in the workman's head, seeing that the meanest "hand" employed ranks as a proprietor, and not only works, but to some extent exercises a supervision. In illustration of the tendency of co-operation to ensure thorough work, Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, and well-known philanthropist, lately related a characteristic anecdote. Major Cartwright, he said, once told him that in his youth he (the Major) served in the royal navy; when, after cruising about in various parts of the world, he found his way into the Mediterranean, at a time when England was at war with Turkey. Greece was then a part of Turkey, and British cruisers had to give chase to Greek merchant vessels; but they could rarely manage to come up with them. The cleverness of these escapes led to inquiry, and the Major discovered that, after a very wise Greek custom, every member of their merchantmen's crews, from the captain down to the cabin-boy, had a share in the vessel. In a word, they sailed and fought on co-operative principles, and did their work so well that the English cruisers were not sharp enough to catch them.

It was inevitable that a movement like co-operation, which had prospered so well in the hands of the Rochdale men, should take root and spread, and that other workers in other places should follow their example. No sooner was the soundness of the Rochdale principles established, than associations of a similar or analogous character began to be formed in other districts; and ere long they were to be found throughout the whole of the factory districts of South Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. In Leeds the system grew almost at once to maturity. The Leeds men were indeed the first to start as manufacturers and dealers in flour, and the Leeds Co-operative Flour-mill, which was set on foot in 1847, may, for all we know, have instigated the Rochdale men to the establishment of their Corn-mill Society. Other manufacturing associations sprung up at various places, the most notable being those at Wardle, near Rochdale, and at Stackstead; those in the neighbourhood of Bacup and Rossendale; the extensive mills at Bury; and the Industrial Association at Halifax, which last-named society, established in 1850, now does business to the amount of 150,000*l.* a year. We have no means of arriving at the precise dates of the various societies, or of determining exactly the order of priority; but this is of less consequence than the fact, that as the principles of co-operation became generally known to the industrial classes, they were applied boldly and without hesitation to almost every description of manufactures. The co-operative associations now in existence in England not only supply groceries and provisions to their members, which was their original purpose; but they manufacture clothing of all kinds, they deal in drapery goods and woollens, in blankets, serges, saddlery, hides and leather; they spin and weave cotton; they grind corn; they dig coal from the mine; they slaughter cattle—and they do fifty other things for their mutual benefit, which they could not do but for the bond of union which unites them. If they do not already cultivate farms on the co-operative principle, they will most likely do so ere long, and bring the advantages of their system home to the agricultural labourer.

Perhaps the clearest notion of the spread of the co-operative movement, during the twenty-two years that have elapsed since the inauguration of the Rochdale store, would be derivable from an examination of Mr. Tidd Pratt's Annual Reports. We shall, for the reader's benefit, select the last, published in June,

1866, and fish out from the mass of its tables some items which seem worthy of special consideration. The return, it will be understood, is for England alone. We find that the number of societies certified up to December, 1864, was 651, of which number 417 have sent in returns. Now these 417 returns will afford us some interesting information relative to the spread of co-operation, as they show when the movement was most active and stirring, and when it flagged. The oldest co-operative society of which mention is made, is the Anti-mill Industrial, established for grinding corn, in 1795, at Kingston-on-Hull; this seems to be the only surviving association of the last century. It still prospers, having 3979 members, and its business transactions in 1865 were to the amount of 38,765*l.* Nearly forty years elapsed, according to the report, before another society came into existence. Then there is one in 1832, one in 1838, one in 1840, and one in 1842. In 1844 the famous Rochdale Pioneers was the only one; in the following year there was but one, and in 1846 there was none. In 1847, which witnessed the establishment of the Leeds Flour-mill, there were three; in 1848 (the year of European revolution and Chartist agitation at home) there was but one; but in the following year, when misgivings as to Chartism were entertained by the more sensible portion of the people, the number rose to five. In 1850, when Chartism had utterly exploded, and working-men were cogitating on the best means of doing that for themselves which no Government can ever do for them, co-operation gained favour, and thirteen societies were established in the north. In 1851 (the year of the Exhibition in Hyde Park) seven new societies had been added to the list; when suddenly the English labourer was startled and temporarily thrown off his balance by the news of the Australian gold-diggings. Men who could work hard saw a speedy way to wealth, and thousands of them packed themselves off to the other side of the world, determined to make their fortunes. It is no wonder if, while that mania was fresh, co-operation fell to a discount—who would be content to save weekly sixpences when he might grasp golden nuggets for the trouble of fetching them? The gold fever did not subside in 1852, when only one new society was started—nor in 1853, which gave birth to but two. In 1854, however, the return to better feeling was marked by the founding of ten new societies. In 1855 the number of new ones was five; 1856 saw eleven new ones; 1857 produced six, and 1858 twelve. The public prints about this time took up the subject of co-operation, and handled it freely; some of them according to rather rough usage, but the majority of them recognizing its merits and advocating its claims. In 1859 twenty-four new societies gave token of its increasing popularity; but this was nothing compared to the increase that was impending, and which, in 1860, declared itself by the addition of seventy new societies to those already in operation. In 1861 the American civil war broke out; and one might have thought, that, fertile as it was in calamity to the operatives of this country, they would have had little heart for new speculations. But the working-men seem to have taken a right view of the question: they probably thought that the season of misfortune should be notably the season for thrift and saving; and this may be the reason why 1861 produced more co-operative associations than any year before or since, the number for that year being ninety-four. The following three years, 1862, 1863, and 1864, produced respectively forty-five, forty-four, and forty-six; and considering that these were the terrible years of the cotton famine, this single item in their history is not a little remarkable. That much of the increase recorded in the later years was due to the facilities afforded by the Limited Liability Act—which, though it passed in 1855, had not been finally revised and made available to working-

men until 1858—there can be no doubt, and the reader will have to take that into account. We need scarcely remark that the new societies which came into being during the American war were mainly for the supply of provisions—not for manufacturing.

But of the 651 societies certified up to December, 1864,* 182 have neglected to send in statements, so that no return of their doings can be given in the report. We notice that nearly all the societies so neglecting to send their statements are industrial manufacturing concerns, and that some fifty of them are no longer in existence, being designated as "dissolved." One of the statements required to be sent in is an answer to the question, "Whether credit is taken or given on purchase or sale of goods?" In the great majority of cases the answer is "No," but in some it is "Yes;" in others it is "Taken, not given," and in others again, "Given, not taken." We can see sufficient reason why credit may be both taken and given in the larger manufacturing undertakings, even to a considerable amount, as it would be impossible at all times to carry on a large traffic without some credit accommodation; but we are sorry to see the good old principle of the Pioneers departed from in the case of provision and drapery stores—and we cannot help connecting in our minds the ugly word "dissolved" with the abandonment of this protective principle.

We are glad to know, though we do not derive this knowledge from the annual report, that when co-operatives succeed in establishing their societies, they are not content with mere material advantages, nor are their sympathies for others deadened by prosperity. It is, on the contrary, almost a part of their plan to establish a reading-room and a library in connection with their store, where the members can sit and read the journals of the day, and whence they can borrow books of a suitable kind for perusal at home. They further like to be charitable and helpful to those who need their aid; and it is a common thing at the quarterly meetings for the members to vote, out of their own pockets, a handsome subscription to some useful public institution in need of funds, or to some co-operative society that has suffered loss.

THE MODEL CARRIER.

(From the French of Emile Souvestre.)

A FEW years ago I was returning to Paris from Montmorency in one of those carrier's carts which at that time still lingered in the suburbs of the French capital, carrying, pell-mell, goods and passengers. The tilted waggon, with seats of unplanned planks, was drawn by a single horse who travelled at foot's pace over the jolting road. Half way, I lost all patience, and descending, walked by the side of the conductor.

He was still a young, good-looking man, whose countenance showed that robust state of health which is the reward of a good conscience. At every hamlet where we stopped I saw him giving and receiving commissions, without once hearing any complaint. If he had to give change for a piece of money, it was not considered necessary to count what he gave in return. The women asked news of their children, the men charged him with purchases in the town. The conduct of every one, in short, proved the friendship and trust accorded him.

As far as I could judge, by conversing with my companion, he seemed to merit this confidence. Every word showed a good sense and kindness, to which the drivers of Paris had not accustomed me. He knew the improvements being attempted in the country; he named the proprietors of the different fields we passed,

and took an interest in the state of the crops. I soon found that he, too, had a few acres of land, which he cultivated between whiles, and in cultivating which he made use of the suggestions he picked up on his road. He was telling me the history of his "domain," as he laughingly called it, when a poor, decrepid man, wretchedly dressed, with grey hair falling over his bloated face, crossed our path. I saw he staggered as he passed, and saluted our driver with the noisy animation of drunkenness, who, to my surprise, answered him in a familiar tone.

"Is he a friend of yours?" I asked, when he had gone.

"That man?" repeated he. "Why, he is my benefactor, my good genius!" I looked at my companion, thinking I could not rightly have understood him.

"That astonishes you," answered he, laughing, "but it is nevertheless the truth. Even the unfortunate man himself does not imagine such a thing. I must tell you that Jean Picou, that is his name, is an old friend of my childhood. Our parents lived next door to one another, and we received our first communion in the same year. But Picou was rather wild, and on coming of age he soon adopted the ways of a bon vivant (fast man). I had not much to do with him then, but at last chance placed us as workmen under the same master. The first day, on our way to work, Picou and the others stopped at a cabaret (small drinking house), to take their morning glass of eau de vie. At first I remained at the door, not knowing what to do, but they called me in.

"Is he afraid he should ruin himself?" cried Picou, mockingly. "Two sous of his savings! He fancies if he is careful he may become a millionaire!"

"The others began to laugh, which made me ashamed, and I went in and drank with them.

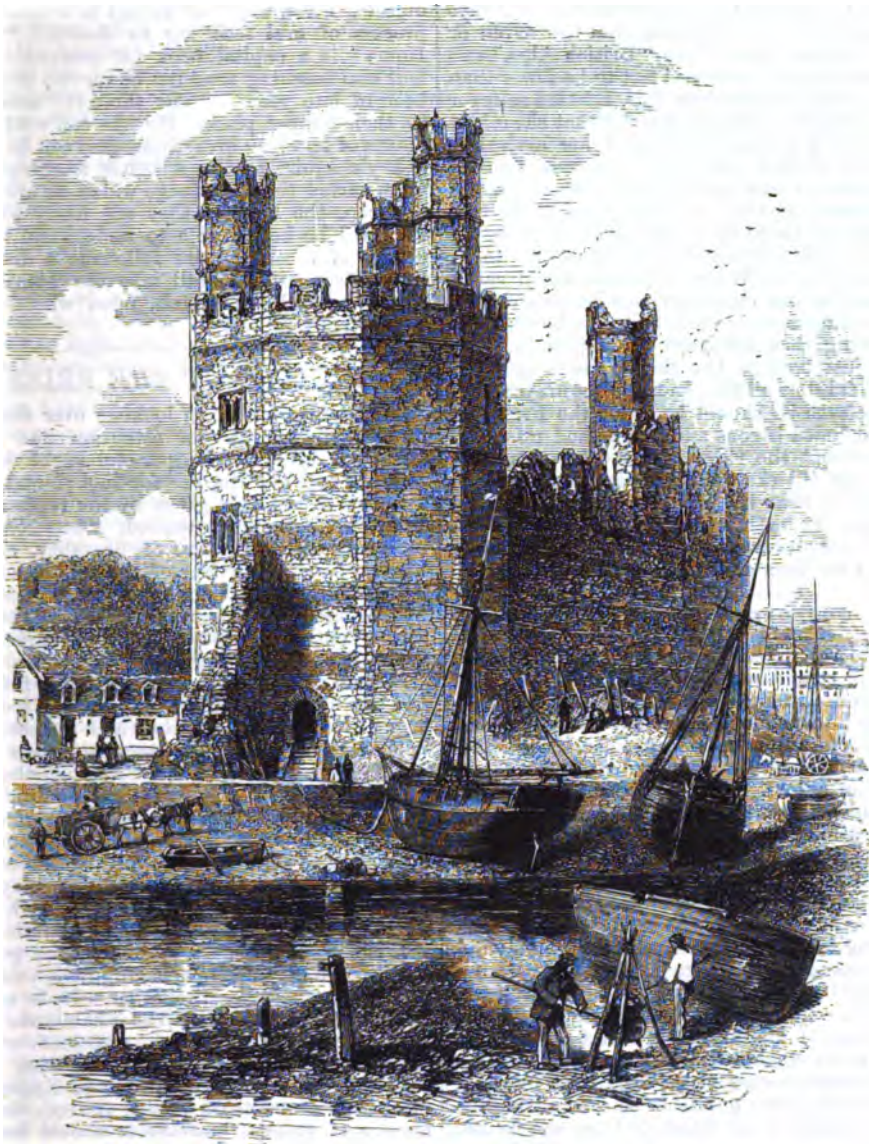
"However, arrived in the fields and occupied with my work, I began to think of what Picou had said. The price of that little morning glass was, in fact, a small sum, but repeated every day for a year, it would end in producing *thirty-six francs ten sous* (about thirty shillings). I began to think what I might have for that sum.

"*Thirty-six francs ten sous*, said I to myself, is, if one keeps house, an extra room in one's lodging; that is to say, comfort for the wife, health for the children, and good humour for the husband. It is wood in winter, so that one can have 'the sun in one's home,' even if the snow is outside. It is the price of a goat, whose milk would increase the comfort of the family. Then turning my thoughts in another direction, I exclaimed again, *thirty-six francs ten sous*! Our neighbour Pierre does not pay more for the rent of the acre of land he cultivates, which enables him to maintain his family! It is just the interest of the sum I should have to borrow if I bought the horse and cart the town carrier wants to sell! With that money, spent each morning to the detriment of my health, I might make myself a position, bring up a family, and put by sufficient for my old days.

"These calculations and reflections decided me. I put aside the false shame which had once made me give in to the persuasions of Picou. I put by, from my first earnings, what he would have made me spend in the wine-shop, and soon I could enter into negotiations with the carrier, to whom I at length succeeded.

"Since then I have continued to calculate each expense, and to neglect no economy, while Picou, on his side, has persevered in what he calls 'the life of a jolly fellow.' You see our respective positions. The rags of that poor man, aged before his time, the scorn of honest men; and my comfort, my health, my good character, all arising from a habit once formed. His misery comes from the little glass of eau de vie he drinks every morning; my joys, from the two sous daily saved."

* The Report is complete only to the end of 1864; but a note in the last page states that 216 societies have been certified since that date.



THE EAGLE TOWER, CAERNARVON CASTLE.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

CAERNARVON Castle is one of those few reliques of antiquity in this country which may be regarded as a link between our own and the Roman times. Less than half a mile from it was the famous Roman station of Segontium, which was scarcely in ruins when Caernyn-arfon (or the strong walled town opposite to Anglesey), as Caernarvon was anciently called, was erected in colossal grandeur to mark the triumph of another conqueror. Soon after the defeat of Llewellyn, Edward I., in whose reign was commenced a new era in England's history, built this magnificent structure. Twr Celyn, in Anglesey, found the bright grey limestone. Vaelol, between Caernarvon and Bangor, supplied the gritstone for the windows and arches, and the ruins of Segontium furnished other materials for the building.

The proportions of this great fortress must have struck awe into the hearts of the conquered. To the modern eye it looks majestic even in its decay. It stretches a considerable way along the west side of the town—

the walls being surmounted at intervals by octagonal towers. The external form of the building is square—the internal polygonal. From the size of the windows and the tracery above them, we may conclude the state apartments to have been spacious and handsomely ornamented. Round the inside of the castle there ran a gallery, from which arrows could be shot and missiles hurled through slits in the outer wall. It also served as a means of communication during a siege. The floors and staircases are for the most part in ruins, while the external walls are nearly as perfect as when they came from the workmen's hands.

With feelings of hatred and bitter scorn the Welsh watched the erection of Caernarvon Castle. Every stroke of the hammer recalled the sufferings of Llewellyn and his gallant band in the mountain fastnesses of Snowdon—every tower and battlement that rose to view reminded them that their independence was gone—that it was a fallacious hope any longer to expect their beloved Arthur would reappear to lead them on to victory. Edward knew the character of the people of the country he had so lately annexed to his own, and bethought him of a stratagem that should

propitiate them. The air in Caernarvonshire is always piercing, owing partly to the snow that lies seven or eight months on the tops of the "British Alps," and partly to the lakes, which are said not to be fewer than fifty or sixty. Notwithstanding this, Edward sent for his wife in the depth of winter, in order that she might there bring forth a child. Soon after her arrival he summoned the barons and the principal persons throughout Wales to meet him at Rhyddlan, to consult on their country's needs. At the meeting he told them that it was in his heart to gratify their desire for a native prince. He asked if they would submit to be governed by a native of Wales—one who could speak no English, and whose character was irreproachable. They promised allegiance to such an one, be he whom he might. The king then informed them that his own son Edward, just born in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle, fulfilled all the conditions of his promise, and that henceforth he should be called the Prince of Wales. The deluded barons and people had no alternative but to accept the ruler thrust upon them. It was not, however, till the young prince had attained his sixteenth year that his subjects offered their reluctant homage. From that time the eldest sons of the monarchs of England have not only been styled Prince of Wales, but have been created so by letters patent.

STUPID PEOPLE.

How are we to recognize stupidity, or how define it without looking stupid ourselves? A public speaker recently won himself fame by pronouncing Lord Derby stupid because he could not blow glass bottles. But such is the perversity of public opinion, the speaker got himself laughed at, and as far as I know all the papers pronounced him a fool. Very good; but look on the other side. One continually hears the demand now-a-days for "education," meaning simply book-knowledge. And when a man has not that, when he spells "joke" with a *g*, or drops his *h*s, or does not know the date or nation of William the Conqueror, literary men are apt to put him down as stupid. But is he really so? Stupidity does not belong to this or that class, but is widely diffused. It has its origin, we take it, like boring, in too much love of self. When a man moves on day after day in one groove, taking no interest in the habits, thoughts, feelings of another, he becomes stupid; and by stupid we mean unable to see with other people's eyes, to appreciate other people's work. For instance, when a well-known living publisher showed a "highly-educated" lady some loose printer's type, she looked upon them with curiosity, and thought that books were printed by stamping them one by one on the paper. I am sure I should never respect that lady, not because she could not print, but because she had not learned to reflect on the doings of her fellow-creatures. A man who had found a brooch advertised it. Three old ladies answered him; one had lost a ring, another a bracelet, a third something else. Phrenologists would say they were "wanting in causality," and commonplace people that they had never tried to think.

All the faculties ought to be made the subject of methodic culture. The study of languages is one means—and a means only. It produces accuracy and clearness of expression. But because my daughter knows that *pain* is French for bread, that does not teach her how bread is made. The study of mathematics makes a man logical and orderly in his thoughts, and I for one place it higher than language. But the mind requires something besides logic. We have other faculties bestowed upon us—the desire after what is pleasant, the appreciation of the beautiful. Mathematics will not meet this want, and the Cambridge tutor who objected to Shakespeare, that he proved nothing, was stupid.

Mental instruction should be directed towards two

objects. First, the mind should be trained by a certain process of oral teaching to *observe*. "Evenings at Home" is a capital book for inculcating this habit. But oral teaching must not be carried too far, as it has been of late years. "The three *rs*" must be restored to their proper place. He who can read well has the means of knowing everything that can be known, from a boy's squirt to the Atlantic telegraph. And the more varied the knowledge which we are able to give children, the happier they are likely to be, because they will be better able to understand the ways and doings of those who are following a different line of life. They will not fall into the number of stupid cloudy-minded individuals, upon whom explanations seem thrown away.

CHIVALRY OF THE PRIZE RING.

A FEW weeks since, on looking over the newspapers in a reading-room, our attention was attracted by an article headed, "Disgraceful Fight between Jack Baldock and Ted Napper for 250*l.*," and from the description of the fight given by the reporter, never was an epithet more justly applied. The whole affair seems to have been a mixture of brutality, riot, and dishonesty; and the writer of the report, accustomed as he was to the morals and manners of the Prize Ring, was obliged to acknowledge that "the scene was throughout of a most disgraceful character, and that it added one more argument in favour of the speedy abolition of the Prize Ring and its followers." To find an avowal of the kind coming from the only organ of any respectability which notices, in a favourable sense, the doings of pugilists, gave us no small satisfaction. Some years since, when the Prize Ring appeared to be nearly extinct, the editor of the same paper, holding that boxing was one of our national sports which ought not to be allowed to die out, endeavoured to reanimate it by infusing some of his own honourable spirit and love of fair play among its patrons and members. The attempt, by his own showing, appears to have been a complete failure.

It is singular to observe how all the good qualities said to be derivable from boxing fade away, on a little reflection, one after the other. It is said to be a national custom, and that the inhabitants of no other European country possess sufficient endurance to practise it; yet in Russia the Prize Ring was an institution long before it became one in England, and it is more than probable we copied it from them. To the honour of Russia, however, it should be stated that she has long since abolished prize-fighting, as beneath her civilization.

It is said that the habit of boxing abolishes the treacherous use of the knife; but stabbing, unfortunately, as may be seen from our police reports, is by no means uncommon in England; and, singularly enough, the localities in which the crime is generally perpetrated are those in which prize-fighting and boxing are held in the highest estimation. Nor is this to be wondered at. Brutal assaults on the strong by the weak are there of more frequent occurrence; and the weaker in the struggle naturally seeks some instrument which shall put him on an equality with his more powerful opponent. It should also be remarked that in Germany, Russia, and Holland, where the art of boxing is unknown, stabbing is not more commonly practised than in England.

The art of boxing is also said to teach the strong not to attack or oppress the weak; yet on the testimony of our police-inspectors, cases of wife-beating are most common in neighbourhoods where boxing is held in the highest admiration. If we recollect correctly, a prize-fighter, no longer living, but who is generally held up to public notice as the model of his class, was once brought up before a police-magistrate, charged

with grossly ill-treating a wretched woman, whom he turned out of doors, after having sold her furniture and pocketed the amount it realized.

To find how far below zero in public estimation prize-fighting ought to be considered, we will compare it with another custom, now acknowledged by all civilized countries to be infamous—we allude to that of duelling. A duel is at present regarded by all right-minded persons as a most wicked and unchristianlike method of terminating a dispute; yet so far beneath it is boxing, that the duel itself, when compared with it, deserves almost to be commended. If two men quarrel, and determine on settling their dispute by a duel, each applies to a friend to take his cause in hand. The seconds, being chosen before allowing their principals to fight, are bound in honour to effect if possible a reconciliation between them. In prize-fighting, on the contrary, it is the duty of the seconds to insist on the fight taking place. It should also be remarked that among duellists a quarrel alone is the cause of the fight. Among boxers there are two causes—one a dispute, the other a prize. As the reader well knows, there is scarcely a week passes without a report of some prize-fight for a sum of money having taken place, thus reducing the chivalrous attribute of boxing to as low a standard as that of two dogs fighting for a bone.

In duelling, if a reconciliation cannot be effected between the disputants, and the fight is determined on, there are certain rules to be observed, which are also utterly antagonistic to those practised in the Prize Ring. In duelling, either with sword or pistol, as soon as one combatant is wounded the fight must cease, nor is it allowed to commence again till his wound is healed. A reconciliation, however, generally takes place after the first wound has been given. In boxing, on the contrary, the more desperately a man is injured the more he is urged to continue the fight. Nothing is more common than when a boxer has received a fearful wound or bruise, for the seconds of his opponent to point out to him the spot, and advise him to strike with particular force on it; and if he succeeds in making the wound still more hideous or dangerous, he is sure to receive the congratulations of his admirers on the skill he has shown. It not unfrequently happens that in the last half-dozen rounds of a prize-fight the unsuccessful combatant will be almost carried to the "scratch," as it is called, by his seconds, being too weak to walk by himself; and he is then knocked down by his opponent, who is invariably advised, even if he does not choose it from his own good will, to strike on the part of the other's person which shall be already the most fearfully bruised. As an excuse for this gross cruelty, the admirers of the Prize Ring have attempted to show a moral effect arising from it. They urge that the contemplation of such severe wounds being supported by such endurance and courage, teaches those witnessing it how to bear bodily pain without complaint. Yet this proposed result will no more stand the test of examination than any other of the advantages said to accrue from the practice of prize-fighting. Men accustomed to the sight of pain, as a general rule, are more impatient under it in their own persons than any others. The late Sir Anthony Carlisle, when President of the College of Surgeons, remarked that butchers, doctors, soldiers, and sailors, roared louder under the knife than any other class of patients. In general, women support serious operations with far greater courage than men; and singularly enough, those women whose education and previous life have thrown them less in the way of noticing bodily pain, endure operations better than others.

In a duel, when once the fight has begun, no one is allowed to make a remark or distract the attention of the combatants. In boxing, on the contrary, it is the

habit of the seconds, and the common practice of the supporters of the pugilists fighting, to "jolly" those they have betted against. An explanation is perhaps necessary as to the meaning of the verb "to jolly." It means simply to cast upon the boxer against whom they have betted every gross, blasphemous, and obscene epithet of the extensive vocabulary in use among pugilists; thereby to irritate, annoy, and distract his attention, so that he may be the more open to the attacks of his adversary. Among prize-fighters of the present day "jollyng" is carried almost to a science, and men whose tongues are particularly expert in this infamous art, are said to be regularly engaged to attend the principal prize-fights, for the purpose of annoying one or other of the combatants. Occasionally this partizanship on the part of the spectators is not confined to abuse uttered from a distance. In spite of one of the bye-laws of pugilism, which declares that no one but the seconds and officials shall be allowed to enter the Ring, the rule is frequently set at defiance, and the enclosure invaded by a body of ruffians, bent on insulting and distracting the attention of the combatants, notwithstanding the efforts of a number of professional boxers armed with loaded gutta-percha whips, who endeavour to keep order by lavishly distributing blows on the heads of the refractory, yet without the slightest good effects attending their exertions. Before the termination of the fight between Sayers and Heenan, as well as that between Baldock and Napper, the seconds and officials engaged to see fair play were completely driven from the Ring.

In a duel a second never leaves his principal till there is no longer any immediate danger from his wound, or a probability of his arrest by the police. In the Prize Ring no such regulation seems to exist. In the fight between Heenan and another boxer, whose name we forget, the renowned Mr. Tom Sayers acted as second for the American. At the termination of the fight, when Heenan was stretched upon the ground insensible, or as some thought, dying, the police made their appearance, when the Champion of the Ring deliberately left Heenan to fall into the hands of the police, and taking to his legs, ran swiftly away, nor did he slacken his pace till he was completely out of danger.

Again, a duel may be arranged in such a manner that both combatants may be placed on an equality in point of danger. In pugilism this is most frequently impossible. With pistols, the weak and diminutive, but courageous man, may be made an equal match for the strongest. In boxing, on the contrary, a man of small stature or feeble health, no matter how chivalrous his courage may be, is completely at the mercy of his powerful and possibly cowardly antagonist. Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that men, endowed with what are called nature's arms, are on an equality, provided their average weight and strength be equal. A good boxer must have received from nature or art certain physical qualifications which are hardly to be admired. In the first place, he should be of a sallow, dirty complexion, as skin of that colour is less sensible to pain than others. This fact was known to the ancient torturers, who generally inflicted greater severities on men with sallow skins than on fair. Sir John Evelyn, in his memoir, states that in the early part of the seventeenth century he was present when a criminal was about to be put to the rack in Paris, to extort from him a confession of some crime he was suspected to have committed. Before the executioner commenced, Sir John asked him if he thought the man would confess. "I doubt it, sir," was the reply. "He is not only a bold man, but has one of those sallow skins which suffer less pain than others."

Again, in a successful prize-fighter, the sensibility of the skin has generally been deadened by the blows he has received in former engagements. This fact is

seldom sufficiently taken into consideration by those who compliment old pugilists on their endurance of pain. How easily the sensibility of the cuticle may become impaired, may be seen every day in children, without either shoes or stockings, running over broken granite in the roads, a feat which it would be impossible for those accustomed to wear shoes and stockings to accomplish. Another peculiarity necessary for a good boxer is to have a thick skull; the shock to the brain by a violent blow being the less in proportion as the skull of the individual receiving it is the thicker. A late professor of anatomy, Mr. Malins, had collected the skulls of several deceased eminent boxers, all of which were of remarkable thickness; one especially, that of Hickman, or "Gas," as he was called, weighing twice as much as that of an ordinary man's of the same size. It is also necessary that a professional boxer should have a remarkably low bridge to his nose, so that the thick bones of the skull may take off the shock of a blow which would possibly have caused temporary blindness had it fallen on the nasal bones. It is also necessary he should have a bony hand, with little flesh on it. In this consisted the superiority (and the only one) which Sayers had over Heenan, who in courage, skill, endurance, and strength, was fully his equal.

Of the moral effects to be derived from prize-fighting it would be ridiculous to speak, as it would be difficult indeed to find one which would bear the slightest investigation. Even the one, the most frequently quoted, that the Prize Ring has greatly contributed to raise the standard of British courage to so high a point in the estimation of foreign nations, vanishes with the rest. No portion of the population of the British Isles possess among foreigners a higher reputation for courage than the Scotch Highlanders; yet it is rare indeed to find a pugilist among them; the natural chivalrous disposition of the man teaching him to consider a blow as the highest indignity which could be cast on him.

Of the immoral tendencies of the Prize Ring, it will be unnecessary for us to descant at any length, so well are they known to all. Suffice it to say, that the most disreputable of the metropolitan public-house keepers were originally among its members. Professed pugilists give more recruits to the hulks and the chain-gang than any other class of people; and scarcely any infamous den of any notoriety whatever in London could be mentioned that has not one of its members directly or indirectly attached to it.

HUMOUR OF AN AFGHAN CHIEF.

WHEN Major Lumsden was in Afghanistan, the Sardar or Kandabar expressed a desire one day to see the rifle practice of the English. In the course of the shooting he saw some sparrows' heads shot off; and whilst expressing great astonishment at the feat, remarked that it was much more difficult to shoot at a hen's egg and smash it, than to knock off any number of sparrows' heads. The major and his friends laughed at this nice difference, but the Sardar was determined that his assertion should at once be put to the test, and accordingly ordered one of his attendants to fetch an egg, and suspend it against the opposite wall of the court. This being done, firing was commenced by the English, and to their amazement, after some dozen shots, the egg was unharmed. The Sardar and his attendants maintained their gravity, and every moment volunteered some excuse for the miss, as each bullet failed to smash the egg. Presently, by accident, a ball happened to sever the thread by which it was suspended, and down fell the egg upon the pavement below, but to the astonishment of Major Lumsden and his friends did not smash. The trick was now apparent, and they joined the Sardar and his friends in a hearty laugh at the deception. The trick had been prearranged by the heir apparent, who had prepared the egg by having its contents blown out through a hole at the end. The empty egg-shell, as light as a feather, was pushed aside by the wind of the bullet, and could not be struck.

HOME MEMORIES OF GOLDSMITH.

A HUNDRED years ago there was a famous circle of "wits" in London. This circle was composed of men who are even more famous now than in their lifetime, and it is probable that we know much more about them than their contemporaries knew. Chief among them all stands out the burly figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had bravely worked his way out of obscurity and utter poverty to the highest intellectual position; there was Edmund Burke, too, the great orator and statesman, whose works are a fountain-head of political wisdom; and there was Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most popular artist of his day, and one of the most illustrious of English painters. Among these brilliant men might be seen a person of insignificant size and plain features, with a round, pale face, pitted with the small-pox; a kindly, good-humoured, vain, affectionate man, whose foibles made him the jest of his friends, who loved him warmly even when they laughed at him. This was Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most famous, and certainly one of the most popular of English writers.

The title of our paper is perhaps scarcely accurate, for a home, in the true sense of the word, poor Goldsmith never had. At an early age he was left to shift for himself as best he might; and before he was twenty years old he wrote street ballads to earn bread. The little he gained in this way was often shared with those who, if possible, were poorer than himself. To relieve the destitute he would take the very clothes from his back; and one winter night he gave a starving creature the blankets off his bed, and "crept himself into the ticking for shelter from the cold." His charity, like many other of Goldsmith's acts, was frequently unwise; but it proved at least that he was free from hardness and selfishness of heart. At that period Oliver was at Dublin University, performing the most menial offices as a sizar, and picking up learning at the same time. Those were strange times. One day the ballad-maker was knocked down by his tutor, and in his shame at the disgrace ran away from college, and set out for Cork with a shilling in his pocket. Long afterwards he told Sir Joshua Reynolds that "of all the exquisite meals he had ever tasted, the most delicious was a handful of grey peas given him by a girl after twenty-four hours' fasting." Goldsmith's father was a simple-minded clergyman, "passing rich on forty pounds a year;" and at his death his son Henry held the same preferment, if such it may be called. Oliver was designed for the Church also, but was too honest to undertake an office for which he was unfitted. He was not much better qualified for medicine; but managed to obtain a degree, after having first made the tour of Europe in such a way as a poor penniless poet might make it. He started, we are told, on his travels with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand. By the aid of this instrument he gained the good-will of the peasantry. He led the village dance upon the green, and found a night refuge in the cottage or the barn. Thus wandering, he thinks often and again of dear friends in Ireland, and of his good brother's simple home and unambitious lot.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toils and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

When his music was of no avail, Goldsmith gained



a dinner and a bed by displaying his learning at the universities, at one of which he obtained a degree, and thus, after disputing his passage through Europe, returned to England. He arrived in London penniless and friendless, and found a home among the beggars of Axe Lane. After several efforts to obtain employment he was received as an assistant by a chemist of Monument Yard, and then commenced business on his own account as a poor physician in Southwark. It proved a sorry profession, and scarcely sufficed to keep him from the workhouse. There was hope for him yet. He became usher at a school, and the miseries of such a life at that time no one has so vividly described. When one of the characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield" relates his troubles in a school, Goldsmith must have been recalling his own.

"I was up early and late. I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad." Goldsmith found it would not do. Not in this way was he destined to instruct the world. His natural profession was literature, and to literature he turned. Alas! those were days in which authors often received a less remuneration than footmen, and lived in lodgings a footman would have scorned to visit. To be an author by profession was to be a Grub Street hack, and was synonymous with all that was disreputable and mean. Johnson wrote his dictionary in a garret, the furniture of which consisted of a deal table and a broken chair. His friend Savage found refuge in a night-cellar. Collins the poet was neglected, and went mad; and Goldsmith had to live near the stars in a broken attic, and was too meanly dressed to venture into the streets before nightfall. "The trade of author," says Mr. Carlyle, "was then at one of its lowest depths;" and it may be added that the great men we have mentioned had no small share in changing public feeling, and in making the literary profession honourable and remunerative. Goldsmith performed task-work for the booksellers (work still precious and enduring), which they were unable to appreciate. He wrote verses, too,

but reminds his readers that they may be good and useful members of society without being poets; and that they will do well to be content with happiness, leaving the poet "the unrivalled possession of his misery, his garret, and his fame." In these days Goldsmith had a brief hope of being appointed as a surgeon on the coast of Coromandel, but happily for English literature he was found incompetent. He remained in London, picking up a livelihood as best he could by writing for the booksellers; and among other children's books is said to have written "Goody Two Shoes." He found time also for the higher exercise of his genius. "The Traveller," which had been conceived years before, was now approaching completion, and we are told that Sir Joshua Reynolds, calling on Goldsmith one day, and opening the door without ceremony, found him "at his desk, but with hand uplifted, and a look directed to another part of the room, where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, looking imploringly at his teacher, whose rebuke for toppling over he had evidently just received. Reynolds advanced, and looked past Goldsmith's shoulder at the writing on his desk. It seemed to be some portions of a poem. He looked more closely, and was able to read a couplet which had been that instant written. The ink of the second line was wet."

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.

One memorable morning Dr. Johnson received a note from Goldsmith, begging him to come to his lodgings, as he was in great distress. Johnson knew what this distress meant, sent him a guinea, and went to him as soon as he was dressed. Goldsmith was arrested for rent, but had already changed the guinea, and had a bottle of madeira before him. Dr. Johnson adds, "I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a

bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged the rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Thus was poor Goldsmith relieved from temporary distress; and a tale (the "Vicar of Wakefield") which has proved of unrivalled popularity sold for a mere song. It is the delight of youth and age, it furnishes subjects for our artists, it has been translated into all European languages, and the pure spirit of Christian charity which breathes through it does the reader's heart good. Dr. Primrose himself, a simple, beautiful character, reminds us of the still more beautiful description of a country clergyman in the "Deserted Village," which concludes with these familiar lines:—

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds' sister heard Goldsmith's poetry read, she said that she should never think him ugly any more; and in reading his delightful works we forget the follies of the man, and think only with affection of a writer whose style is always charming, and whose thoughts are always elevating and pure.

Goldsmith's death-scene was a sad one. He had been in pecuniary difficulties all his life, owing, at least in the latter portion of it, to a laxity of principle, which made him prefer the sudden impulses of benevolence to the certain claims of justice. A low fever seized him; and the evil symptoms were increased by his obstinacy in taking, against the advice of the doctor, an improper medicine, and by the embarrassment of his position. He owed, it seems, 2000*l.* "Was ever poet so trusted before!" exclaimed Dr. Johnson, when he heard it. No wonder that when asked whether his mind was at ease, he said it was not. He died at Brick Court, in the Temple, on the 4th of April, 1774, in the 46th year of his age, mourned by many humble and some illustrious friends. Poor outcasts whom he had befriended wept upon his staircase. Burke burst into tears when he heard the news. Sir Joshua "laid his pencil aside, left his painting-room, and did not re-enter it that day." Dr. Johnson felt the loss deeply, and "spoke of it for years as with the tenderness of a recent grief." He was buried, but without a stone, in the burial-ground of the Temple Church. A monument was afterwards raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey. There are few authors more deserving of the honour, or who need it less; for wherever the English language is spoken the name of Goldsmith is familiar as a household word.

POPULAR SONGS OF HUNGARY.

(Second Article.)

THE traditional poetry of the Magyars is such as might be expected among a race having few associations with the surrounding world. Most of the songs are short and condensed outpourings. The lad consoles himself for the treachery of the lass, or celebrates her faithfulness and beauty, in his libations. The thief tells the glory of his successes, the beggar laughs

and triumphs over his poverty, the boor records how he has cheated his lord, and the peasant, how he got rid of the tax-gatherer; but they are all proud of the Magyar name. It seems a universal habit to represent not alone the bright, but the comic side of things.

What does it matter, if when I am poor,
Moping and misery fly from my door?
Many a proud man and rich man I see
Who might well change his condition with me.
Ragged my garments, and holes in my hat,
Little my bread, but 'tis sweeter for that!
And when I say, "let me count every penny,"
That gives no trouble, for I hav'nt any.

Freedom and patriotism are also frequently the theme of these anonymous songs. The following is an example:—

I am bound and fettered, even
As a horse in harness driven;
As the bird encaged, do I
For my freedom strive and sigh:
But should I at last get free,
I'll no more a vassal be;
Free to live and free to die,
Shall be my proud destiny.

Several of the more distinguished poets of Hungary, whose names are known, have written songs which have become popular. We translate the "Soldier's Farewell," from Döbrenki:—

Mother! mourn not that thy son
To the distant wars is gone:
Think, that when I travel far,
Think, I am a brave Hussar.
Maiden! weep not! do not dwell
On my kiss, and my farewell,
Know, thy lover in the war
Shall be called the brave Hussar.
Mother! if death summon thee;
Maiden! if thou faithless be;
Such a melancholy star
Would cast down the brave Hussar.
Oft the lads tell one another,
Of false maid and failing mother;
Say such change and chances are
Borne by every brave Hussar.
Mother! maiden! let such thought,
Let such dream disturb me not;
For I go to Freedom's war,
Bless, O bless! the brave Hussar.

The following is from Cucor, one of the most ancient of the known poets of Hungary:—

Love is like a little bee,
Bearing honey joyfully;
But the bee its honey brings,
With its murmurs and its stings.
I'll complain not—let me know
Love with all its joy and woe;
If my love her honey brings,
I will bear her songs and stings.

From Kisfaludy we borrow the following charming little lyric. It expresses a maiden's long-delayed expectation of her lover:—

When the buds were bursting, he
Swore fidelity to me;
Swore that when the vintage came,
His dear name should be my name.
Vintage time is come and gone,
He is absent, I alone;
While the laughing maidens sing—
"Where's the wreath and where the ring?"
But I hear the magpie's cry,*—
Hurrying to the window fly,—
Stretch my neck towards the street:
Shall I not my dearest meet?

But the greatest of the Hungarian poets is that Petöfi alluded to in our first article, whose songs and

* The call of the magpie is regarded as a good omen.

minor poems have been translated into nearly every European tongue. Very recently Sir John Bowring has given English readers an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, by translating two of the longest of his poems, "János the Hero," and "Istok the Fool," and a few minor specimens of his muse. Petöfi's position in Hungary resembled that of Burns in Scotland, or that of Béranger in France. He seldom went to bed at night, he seldom arose in the morning, without hearing his songs from the multitudinous passers in the public streets. In the very theatre where his mimic powers had once been put to shame, the whole audience rose at his entrance, and the Eljén (Hail!) was reiterated until he took his seat. Once, in an obscure village in Transylvania, his presence was suddenly announced to a regiment of peasant soldiers. "Is it the poet?" was the inquiry, and to the affirmative reply every voice re-echoed "All hail!" In the political storm which burst out in Central Europe in 1848, he became one of the most influential and most eloquent representatives of the Magyar spirit. Many a harangue he delivered at public assemblies, and he launched the first newspaper which was emancipated from the censorship. He fell in the struggle, as already mentioned; and owing to the fact that his body was never discovered, it is believed he was trampled under foot in the fearful slaughter at Segesvár. More than one false Petöfi has presented himself to the Hungarians, and much spurious poetry has been published under his name. As the Portuguese believe that King Sebastian will reappear, and lead them forth to victory, so Petöfi is said by his countrymen to be "not dead, but sleeping."

The following is one of his patriotic songs. It is one of those indignant, impassioned outbreaks, in which the slave, feeling all the ignominy of his chains, bursts into expressions of helpless despair. The prisoner is supposed to be bound in shackles forged out of his own sword.

The youth fought valiantly for freedom.

And now a prison cabins him;

He curses while he shakes the fetters

That hang upon each weary limb.

The fetter says, "O shake me, shake me;

But curse me, curse me not; for I

Will ring out curses on the tyrant,

And clang against his tyranny.

"You know me not. In freedom's battle

Even I in other days have flashed;

A hero drew me forth, then fiercely

With me upon the foeman dashed.

Here are we now, misfortune's children,

Wretched and weak; but thou and I

Will ring out curses on the tyrant,

And clang against his tyranny.

"They made of me a rusty fetter,

Of me, who was a flashing sword;

And him, who waved me high for freedom,

I fetter now in chains abhorred.

Blush chains! burn rage! how well becoming

The rust that's ours; so thou and I

Will ring out curses on the tyrant,

And clang against his tyranny!"

The versatility of Petöfi, and the tender melancholy which seems inseparable from genius, would call for remark in a more extended notice. In our limited space a few lines to illustrate the latter quality must suffice; for, as a song-writer we have introduced him to our readers—as a poet, in the true sense of the word, we take leave of him.

And what is sorrow? 'Tis a boundless sea.

And what is joy?

A little pearl in that deep ocean's bed;

I sought it—found it—held it o'er my head,

And, to my soul's annoy,

It fell into the ocean's depth again,

And now I look and long for it in vain.

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

THE first year of married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. It is then they wisely accommodate their views and their desires to each other, and thus lay the foundations of a life-long happiness; or else, giving way to their dislikes, and indulging their self-will, they are ever afterwards divided in heart and mind. There is an old story of a bridegroom who requested his wife to accompany him into the garden a day or two after their wedding. He then drew a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed:

"Pull the line."

She pulled it at his request, so far as she could. He cried:

"Pull it over."

"I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," still shouted the whimsical husband.

But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held the opposite end. Then he came round, and both pulling at the same end, it came over with ease.

"There!" exclaimed the happy man, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labour when we both pulled in opposition to each other: but how easy and pleasant it was when we both pulled together! It will be so with us through life!"

THE tear down Childhood's cheek that flows

Is like the dew-drop on the rose;

When next the Summer's breeze comes by,

And waves the bush, the flower is dry. — Scott.

ON a mossy stone, in a shady corner of a wood, sat a little orphan child. His fair head was bowed, his chubby hands were passionately pressed over his large blue eyes, and tears trickled from between his fingers on his long golden curls.

No wonder the boy wept bitterly. A few short weeks before he was the darling of fond parents, and now he was quite alone in the world. It is true he was fed and clothed as formerly; but no one spoke a kind word to the sorrowing young heart—no gentle hand wiped away his tears. The poor child's only resource was to sit beside the grave of his parents, or to seek solitude in the lonely wood, that he might weep unseen. No one told him of the one great Sympathiser, who soothes all sorrows, and wipes away the tears of all those who look to Him for consolation. His mother's lessons were unheeded now. When she gave them, he was happy and attentive; but in his first great grief he needed to be reminded of them, and there was no loving voice near to recal them.

Suddenly the boy's eye was arrested by a violet growing among the grass at his feet. Some of its blossoms had been rudely torn off, so that the plant was almost uprooted. One flower alone remained, drooping its head as if in sorrow, heavily weighed down by the large rain-drops.

"Poor little flower," thought the child, as from time to time he could not help looking at it.

But after a while he observed that the violet gradually raised its head. By-and-by the rain-drops had gone, and the lovely blossom looked up cheerfully from the midst of its green leaves.

"Dear little flower," said the child, in his heart, for he could not put the thought in words; "Why have you ceased to weep? What has comforted you? A short time ago you hung your head; now you look happy. Why is this?"

"I wept as long as the clouds hid the sun," the violet seemed to answer; "but when he shone, and I first felt his warm and bright rays, I began to raise my head and gratefully look towards him; for I knew he would dry my tears."

"How did you know that?"

"He always does. He is kind to us, and will not suffer us to weep, if we look up to him."

"And would he not do this if you did not look up to him?"

"He would shine on us still, but his shining would be no consolation if we had not faith and trust. He is always the same, and always looks kindly down upon us. On our part we must raise our heads and try to look up to him."

"Ah, yes! I know that is true. It is just like the Sun of Righteousness that my mother told me about so often before she left me. Did she not say that He would heal and comfort those who looked to Him? I will ask Him to comfort me. Thank you, little flower for reminding me of my Sun."

WORDS OF THE WISE.

A TRUE man has as much strength in adversity as in prosperity. As, in the dark of the moon, she sways the tide as powerfully as in her full-orbed brightness.

LOVE must ever love the feet that never weary in running on love's errands.

LET a man have a hearty, strong opinion, and strive to bring it into action—if it is in truth an opinion and not a thing inhaled like some infectious disorder.

A COUNTRY'S richest possessions are the great words that have been said in it, and the great deeds that have been done in it or for it.

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo, the jagged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

A HYPOCRITE may spin so fair a thread that it may deceive his own eye; he may admire the cobweb and not know himself to be the spider.

ONE whose mind is evenly balanced—who is calm and dispassionate—is seldom prejudiced.

MOST persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

AN able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot in expressing his convictions, nor timid in effecting his resolves.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our hearts until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows when we have.

EVERY form of lying and deceit is an expression of weakness. With force a cannon ball may be driven in an even and regular course; the want of force, or smoothness and solidity of make, will cause it to deviate.

OF all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into Heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

WHEN marriage is founded on prudence and honour, life has a definite object, and existence becomes a substantial blessing.

MANNERS are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in.—*Burke*.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

TRY to frequent the company of your betters: in books and life, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men have admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.—*W. M. Thackeray*.

WE look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatever; for truths which are really such all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and, like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

EVERY heart has a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known to the owner.

He is truly qualified to speak who has first learned to be silent, for the discipline of silence is the only proper nurture of speech.—*St. Gregory*.

THOU shalt stumble least in thy judgments, if thou wilt thyself but continue without stumbling in thy life.

HE who admits that he has a secret to keep has, by doing so, revealed one half of it, and the other will soon follow.

TALKATIVENESS is a very great vice, unpleasant alike to God and man. Much speaking is a sure sign of levity. On the contrary, silence is a noble virtue.—*St. Bonaventura*.

A straight line is the shortest in morals, as well as in geometry.

WE are not all blind, but all subject to distempers of the mental sight, differing in kind and in degree; thus though all men are in error, they are not all in the same error, nor at the same time; from which it follows that each may possibly heal the other, even as two or more physicians, all diseased in their general health, yet under the immediate action of the disease on different days, may remove or alleviate the complaints of each other.—*Coleridge*.



We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following letter, the observations in which appear to have been suggested to the writer by an article in our fourth number, entitled "What have Working-Men to do with Art?" Without altogether committing ourselves to his views, we have thought it but fair that one who signs himself "An Art Workman" should have an opportunity of expressing himself on this subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—A singular anomaly marks the treatment which the British working-man receives at the present time in England on the question of art. Praise and censure seem to be awarded to him in equal measure at the same moment of time, and almost with the same breath. On the one hand he is the producer of the gigantic edifices, railways, tunnels, breakwaters, and public buildings, which all admire; and of steam-engines and machines, which do all manner of work, from drilling a hole in a needle, to punching one almost big enough for a chain cable to be passed through; and for these things his skill and industry are lauded to the skies. On the other hand, he is censured because he can only supply the skilled labour to produce these things. The design must be given him, and then he can carry it out; the exquisite art necessary to finish the work must be sought for in foreign countries. Englishmen are not art-workmen. On this point writers, who take the trouble to notice the working-man at all, seem to be agreed, and there is an old saying, that "what all say must be true." It is easy enough to point out what he is not; but the question why he is not an art-workman—whether it is his own fault, or the fault of the country he lives in—is of much greater importance.

Take twelve French or Belgian youths, and apprentice them in England to a trade requiring in the end real artistic talent. Take twelve British youths, and do the same for them in France or Belgium, and then see who would turn out the best men. The chances are not equal in the two countries. In England there is too much Toryism in art. Artists themselves have a strong objection to workmen knowing much of the subject. I have myself heard artists say, "What business have workmen to paint, or attempt high art?—better stick to their business." See, again, what years had passed before the Royal Academy condescended to open their exhibition in the evening, at sixpence for admission; and that is by no means sufficiently low to enable the gold and silver workers, carvers, decorators, and other skilled workmen, to visit the gallery so far as to do them real service. In France and other countries the case is quite different. At Lyons you will find one of the largest and finest collections of art—still life, fruit, flowers, animals, birds, insects, and whatever else is likely to assist the workman in the production of the art-designs necessary for silk curtains, furniture, dresses, shawls, or ribbons. The workman's eye is not allowed to rest on an ugly object, but gradually cultivated from youth, till it attains such perfection that he can keenly pick out all the beauties of nature, and use them for his business.

What I wish to say is this: put the English workman on a par with his foreign rival, who can always visit his famous art-galleries without inconvenience, and can criticise the paintings and statuary with a keen enjoyment of their beauties. Art is made familiar to him at every turn; he cannot even go to his church without seeing it in one shape or another; and this being so, he must be blind indeed if his artistic tastes are not cultivated.

Let the British workman have these facilities, and more if you can provide them, and you will find in time that he will no more show deficiency in artistic taste than the foreigner. It is not, however, in the dry fog of the school of design that the aspirations to true art will ever ripen, but in the long contemplation of great masterpieces. The only opportunities, at present, for large numbers of workmen to visit our museums and galleries, is at Easter or Whitsuntide, when holidays are mostly compulsory. They cannot afford to lose time otherwise. Then again in France the people are attracted by the paintings, because they illustrate the glories of that military nation. Fathers speak of their sons, sons of their sires, and of "le grand" part each took in this or that campaign. Where in England can we point out, easy of access, such pictures of our battles in the Peninsula, India, Crimea, or the great sea-fights of our admirals? Our country is awakening to a sense of duties left undone: a good deal is doing, but there is more hard work still to do. Englishmen as a rule are not afraid of work. Let them once see it is to their benefit to acquire art, and they will throw off their coats, and work at it with a will. I am yours, &c.,

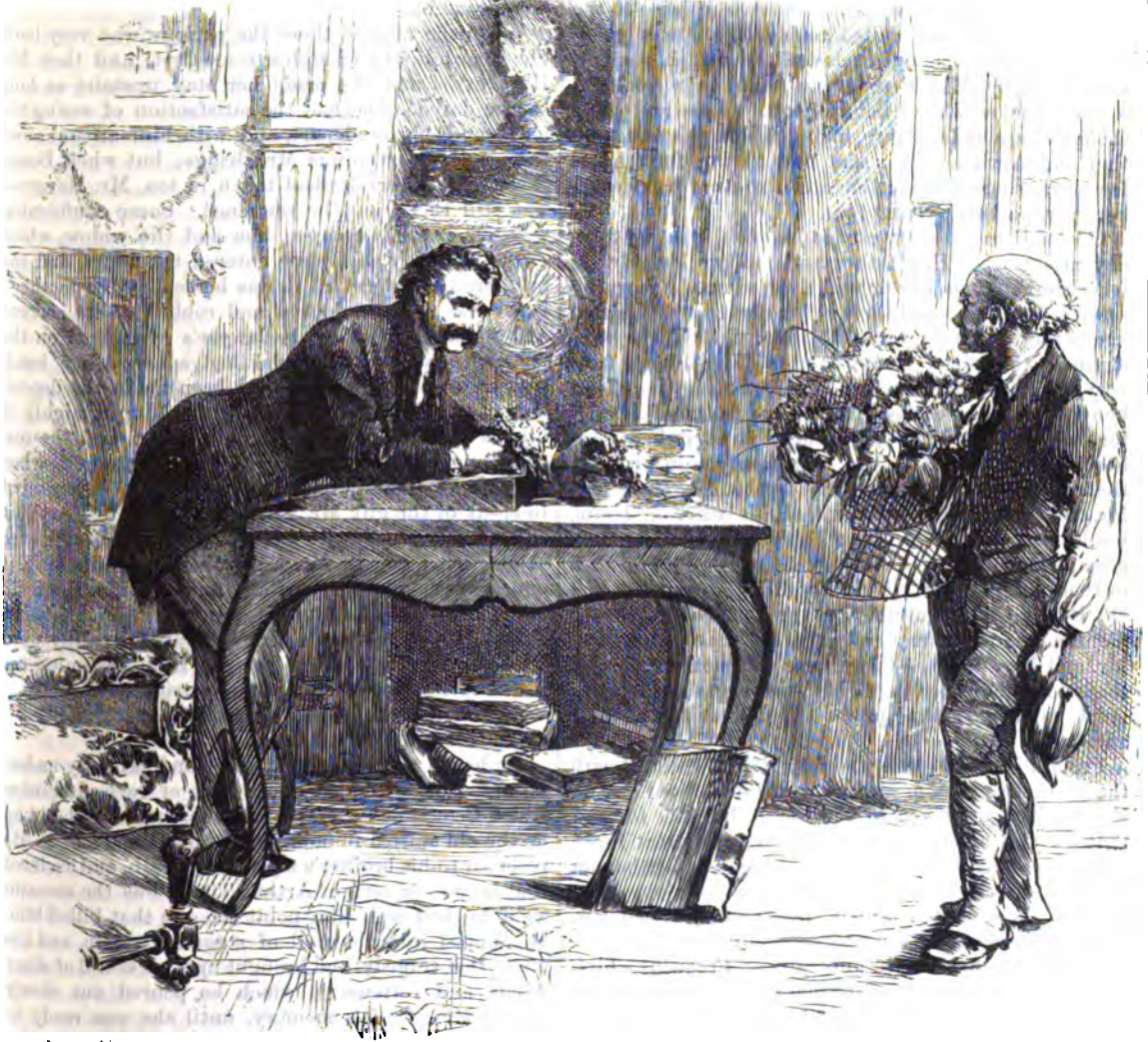
AN ART WORKMAN.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNWARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER VIII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

PENELOPE CROFT walked from the church to the vicarage gate with her new friend, Mrs. Featherston. They talked of good things like good hopeful women, but only a word or two of importance to this chronicle passed between them. "The Abbey pew was empty," said the vicar's wife.

"Mr. Tindal would hardly be able to walk to church yet," replied Pennie.

"Ah, no! When he is well, I hope he will come regularly, if it be only for the example's sake. As for that sad story about him, I don't believe a word of it, neither does Harry. We intend to do all our possible to rehabilitate him."

Pennie's eyes lightened. She could have kissed that rosy little woman for her French idiom on the

spot, though it was not her wont to express her feelings in that embracive fashion.

Her mother and Mrs. Jones were following close behind, and a thin stream of cottagers and farm-servants was oozing on before. When Pennie parted with the vicar's wife she held on her way by herself. It was a very sunshiny day, warm for the season, and the Spring was appearing in verdant touches here and there amongst the earlier budding trees. She felt happy—so happy and tranquil after her prayers, and her quiet, loving, trusting thoughts. Pennie's was a genial religion. It never occurred to her that joy and gladness amongst His creatures could be offensive to the Great Giver of all good; and because she was happy, she was thankful. She kept time with her step to the singing in her heart, and when she came to the old garden-door, and waited to bid Mrs. Jones good-day, that generous soul exclaimed, in a gush of admiration, "Why, Miss Pennie, you've got quite a colour! You'll come out a'most bonny enow." Love and pious thoughts are indeed rare and delicate painters, and they and April together had been giving, for the last few days, some very tender and elevating touches to her ugly, pathetic, young face.

One of Pennie's distresses at Mayfield was the Sunday afternoon. Her father and mother had always felt their religious devoir well done when the morning service was over; and though the church bells chimed again for evening prayers at three o'clock, the worshippers they drew from the rich farm-houses were very few. To hold a *levée* of friends during those long hours, when best clothes must be worn out of respect for the day, was Mrs. Croft's delight, as it had been her husband's; and it was only heavy rain or snow that balked her of her weekly treat. Mr. Hargrove, Mr. Buckhurst, Mr. Briggs and his wife, or Jessie, would walk over from Allan Bridge, and drop in for a gossip, which, when the days were long, ended always in their stopping tea. Tom Boothby, Mr. Gaskill, and old Bobby Clough would turn up about once in three months, and more frequently Mr. Lister and Dick, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones. There were many others besides these to whom the hospitable widow gave entertainment as they listed—pipes and hollands, or toast and tea.

From this noisy Sunday society Pennie recoiled with the keenest repulsion. It had been intermitted during Mr. Tindal's residence in the house, but she foresaw that on this afternoon it would arrive in great force, and as soon as dinner was over she put on her bonnet to go to church, to avoid it as long as possible. Her mother remonstrated faintly, but Pennie kissed her, and went her way with gentle determination.

Rood Church was still unrestored. Frequent white-washing had blunted the sharpness of arch and capital, and the wood-work throughout, wherever it was not patched with a piece of deal board, was fretted and decayed. Pennie took her seat in the Grange pew, which faced the Tindal pew, one on either side of the chancel, and she had not been many minutes in her place before the service began, and she became aware of an opposite neighbour in Mr. Tindal. He had no book, and he gazed about him without reserve until he espied her, when he grew a shade more decorous in his behaviour, and graduated gently into perfect propriety. He had not been within the doors of an English church for seven years, and the cold, bald unsightliness of this struck him with surprise and

discomfort; for it was his own. Schemes of re-edification immediately suggested themselves to him, and he resolved to consult Pennie about it on the morrow; Pennie was sure to be interested in such a work. He could not keep his thoughts from straying during either the prayers or the sermon, but he felt the better for being where he was, and when he spoke a few words to Pennie in the churchyard afterwards, she knew that he was a world easier in his heart than when he left Mayfield. She wondered what had happened, but there was no opportunity of asking, for Mrs. Featherston came up with kind inquiries and congratulations on his recovery, and Pierce was waiting for him with the drag at the gate. "To-morrow," was all he said after, but it was quite enough to send Pennie home content.

When she arrived there the parlour was very loud. She heard Bobby Clough's voice first, and then Mr. Hargrove's, and she made her stay upstairs as long as she dared. She had the satisfaction of seeing the old beau-bachelor depart, and with him an unknown farmer person, who was Mr. Briggs; but when Bessie came to tell her she had taken in tea, Mr. Hargrove was still there, and he remained. Some confidential talk was passing between him and the widow, which ceased abruptly as Pennie entered the room, and she felt sure the subject of it was herself. Her mother's heart was easily unlocked and robbed of its secrets, and when Pennie saw the lawyer's eyes fixed on the ring with which Mr. Tindal had adorned her hand, she was convinced that he had been made the depositary of her confidence. Mrs. Croft thought highly of him as a gentleman, a professional man, and the real acting trustee for her daughter; and though, when they began their gossip, it had not been in her mind to speak of the gift Mr. Tindal had made to Pennie, it slipped out along with other details of his residence at Mayfield; and to Mr. Hargrove's understanding, it appeared the most important and significant of all. He put on it, in fact, the interpretation that Mr. Tindal meant to secure Mr. Wynyard's wealthy ward for his wife; but so far was he from assigning the desire to its true cause, that he attributed it entirely to her money, and said to himself that it must be his business to circumvent it.

He began at once by cautiously and skilfully undermining that slight little structure of revised opinion which Pennie had prevailed with her mother to build up on the old storied foundation of Mr. Tindal's life. He reverted to his brother's mysterious death, and declared that he was as certain Arthur Tindal was the assassin as if he had seen him point the gun that killed him. He dipped into the well of stagnant gossip and lies about that tragedy, and brought up a bucketful of slimy weeds and rotteness, which he poured out slowly before Mrs. Croft's memory, until she was ready to affirm, like him, that there must be some truth at the bottom of this foul deposit, if only they could fish it up.

"I'll not go to Rood to-morrow, nor I won't let her go," was the conclusion she promptly brought her fears to; and then she confessed to Mr. Hargrove how she had promised to stay and lunch at the Abbey with her daughter, as she carried her back to Eastwold.

"Stay and lunch at the Abbey!" echoed the lawyer, softly and awfully; "why, my good friend, it would be the dearest talk. You did your Samaritan's duty in taking him in here, and taking care of him until he

was well; and he has endeavoured to acquit himself of the obligation, and there I should advise you to let the intimacy drop. As for associating with him familiarly, while he lies under such a ban as that of imputed murder, you really must not think of it."

Mr. Hargrove appeared so shocked at the notion that for several minutes he could speak of nothing else; and this was the theme he and the widow were upon when Pennie—all unwitting of the disappointment in store for her—presented herself at tea. Her mother looked conscious, the lawyer very serious. Conversation was at a halt for some time, but the clink of the urn, the teapot, and cups, covered the silence until Mrs. Croft inquired who was at church. "Only the school-children, a few old people, Mrs. Featherston, and Mr. Tindal," Pennie replied.

"Mr. Tindal at church!" cried Mr. Hargrove, in mocking amazement. "Trying the devotional dodge—very astute, very clever, I must say."

Pennie set a watch on her lips; it was not for her to undertake Mr. Tindal's defence against this *odious* man, as in her own mind she called the agent, but she could not control the indignant wave of colour that flushed into her face. It was not lost on him; it gave him the measure of her sentiments, but by no means of her character and her powers. These he underrated, having a general contempt for all women. He tried her with a little rallying next.

"You are like your cousin Lucy, Miss Penelope: because Mr. Tindal's a fine-looking gentleman, and has a pleasant way with him when he gets black dog Care off his back for an hour, she takes him for a persecuted saint, and would fall down and worship him, if he'd only show that it would be agreeable." Pennie did not like the implication, but she still held her peace. Mr. Hargrove threw a strain of malignity into his probing speech to finish with. "Fools fancy a rogue with a slink, a furtive eye, and a wheedling whine; but the real rogues, that carry a real fox gnawing at 'em under their cloaks, put on a jolly grin, and have a jest at their tongue's end. It is the rogue who is best at shamming innocence we should be most on our guard against, Miss Penelope, or we are robbed before we know where we are."

"Are you quoting Jacques the grazier?" said Penelope—not without point. She had heard that burly personage deliver himself of a similar sentiment to her mother, and it was to Hargrove, on Mr. Wynyard's affairs, he was covertly alluding.

The lawyer stared uneasily: "What do you know of Jacques the grazier?" asked he.

"Poor fellow, he was opening up his troubles about his money to me when he brought over the Alderney," interposed Mrs. Croft. "Set a man talking of his troubles, and he'll go on for all evers. How is business prospering in Arkindale, sir, if it isn't a liberty to ask? Is there a prospect of Mr. Wynyard's coming back to Eastwold?"

"Not at present, I fear, not at present," the lawyer took refuge in a solicitous air, and refrained from provoking any more double-edged questions from Pennie. He discerned in that one with which she had favoured him a shrewdness, fearlessness, and directness of character extremely hard to deceive or to manage. He discerned also that she had got a theory of himself into her mind, possibly truer to the fact than was convenient, which she was endeavouring to match with his moralities, and his popular repate as gathered

from Jacques the grazier. He relished neither her scrutiny nor her sarcasm, but he felt it was good he should be aware—however unwelcome the discovery—that there lived at Eastwold a familiar who distrusted him, and who would not be afraid of showing her distrust. The subject of Arkindale was evaded, and shortly after tea he took his departure, to Pennie's exceeding relief.

Mrs. Croft did not announce that she had changed her mind about staying to lunch at Rood Abbey until the following morning at breakfast, and the shock was so wholly unexpected that Pennie could not conceal her wrath and disappointment. Angry tears flashed into her eyes, and she said, almost with a sob, that it was very unkind, and what right had Mr. Hargrove to speak of Mr. Tindal as he did? She was sure he had influenced her mother to refuse her this last pleasure of her visit. Mrs. Croft could be irate as well as her daughter.

"Is that the way to talk to me, Penelope? You're not to judge of what's proper and what's not proper. I won't have you get no friendlier with Mr. Tindal; and if you say another word, I'll make you send back that keepsake-ring he gave you."

Admonished in this strain, Pennie did not say another word. Love and confidence shrunk up wounded into a corner of her heart, and the widow, as soon as her passion was past, discerned with compunction that she had done more harm than good. Yet her next words did not mend matters. "If Mr. Hargrove did give me a warning, it is no more than what he's bound to do. Where is Mr. Wynyard, that your father put you under care of? and what heed does Dr. Grey pay to your bringing-up? If you'd been left to me and your uncle Lister to manage, there'd ha' been far more sense in it, and you'd not be setting yourself up now to know what's right better nor your mother."

This was the style in which Mrs. Lister rated Joanna and Lucy: it is needless to say that Pennie was not used to it, and that she cowered under it with as much shame and dismay as if she had been threatened with physical chastisement. The widow was hardly aware of the extent of the mischief she was doing with her rough words, which she would forget before the morning was over, but which Pennie would feel sorely for many a long day. The mother even fancied that she was performing a maternal duty—"teaching her gel to know herself," as she would have expressed it; but, in fact, she was only teaching her reserve. The tears stole down Pennie's cheeks, and she rubbed them off furtively, quivering through all her body, but saying nothing; and, when breakfast was over, she went out into the garden, and had a good cry by herself.

She wished this had not happened on her last day at home. She knew her mother's warm temper was apt to break out now and again on the offending head of Bessie or of Ned, but she never recollected being called on herself to bear the brunt of it before. And then the disappointment about going to the Abbey, which she knew would be as great to Mr. Tindal as to her—and it might be ever so long before she saw him again. At this thought her tears gushed anew. Mrs. Croft was not much less miserable than she had made her daughter. To be sure, she had no tender reasons for wishing to eat her luncheon at Rood Abbey instead of at home, but she was vexed at her-

self for having grieved Pennie, and she was afraid it might affect their future intercourse. Pennie, as she remembered of old, had always taken a small reproach acutely to heart, and as a child had been shy and timid for a week after the lightest *scolding*. If she turned shy and timid now, it might end in her not coming to Mayfield again in haying-time. Indeed, without intending, without knowing it, her mother had taken away in an instant from Mayfield its chiefest charm. And regret would not restore it.

Pennie made the first advance towards peace. She came to the kitchen door where her mother was, and asked if a note ought not to be sent to Mr. Tindal, to tell him they were not going to the Abbey.

"What a fuss you do make about it, Pennie!" said her mother, who stuck to her main resolution, and thought it due to herself to maintain her dignity. "He'll expect no note, not he; it isn't like as if it was a party. I'll not have any writing backwards and forwards between you. *That* would be worse than the other." Almost before she had done speaking, Pennie had withdrawn herself to the parlour, and was crying again more bitterly than ever. She did not wear tears near her eyes, but when the deep fountains were opened they flowed copiously.

While Pennie was bewailing herself thus at Mayfield, Mr. Tindal, in anticipation of her speedy arrival, was going about with a cheerful countenance, putting the final touches of embellishment to his sanctum, in which he proposed to receive her. How often had she gathered violets and garnished her rustic parlour for him! He remembered, with grateful tenderness, her thousand delicate little efforts to please his eye, and lighten the tedium of his confinement; and he thought that she should see he had not been unobservant of her whims and her tastes. With his own fingers, less deft than hers, but far from incapable, he filled a cup on his writing-table with wet long-fronded moss, and stuck it thick with double violets. From the neglected green-house Pierce brought in a stand of plants in blossom, cinerarias of every shade of purple, heaths, rosy pink and white, and a tall full-flowered crimson camellia in the centre, which made a rich glowing mass of colour in the wide, deep window.

The room had the morning sun, and was spacious and airy, with a soft, many-hued Persian carpet, green silk draperies, and antique furniture of dark walnut wood, wrought all of it, according to the traditions of the house, from the original carvings, panellings, and plenishing of the Abbey. The pictures on the walls were landscapes, every one, and most of them were sunny scenes. Over the mantelpiece, which was lofty, and sculptured of wood like the bookcases and cabinets, there was an Italian view of a lake and mountains—blue, golden, and glorious. Mr. Tindal had chosen this room for his own on his return, feeling his need of all things bright; and as he made it festive for his expected guest, he glanced round it approvingly, and said to himself—Yes, she would like it. It had been his mother's drawing-room, and should be hers. So confident was he of the balance of that cup to which he was approaching his thirsty lips.

The clock went round to three quarters of an hour past noon, and then he began to count the minutes until she came. He had to count them a long while, but he did not give up *expecting* until Pierce entered, and said Miss Croft had ridden by with her mother.

Then there was an end of it. The afternoon was half over, the sun had faded out of the room, and he went to his savourless meal alone. It was not *her* fault, he was sure; but he experienced a sense of pain and dejection far beyond the ordinary sense of disappointment, and for the whole of that day he could not raise himself above it. He tried writing, he tried a book, he tried his pipe—that consoled him best; his familiar friend that moralized in smoke, and was never weariful.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT RINGS.

It was the Easter holidays when Penelope Croft returned to Eastwold, and the Wynyard boys were all at home. During the weeks of her absence Farmer Dykes, his wife, and family, had taken possession of the portion of the house assigned to them, and Mrs. Wynyard and her children had worn down to the tranquil level of their daily life. Nobody came to visit—that was the first fact that impressed itself on Pennie's mind. The gardens were left to grow into wilderness. Sheep and cattle pastured in the park. The few fine trees, that had hitherto been spared for beauty's sake, were now marked for the axe. The faded splendour of the drawing-room and the learned luxury of the library remained to keep tastes and traditions alive in the children's minds; but the regular expenditure of the household was reduced to the narrowest limits, and besides old Jenny the nurse, one maid and a woman in the kitchen were all that remained of the former establishment.

Mrs. Wynyard had many disquieting thoughts about her husband's ward under these circumstances. It was not to such a dull, restrained life as was now led at Eastwold that her father had meant to consign her; and her fortune certainly entitled her to taste something of the pleasures of the world while her mind was fresh. A season in London, a continental tour were her due; but how were they to be obtained for her? Her allowance was ample for all expenses; but where was the chaperone to escort her? Mrs. Wynyard caught herself wishing that poor Pennie were well married and off her hands; and then thinking that perhaps she might meet with an eligible somebody at Brackenfield, during the wedding festivities of Millicent and Mr. Forester. This marriage, long deferred, was to be celebrated on the last day of April.

Meantime, Pennie took up the threads of her own life quietly and contentedly enough. She walked with Anna and Lois about the park, the fields, the woods; she rode a few miles every day with Francis or Geoffrey, who borrowed a shaggy half-broken colt from Farmer Dykes, to accompany her; and she spent a great many hours in the library, browsing at will amongst the literary gleanings of a dozen generations. She was blessed with an adaptable mind, and she did not find this uneventful existence insupportably heavy. Perhaps her patience was increased by the reflection that Rood Abbey was not much more than four miles off, and that she might happen some fortunate day to meet Mr. Tindal. This fortunate day did not, however, arrive, and she departed to Brackenfield without an opportunity of explanation. Pennie respected her mother's *veto* so far that she did not dream of making an opportunity. She had meditated once or twice on the expediency of opening her counsel to Mrs. Wynyard, but recollecting what had come of her confidence at

Mayfield, she was afraid, and finally determined to keep it to herself. Besides, what was there to tell, except that Mr. Tindal had given her that ring?

Pennie arrived at Brackenfield two days before the great event, by Millicent Hutton's express desire. No other guest had then come, but on the morrow appeared Sir Thomas and Lady Brooke, and Pennie found herself brought into close and intimate communion with Mr. Tindal's faithless love, who was, in fact, a niece of the Dame—herself, before marriage, a Curtis of Methley Towers. Pennie was not shy in company; she felt her personal insignificance as a shield, and under its shelter she gleaned from society a vast deal of quiet enjoyment. Lady Brooke, who fastened a character on all her acquaintance, told her on the evening of their meeting that she was a *quis*; and to the other familiar names by which she was known at Brackenfield this was now added. Pennie felt inclined to resent it, but did not. Uncle Christopher was there with his merry mockery, and her new weapon might be turned to account.

It was in the drawing-room after dinner that this occurred. Millicent and Michael Forester were conversing apart; the rest of the circle were assembled about the hearth drinking their cups of coffee. Lady Brooke covered the central ottoman with her flowing skirts, and was as useful as a second lamp for lighting up the room with her glowing complexion and mountainous white figure. Anything so fat, or anything so fair, Pennie had never seen; and her great eyes lightened with appreciative fun as she contemplated this heroine of a story, seated solid under the nimbus of airs, graces, and affectations with which she was always pleased to crown herself in company. Pennie tried mentally to reduce her shape to girlish proportions, and her visage to the tender roundness and bloom of youth, but all to no purpose. Fancy can expand more easily than she can compress; and a faint sentiment of wonder, unleavened by admiration, was all she felt towards this once paragon of beauty that Mr. Tindal had loved.

Pennie was reposing in a low chair very comfortably, sipping her coffee and thinking her thoughts, when Mrs. Blake, who was close by on a couch with the Dame, suddenly bent forward, and said aloud: "What an exquisite old diamond ring you have on, Pennie!" Pennie coloured, murmured yes, and went on sipping her coffee.

"Pray let me look at it; I do so admire diamonds," cried Lady Brooke, eagerly. Pennie had nothing for it but to extend her hand: the ring was rather large for her finger, and in an instant the admirer of diamonds had drawn it off, had shrieked for love of the precious stones, had read the "posy" engraved inside, and had said, in a voice that made everybody stare, she did not think there had been more than one ring like that in the world! Pennie put out her hand to receive it again, but somebody else had asked to look at it, and it was being passed from one to another, and commented on as curious, costly, quaint, lovely, antique. When it came back to her she put it on without a word, and proceeded to finish her coffee, but the hand that carried the cup to her lips shook visibly, the lips themselves quivered, and a burning glow, enough to melt ice, covered her face, her neck, her arms. Poor Pennie, she could not have looked guiltier if she had stolen the ring!

Mr. Tindal's accident, and his nursing at Mayfield during Pennie's visit to her mother, were well known here, for they had been the chief theme of Pennie's recent letters to her friend Millicent. Blushes so fiery must, of course, have an interpretation. The women longed to know *what*; the men had no doubt. They retreated very slowly, and Pennie writhed under the sensation of being a mark and a wonder to all eyes. She quite loved Uncle Christopher when, after turning over the leaves of a volume of Cui't's beautiful etchings, he wheeled his chair half round to hers, and bade her come and look at them too; which gave her a chance of moving from under Lady Brooke's discontented watchfulness, and of concealing her treacherous face. She did not discern the pictures very distinctly until they came to one of the gateway at Rood Abbey; and then rallying her wits with determination, she remarked that it was a fine fragment, but that it appeared in better preservation in the etching than in reality. After she had managed her own voice once more she got on better, and really finished the evening creditably. But, oh! what would she not have given for one of those faces, good as masks, which never betray their owners!

Millicent Hutton's wedding was not very gay, but it went off in a highly satisfactory manner. The breakfast, the tedious afternoon, the dinner and the dance in the evening, were all according to rule—pleasant, natural, proper, and pretty. The Squire and the Dame bore the parting bravely; in the first place, because Millicent was to live at the Lodge, and in the second, because John, Theodora, and the three boys were going now to take up their abode at Brackenfield, that grandpapa and grandmamma might not feel lonely and forsaken in their old age.

Nobody had come to the wedding from Eastwold but Pennie, and the next day but one after it was over she left to return home, still in possession of her secret about the ring, notwithstanding the many attacks made upon her by Lady Brooke's curiosity to learn under what circumstances it had been given to her. None of the other witnesses of her confusion had asked or even hinted a single inquiry, for Lady Brooke had whispered it through the house that this wonderful ring had certainly been worn by Mr. Tindal's mother; that she had seen it often on her hand, and that the unhappy lady had said to her once (before the shocking family tragedy occurred), that it might come to be her own; for it had been the betrothal gift of the heir of Rood Abbey to his mistress for generations.

But though nothing was said to Pennie, there was a good deal said over dressing-room fires about the ring, and in other secluded corners for gossip. The Dame trusted that her Mary knew, and that Pennie put confidence in her; and in a letter she wrote to her daughter at Eastwold the day after the wedding, she made distinct allusion to her ward's intimacy with the unfortunate master of Rood. This letter only preceded Pennie's arrival by a few hours, and by the same post had come another on the same subject from Mr. Wynyard in Normandy, to whom Mr. Hargrove had sent a curiously-exaggerated statement of the late events at Mayfield. Mrs. Wynyard felt hurt that Pennie had told her nothing, and that such intelligence should have been left to find its way to her from two such distant quarters, but she carefully dissembled

her annoyance; for she had knowledge enough of Pennie's character to be aware, that though her confidence might be won, it never could be commanded.

It was to this position of her little affairs that Pennie came home—far from sorry to come; for how much nearer to Rood was Eastwold than Brackenfield? As she sat at tea with the children, giving them a detailed account of the late festivities at grandpapa's house, Mrs. Wynyard observed that the ring which had been reported to her was not on her hand. Pennie had, in fact, resolved not to risk any more abrupt questions thereanent, and so she had strung it on a ribbon round her neck, and hidden it underneath her dress.

It was not thus, however, that she could escape Mrs. Wynyard's dutiful anxiety. When the children were gone to bed, she was left alone with their mother, who plunged at once in *medias res*, and asked—"Pennie, what is this that I hear about your having accepted from Mr. Tindal a diamond ring—the ring that all the world of hereabouts knows as the bride-ring of Rood?"

"I told my mother, and she told it again to Mr. Hargrove," replied Pennie, in a defensive tone; as much as to say, "If my own mother cannot keep my counsel, to whom then shall I entrust it?"

"Mr. Hargrove has made it his business to write about it to Normandy. Of course, on such a gift, men place only one construction." Mrs. Wynyard waited a moment for confession, but none was forthcoming. She continued: "If all were straight and fair in Mr. Tindal's history, there could be no objection, unless it were on the score of age—he must be fourteen or fifteen years your elder—but there are circumstances which would make us very, very reluctant to consent."

"No one is required to consent to anything," interrupted Pennie, in some heat. "I know the circumstances you allude to, and they will never influence the opinion I had formed of Mr. Tindal before I knew them. I will not pretend to misunderstand you. When he gave me this ring," touching the bosom of her dress, "he told me that he had received it from his mother, to give to the woman he married; but as he could not ask any woman to be his wife, tied and bound as he is, he would give it to me—the only creature who had shown him genuine faith and love since he lost her."

"It comes all to the same thing, Pennie. He will look that you should redeem the pledge you have accepted."

Pennie did not appear so distressed as she ought to have done. She was thinking, "Well, and if he does, what then?"

"This is where it is, dear; we are responsible for you," Mrs. Wynyard went on. "We should like to marry you honourably and happily, as if you were a daughter of our own; and I would rather lay my girls in their coffins than give them to men of whom such words have been spoken as have been spoken of Arthur Tindal. While you keep that ring you are virtually bound to him, and cannot honestly listen to the addresses of any one besides."

Pennie's face flamed now. "I don't want to listen to any one besides," said she.

"I must understand you plainly. Do you mean to tell me that you have conceived a regard for Mr.

Tindal, which would be a bar against any other attachment?"

"That is the truth."

"Then I am sorry to hear it, Pennie; for I am afraid there is trouble before you."

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY.

WHAT pretty things are butterflies, and how pleasant to see them flitting about in the bright sunshine, and amongst the flowers. What a variety of colours they present! One is white; another white and black; a third brown and red; a fourth blue; a fifth copper-coloured; in short, they present such an endless variety of colours, and so harmoniously blended, that it would be a difficult task to find words to describe some of them. If their exceeding loveliness were all, butterflies would still be deserving of our admiring notice; but besides this, the history of every butterfly is replete with wonder and instruction.

Let us trace the development of a butterfly from the egg to the perfect fly.

The first stage in the history is the egg, for all butterflies are hatched from eggs, which are laid by these beautiful insects upon the plants best suited for the food of the caterpillar, in which form its career of active life begins.

When the egg is hatched a caterpillar comes out. It is soft, wingless, and in shape like a worm (Fig. 1.) In this state it eats greedily, and during this period of its life often does much serious mischief. Gardeners, and all who have gardens, know by experience what destruction the butterfly-grub makes among vegetables; and for the last four or five years the caterpillars of the gooseberry-moth have been so numerous in some localities, that every gooseberry-tree in the district has been stripped of its leaves. During this stage of their existence the caterpillars frequently change their skins, and they grow with amazing rapidity. The quantity of food they destroy may be judged of from the fact, that the maggot of the blow-fly, perhaps better known as the blue-bottle and flesh-fly, at the end of twenty-four hours after its birth has increased in weight 155 times; and the full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth is 72,000 times heavier than when it issued from the egg.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.



When a caterpillar is full grown it changes into a pupa, so called because it is thought to resemble a young child wrapped in swaddling clothes (Fig. 2). If any one had never seen a caterpillar and a pupa before, and had no knowledge of their relationship to one another, it would be a difficult task to make him believe that the motionless form before him had ever been an agile and voracious caterpillar; or, again, would ever become one of those light and beautiful butterflies that gladden our eyes, and add a charm to our country rambles. When the caterpillar is about to pass into the pupa stage it seeks a fitting place for the trans-

formation, then casts its skin, and gradually loses all appearance of the caterpillar. Some, as those of the swallow-tailed butterfly, are suspended by the middle to a branch, the tail-end also being fastened to it; the pupa of the Brimstone Butterfly, the Black-veined White, and the Orange Tip, are also suspended in like manner; others are suspended by the tail alone, and others are buried in the earth. The time that the insect continues in this stage of its existence differs very much—in the summer months it may be two or three weeks; in the winter it may extend to six months.

FIG. 3.



From the pupa comes the imago, or full-grown butterfly (Fig. 3), which eats little, and only of honey, drawn from the nectary of flowers; and which lives but a short time, at the longest only a few days, during which happy period it sports from flower to flower, lays its eggs upon the plants best suited for the support of its progeny, and then dies.

The different stages in the development of a butterfly are: 1st, the Egg; 2nd, the Caterpillar; 3rd, the Pupa; and 4th, the Imago, or perfect insect. In each stage the insect differs so greatly from the preceding, as to have arrested the attention of men in early ages; and the resemblance of a pupa to a corpse wrapped up for burial, motionless, and to all appearance dead, from which it suddenly awakens a beautiful winged insect, caused it to be recognized by the ancient Greeks, and also by the early Christians, as an emblem of the resurrection of man after death.

MADEIRA.

The Island of Madeira, celebrated for its beautiful climate, and not altogether without its romantic associations, was, strange to say, untroubled by the foot of man till the year 1344, when a small vessel was driven there by stress of weather. Even then, many years had to pass before the island was colonized, and again, accidental circumstances had much to do with the event. The Portuguese were turning their attention to maritime discovery, under the able superintendence of Don Henry, the king's eldest son, when, in 1418, a ship was entrusted to the command of John Gonzales Zarco and Tristan Vaz, with orders to use their utmost efforts to double Cape Bojador, and then to steer towards the south. While making their way along shore, in obedience to these instructions, a sudden squall arose, drove them out to sea, and, when they were expecting every moment to perish, landed them on an unknown island; which, from their happy escape, they named Porto Santo (i. e. Holy Port). In the infancy of navigation, the discovery of this small island appeared a matter of such moment that they instantly returned to Portugal with the good tidings, and were received by Henry with the applause and honour due to fortunate adventurers. This faint dawn of success filled a mind ardent in the pursuit of a favourite object with the most sanguine hopes. Next year, therefore, Don Henry ventured to send out three ships

under the same commanders, to whom he joined Bartholomew Perestrello, in order to take possession of the island which they had discovered. When they began to settle in Porto Santo, they observed towards the south a fixed spot in the horizon, like a small black cloud. So ignorant were they of the cause of this appearance, that some said it was an abyss in the sea; others, that it was the mouth of hell, and that the darkness was the smoke issuing from it. For it looked like black smoke as of a furnace; and on account of these reports, so great was the terror of this part of the ocean, that sailors always went another way.

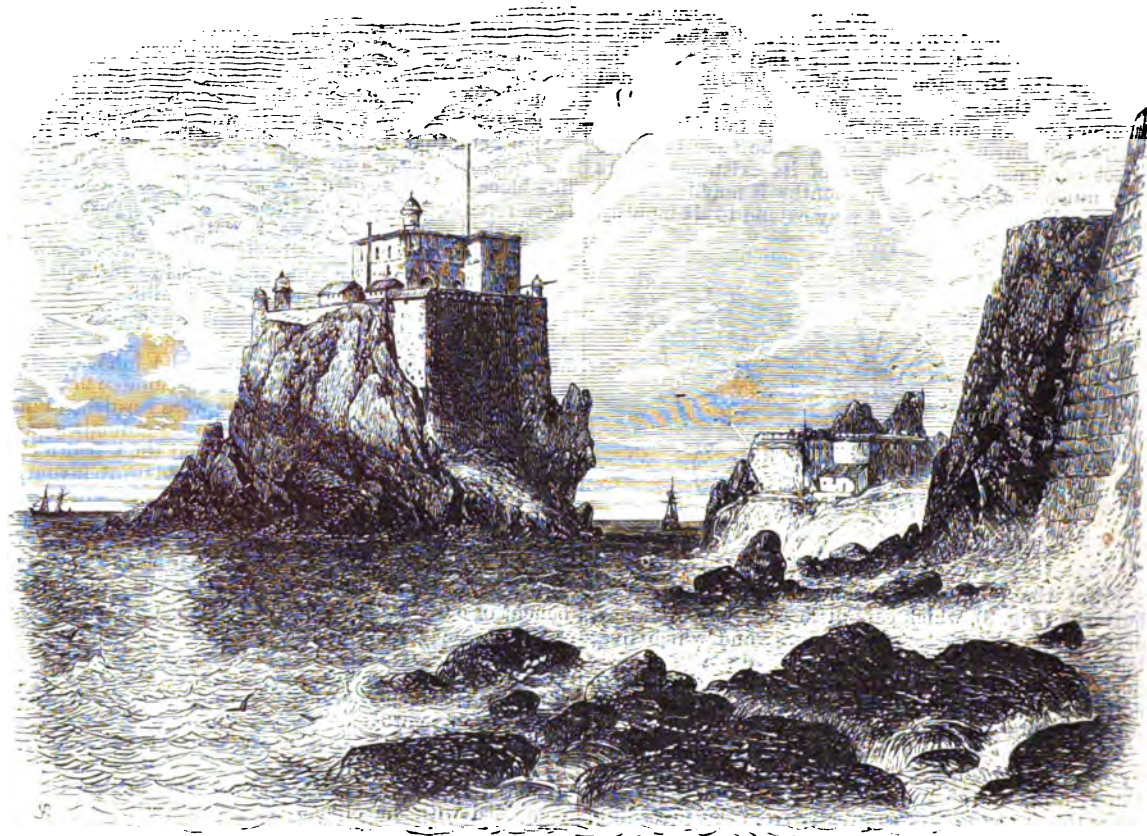
"By degrees," says Robertson, "they were led to conjecture that it might be land, and, steering towards it, they arrived at a considerable island, uninhabited and covered with wood, which on that account they called *Madeira*. As it was Henry's chief object to render his discoveries useful to his country, he immediately equipped a fleet to carry a colony of Portuguese to these islands. By his provident care they were furnished not only with the seeds, plants, and domestic animals common in Europe; but, as he foresaw that the warmth of the climate and fertility of the soil would prove favourable to the rearing of other productions, he procured slips of the vine from the island of Cyprus, the rich wines of which were then in great request, and plants of the sugar-cane from Sicily, into which it had been lately introduced. These thrived so prosperously that the benefit of cultivating them was immediately perceived, and the sugar and wine of Madeira quickly became considerable articles in the commerce of Portugal."

Madeira is thus, it appears, one of the very few spots on the face of the earth which is entirely free from the curse of conquest. No aborigines have been here expelled, exterminated, overreached, or subjugated by an alien race. The present inhabitants have an undisputed right to the soil; and this fact has probably combined with the climate to give them a peculiarly peaceable and kindly character.

The writer asked a friend who had been to Madeira with an invalid sister, how they had enjoyed themselves? "Oh! very much indeed," said he; "but it would never have done to have stayed there another winter; we should have forgotten England and all our friends."

It is this indescribable charm which renders Madeira so desirable a residence for invalids. It is not merely that definite physical causes remove or assuage complaints of the chest and heart, and other kinds of phases of disease; but that the invalid enjoys life while it lasts, in a way, and to a degree, which would be impossible elsewhere. In some cases incipient diseases may be checked or eradicated by a visit to Madeira; in others, the patient may be so far relieved and invigorated, as to return to England capable of coping with the insidious enemy for many a year to come. Some persons, who in England would die or live in a continual state of alarm or captivity, may survive for years in Madeira, enjoying all the moderate and rational pleasures of life. And even those who have deferred their visit till it has become too late to cure, may spend the short remnant of their days in happy tranquillity, and find abundance of time to prepare uninterruptedly for another world, undisturbed by that suffering and restlessness which so often rob sickness of its balm and death of its peace.*

* While the writer has but expressed the general feeling about the climate of Madeira, it cannot be denied that an experiment recently made by the authorities of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, has proved unsatisfactory in its results. In November, 1865, twenty invalids were sent out to spend the winter months in Madeira, every provision being made for their comfort; and in the following May the same steamer brought them back. Five of the invalids left England in the first stage of the disease, four in the second, and eleven in the third stage. As regards their general health, two out of the twenty returned much improved, seven were slightly improved, four were not so well, and one died suddenly in Madeira from rupture of



THE ILHÉU, FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

An interesting story is told of a vessel which made the voyage to Madeira under peculiar circumstances, in the early part of the present century. She was a Lisbon packet—one of those which used to come from Lisbon to Madeira every month, and return again to the Portuguese metropolis. It was the custom then, as it probably is now, for those who could afford it to visit Lisbon, for the sake both of amusement and improvement; and above all, in the case of the fair sex, to learn and obtain the newest fashions. On the occasion in question a considerable number of the sons and daughters of the Madeira gentry were on board; amongst them a bride, who had gone to Lisbon to prepare her *trousseau*, and was returning home to be married. All had gone well with the packet during her voyage. She was already clearly in sight from the turrets of Funchal, and signals were being exchanged between those on board and their friends on shore; when, as she passed the Greater Deserta, a pirate, which had lain concealed behind it, darted forth from its shadows and summoned her to surrender. The captain determined, if possible, to save himself and those committed to his charge, and putting on additional sail, steered straight for the friendly port of Funchal. Eleven forts and batteries, numbering a hundred and fifty guns, protect the harbour. But that protection was fifteen miles distant; and it happened that there was no vessel of war in the port, which might have given assistance to the packet. All that could be done was done. The batteries were all

manned; the gunners stood, match in hand, by their loaded cannon; the troops were placed under arms; but nothing more could be done than to prepare for a bare possibility. Loudly and wildly rose the cry of father, mother, sister, brother, and lover, for those who were in such extreme peril.

The captain of the packet was an able seaman; his vessel one of the best in the service; and despite the speed of his pursuer, he kept on his way for twelve terrible miles, till he reached the entrance of the Bay of Funchal. Meantime, the pirate had gained gradually on him in the race; and determining to make assurance doubly sure, she tacked at this moment, struck in right towards the shore, and then, just before she had got within cannon-shot of the nearest fort, veered round to make a pounce upon her prey. Imagine, reader, if you can, the agonizing excitement, the frenzied despair of that moment! Imagine, if you can, the shout which burst from the multitude that crowded quay, and window, and turret, and housetop, as the pirate's mainsail split from top to bottom, and the packet, crossing her destined path, found herself safe under the guns of the fortress of the ILHÉU.

Ilhéu signifies, in Portuguese, Insular Rock: hence the name of this fortress, built on an insulated and precipitous rock, which stands out from the western extremity of the Bay of Funchal, so as to protect from the south and south-west winds the vessels lying in deep water between it and the town. Beneath the fortress are miserable dungeons, where criminals and those charged with political offences have been confined. The name has been metamorphosed by English sailors into "Lew Rock," apparently under the impression that it is so called from sheltering vessels under its lee.

a blood-vessel (in April), though he had done well up to a certain point. In two cases the chest symptoms improved, in twelve they remained stationary, and in five they appeared to have advanced. Four patients increased in weight during their absence, thirteen lost weight, and two experienced no change in this respect.



GROUP OF ABYSSINIAN PLEASANT WOMEN—PROVINCE OF SEMIEN.

ABYSSINIA AND ITS EMPEROR.

THE story of the British captives in Abyssinia has been made familiar to the public by means of the press, and much has been said about the cruel barbarities of the Emperor Theodoros. A vague notion has spread abroad that this remarkable potentate is, like the brutal tyrant of Dahomey, a savage negro of the worst type; and, saving in one or two exceptional instances, no trouble has been taken by those who ought to know better to disabuse the public of their mistaken notions concerning him and his people. We are much pleased, therefore, to give our readers the advantage of some private communications with which we have been favoured; so far, at least, as we feel at liberty to use the information, prefacing the remarks we have to make with a brief historical account of Abyssinia, and with an engraving from an original drawing, which shows the physical character of a portion of its population.

Travellers have remarked on the superiority of the Abyssinians in physical type over the surrounding African tribes; and besides this advantage of race the geographical position of the country (sharing with Egypt and Nubia the western shore of the Red Sea) brought them into communion with Asiatic civilization at a very early period. Yet, in spite of all this, and of the fact that they have been for more than fifteen hundred years, nominally at least, a Christian nation, the moral and social condition of the people, taken in the mass, is little, if at all superior to that of their degraded neighbours. This anomaly we think may be in a great degree accounted for, if we consider some of the principal points in Abyssinian history, of which the following is a brief sketch.

Shall we say that the history of Abyssinia first emerges from obscurity with the famous visit of the Queen of Sheba (or Saba) to King Solomon? According to Abyssinian tradition, at least, this princess reigned over Tigré, the northern province of Abyssinia. Her beauty, it is said, made as deep an impression on the susceptible heart of the Jewish monarch as his wisdom did on her; and when she returned to her own land, she not only carried with her Jewish habits and feelings, and a firm belief in the Jewish faith, but likewise an infant son, who was afterwards sent to be educated at the court of his royal father in Jerusalem. This prince, whose name was Menilek, the tradition continues, was the founder of the Abyssinian dynasty, and accordingly it is to him the Abyssinian emperors proudly trace their pedigree. Whatever there may be of truth or falsehood in this tradition, there is abundant evidence of early connection between Abyssinia and the Jews, who still exist in the country in considerable numbers, under the name of "Falashas" (i.e. exiles). Beyond this tradition little is known of Abyssinia until the third century of our era, when Christianity was introduced into the country by Frumentius, and soon became the national faith.

In the year 638 the Saracens invaded Egypt, and by extending their conquests along the north coast of Africa, cut Abyssinia off entirely from all communication with Christian nations. This sealed the fate of the country, by severing it from that intercourse with other civilized nations, which seems an indispensable requisite for the advancement of any people. The very existence of a Christian nation to the east of central Africa was forgotten for centuries.

In the tenth century the Abyssinian chronicles make mention of an important revolution in the state. There existed in the northern provinces a colony of

Jews, ruled by independent sovereigns. One of these sovereigns about that time surprised and murdered the royal family, and usurped the Abyssinian throne. This usurpation produced dissension and bloodshed for nearly three centuries. At length, in 1312, the royal family were restored to power, and for a century afterwards the country was at peace.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century the Portuguese penetrated into the country. If the severance from all connection with civilized nations had been a misfortune to Abyssinia, it was but a trifling one in comparison with the troubles which this reopening of communications was destined to cause. With the Portuguese came the Jesuits, burning with zeal to force the Abyssinian church to submit to Papal authority—an attempt steadily resisted by the great mass of the people. For more than a century the Jesuits carried on their unprincipled intrigues, with no further result than that of involving the unhappy kingdom in rebellion and civil war, and deluging it with blood. At the same time the Galla tribes attacked the country from the south-west, while the Mohammedans invaded it from the east. Then the ruin of Abyssinian prosperity was complete; and when, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits were finally expelled, the unity of the kingdom was at an end. The Mohammedans had been repulsed, but the Galla tribes had made good their footing in the south, and all that survived of royal authority was the name. Later history speaks of little but revolts and civil wars between rival chieftains, until, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the royal power was openly usurped by the *Ras Michael*.* To reunite the dismembered kingdom was, however, a task beyond his power. The same state of things continued; and when, in 1840, Abyssinia was visited by the French Commission, the country was still in a divided and weak condition.

The northern provinces of Tigré and Semien, with Adowa as capital, were under the dominion of *Ras Oubie*. At Gondar, the ancient seat of royalty, *Ras Ali* reigned over the province of Amhara; while Shoa, in the south, had long been an independent kingdom, with Angolola and Angobar for its chief towns. But a young chieftain, allied to the old royal family, was even then rising into notice in the province of Amhara, who was destined to change the whole course of Abyssinian affairs. His growing power soon aroused the fears of the Waisero Memin, the cruel and profligate mother of *Ras Ali*, who ruled her son. She spared no pains to accomplish the destruction of the object of her fears, and with this end in view gave him the hand of her grandchild, *Ras Ali's* daughter, in marriage. But the chieftain succeeded in inspiring his young wife with a devoted affection, which, united to his own caution, foiled the designs of his enemies. The queen then tried the force of arms, and before very long she and her son were both fugitives for their lives, and the reign of *Ras Ali* was at an end. The conqueror once firmly established in Amhara, turned his arms against *Ras Oubie* in the north, whom he defeated in a tremendous battle among the Semien mountains, in 1856. He was immediately crowned King under the name of *Theodoros*. He then proceeded against Shoa, by the subjugation of which province he united Abyssinia under one sovereign. His first wife having died, he now married a daughter of *Ras Oubie*, who had become his vassal by conquest.

So far the career of *Theodoros* is not, essentially, unlike that of any other conqueror, who, by his energy and heroism, has "made history." We need only to know the leading facts here stated to be sure that he is a man of undoubted talent; and, indeed, in the words of one well acquainted with him, "without exception

the most remarkable man Abyssinia has ever seen." He is described by the same authority as an intrepid soldier, and more enlightened, considering the disadvantages of his position, than might have been expected. The strongest proof of this lies in his extreme anxiety for the moral and social improvement of his people, and for their instruction in a purer form of Christianity than that exhibited by the corrupt Abyssinian church. On one occasion, some time since, when he had been bitterly upbraiding the Abyssinian priests for their evil practices, he made use of these remarkable words: "Although I err to-day in having more than one wife, I am yet a servant of Christ; and if ye priests will set before me a good example, I will be the first to follow." In forming a judgment on his conduct, the reader must also remember the inseparable connection, in the East, between religious and political feeling; and the political importance, too, of individual conduct, where freedom of action is so little understood.

A proof of this monarch's sagacity may be found in his earnest endeavour to form an alliance of friendship with England. In 1862 he received some presents from Queen Victoria, in acknowledgment of his strenuous though unavailing efforts to rescue Consul Plowden from the hands of the rebels in Tigré (the northern province of Abyssinia), into whose hands our countryman had unhappily fallen, and by whom he was murdered, chiefly to spite the king. In his acknowledgment of these presents, *Theodoros* thanked her Majesty, and expressed his wish to send an Abyssinian embassy to England, with valuable presents in return; and begged that she would arrange for a safe conduct of his ambassadors through Egypt, with which country he was not on friendly terms. These being his antecedents, the cause of the king's subsequent hostility to England ought surely to be ascertained before he is utterly condemned as a fickle-minded barbarian, and charged with altogether causeless cruelty. No doubt there is much truth in the statement circulated by the press, that he has been irritated at receiving no answer to the letter he addressed to the Queen. This, however, is but a part of the truth; and few, probably, are aware of the extent to which official negligence and individual imprudence have combined to provoke his indignation. We reserve some facts for a future paper, which will probably throw a little light on this important subject.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

III.—HOW TO MAKE A BEGINNING.

WE have noticed with regret that various attempts which have been made to establish co-operative societies in London and other places during the last ten or twelve years have failed of their object. Some of them, for a time, have appeared to prosper; but after enduring for a year or two have languished, and then either been broken up or merged into private establishments. Of course, being mere lookers-on, we can only guess at the causes of such failures; but the principles of co-operation being perfectly sound, and beyond the reach of cavil or criticism, failure can only have resulted from some breach of these principles—unless indeed it may have followed from the indifference of the members, or their unfortunate preference for credit accommodation instead of the ready-money system. That some few attempts may have broken down through the dishonesty of the parties entrusted with their management, is, indeed, likely enough—but failure from such a source is not peculiar to co-operators. With the view of doing something towards preventing the recurrence of such failures in future, we shall in the present paper tender a few directions for the guidance of persons endeavouring to found a co-operative store

* The dignity of the *Ras* is equivalent to that of commander-in-chief.

—premising, that wherever the co-operative system is sought to be put in action, it is the wisest plan to begin with a store.

The first thing necessary is, that the persons originating the new society should have perfect faith in the system they seek to carry out: without that they will accomplish nothing of permanent value—with it they will vanquish every difficulty. The promoters need not be numerous: three or four persons of known good character are as good, perhaps better than a score, in the first instance; they are more likely to accelerate business of a preliminary kind than a larger number would be, and much more likely also to make a good selection among the workmen in the neighbourhood to whom to appeal for their joint action. The first step is to call a meeting of the workmen so selected in some convenient place, and to enrol as many members as are willing to join. Then a secretary and a treasurer should be appointed, and it is needless to add that both of them must be men who can be trusted, while neither of them should expect payment for his services until the society is in a condition to afford it. Now comes the question of capital. This should be proportioned to the working population of the neighbourhood, and the amount of business they are likely to transact with the store. We have seen that the Rochdale Pioneers commenced with some forty pounds, and we could point to a co-operative store which is now prosperous, and the parent of other co-operative ventures, which began with far less than that; but we do not counsel a hasty beginning with inadequate funds if that can possibly be avoided. In towns and cities where workmen are numerous, it cannot be very difficult to raise gradually the sum of, say £200, from a hundred members, each taking a couple of shares of £1. If the shares cannot be paid up at once, as they most likely would not, they might be paid by instalments; and it would be much better to defer the stocking and opening of the store until sufficient funds are in hand, than it would be to begin with borrowed money. There is often a temptation to rush into business too soon upon borrowed capital, and many a young society has been crushed in the bud through their eagerness to get afloat before they were prepared for a safe voyage.

The store should be situated in a locality, as nearly as may be, central to the working population, and at first starting as little expense as possible should be incurred either for rent or fittings-up; though in populous towns and neighbourhoods, where it may be desirable to attract the custom of outsiders as well as members, something may be ventured, even from the very first start, with this special aim. The buying of goods for the store is not an easy thing for beginners: though nothing seems easier than to spend money, to spend it to the best advantage is not so easy, especially in the wholesale markets. In this particular, knowledge will have to be bought by experience. The goods should be sold at a profit of about five or six per cent. on the full cost, not abating the discount on cash which the buyer will have allowed him. The profit will go to pay expenses, interest on members' shares, and the bonuses on their purchases, which the members will naturally look for on settling days. It is a good rule to allow the outsiders the same tickets on their purchases as are given to members; * indeed the outsider should in all respects be well and liberally dealt with, if for no other reason than for the sake of giving the store a good character in the neighbourhood.

The administration of the society should be conducted, as far as possible, according to the rules of the

Rochdale Pioneers, a copy of which may be obtained by application to the Rochdale secretary, Mr. Cooper, at the cost of a shilling. Such modifications as are necessary to meet the requirements of the neighbourhood or the circumstances of the members may be agreed upon at a general meeting; and when once the rules are adopted they must be rigidly enforced without fear or favour. The Rochdale Pioneers are always ready to impart information to the promoters of new societies. In one of their sheet-almanacks we find a series of valuable "hints," published for the special benefit of beginners, and we cannot do better than insert them here.

"1. Procure the authority and protection of the law by enrolment.

"2. Let integrity, intelligence, and ability be indispensable qualifications in the choice of officers and managers, and not wealth or distinction.

"3. Let each member have only one vote, and make no distinction as regards the amount of wealth any member may contribute.

"4. Let majorities rule in all matters of government.

"5. Look well after money matters. Punish fraud, when duly established, by immediate expulsion of the defrauder.

"6. Buy goods as much as possible in the lowest markets; or, if you have the produce of your industry to sell, contrive, if possible, to sell in the highest.

"7. Never depart from the principle of buying and selling for READY MONEY.

"8. Beware of long reckonings [in the society's accounts]. Quarterly accounts are the best, and should be adopted when practicable.

"9. For the sake of security, always have the accounted value of the 'fixed stock' at least one-fourth less than its marketable value.

"10. Let members take care that the accounts are properly audited by men of their own choosing.

"11. Let committees of management always have the authority of members before taking any important or expensive step.

"12. Do not court opposition or publicity, nor fear it when it comes.

"13. Choose those only for your leaders whom you can trust, and then give them your confidence."

One of the chief difficulties in the early history of a co-operative store is that of getting the whole of the capital paid up. Men are apt to think that when the store is open, and they are giving it their custom, they may be as lax as they like in paying their instalments. The unpaid secretary, and the willing hands who work as collectors, have generally more trouble than enough in bringing such dawdlers to book; but if that is not done the means of the society are crippled in the outset. This is one potent reason why promoters should wait until they have a fair proportion, say two-thirds, of the subscribed capital in hand, before they spend a farthing. Beginners should be aware that a single false step, though its consequences may not be foreseen at the time, may ultimately prove fatal; such a false step is the commencing without sufficient capital in hand to work with—and another is the tolerance of default in their payments on the part of members.

In the outset strict regard must be paid to economy. No expense that is not absolutely necessary should be incurred in the way of shop-fittings, weights, measures, envelopes of goods, &c.; and in buying-in goods the buyer must bear in mind that it is essential to keep clear as far as possible of the accumulation of dead stock, which will yet accumulate under the best management, and is always a source of loss. The goods bought by wholesale should be those, and those only, which the members of the society are constantly consuming. These will be groceries of various kinds, but not of all kinds, chandlery wares, flour, groats, pulses, bread, bacon, butter, cheese, and other indispensable

* In nearly all societies this is done. In some the non-members part with their tickets, for a consideration, to members; in others they have the sum the tickets represent returned to them. We note that in some cases the bonus on the purchases of non-members is only half the amount allowed to members.

provisions in daily use. When it becomes advisable to extend the descriptions of stock, it will be wise to consult the wants of the community, and to lay in what the customers most want, rather than what will bear a higher profit. As the trade of the store increases more capital will be required; and this requirement, being foreseen, should be provided for by the timely issue of more shares; and in issuing these the members who have paid up are entitled to the first offer. Whether the members accept the new shares or not, there is not likely to be much difficulty in getting them taken up if the society has made a fair start; because by this time numbers of working-men who kept aloof at starting, but who have profited by dealing with the store as outsiders, will be ready and eager to have a personal interest in it as a paying concern.

As capital increases, and the store grows solidly prosperous, it is incumbent on the managing committee to make such a distribution of profits as may tend not only to the permanence but to the usefulness of the society. It is sometimes possible to generate a self-seeking and miserly spirit by allotting a large percentage on purchases—and we observe that in nothing do co-operative societies in different parts of the country differ more than in this periodical allotment of profits, which, after all, should be considered as a mere secondary thing, and not one of vital importance. The rate varies as much as from sixpence to two-and-eightpence in the pound. It is pleasant enough to have so large a bonus returned, but if that is done at the cost of better things, it is to the degradation of co-operation—not to its honour and credit. We recommend, therefore, that, among the expenses of the society which will have to be met before the payment of bonuses on purchases, there be included the maintenance of an educational fund, to be appropriated to the education of members' children where such education is not otherwise provided, and the establishment of a reading and discussion-room, and the storing it with books and periodicals for the use of members. Other expenses (not including the dividends on share-capital) will be, costs of management, wages, &c.; ten per cent. of profits set apart to cover deteriorations in value of stock and fixtures, and a sum, determinable by vote, to be applied in extending the business when such extension is deemed desirable. In the matter of education a great deal may be done at a comparatively small cost. The Rochdale Pioneers find that, after paying all other charges, two-and-a-half per cent. upon the sum returnable to purchasers is enough to meet the demands for educational purposes, and to meet them fully. We should like to insist upon this point in the beginning of a new society, because we know, from experience, that if a co-operative movement ignores education and intellectual improvement at the outset of its career, it is quite vain to expect that it will go out of a track it has beaten for itself to provide for them afterwards.

The greatest peril in the path of a young society is found in connexion with the character of the parties who are entrusted with the management during the earlier portion of its career. In the "Hints" quoted above there is a suggestive caution on this score; it stands second on the list, and is repeated in other words at the close. The writer of these "Hints" knew well enough that the prosperity of any co-operative undertaking is dependent more upon the character of those who conduct it than upon anything else. Without integrity and intelligence in the direction, it is impossible that a new experiment should succeed—and we take the liberty to add there are other qualifications which those who hold office should possess, some of them being of a purely negative kind. Officers should not only be prudent and honest—they should be personally interested in the prosperity of the store as a store—should care more for the distribution of genuine

goods at a reduced price than for making a profit out of them; and for this reason it would be better that a member, supposing him a fit person in other respects, who has a large family and consumes largely, should take office, than one who has no such domestic reasons for cautious action. It is sometimes the case with young societies, that persons join them, and take all the shares they are allowed to have, for the sake of investing their money, and, perhaps, with the idea of turning an extra percentage in some way out of the business done. Such persons should on no account have any part in the management. It may be politic to accept them as members, for the sake of the capital they bring, but it would assuredly be damaging to admit them to office. In exercising his choice of officers and managers, the working-man is far better off than are the shareholders of any public undertaking: the public who take shares in a new company know very little—can know but little—of those who get it up and carry it on; but the workman knows his comrades and fellow-venturers thoroughly. Men are nowhere so thoroughly known and completely understood as they are in the workshop, and in no situation does character more certainly find its fair appreciation—so that it is hardly possible for a man to be loose in morals or lax in money matters without his faults being patent to his fellows. All the officers, if it can be managed, should be working-men—if family men so much the better; and in the selection, where ability and integrity are equal, the preference should be given to those who have most patience and perseverance, and who have not hasty or irritable tempers, or a fondness—all too common in workshops—for debating and disputing upon every trifle. The desirable qualities will be oftener found among men who have passed the heyday of youth than among the younger hands, though this rule is far from being universal. Candidates for office are generally plentiful, but the eagerness to occupy a post is frequently in the inverse ratio of a capacity for filling it well; and, further, it will often be found that men, especially young men, who begin with zeal and enthusiasm, are apt to cool down astonishingly in the face of difficulties and opposition. In most houses of business where the number of workers is large, common consent will point to the men who are to be relied on. Such men are not fond of putting themselves forward; but, on the other hand, where good is to be done they are generally ready to lend their aid in doing it.

The writer of the "Hints" recommends short reckonings—on the principle, doubtless, that short reckonings make long friends. He advises the settlement of accounts quarterly, and also the auditing of accounts by persons chosen by the members. We would most earnestly endorse this good counsel, seeing that the neglect of it may lead to complications of the worst kind. It is, however, by no means universally followed—some societies auditing half-yearly, a few of them yearly; while not a few, on the other hand, strike their balances monthly or weekly. We gather from the return for 1865, that the societies auditing at long dates are mostly those which have departed more or less from the ready-money principle, either by giving credit, or taking it, or both. It is not for us to say how far such societies are wrong in introducing the element of credit, as we are ignorant of the facts and circumstances that may have influenced them; but we would urge upon all beginners the policy of having nothing to do with credit—to stick to the cash-down system as a drowning man would stick to a plank; and to audit at short dates, that they may know at all times what they are doing, and whither they are tending. If experimenters starting a new co-operative store will act upon the advice here offered to their consideration, we think we can with a safe conscience promise them success.

WILD BOAR HUNTING.

HUNTING the boar was once a favourite pastime in England; but as towns grew, and the land was cleared of its wild tracts of forest and swamp, the game became scarce, and at length disappeared altogether. England has now no boar preserves, and the once lordly dish no more graces our banquet halls; or, if it does so, it is only as a curious relic of the past. Thus at Queen's College, Oxford, the first course of the Christmas dinner is a "fair and large boar's head," served upon a silver platter, and brought in "with minstralsye."

In the oak forests of Germany the wild boar is still preserved for the chase, or, to speak more accurately, for the larder. The ducal forest of Gotha, which commences some distance beyond Rosenau, and extends for nearly ten miles towards the Hungarian mountains, contains several enclosures, from which hundreds of boars go out to roam the forest, which includes an

uprearing, had a formidable look. The occasion represented in our engraving was a still more favourable one. "It was a pretty sight," Mr. Tristram says, "as we wound up the Wady Seir, to see our numerous Bedouin guard, with their spears or long guns—thrown out in skirmishing order, galloping on all sides, peering into the thickets, mounting every knoll, and keenly looking out for foes or game—wasting their powder on every partridge they put up. . . . At one place four huge wild boars broke from the oleanders below us, and rushed up the opposite hill, followed by two families of over twenty little pigs, which ran with wonderful speed. The escort were wild with excitement, and raised their battle yell, as one after another dashed headlong down to cross the brook. We had some difficulty in pushing through the brook; and soon afterwards I brought down a pig in triumph, while the rest escaped from our breathless horses up the mountain side."

Washington Irving alludes to the old custom of



extensive valley, and the sides of several lofty hills, covered with wood. It is very doubtful indeed if our notions of the old romance of boar hunting would survive a visit to this spot, or if much personal daring would be required to go and see the animals take their evening meal in the preserves. The toils and dangers of the wild boar hunt, and all the stirring incidents of the chase, as pictured by poets and adventurers, must be sought elsewhere.

And who, unless he had previously made some acquaintance with the subject, could guess that elsewhere to be Palestine? We cannot take upon ourselves to say that the wild boar is as plentiful and as ferocious in the jungles neighbouring the Jordan and the hills of Moab, as in any other part of the world; but Mr. Tristram, in his very interesting "Journal of Travels in Palestine," frequently mentions it as having been encountered by his party, and shot at—the boar on one occasion very impertinently carrying off the ball. His "Ride up the Ghor" was interrupted by the sudden rush of half-a-dozen dogs and as many Arabs across the plain after a wild boar, which galloped with the speed of a horse, and, with his huge shoulders

serving up the boar's head at the tables of the great, in his "Sketch Book," where he describes, with his charming ease of manner, the Christmas dinner in Old England. "The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days, but a long, courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle. He was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance the harper struck up a flourish, at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the Squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, commencing,—

The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily.

"I like the old custom," said the Squire, "not merely

because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the college at Oxford at which I was educated. When I hear the old song chanted it brings to mind the time when I was young and game-some—and the noble old college hall—and my fellow-students loitering about in their black gowns, many of whom, poor lads, are now in their graves.”

We have wandered a little from the subject of the engraving, yet not so far as might at first appear. Men do not hunt altogether for the love of hunting, but also to eat; and Mr. Tristram, who tasted of wild boar's flesh on one of the occasions to which we have alluded, declares that it was most delicate food. The Arabs, indeed, pretended otherwise, and resorted to every possible argument to prevent the travellers from pursuing the boar; but their real object was to save themselves from some inconvenience. The abhorrence of the Jews for swine's flesh was real; that of the old Egyptians was less intense, as they were accustomed to eat it on certain special occasions.

From the accounts given by ancient authors, it is plain that the ravages of the wild boar were considered more formidable than those of other savage beasts. The capture of the Erymanthian boar was one of the twelve labours assigned to Hercules; and the story of the boar of Calydon (a city of Ætolia) is one of the most beautiful in “Ovid.” The story of Cræsus, whose son was accidentally slain by his friend in a boar hunt, is also very pathetic, and may be read in the first book of the “History of Herodotus.”

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

I.—SUSPICIOUSNESS.

HABITS, manners, and customs; arts, sciences, and laws; land and water, and even climates change; but human nature is ever the same. It is true that the vices and foibles of human nature take different forms in different ages; but though the outward and visible signs may be different, the inward and spiritual weaknesses are the same. Let us go back only two thousand years or thereabouts. There then lived a Grecian sage named Theophrastus, of whom much is and much is not known for certain, and to whom are attributed written remarks, many wise and many foolish. He is said by some to have lived more than eighty years, by others more than a hundred; and he is generally allowed to have been the author of nearly all the thirty sketches of character which have been fathered upon him. The short preface prefixed to his sketches is considered, either not to have been his at all, or to have been written long after the sketches. He is made to say in his preface that he is ninety-nine years old, which he could hardly have been if he died at eighty-five; but on the other hand, he is made to say such things as might well have been said by an old sage who was on the point of beginning his second century and second childhood. However, he had at some time hit off with no small skill and wit the vices or weaknesses of his generation. He discovered amongst his countrymen, humbugs, sycophants, chatterboxes, bores, men-pleasers, ruffians, spouters, newsmongers, want of self-respect, penuriousness, blackguardism, blunderers, busy-bodies, stolidity, moroseness, superstition, grumblers, suspiciousness, uncleanness, offensiveness, petty ambition, illiberality, ostentation, arrogance, cowardice, exclusiveness, old-boyishness, detraction, love of wickedness, and unprincipled money-making. Are not the thirty vices or weaknesses, which the Greek sage discovered amongst his countrymen in his age, to be found amongst our countrymen in our age? It is not necessary to go through the list in order; but let us try what can be done with “suspiciousness.”

Who does not know Furtive? He is under the belief

that all the world wants to deceive him and take him in, or play tricks upon him. He is like a dog that has once, in a moment of confidence, bolted a piece of meat well seasoned with mustard; he ever afterwards looks out for hidden mustard; smells whatever is offered him with distrustful nose; glances up at the offerer with inquiring eyes; chews his morsel with grave deliberation; and swallows his mouthful in a gingerly manner, and with an air of resignation. If you don't see Furtive in the street, he thinks you were trying to avoid him; if you do see him and greet him cordially, he feels sure you are going to ask a favour of him; and if you do not make your request in person and on the spot, he believes in his heart that he will find a begging letter from you when he gets home. When you part from him he keeps looking back over his shoulder, for he fears that either you, or somebody who has witnessed his meeting with you, may be making derisive signs at him. He has been known to box the ears of a little boy whom he thus discovered with thumb on nose and fingers stretched out, though the little boy protested, with tears in his eyes and rude language on his lips, “It warn't at you, I tell yer, you old fool; it were at yonder boy with a basket.” Furtive is not a pleasant employer; he always believes that the people he employs are hatching plots against him, or are taking liberties with his property, and that “it will all come out some day.” Furtive once kept a tobacconist's shop, and had a shop-boy named William. One morning a customer entered and found poor William in tears.

“What is the matter, William?” asked the customer.

“Why, sir,” blubbered poor William, “it's—it's—it's Mr. Furtive. He gets up and counts the cigars at three o'clock in the morning; and this morning he came and pulled me out of bed, and said he missed three cigars from one of the boxes, and I must account for them. I don't know nothing about 'em, and he knows I don't smoke—but he's always a suspectin' of somebody.” And William declared that his life was a burthen.

Howbeit, Furtive ultimately found the three cigars in his own cigar-case.

Nor is Furtive the employed more pleasant than Furtive the employer. He fancies his employer has a spite against him; that he is always set to do the most disagreeable work; that his fellows harbour evil designs against him; and that he doesn't get his proper pay. Nothing but an actual comparison of figures or coin will convince him that he does; and even then he has an idea that there is something wrong somewhere. Furtive, when he buys anything, is always under the impression that he has been cheated; he will inquire at several different places the price of the same article, and even then he will make up his mind that another person would have got it cheaper. Furtive, if he send a messenger to make a purchase, cannot doubt but that the messenger bought what he was sent for at a reduction. Furtive will look a gift-horse in the mouth. If you make him a present of a ring, or any article of jewellery, he will at the first opportunity have its quality tested. If you ask Furtive to dinner, he immediately smells a rat; appears at your table with an air of defiance, and makes up his mind that you shall not get what you want out of him; and if he ask you to dinner, he fancies you go, either because you really want a dinner, or you hadn't any decent excuse for not going, or are desirous of criticising himself and his guests, and making fun of them at some other dinner-table. If Furtive enter a room where the sounds of laughter die away at his presence, he is anxious to know what the laughter was at; examines his chair carefully before he sits down; gazes doubtfully at everybody present; and goes home with a misgiving that the laughter was somehow connected with himself. If you ask Furtive to give you change for a bank-note or

a sovereign, he will rejoice in his heart if he cannot do it; and, if he cannot very well refuse, he will do it in such a manner as to show that he is perfectly aware there are such things as flash notes and spurious coins, and that he thinks it is the purpose of the world to palm them all off upon him. Furtive sees nothing but baits to catch him alive in the caresses of his wife and children, in the kindnesses of his friends, in the affability of his acquaintances, and in the politeness of strangers. At his wife's blandishments he has visions of new bonnets; at his children's kisses he wonders what will come next; at the kindnesses of friends he mentally shies; at the affability of acquaintances he puzzles his brains; and at the politeness of strangers he has dreams of swindlers, buttons up his pockets, and looks out for the police. Furtive, when he goes to church, imagines the sermon to be aimed especially at him; and when charitable persons come round to him for a subscription, he is haunted by a notion that the sums already set down on the list are intended merely to impose upon him and others. When Furtive is ill he has all kinds of fancies. The doctors do not understand his constitution; they keep him ill as long as they can; they are in a conspiracy to prevent him from getting well. For of course he consults more than one doctor, and tries to conceal from each that he has called in another. Then he supposes they must have found him out, made common cause, and agreed to punish him. Furtive, if he be a bachelor, is very circumspect in his dealings with women. He is not vain; he is not fool enough to imagine they are smitten with him; but he holds that unmarried women who are not engaged look upon a bachelor as spiders on a fly. So that, "let them be ugly, and let them be slim, young or ancient, he cares not a feather;" he puts on his armour of waininess, and treats them all with distant politeness. But there are faces and smiles and certain ways which can throw the most suspicious off their guard; and so Furtive finds himself married. And then he nourishes a misgiving that he was not accepted for himself, but for what he possessed, or for what he seemed likely to gain, or because nobody else came forward, and time was getting on; or even because another had once come forward and had retired unhandsonely. So Furtive keeps a sharp look-out for bell-tale locket, or traitorous portrait, or hidden gem; asks mysterious questions, and indulges in vain conjectures.

On the whole Furtive is a disagreeable character; but, perhaps, he inflicts more misery on himself than on others.

"THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLS."

EVER since the introduction of tobacco into Europe, the gravest denunciations have been launched against it, and physicians of the highest rank have attributed to the practice of smoking and "snuffing" some of the most formidable diseases that flesh is heir to. We are not going to repeat these commonplaces. But we believe that we shall do good service by laying before our readers certain striking facts which not very long ago occupied the French Academy of Medicine, and were published by one of its members, Dr. Jolly.

According to this learned physician, it appears from the French medical statistics, that diseases of the nervous centres have increased at a frightful rate among the French; that insanity, general and progressive paralysis, softening of the brain and spinal marrow, cancerous diseases of the lips and the tongue appear to have increased hand-in-hand with the revenues derived from the impost on tobacco. Nay, more—we are positively assured that the increase of

the French population has been checked by the use of tobacco.

In all this there is nothing new. Precisely the same accusations were brought against tobacco by the earliest writers on the subject, some two hundred years ago. Still, it may be worth our while to listen to the recital of the modern evils which the continental physicians ascribe to the weed, however painful it may be to hear so bad an account of that which many a smoker prefers to food; and which so many believe to be an innocent enjoyment if not a positive mental support, equally acceptable after the labours of the body or the mind.

According to the statistics of Dr. Rubio, the number of lunatics is much greater in northern countries, where the consumption of spirituous liquors and the use of tobacco are much greater than in southern countries, where the people are very sober, and small smokers. According to M. Moreau, not a single case of general paralysis is seen in Asia Minor, where there is no abuse of alcoholic liquors, and where they smoke a kind of tobacco which is almost free from nicotine, or the peculiar poison in tobacco. On the other hand, insanity is frightfully increasing in Europe, just in proportion to the increase in the use of tobacco. It appears that from 1830 to 1862 the revenues from the impost on tobacco in France rose from 1,250,000*l.* to 8,333,383*l.*—a tremendous figure, certainly, to have disappeared from the pockets of the people into smoke. But, hand-in-hand with this increase in the consumption of tobacco, there appears to have been during the same period an augmentation in the number of lunatics in France from 8,000 to 44,000, or rather 60,000, if we take into account other lunatics besides those in the public asylums. Nor is that all; there are other diseases of the nervous centres referred to the same origin, and not mentioned in the statistics, which raise the sum total to 100,000 persons who in France alone suffer from the poisonous effects of tobacco smoke.

Proceeding with his inquiries, Dr. Jolly visited all the asylums, and consulted the case-books of private practice, in order to throw more light on this important subject; and the result is his firm conviction that among the men it is muscular or narcotic paralysis which predominates and constitutes the excess of the normal number of lunatics, whilst the other forms of madness disclose but slight variations in their number; and, among the antecedents of the cases, he always found that they could be traced to "the abuse of tobacco." In the asylums for female lunatics, on the contrary, he only found the older forms of insanity, and general paralysis was exceptional.

Of course in all this there might be only coincidence, but when coincidences become numerous they are equivalent to demonstrations, and it is positively averred that general paralysis preferentially attacks persons who smoke tobacco more or less saturated with nicotine. Soldiers, and sailors especially, who smoke more than others of the population, figure foremost in the number of paralytic lunatics, whilst, on the other hand, women are almost exempt from that malady. Those populations who do not smoke, or who smoke inert substances, such as hops or tea, enjoy the same immunity.

Perhaps it may be said that the abuse of alcoholic liquors is too often the concomitant of that of tobacco to allow us to separate the effects of the two causes; but without denying the pernicious effects of the Frenchman's favourite absinthe, cognac, and other spirituous liquors, in the progress of the evil, Dr. Jolly believes he has demonstrated that the abuse of tobacco must be regarded as the chief cause of the general paralysis of the insane, and for the following reason. He met with paralytic madmen who had been water-drinkers, but immoderate smokers: and Dr. Maillot,

chief of the French Army Board of Health, found that among the very numerous cases of paralysis coming under his notice, there were many patients who were remarkable for their sobriety as to the use of spirituous liquors, but immoderate smokers of the pipe or cigar. Finally, in certain provinces of France—for instance, in Saintonge, Limousin, and Bretagne, where there is as yet very little smoking, but where an enormous quantity of brandy is drunk, general paralysis is almost unknown.

Considering that neither reasoning nor facts will ever induce mankind to give up their tobacco, Dr. Jolly makes certain suggestions by way of remedy for the consequent evils. He thinks that means should be taken to oust the strong tobaccos altogether and vulgarise those of Turkey, Greece, Arabia, and Havannah. This is rather a pleasant suggestion; but we fear it is very much like that of Lord Lytton, who makes one of his novel-speakers say that poor men, in order to escape gout, should drink champagne instead of ale. Another suggestion of the learned and considerate doctor seems more feasible, which is, that the French should get the nicotine extracted from their tobacco; and yet we fear that the poison clings too closely to the "sweet," as usual, to admit of a separation. If, however, the analytical chemists can manage to produce a perfectly innocent tobacco, they will become the benefactors of mankind, certainly of the French and the British, who are amongst the largest consumers of the weed, and both of them races we would "not willingly let die."

If one-tenth of the alleged evils of tobacco smoking be facts, the entire human race must be seriously injured by "the Indian weed;" for it appears that the average annual consumption of tobacco by the whole human race of 1,000 millions, is at least 70 ounces (4lb. 6oz.) per head, and the total quantity annually consumed is two millions of tons, or 4,480 millions of pounds weight.

It is, however, to the young that the evil of smoking is likely to be most disastrous. Whatever benefit may be derived from smoking in maturity and old age, it is obvious that the young cannot need the factitious aid of a narcotic. Parents should look to this, and prevent the most deplorable physical and moral consequences of the habit in their children. Many a youth may date the ruin of his health and character from the first whiff of tobacco which, by dint of nauseous practice, he was at length able to smoke, in the foolish imitation of manhood. That smoking must impair the digestion and derange the nervous system of the young, seems certain, and that it may lead to drunkenness or excess in drink, is more than probable from the thirst which it necessarily occasions.

GOING HOME.

THE traveller plods his weary way
Through many a distant scene;
Through chilly night and burning day,
Through pastures fair and green.
"Home" is his never-ceasing thought,
"The end, when will it come?"
I shall not feel the trials then,
When I am safe at home."

"Home!" sighs the active sailor, as
He paces to and fro
The narrow deck, but thoughts have wings,
And far away they go.
They reach the mother, wife, and child,
And hastening, back they come:
"I soon shall be across the sea,
And safe with them at home!"

"Home!" shouts the schoolboy, as he throws
His cap into the air:
"Good-bye to school and lessons too,
Good-bye to thought and care.
Good-bye to Latin, Euclid, Greek,
To exercise and sum;
Good-bye to master, books, and cane,
Hurrah! I'm going home!"

"Home!" lips the tender little child,
With toilsome pleasure spent;
And wearily lays down its head,
And gives fatigue its vent.
But still the first soft words it says,
When back its senses come,
Are—"Oh, I am so very tired,
O, mother, take me home!"

The poor man longs and longs for home,
When all his work is done;
It is the place of household joys,
The place he calls his own.
Among his little ones he sits,
And welcomes all who come
With cheerful smile and hearty word—
For is it not his home?

There is another blessed home
Where pleasures never cease;
Where death and sorrow never come,
And all is joy and peace.
O may we make that heavenly home
Of all our hopes the sum;
Remembering, in our love for earth,
We are not yet at home!

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER.—A book has recently been published in Philadelphia, U. S., containing interesting information concerning the manufacture of paper. It appears that the energy thrown into the search for new material by the repeal of the paper duty, and the consequent insufficiency of the supply of rags, in this country, was followed by a similar impulse in America, owing to the war and the consequent scarcity of cotton. In America, too, as in England, every effort was used to discourage the authors of the great results attained by enterprising adventurers in new fields of industry. The most available of all the fresh material has been found to be wheat-straw, and it is curious that paper was made from it, under the patent of Sequin, as long ago as the beginning of the century. Hay of the inferior quality, produced in marshy soils, has been used, but the paper produced was of a dingy green tinge, and had but little consistency. In Sweden a newspaper has been printed for several years past on a paper made from horse-dung. By washing, all the soluble parts are carried off and used for manure; and it is then found that so much of the hay as the animal has not assimilated, but which has undergone a process of bleaching by the gastric and other juices, requires a smaller proportion of chemical agents to effect their transformation into pulp. Paper is also largely made from the fibre of wood, which, for this purpose, in America, is mixed with rags, after being reduced to a pulp by machinery. Half pine-wood and half rags is found to make a good common printing paper; and 33 per cent. of poplar-wood, with 67 per cent. of rags, a good writing paper. In Switzerland, a printing paper is made from fir-wood. The experiments made by M. Fremy, with a view to the production of paper, have shown that wood is not made up of cells solidified by incrusting materials, as was long supposed, but of two super-imposed layers; one exterior, short-grained, and brittle, which he calls *exofibres*; the other internal, supple, and fibrous, to which he has given the name of *fibres*. It follows that, to make a good pulp for wood paper, the *exofibres* must be dissolved, and the *fibres* separated from it, and to effect this various chemical agents, such as alkalis, are used.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER X.

DOCTOR GREY BEGINS TO SEE HIS DUTY.

EVERY day, and often twice a day, Dr. Grey visited his patients in the parish poor-house. The child died, and was buried. The mother continued much the same; now *high*-prating, laughing, babbling; now *low*-weeping, silent, dejected. Each morning news of her was carried to Rood, to her father and Mr. Tindal. The latter was growing hourly more im-

patient for the disclosures that he looked to, to deliver himself; while Pierce, with a strange fatuity, was retiring on his old doubts and dreads, and repeating over and over again to himself, to the doctor, and even to his master, that it was not a *certain* thing his Alice was the guilty person. *He* did not *know* she was. He might have *feared*; he would not deny any longer that she was at Rood that fatal day, but more he could not say. Was it for him to condemn his own flesh and blood? If they put it to him on his

conscience, he did not believe that it was in her ever to do such a deed; no, not for jealousy, nor for revenge.

"Don't talk to me, Pierce; there is a moral certainty that she did it," cried the doctor, in a rage.

"People said there was a moral certainty Mr. Arthur did it; but moral certainties don't stand for proofs. I go back to my former ground, sir—I don't know *who* murdered Mr. Hugh Tindal, and I don't want to know."

"You have been taking counsel with somebody besides yourself—that is the way in which you damned your master."

"I won't deceive you, sir; I have been consulting Mr. Hargrove. He knows the law, he knows what is evidence, and what isn't evidence; and he says he sees no sound reason at present for reversing the popular verdict."

"Mr. Hargrove ought to have more sense than to talk about popular verdicts. However, if you have opened the business to him, it might as well be opened to all the world. You had better go and see Alice; I shall name her to the matron. The guardians meet to-morrow, and you will have to remove her."

With that the doctor drove off, saying to himself that whatever chance publicity would give Mr. Tindal, he should not lack it. He went straight to the poor-house, and saw Alice, who was, as he believed, drifting into the outer darkness of insanity, where anguish could no more reach her. To screen her longer, would be a sacrificing of the living to the dead. The matron came at his call.

"This woman belongs to Rood, to decent people there," said he. "I have let her father know the state in which she is—Mr. Pierce, a servant at the Abbey. In all probability you will have him over. If he should wish to take her away—which most likely he will—it ought to be only to an asylum. I will sign her certificate, and so will Jackson, but he had better not be in any hurry."

In crossing the market-place, the doctor met the curate who had the spiritual care of the paupers at Allan Bridge, and to him also he made his statement. "There is small hope of her recovery," he added, "if, indeed, it would be anything to hope for. It is a miserable story. That child you buried was Hugh Tindal's, and she was the undiscovered woman in the wood that day he was shot. Her father has known it from the first."

"You don't mean that *she*—I have always heard it charged on his brother," stammered the clergyman.

"Very unjustly, as I think." The doctor nodded, and went on his way, left his gig at his own door, and proceeded to the lawyer's office. Mr. Hargrove was engaged at the moment, but would be with him shortly, said his clerk; and the doctor, who had no patient watching for him, that he was aware of, sat down to wait.

"Well, Grey, is it your will, *this time*?" cried the lawyer boisterously, as he appeared after the lapse of about five minutes.

"No, Hargrove, it is not my will yet; it is that old story Pierce has been to you about from Rood." The lawyer immediately became serious, got behind his desk, took up a paper-knife, and composed himself to listen. A closer observer than Doctor Grey might have discerned anxiety as well as attention in his countenance. "Did Pierce tell you his daughter is

here, in the poor-house? No! I thought as much. Crafty old knave, that can't understand it is as necessary to be open with his man of law as his man of physic. She is here, at all events, and for what I can see, is likely to go to a worse place—Norminster Asylum, most probably."

Mr. Hargrove made an inarticulate noise, expressive of surprise and commiseration.

"If Pierce did not tell you she was here, what case did he bring you? This is what mine turns on—she can't keep away from Rood. She has confessed to me that she saw Hugh Tindal shot; she was, therefore, that woman who was lurking about between the Grange and the Abbey, of whom there was some suspicion that she might have done it. Now I'll undertake to say that if it had been known the woman was Alice Pierce, with her bundle of wrongs and miseries on her back, the suspicion would have become conviction in the common mind."

The lawyer thoughtfully put up his lip, and allowed that it might have become conviction in the common mind, but protested that it would not have become conviction in his. "In fact," added he, with an air of candour, "my prejudice went from the first against Arthur Tindal, and it was very strong."

"I never heard you say so before," answered the doctor, aghast. "Never, and we have talked it over a score of times."

"And may talk of it a score to that again," said Hargrove.

"But my impression was that your opinion went all the other way," persisted the doctor.

"Then your impression was mistaken." The lawyer was rather short, as if he disliked this insistence, and would put a stop to it; but his present client had an excellent memory, and declined to be stopped. He went on to quote instances in which Hargrove had agreed with him in the confidence of after-dinner chat, and had wished a happy release to the falsely accused, and a swift despatch to the assassin. "Ha! ha! after dinner, over a bottle of your excellent port, Grey!" cried the lawyer, with a significant laugh—or a laugh meant to be significant.

"If a man tells lies in his wine, when does he tell truth?" growled the doctor, and got up to go.

Hargrove felt that he had blundered. He ought to have known his man better, and he *did* know him better; therefore that lapse was as unpardonable as it was unlucky; and Grey was not the man to forget it, as he was well aware. Already, from the glance of his eye, and the knitting of his brow, he appeared to be speculating on its origin or its motive; and his speculations were apt to be shrewd, and to hit home. The lawyer endeavoured to detain him, and bring him back to the point, but in vain; the doctor was both angry and dismayed at the turn the consultation had taken, and he was not easily appeased. He walked out of the office, and across to his own house in a maze, and as he shut himself up in his study to think the matter over, he ejaculated under his breath, "He shall not put his legs under *my* table again in a hurry; I half think he *may* be the knave Jacques declares he is. He was lying when he talked about his prejudice, confound him!"

The doctor's discomfited meditations carried him about and about the subject, but not to the core of it. He could not conjecture why Mr. Hargrove should desire—as he evidently did—to perpetuate the social

outlawry of Mr. Tindal. Buckhurst was in at dinner-time, and he went over all the history with that young man, to take the benefit of his views.

"Never look deep for a rogue's motives—something personal, probably pecuniary, they'll be," moralized the assistant. "The least subtle explanation of men's ways generally comes nearest the truth." This oracular guide-post, though it only pointed, yet pointed decisively, and Doctor Grey, brightening up, said he thought he *saw* it.

"I'll turn over a new leaf of my trusteeship for little Penelope Croft," was the resolution that followed close on the thought. Suspicion, once generated in an unsuspicious mind, breeds fast. Last night Doctor Grey would have put his dearest interests with implicit faith in Hargrove's hands; to-night he revoked all his former confidence, and declared to himself that his old *convive* was a shifty, crafty, double-faced pettifogger of an attorney, who ought to be very sharply looked after. The pity was he had not discovered it before.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISITOR AT ROOD.

To such a place as Allan Bridge any little event is a godsend; but the reopening of the famous Rood Abbey tragedy furnished talk for the whole county and country. The London papers reverted to it with tantalizing brevity, and it got into the *Norminster Gazette* at full length again. The Eskdale readers of that news followed the case with greedy interest. They heard the story of Alice Pierce from the days when she was "so winsome, so bonny," down to the hour when, the magistrates having seen her, and the doctors having certified to her insanity, she was removed by her afflicted father and a female keeper from the sick ward of Allan Bridge poor-house to the pauper lunatic asylum at Norminster. After occupying a column or two for seven or eight weeks, the mystery was pronounced to be still unfathomed and unfathomable, and it subsided once more into uneasy oblivion.

In the magniloquent editorials, which furnished the patrons of the *Norminster Gazette* with opinions on its facts, Mr. Tindal had been very smartly handled. Forcible allusions were made to the cowardice, the unmanliness, of attempting to fix the barbarous crime on a woman, who was as incapable of defending herself as the dead. "The time was cunningly chosen," said the leader, "but truth had prevailed over cunning; the base plot had been defeated; and the burthen of suspicion lay where it had originally fallen—where it must continue to lie until some fuller disproof were offered than what had lately been brought under the investigation of the Allan Bridge board of magistrates."

The *Gazette* containing this article came to Rood Abbey on a Sunday morning in June, as it came to every other well-to-do house in Eskdale. Mr. Tindal read his condemnation in it, and a present end to all his dreams. He read it in the garden, and while he read it he let his pipe go out. "That is over," said he, and dropped the paper on the grass; and for the first time a chill of utter despondency crept over him.

He had recovered his strength now, and his natural colour; but the torturing anxiety of the recent inquiries had not passed over him without making its mark. The sun shone with midsummer glow, but he

felt no warmth in its shining. While hope was with him he had caused his house and gardens to be swept and garnished; and now on the soft turf there was spread a luxury of blossom and beauty that mocked him with a reminder of his short-lived joy. He had seen no friendly soul to speak to, except Dr. Grey, since the turn the investigation about Alice Pierce would take became apparent. While it was doubtful, here and there a man had drawn near to him, who had since drawn back again. Even Pierce had left him; not in anger on either side, but with mutual concession and sorrow. Early on in the inquiry he had spoken to the Vicar of his desire to restore the dreary, neglected old church, and had been checked, and bidden to stay until he was clear of the imputed guilt of murder; for Mr. Featherston and his rosy wife were not found impenetrable to the subtle influence of public opinion; and each to the other had confessed a *doubt*, a *dread*—had whispered awfully that it was not fit a man with unrepented blood on his hands should bring any gift to the altar. He had felt the recoil in their promising acquaintance, and had come no more in their way. With many besides them the stirring up of the stagnant pool had done him more harm than good. The lively girls at the Grange took heed not to cross his path; men meeting him in the road made only half obeisance; the servants under his own roof did him shy and grudging service.

He thought often of Pennie, and wondered, did she think of him? Would she hold out to him a helping hand, or would she, like all the rest, avert her eyes, and pass him by on the other side?

What a long, blank day it was, that golden day of June, on which the *Norminster Gazette* announced to Eskdale the solemn renewal of the old fiat on his case. When the afternoon melted into evening, and the evening mellowed into soft summer night, he thanked God that it was done, and groping in the darkness of his destiny, prayed that he might see light soon or die.

As that day was, so was the morrow, only so much the heavier as the chain dragged longer, and wore down his strength. He felt to have no power, no nerve left. He could not sleep or eat; wine could not warm, nor smoke solace him. He opened no book; he made no more effort to relieve the oppression of his misery. When Dr. Grey called he could scarcely get from him a word. He avoided the face of his servants, and ceased to answer when they spoke. He sat indoors, and shut out the brightness of the day. It was as if there were death in the house.

The next morning it rained at intervals, but the merry splash and patter of the sudden showers on the thick leaves, and the fragrance of the sunshiny gleams between did not win him one moment from his brooding melancholy. After noon it cleared for good, but the tenderness of tears was in the sky, and the cool freshness of them was over all the fields. He had seated himself mechanically before his writing-table in the window, but during all the hours of the day he had done nothing, and had attempted nothing. He had, in fact, no correspondence like other men, to while away time. Still he sat in the same place, vacant, nerveless, helpless, when about four o'clock, the man who had replaced Pierce opened the door and looked in. His master took no notice. It did not appear that he even heard, for he never moved. His

arms were stretched across the table, his hands clasped, his head bent down on them, and his face hidden. He started however, and visibly, when a familiar voice, only a pace or two off, said shyly, "Mr. Tindal, I have come to see you."

It was Pennie—Pennie in splashed habit, with the soft glow rapid riding brought always into her cheeks, and the deep swimming lustre that air and exercise put into dark eyes quite as often as sentiment or emotion. She looked almost pretty under her hat—he thought she looked lovely. She did not speak again after those first words, nor did he for a minute, while he held her hands; both of them trembling, both of them with mist in their vision.

"You are my salvation, Pennie," he said at last, in a voice that he could not trust above his breath.

She was bewildered and confused by the strength of her own feelings; she had meant to say so many comforting, loving things, and behold she was dumb. After all it was the sight of her that was the consolation, and Mr. Tindal came to a command of himself first. He said something (she was never quite sure what) and she replied to it by explaining her visit: "Doctor Grey brought me, and he will call for me in about an hour, on his way back from Beckby—Mr. Jones is ill of his rheumatic gout." Prosaic this, but a convenient bridge over the gulf of emotion that had almost swallowed up their power of speech. Mr. Tindal blessed Dr. Grey in his heart, and then they began to talk, not very fluently as regarded Pennie, for her sensations of shyness, sorrow, and sympathy were perpetually in her way, but very effectively as regarded him she came to comfort.

"You still keep your faith in me, Pennie?" said he.

"Yes; and I shall keep it always, though nothing should ever be made clearer than it is to-day."

"Then I shall live, and not die!—my good little nurse! my good little nurse that I love, and who loves me—it is so, Pennie. I *know* it is, but I want to hear it from your lips; one sweet, one tender word, after so many hard blows."

She gave it him, and a few tears with it—for his passion frightened her—and then a bit of counsel.

"You should not stay here alone. Look up as you did before, and hope for good days by-and-by."

"Ah! Pennie, these things take the strength out of a man at last, and leave him without energy or power to hope."

"Don't let them beat you, *don't*."

There was short silence. Pennie was a child in experience, if she was a woman in sympathy. She could not conceive of what his life really was—how dull, how bare, how utterly denuded of the interests, occupations, pleasures, and cares of common humanity. Her idea of him was of a virtuous man persecuted, whose innocent conscience ought to set him above the clamour and unjust condemnation of a cruel world. She loved him, and she would have liked to show the world how little she valued its opinion by standing by him in his isolation. That sort of sacrifice at which her soul would have kindled, had she read it recorded as a golden deed in story, she was herself capable of making, and of esteeming no sacrifice at all.

"I meant to stay at Rood, though it were in hermit fashion. I had begun to lay plans of restoring the church, building a school, and some new cottages—all in the air. I had almost persuaded myself into a belief that I might live down my bad name, and make

it fragrant by good deeds." Mr. Tindal spoke with a sad, wistful smile. "For a few days past I have been asking, is there a just God that judges the earth, or is there only a random providence that lets its machinery get out of gear, and fall upon mischief, as our governing powers do here below?"

Pennie sighed. "If you *do* stay at Rood I shall see you sometimes, and Dr. Grey is your friend; but it would not be the best plan. You *must* break away from yourself when you are moving about, seeing fresh places and faces."

"If I could only carry you with me, Pennie, then I should be glad to go."

"I should like it, too, but I am not my own mistress," said she naively.

"My dear little Pennie, that you never will be! Have not I a lien on your love, when your guardian gives you your release? Do you wear my ring?" Mrs. Wynyard was right then!

"Here. Not on my hand, where you put it, because it is so curious and beautiful that at Brackenfield it was recognized. But if you would like me to wear it openly, I will."

"Have the courage, my darling. I am disposed to think, Pennie, you may infect others with your own faith, and that I may win back peace and honour by means of you; though I know the common sentiment will be that I have done wickedly and selfishly in binding you to me while I am what I am. You will have to hear stinging things said of me."

"I shall not listen to them. No one will speak to me unkindly of you twice." As Pennie said this her mouth closed with the unconscious resolution that characterized her, and the softness of her eyes became a cold brightness. Both coldness and firmness vanished the next moment, there being no present need of them, and she spake comfortably again. "If you go away, you will write me a long, *long* letter—and first you will come to Eastwold to say good-bye."

"May I come to Eastwold?—doors don't open hospitably for me, Pennie. Ah! child, you don't know!"

"If you may not come to Eastwold, Doctor Grey will bring me again to Rood. He and I believe in you, and we shall not follow any one's lead who doubts. It would be worse to know you innocent, and act as if we thought you guilty, than to condemn you outright—it would be cowardly too, and I hate a coward!" Pennie grew quite vehement. She did hate a coward. She had a strong natural repulsion for meanness, baseness. If the choice had been put before her, she would rather have been stoned by the whole of her little world for sticking to Mr. Tindal, than she would have endured an hour of her own self-contempt for denying and forsaking her love.

It seemed but a very short hour before Doctor Grey appeared. "I trust you will never say again that my advice does you no good, Tindal," said he, coming forward to the window in which the host and guest were. He then, without waiting for reply, glanced from table to table, and added—"Have you not given her a cup of tea or coffee after her ride? Have you entertained her with dry conversation all this while? See if I bring my ward to *this* house again of an afternoon!" Mr. Tindal rang the bell, asking Pennie which it should be—tea or coffee?

"Dr. Grey speaks more for himself than for me. He likes kettledrum—coffee, please; we both prefer it," said Pennie.

For twenty minutes longer they were quite a pleasant, cheerful little group in the beautiful Abbey drawing-room. A stranger entering unawares would not have discerned amongst them the shadow of any special trouble. Pennie already knew Mr. Tindal's turn for the minor social amenities; she thought again now that he would be very happy to live with, for though his face was haggard and lean, his countenance had cleared, and the dull despondency had left his voice. Misery had not effected a permanent settlement on him; despair had taken no firm grip of his heart and brain. If the outer wall of his prison were breached speedily, he would come forth of it able and eager to enjoy the sun, and do a fair day's work in the world still. At last the doctor said it was time to go, and on the plea of seeing that Pennie's pony was all right and ready for her, he left them to make their farewells alone.

"You will answer me when I write, Pennie?" said Mr. Tindal, holding her hands as she stood up to depart.

"Surely I will. No one need forbid me. I shall tell Mrs. Wynyard, of course."

"That is right. Give her your confidence—live openly. *Must* you go, Pennie?" She only answered him with her eyes, and he answered her again as the happiest of lovers might. Doctor Grey inquired from a remote part of the hall if Pennie was not coming. The next moment she came, and Mr. Tindal with her.

He gave her a hand up on her pony, straightened her habit, and was rather long; but even these little cares could not be spun out beyond a minute or two under the wooden regard of Pierce's successor, and the impatience of the doctor's horse. He walked beside her, his hand on the bridle, to the great gateway, and then let her go, waiting to see if she would look back at a turn the road made twenty paces off or so. Yes, she looked back; and then he went round to the garden, and lit a cigar to help him to enjoy the recollection and the wholesome immediate results of her visit.

Doctor Grey provoked Pennie to a gallop as soon as they were out of sight of the Abbey. "Come, Miss Penelope, I have given you more time than was your due; you did not use it ill, but you must make up for it by riding fast. I hope you are contented now that you have had your own way, and have seen Mr. Tindal for yourself!" Pennie expressed herself as entirely satisfied, and as very grateful to her second guardian, whom hitherto she had hardly known except as a purveyor of draughts, powders, and other detestable compounds.

It was a lovely ride to Allan Bridge, where the doctor made her over to Francis Wynyard, who had come thus far to meet her; and while waiting at the surgery had been entertained by Mr. Buckhurst with some serious jokes on natural history, which had profoundly puzzled his young wits. His musing over these novelties, presented to him as interesting facts not generally known, kept him silent, which Pennie could not regret; for she, too, wished to think over the event of the afternoon, and its possible consequences.

It had been made with the knowledge, but hardly with the consent of Mrs. Wynyard. Indeed that poor lady, whose decision of manner much trouble had weakened, was becoming sorely perplexed and distressed by the difficulty of managing her husband's

young ward. Mild advice and gentle reasoning had failed to convince Pennie of her folly, and Mrs. Wynyard was not prepared to appeal to severe argument or to authority. During Pennie's absence that afternoon Mr. Hargrove had been at Eastwold on business, and when told whither she was gone, and with whom, had expressed the strongest disapproval, and had designated Dr. Grey "a pretty trustee, indeed, for an heiress." At these words Mrs. Wynyard felt, for a moment, as if her cares were becoming a burden too heavy to be borne. She had received a dismal, melancholy letter from Normandy in the morning; it was the Midsummer holidays, and the two younger boys were distracting for noise and tearing their clothes; Anna was outgrowing her strength; Lois was wilful and passionate by fits; old Jenny was over-worked; and here was Penelope Croft, worse than all, obstinately running counter to every propriety; and, backed by one guardian, setting herself in steady opposition to the opinion of the other and of all the rest of the world.

To Mrs. Wynyard thus depressed, Pennie came home, herself in chastened mood, fitter for cheering than aught else. Notwithstanding her romance, she felt the roads of life thorny to her feet, and saw the roses promised to bloom but sparsely. "I'm very tired," said she to Anna at the door, and went straight up to her room. She was more of a woman, more serious, reflective, and sad, away from Mr. Tindal, than it was possible for her to be in the half confusion, half exultation of feeling occasioned by his presence. When she had taken off her habit, she took off also the ribbon round her neck, by which his ring was suspended, and put it on her hand again, murmuring over to herself, in prayerful spirit as she did so, its quaint posy—"God send me well to keep! God send me well to keep!"

Lois came presently to call her down to tea, and after the healthy racket of it, while the children went out to play, Mrs. Wynyard invited her to speak of her visit by silently taking up her hand and looking at the ring.

"You understand what it means?" said Pennie, softly. "It means that I don't care who knows now that I love Mr. Tindal, and that I shall be his wife some day—if I were my own mistress it should be now."

"You speak out, Pennie. Perhaps it is happy for you that you cannot carry your pity at once into practice. I do not doubt that you have a strong feeling for Mr. Tindal, for the circumstances of your acquaintance were quite such as favour the growth of a youthful passion; but, when you see a little more of men and of society, you will find there are others pleasant as well as he, though they may lack the charm of a great calamity."

Mrs. Wynyard did not mean to be sarcastic. She hit on that vein unawares, but Pennie winced at the touch of irony, and made no answer. She had resolved that the fact of her wearing that ring must be testimony enough of sentiment that deserved to be respected; and that as far as mortal patience would endure, she ought to bear without retort every insinuation and every attack made on her because of the giver. She began by airing her little stern dignity on anxious, heart-aching Mrs. Wynyard, and it proved quite effectual. That distressed lady had no desire to wound her, no desire in the world, on her behalf,

but that she might be good and happy. Perceiving that she had somehow spoken amiss, she judged it wise to let the subject drop, and only said further, "You shall write to Mr. Wynyard yourself, Pennie dear. You will be able to put your views in a fairer light than I could possibly do;" and then she left her, and went out on the terrace before the house, where her own children were at play.

Pennie had no fear of her absent guardian, but when she thought of the revelation that must be made to her mother her heart was like to fail her. It was already made if she had but known. Mr. Hargrove had carried the intelligence he had gleaned at Eastwold straight to Mayfield; and the widow, amidst her anger, had melted into tears to think that her daughter could have ridden to Rood, within a mile of home, without coming on to see her. She ascribed the neglect, not to the difficulty Pennie must have had in cutting short her visit of Christian consolation to one in misery, but to the few words they had had in the Spring; and, full of this fear, as soon as the lawyer was gone, she took her pen and paper, and wrote off a letter to Eastwold, very tender, remorseful, and slightly incoherent, which she sent over in the morning by a special messenger.

It came to Pennie's hand before breakfast, and drew a few tears to her eyes. They had begun to cut the grass in the low meadows, it said, and was she not going over for a week? She was not to think any more of those sharp words about her ring—it was only her mother's way, and who loved her better? She had heard of her being at the Abbey, and thought it strange. Pennie must remember she was her mother, and a duty was laid on her to speak if she saw her going wrong. Finally, she was to write by the messenger when she would go to Mayfield—the sooner the better.

Pennie appeared at the breakfast-table with this document in her hand, and laid it before Mrs. Wynyard, who asked her what she wished to do. Pennie said she wished to go. That was conclusive. Mrs. Wynyard had taken counsel with herself, and had decided that it would be safest not to thwart Pennie at present with any obvious contradiction, lest she should be driven to some sudden and irretrievable step. She went to Mayfield the next day.

(To be continued.)

HOME MEMORIES OF GRAY.

THE incidents in the biography of the poet Gray are comparatively few, and there are some who may deem them uninteresting. He lived the life of a student, mixing little in society, content with few friends, without any domestic ties, eager to gain knowledge in all branches of learning, but too sensitive and fastidious to make much use of his acquirements. People who knew little of him complained that he was finical, that he was proud, that he was cold-hearted; but those who knew him best found beneath a cold exterior the warm heart of a true and faithful friend.

Thomas Gray, born in 1716, was the son of a London citizen in good circumstances, and, although one of twelve children, was the only child who lived to grow up. The reat died in infancy, from suffocation caused by a fulness of blood; but Thomas owed his life, it is said, to the courage of his mother, who subdued the attack by opening a vein with her own hand. The boy was educated at Eton, where he made one or two close friendships, and from whence he was sent to Peterhouse College, Cambridge. Here again we have an instance

of his mother's tenderness; for when the father, for some cause not stated, refused all assistance, she "cheerfully maintained him on the scanty produce of her separate industry." His pursuits at college were varied, and it does not appear that he followed with much assiduity the university curriculum. Four years were spent at college, after which Gray travelled with his friend Horace Walpole—a name now as familiar as his own, although not so worthy of remembrance—through France and Italy. His previous studies, his knowledge of ancient and modern languages, his love of architecture and art, enabled him to make good use of this journey; and it is interesting to note that he was among the first English travellers who visited the remains of Herculaneum. The stay at Naples was short; but at Florence the friends remained about eleven months, after which some difference arose between them, and they separated. There was, probably, as in most quarrels, a fault on both sides; but Walpole afterwards "charged himself with the chief blame, and lamented that he had not paid more attention and deference to Gray's superior judgment and prudence." The acquaintance was renewed in after years, but the close friendliness of those early days could not be revived. Gray returned home in 1741, and not long afterwards his father died, having by imprudence considerably diminished the income of his widow and of his son. Mrs. Gray went to reside with two of her sisters in a house called West End Stoke, near Windsor—a pretty spot, which the "Elegy" of Gray has made one of the most famous in England.

Gray's chief friend at Eton, and until death separated them, was Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a young man of extensive learning and some poetical ability. "Next to seeing you," he once wrote to Gray, "is the pleasure of seeing your handwriting; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you." Both of the young men were designed for the law; and when West expressed his aversion to the profession, Gray warned him not to mistake indolence for inability. He might have profited by the advice himself, for there can be no doubt that his own neglect of the study was owing, not to the want of power, but to the want of will. West died in 1742, at the early age of twenty-five, affectionately mourned by his friend. In the same year Gray composed his ode on "A Distant Prospect of Eton College," the "Hymn to Adversity," and commenced the "Elegy." He now took up his residence at Cambridge, and devoted his time to a regular perusal of the best Greek authors; taking, as he says, "verse and prose together, like bread and cheese."

The publication of the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" carried Gray's name far beyond the precincts of the university. The poem became popular immediately, and, after the lapse of more than one hundred years, has retained its popularity. It would be strange if it had not. These noble verses appeal to our human heart, and the beauty of the thoughts is enhanced by the exquisite felicity of the language. There is not one of the stanzas we could willingly part with, and it must ever be a matter of regret that the poet thought fit to omit the following beautiful lines:—

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Gray's mother died in the year 1753, an event of which he never lost the impression. He seldom mentioned her afterwards without a sigh, and towards the close of his life, in writing to a friend, he says:—"I had written to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother. You may think this obvious, and what you call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the





[W. HICKES.]

GAINSBOROUGH'S COURTSHIP.

[LONDON.]

same age very near as wise as you; and yet I never discovered this with full evidence and conviction—I mean till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

In 1756 Gray left Peterhouse, where he had resided more than twenty years, and removed to Pembroke Hall. This change, which seems scarcely more important than the Vicar of Wakefield's migrations from the blue bed to the brown, he describes "as an era in a life so barren of events as his." The cause of the removal does not speak well for the students of the college. It is said that they frequently annoyed the poet with practical jokes, and that his complaints were unheeded by the authorities. Gray was fearful of fire, and had provided himself with a rope-ladder, to be used in case of danger. "After exhausting every other mode of tormenting their sensitive companion, the students of Peterhouse one night placed exactly under his bedroom window a large tub full of water, and then some who were in the plot raised a cry of 'fire' at his door. Gray, terrified by the report of the calamity he most dreaded, rushed from his bed, threw himself hastily out of the window with his rope-ladder, and descended exactly into the tub." The two iron bars to which the poet fixed his ladder are still to be seen at the window of the chambers which he occupied. Jokes such as this are always ungentlemanly and sometimes dangerous; but it must be acknowledged that the victim of them has generally some peculiarity which points him out for a butt. The stiffness of Gray's manner, and the careful and dandy-like adjustment of his dress, excited the amusement of the students; but it is pleasing to learn that at a later date, whenever he appeared upon the walks, "intelligence ran from college to college, and the tables in the different halls, if it happened to be the hour of dinner, were thinned by the desertion of young men thronging to behold him."

Gray is said to have been the most learned poet since Milton: there was scarcely any branch of learning with which he was not conversant. "He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study . . . and he had a fine taste in painting, architecture, and gardening." But much as Gray valued the acquisition of knowledge, he did not neglect for it the higher attainments of the soul. For intellectual power, apart from moral virtue and religious character, he frequently expressed his abhorrence; and it is said he esteemed none whom he did not believe to be good.

Gray knew nothing personally of domestic joys, of the love and solace of a good wife, and of the endearing ways of children; but in describing the rude forefathers of the hamlet, sleeping beneath the churchyard turf, how beautiful is the picture he calls up of the life once led by those simple and happy peasants:—

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

There is deep feeling here which could not have been feigned; an appreciation of the joys of those who are lowly-born, which must appear strange to those who

consider that the poet had a cold and unsympathetic nature. It would be more true, however, to say that beneath a cold exterior Gray concealed a warm and profoundly-sensitive nature. One more proof of this will be found in the following beautiful extract from a letter to a bereaved friend:—"I feel for the sorrow you have felt, and yet I cannot wish to lessen it; that would be to rob you of the best part of your nature, to efface from your mind the tender memory of a father's love, and deprive the dead of that just and grateful tribute which his goodness demanded of you. I must, however, remind you how happy it was for him that you were with him to the last; that he was sensible, perhaps, of your care, when every other sense was vanishing. He might have seen you go before him at a time when all the ills of helpless old age were coming upon him, and though not destitute of the attention and tenderness of others, yet destitute of your attention and your tenderness."

Gray was offered the poet-laureateship, but declined it on the plea that the office has always humbled the professor—"if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession; for there are poets little enough to envy a poet-laureate." Happily the office has been dignified since these words were written by a succession of true poets. The only public position accepted by Gray was the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, but his health did not allow him to fulfil the duties of it. To relieve the depression of his spirits he made several excursions. He was delighted with Hartlepool, where he went to drink the waters. With the Scotch Highlands he was charmed. "A fig," he writes, "for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen, that have not been among them: their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse-ponds, Fleet ditches, shell grottoes, and Chinese rails;" and he was equally delighted with the scenery of the English lakes, which he has described with great accuracy and enthusiasm.

The decline of his strength had been gradual; but on the 24th of July, 1771, he was seized with an attack of gout in the stomach, which, after a few days' illness, proved fatal. He desired to be placed near his mother, at Stoke; and a tablet on the outside wall of the chancel records the burial of "one of the most amiable men and delightful writers to be met with in our English literature."

CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

I. THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

"NOBODY cares for Gainsborough!" This was really the exclamation of a well-known voice over my shoulder. My answer was a very short one: "You ought to know; but I do not believe it." What was it Sir Joshua Reynolds himself said of him?—"That if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire for us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough would be transmitted to posterity in the history of the arts, among the first of that rising name." Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures, it is difficult to determine; but upon the whole we may justly say, that whatever he attempted he carried to a high degree of excellence. But there are other reasons why his name should be dear to his countrymen. He was thoroughly English in his sympathies and his liberality. If he selected (as he very often did) an infant from a cottage, for the exercise of his pencil, all the tenants of the humble roof generally participated in the profits of the picture, and some of them frequently found in his habitation a permanent abode. Nor was his liberality confined to such cases alone. Needy relations and unfortunate

friends were not denied a share in his bounty; and it was simply owing to his generosity of temper that his family were not left in that affluence which so much merit might promise, and such real worth deserved. With all this, he loved Nature, and wooed her smiles like a lover, with unremitting assiduity. With the instinct of the true artist, he turned his back on the Institution in St. Martin's Lane, and sought truth, grace, and beauty, where alone they were to be found, in the study of the living scenes which he wished to transfer to his canvas. This was so contrary to the traditions of the period, and to the dogmas of picture-dealers and connoisseurs, that it deserves to be mentioned in Gainsborough's honour, and the more especially so, as the artist was still but a boy in years and experience.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, where his father was established as a clothier, in the spring of 1727. His mother excelled in flower-painting, and having early discovered her son's fondness for drawing, encouraged his first attempts, and no doubt gave him many useful hints. His first sketches of flowers and trees were made in old copy-books; and he was never so well pleased as when he could obtain a holiday, and set off with his pencil and sketch-book; on a long summer day's ramble through the rich hanging woods which skirted his native town. It was to these scenes he returned after four years' pupilage in London, when he was about eighteen years of age; and there, says his biographer, Mr. Fulcher, "The Suffolk ploughmen often saw him in the early morning, sketch-book in hand, brushing with hasty steps the dew away; and lingering in the golden light of evening, taking lessons from the sunset clouds." And here a charming bit of romance falls into the story of Gainsborough's life.

"It happened," says Allan Cunningham, in his "Dictionary of Painters," "that in one of Gainsborough's pictorial excursions, he sat down to make a sketch of some fine trees, with sheep reposing below, and wood doves roosting above, when a young woman entered very unexpectedly, but very apropos, upon the scene, and was at once admitted into the landscape and feelings of the artist. This young lady was Margaret Burr, of Scottish extraction, and then about sixteen years old, who, not long afterwards, became his wife." Mr. Fulcher, not so fond of romance as Mr. Cunningham, will not allow us to believe in this pretty picture; but tells, in plain matter of fact, that the young lady was sister to a commercial traveller employed by Gainsborough's father, and that the acquaintance between them was a matter of course. I do not see, however, why the more poetical version of the story should not be the true one, considering that young Gainsborough had been away for four years, and nothing was more likely than that Miss Burr should first cross his path in those charming woods. If so, he must have been deeply impressed, for Margaret Burr was a girl of extraordinary beauty. The incident—I do not mean to give it up—reminds me of "The Artist's Morning Song," by Goethe, who has imagined the painter waking from the "hot trance" of inspiration, at the touch of "great love," and saying of the lady—

How fair she was, reclining there;
What languish in her look!
How thrilled her glance through all my frame,
The very pencil shook.
Her eyes, her lips, her mantling smile,
Were all the world to me;
And in my breast a younger life
Throbb'd true and tenderly.

Very soon we fancy them seated together, like Burns and his Highland Mary, beneath the "hawthorn blossom," and the young painter showing the beautiful stranger his exquisite sketches. There is time enough

for all that Mr. Fulcher states to have happened afterwards. - It was natural enough that a beautiful girl like Margaret Burr should like to have her portrait painted by her brother's young friend. The sittings were likely enough numerous and protracted, and the young lady very possibly expressed her warm admiration of the painter's skill; and in doing so gave him the gentlest possible hint, that perhaps in time he might become the possessor of the original. Such things have happened to other artists besides Gainsborough. But the story of Gainsborough's courtship is not yet all told. With Margaret's hand he received a little fortune of two hundred pounds per annum, which had been mysteriously settled upon her. Allan Cunningham, in remarking upon this subject, observes: "Mrs. Gainsborough was said to be the natural daughter of one of our exiled princes; nor was she, when a wife and a mother, desirous of having this circumstance forgotten. On an occasion of household festivity, when her husband was high in fame, she vindicated some little ostentation in her dress, by whispering to her niece—afterwards Mrs. Lane—'I have some right to this, for you know, my love, I am a prince's daughter.'"

After his marriage, Gainsborough, far from living on his wife's income in inglorious ease, took a house in Ipswich, with the view of pursuing his profession; and in 1758 removed to Bath, where he practised both portrait-painting and landscape with such success, that he was induced to try his fortune in London. This was in 1774, when Sir Joshua Reynolds was high in favour; and though Gainsborough soon became his most formidable rival, he once said of him, as Northcote relates, "that he copied Vandyke so exquisitely, that at a certain distance he could not distinguish the copy from the original, nor the difference between them." Mr. Fulcher says: "In purity of expression, Gainsborough more than equalled Reynolds. Sir Joshua has, in one or two instances, imparted to his portraits of women an air that we should not wish to see in our wives and daughters. But it can never be said of any of Gainsborough's female portraits that they call up other sentiments than those of love and reverence. His great excellence consists in the natural grace, the unaffected truth with which he invests his subject. Children at their play, chasing a butterfly or gathering wild flowers; women returning from a woodland ramble, with mantling cheeks and careless costume; men at their field sports, or taking their morning's ride—these are the designs of portraits, and in these he stands alone." As for his landscapes and fancy pictures, they require no commentary. "That hand, 'as light as the sweep of a cloud—as swift as the flash of a sunbeam,' is known to all. That style of colouring, brilliant, sunny, harmonious, is admired by all. Those sequestered cottage homes, those picturesque peasant children, those market-carts and harvest-waggons, are loved by all."

Space would fail us to follow Gainsborough through his career in London. We regret to say he cared little for the conversation of "the thoughtful and wise;" but was always ready to converse on painting or music, and was quick in repartee. "He was once examined as a witness on a trial respecting the originality of a picture, and a counsellor endeavoured to puzzle him by saying, 'I observe you lay great stress on a "Painter's eye"—what do you mean by that expression?' 'A painter's eye,' answered Gainsborough, 'is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to you.'" He died on the 2nd of August, 1788, in the sixty-second year of his age, and one—whom he felt he had not treated with courtesy—bent over him. It was Sir Joshua Reynolds, who caught Gainsborough's last faltering words: "We are all going to heaven—and Vandyke is of the company." He was buried in Kew churchyard.



DR. SAMUEL PARR.

SAMUEL PARR was born in the village of Harrow (1747), and it is probable that his subsequent celebrity was mainly owing to this circumstance. Born and reared beneath the very shadow of a school so famous, brought from his earliest years into daily contact with the young aspirants for academic honours, the boy could not but feel some sort of ambition awakened within him to gather the fruit of the tree of knowledge. From his earliest childhood he was a thoughtful boy. He seemed to learn how to read without an effort, and many an hour he spent pondering soberly over the wild adventures of those seven champions who have been chosen as the tutelary saints of Christendom. Fairies, dragons, magicians, fierce war and faithful love—the child seemed to grasp all this with singular penetration into some hidden meaning, as though he could read, not only the parable of virtue's long struggle and ultimate triumph, but the interpretation thereof.

At six years of age he was entered at Harrow School, and soon made rapid progress. He was a gentle-natured,

tender-hearted child, with an intense affection for dumb animals. An old-fashioned child people called him, and there was indeed something weird in his expression. When he and Sir William Jones were school-fellows, they were walking one day together near Harrow, when Jones suddenly stopped, and looking hard at his companion, said, "I'll tell you what it is, Parr; if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face." Parr, as a child, aspired to be a clergyman, and he would often put on one of his father's shirts for a surplice, read the service, and preach a sermon. One day, as his schoolfellows passed along in boisterous merriment to the fields, they saw Parr sitting with quiet gravity on the churchyard wall. "Why don't you join your schoolmates, Sam?" a friend inquired; and Parr, with vast solemnity, replied, "Do you not know that I am to be a clergyman?" Very seldom indeed could he be induced to join in the school games; but at the school lessons he was foremost, and the masters, Dr. Thackeray and Dr. Sumner, predicted great things of him.

But Samuel Parr's ambition to be a clergyman seemed as if it were to be frustrated. At the age of

fourteen, when the lad was fully alive to the exquisite enjoyment of study, he was withdrawn from school and placed in his father's shop. He was to be an apothecary, and follow his father's trade. He patiently submitted; but how heartily he hated the pestle and mortar, the drugs and prescriptions, was plain to all who knew him. With his classic taste, the dog-Latin of the M.D.s set his teeth on edge; he criticised more than he compounded. Resolved so far as he could to pursue his scholastic studies, Samuel Parr got one of his companions to report to him every day the master's remarks on the lessons, and with this help he made considerable progress.

After three years' trial it was obvious that Samuel Parr would make but a very poor apothecary; deep in philology and classics, he was woefully ignorant of diagnosis, remedials and palliatives. His father therefore, after serious pondering, resolved to send him to Cambridge, and—much to his rejoicing—he was accordingly entered at Emmanuel College. But he had not been long there when his father died, and before he could take a degree he was compelled to relinquish his academic career. "I left Emmanuel College," he says, "as must not be dissembled, before the usual time, and in truth, had been almost compelled to leave it; not by the want of a proper education, for I had arrived in the first place in the first form of Harrow School, when I was not quite fourteen; not for the want of useful tutors, for mine were eminently able, and to me had been uniformly kind; not for the want of ambition, for I had begun to look up ardently and anxiously to academical distinctions; not for the want of attachment to the place, for I regarded it then, as I continue to regard it now, with the fondest and most unfeigned affection; but by another want, which it is unnecessary to name, and for the supply of which, after some hesitation, I determined to provide by patient toil and resolute self-denial, when I had not completed my twentieth year. I ceased therefore to reside, with an aching heart; I looked back with mingled feelings of regret and humiliation to advantages of which I could no longer partake, and honour to which I could no longer aspire."

With this melancholy valedictory address Samuel Parr left Cambridge, and returned to Harrow. The position of under-master was then vacant, and he obtained it, and held it for five years. During those five years he was winning the affection and confidence of the boys, himself studying hard, and—the old idea of being a clergyman still before him—qualified himself for, and took, deacon's orders. On the death of the head-master, Dr. Sumner, Mr. Parr became a candidate for the vacant office, the degree of M.A. being purposely bestowed upon him. He was defeated, and the boys, whose suffrages were all in his favour, resolved to stand by him. He was induced to take a private school at Stanmore, and there he received the support of some fifty Harrovians. About this time he married, a marriage of convenience rather than love, and consequently one of those unions which never turn out happily. Five more years of increasing difficulty, and the Stanmore scheme proved an utter failure. Samuel Parr had no choice but to abandon it. Fortunately for him there was a vacancy in the Colchester Grammar School, a head-master being wanted. His qualifications were more than amply sufficient, so he was installed, and obtained, in addition to his mastership, the curacy of two churches. There he studied patiently and laboriously; a deep student of books, but no deep student of men; a great authority on all points of classical precision and accuracy, but of no authority at all in the common affairs of life. In 1781 Cambridge University gave him the degree of doctor, and about the same time he received his first preferment to the rectory of Asterly, in Lincolnshire, through the interest of Lady Trafford. The rectory was only worth

about 36*l.* per annum, but her ladyship supplemented the presentation with the gift of the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire, which brought in a steady hundred a year.

Dr. Samuel Parr thus found himself in just the sort of position which he had pictured to himself as a boy. He had leisure for his learned labours, opportunities of usefulness to the young and to the poor, he was—what he had wanted to be—a clergyman—and no man could be more conscientious than was he in the discharge of his duties. He wrote much, but his writings, with the exception of sermons, were chiefly critical; all the bent of his mind was toward the ancient languages; and as in the old schoolboy time nothing had pleased him so much as dividing the fields about Harrow into states and kingdoms according to a map of Greece, so now nothing pleased him so well as exploring the literature, philosophy, and policy of Hellas.

In 1788 Dr. Parr was promoted to be prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral, a preferment which added greatly to his pecuniary ease and comfort. In the following year he exchanged the curacy of Hatton for the rectory of Waddenhoe, in Northamptonshire, but he still continued to reside at Hatton. His liberality of opinion in political as well as in religious matters rendered him obnoxious to those who adhered to the old Conservative party. In the riot—during which the valuable library of Dr. Priestley was destroyed—it was rumoured that Samuel Parr would be the next sufferer. He, who could not behold the pangs of any living creature with cold insensibility, was singularly misunderstood by the rude and violent. A gentleman in all respects, this wise, good man, strove only to do good, and to be good in God's honour, and man's service.

In 1810 Dr. Parr lost his first wife: in 1816, when nearly seventy, he married a second time. The union was a source of great happiness and comfort to the doctor for the remainder of his life. He died from erysipelas, March 6, 1825.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

IV.—PRESENT POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

MR. TIDD PRATT'S Return, to which we have already referred, will afford us further interesting information regarding the present position and prevalence of co-operation in the several counties of England. A brief summary of certain particulars set forth in some of the columns will show us where the movement has been most prosperous in its progress—where it has been less successful—and where it may be said to have failed to establish itself on a hopeful footing. We shall set down the counties alphabetically, as they stand in the Return, reserving our remarks.

The county of Bedford		2 societies, of which have been dissolved		1
has started				
Beaks . . .	1	"	"	-
Bucks . . .	6	"	"	-
Chester . . .	23	"	"	2
Cornwall . . .	2	"	"	-
Cumberland . . .	5	"	"	-
Derby . . .	18	"	"	-
Devon . . .	7	"	"	-
Derbet . . .	3	"	"	-
Durham . . .	36	"	"	6
Essex . . .	8	"	"	-
Gloucester . . .	11	"	"	-
Herts . . .	6	"	"	-
Kent . . .	14	"	"	1
Lancaster . . .	137	"	"	9
Leicester . . .	8	"	"	-
Lincoln . . .	5	"	"	-
Middlesex . . .	45	"	"	9

The county of Monmouth has started	9 societies, of which have been dissolved	—
Norfolk	6	—
Northampton	28	2
Northumberland	20	—
Nottingham	7	—
Salop	6	—
Somerset	8	2
Southampton	3	1
Stafford	27	1
Suffolk	4	1
Surrey	23	3
Sussex	2	1
Warwick	10	3
Westmoreland	2	—
Wilts	8	—
Worcester	7	1
York	127	4

It will be seen from the above list that co-operation abounds in the manufacturing districts of the north, and that in those districts it takes a much firmer hold upon the population interested in its success than it does in other places. This is evidenced by the proportion of failures to successes which the list exhibits. Thus the failures in Lancashire have been something under seven per cent., and in Yorkshire only three per cent. of the societies started, while in Bedfordshire and Sussex, where the slightest efforts have been made, they have been fifty per cent. In Somerset the failures are twenty-five per cent.; in Durham seventeen; and in Middlesex nineteen. This last instance is the most melancholy of the whole: one would expect that the vast working population of London, which must number at least some half million of men, would have seized upon co-operation as a means of social advancement, and have worked it out with a vigour and intelligence hitherto unexampled. Instead of that, London, taken in relation to its numbers and importance, cuts the very worst figure in the return. Of its forty societies (for forty out of the forty-five in Middlesex belong to London) there is not one that possesses assets and property to the value of 800*l.*, while one out of every five of those started has suffered extinction. Whatever may be the reason of this, it tells badly for the prudence and intelligence of the London workmen. The many failures may perhaps be attributed in part to inexperience and want of practical acquaintance with the conduct of co-operative affairs. We are glad to learn that this cause of failure, so far as it exists, is in course of removal, and that renewed efforts are making to organize fresh societies on a stable footing. Birmingham presents another dreary case: of its three societies one has been dissolved after a trial of no long duration, and of the other two we only know that one deals to a small amount in saddlery, and owns about four hundred pounds' worth of property. Looking to its manufacturing position—to the multitudes of artisans of both sexes that crowd its workshops—and to the vicissitudes to which the industry of the town is liable, Birmingham should be among the most flourishing of the co-operative centres; and we can but wonder why it is that in a town where, more than in any other we know of, even a small capital can be readily turned to advantage, a movement which tends so certainly to make a capitalist of the worker should practically be all but ignored.

But let us take a glance at the cheerful spectacle presented by some of the more active societies; they will better illustrate the true position of co-operation, in showing us what progress has been made from the date of their establishment up to the close of 1865. We select only a few of the most remarkable, trusting that the record of their success may act as an encouragement and a stimulus to other adventurers. We have already stated that the "Co-operative Corn-mill" at Rochdale, started in 1850, did business to the extent of 148,533*l.* in 1865, and divided among 855

members a profit of 12,511*l.* In the same year the parent society, the "Pioneers" of Rochdale, having 5326 members, received in cash for goods 196,234*l.*, and divided a profit of 25,156*l.* The "Co-operative Store," at Bacup, which was dragged rather than fostered into being in the midst of difficulties and discouragements, in 1847, had 2457 members in 1865, did business that year to the amount of nearly 73,000*l.*, and realized a profit of 8911*l.* The "Co-operative Provision," which began at Bury in 1856, had 2950 members in 1865, received in that year 91,196*l.* in cash, and netted a profit for its members of 11,552*l.* The "North of England Co-operative Wholesale Industrial and Provident," which was established in Manchester so lately as 1863, had in 1865 more than 24,000 members, received from their customers in that year 119,258*l.*, and made a profit of 2049*l.* The "Manchester and Salford Industrial," which started in 1858, had 1518 members in 1863, and received 34,271*l.*, appropriating a profit of 2797*l.* The "Industrial Co-operative," at Oldham, which started in 1850, had near 2000 members in 1865, did business to the amount of 64,628*l.*, and gained a profit of 7912*l.* The "Co-operative Manufacturing," at Mitchell Hey Mills, started in 1854, had 1778 members in 1865, and doing business to the amount of 133,895*l.*, divided a profit of 1524*l.* The "Industrial" at Halifax, started in 1850, had 5775 members in 1865, did business in that year to the amount of 147,963*l.*, and divided a profit of 12,541*l.* The "Industrial Co-operative Flour and Provision," started at Leeds in 1847, had 3375 members in 1865, received 79,139*l.* for goods sold, and made a profit of 4436*l.* The "United District Flour," at Sowerby Bridge, started in 1847, had 3701 members in 1865, did business in that year amounting to 98,900*l.*, and divided a profit of 6263*l.*

The reader will have remarked that some of the above-quoted societies show rates of profit differing widely from others. Thus the divisible gains of the "Industrial" at Halifax are more than seven per cent. upon the receipts; and those of the "Industrial Co-operative" at Oldham are more than ten per cent.—while those of the "North of England" society at Manchester are less than two per cent. He may be quite wrong, however, if he infer, from this difference in the rates of divisible profits, that the society dividing a small percentage is less prosperous and useful than those that divide a large one: it is even possible that the reverse may be the fact. Where a large proportional profit is gained it can only arise from selling the store-goods at a price considerably above their cost: it may be politic to do so in places where wages are good and employment regular, since buyers in such places can afford to accumulate savings on their transactions; but in places where wages vary with frequency, where employment is fitful, and where many of the workers are at times at handgrips with poverty, the purposes of co-operation are better served by supplying them with food and necessities as nearly as it can be done at the wholesale cost, and reducing the margin of profit to a minimum. Further, the number of members may in some measure determine the rate of profit: it is quite conceivable that where these amount to tens of thousands, it might be compulsory to do away with the allowance to purchasers altogether, for the sake of escaping the complication of accounts entailed by creating such a multitude of creditors.

Before closing the pages of the "Return," we must point attention to the humblest and feeblest of all the co-operative societies that have sent in a report of their affairs. It is the only one, out of the 651 certified to the end of 1864, which has started in the interest of the agricultural labourer. Its locality is Moston, in Lancashire; it calls itself the "Self-help Industrial," and carries on the business of *farming*. After an existence of two years (it started in 1863) it

has seven members, has issued seventy-seven shares of 1l. each since its commencement, has cash in its banker's hands to the amount of 1l., and is possessed of assets and property to the value of 1l. more! To this extent, and no further, according to the Return of 1866, is the agricultural industry of England connected with the co-operative movement. We confess to a real sympathy with the seven struggling members of this infant endeavour—with their capital of a pound sterling in hand, and their entire plant of machinery, implements, and stock represented by another pound sterling. Let no man laugh at such an apparently feeble endeavour to make head against the billows of adverse fortune. To our thinking the attempt manifests a sturdiness of resolve all the more praiseworthy from the difficulty of the undertaking; and we will hope as long as we can that the little Moston plant shall continue to thrive until, like the "grain of mustard seed" cast into the earth, it shall have become a great tree, overshadowing the land.

Co-operative societies have existed in Scotland, under various forms, for a period extending over forty or fifty years, but it does not appear that any very remarkable success attended them, or that the principles upon which they ought to be conducted were recognized by Scotchmen until after their soundness had been proved by the men of Lancashire and Yorkshire. In Wales co-operation is a comparatively new feature, the earliest Welsh society dating from 1859; sixteen societies were, however, in operation in 1865, and we are informed that others have been added to the list, and still more are in course of formation. The spread of the movement in foreign countries is not the least remarkable feature in its history. Among the continentals the French seem to have been the first to avail themselves of it: indeed they had co-operation, though in a rather crude form, long before the Rochdale Pioneers had shown the right path to prosperity. Years later, when the movement had established itself in England, it attracted more attention in France than it did here. M. Reclus, a literary man, wrote and published a "History of the Co-operative Associations of Workmen in Great Britain;" and as the result of its wide circulation co-operative societies multiplied rapidly, and began to be organized among workmen and artisans of all ranks. The French government was never favourably disposed towards associations of this kind, and, after the calamitously-ridiculous experience of 1848, was not likely to become more so. As a consequence the journalism of French co-operation is a very small matter indeed, and has to be looked for in Belgian rather than in French publications. We know, however, that the movement has extended and is extending among Frenchmen; and that with them, owing to their habits of life and social surroundings, it develops itself more in co-operative manufactures, in which members divide the profits, than in stores for the supply of their domestic needs. In Germany co-operation has made even greater progress than in this country, and may indeed be said to have overrun the land. In 1864 the number of German societies exceeded 1200, and their working capital was in the aggregate more than 31,000,000 of dollars, or in excess of five millions of pounds sterling. The movement began in Germany more than twenty years ago, and was owing in the main to the example of the Lancashire men, whose progress was watched and reported by Germans visiting England from time to time. In Switzerland there were thirty co-operative stores in operation in 1864, though the principle had not been there applied to manufactures or production. In Italy the movement is well known and understood, and several societies had been established in Piedmont before the late patriotic war engrossed the thoughts and energies of Italians. In Holland and Belgium, in Spain, and even in Russia, the advantages of co-

operation are becoming recognized; and in each of these countries working men are endeavouring to found societies and bring the saving principle into operation. Beginnings on the co-operative system have also been made in the United States of America, though with what result does not yet appear.

While speculating on the rise and spread of co-operation, we have been struck by the fact, which must be apparent to all who consider the subject, that in some industrial districts it takes root at once and flourishes thenceforward—like good seed cast upon a fertile soil—while in others it grows but slowly and with difficulty, or does not grow at all, but succumbs to the slightest unfavourable conditions, languishes, and comes to nought. We have asked ourselves whether the non-success of the movement where it is most needed may not be attributed to preoccupation of mind and purpose on the part of the working-man; whether there is not, in his opinion, some other and speedier method of raising himself to a higher social status than that which co-operation presents? We are inclined to think that these questions, if brought home to a large section of English workmen, would have to be answered in the affirmative. Co-operation is not heartily accepted by preponderating masses because it is not quick enough and combative enough in its action to suit them. They prefer to agitate for an immediate benefit to be conferred on them, rather than "to labour and to wait" for one of their own winning. An increase of wages obtained by a strike is better in their view than a saving to a like amount effected by the co-operative store; and they would rather get the franchise through a reform in parliament that should bring it down to their present level, than gain by co-operation a higher level that should give them the franchise without reform. We submit that there is some truth in these surmises, and entertaining them as we do, it would be interesting to us to know—if one could know it—what is really the attitude of trades-unionism towards co-operation, and of co-operation towards parliamentary reform. We are not supposing that there is anything like hostility on either side, but we confess to some misgiving as to any very cordial relations existing among the thorough-going partisans of the different interests, in which it is plain there are, at least, moral grounds of antagonism. If our misgivings be well founded they point to one sufficient reason why, in London and some other places where trades-unionism is always alert and demonstrative, and where political agitation is most readily excited, the quiet, orderly, and routine measures of co-operation find least favour. We know, of course, that there are districts in which co-operators, unionists, and agitators for reform go hand in hand, and we are not unwilling to discount our unpleasant surmise to any extent warranted by this admission. For the rest, we may be allowed to say, that regarding, as we do, co-operation to be the "bird in the hand," we should prefer to see our industrial friends making sure of that—while they neglect no lawful means of obtaining whatever rights and privileges lie within their grasp.

What was predicated almost from the first by those best qualified to judge, is the fact already in course of fulfilment, viz., that co-operation is destined to revolutionize commerce, and to substitute new relations between buyers and sellers, to the loss and ultimate extinction of a host of small retail traders. We see that the grocers' and "general" shops retreat and disappear wherever co-operation gets the upper hand; and the conclusion is inevitable, that if the movement goes on for a few generations as it has gone on for years past, the trading capital of the country will have passed into the possession of the worker, and the revolution will be complete.



THE STREET SINGER.

SHE stood beneath the flaring tavern lights,
Without the warmth, within the odious shine;
Unshelter'd from the cold rain, driving fine,
She sang pathetic songs of home-blest nights:
Whom, night and day alike, compell'd to roam,
With homeless pathos sang she, "Home, sweet home!"

Her features bore marks of dead years of grief,
Features once conscious of a gentle look,
As one might guess; or, like some poet's book,
Full of all sweet expression, hope being chief;
Yet hope hath lapses that knows no more endeavour,
With hopeless looks she sang, "Hope on, hope ever!"

Her eyes were fixt, as in a listless stare,
Eyes that no longer wept, or smiled at thought
Of happier days, yet momentary caught
Lights from the past, which darken'd her despair;
Weeping went with the ebb of joys and fears,
And with dry eyes she sang, "Tears, idle tears!"

Upon her heart she prest her wasting hand,
Whereon the sacred ring, once fitting tight,
Was many rounds too large, and bent, and slight;
And in a garb a child would understand
For widow'd, and half sigh for widow'd woe,
Unmov'd, she sang, "John Anderson my jo!"

Widow'd! and friendless one might well divine;
Childless! unless that maudlin voice above
The rest within the reeking bar should prove
To be her son's. She sang of "Auld lang syne;"
And, with no tremulousness of hope or fear,
"Oh, Willy, we have missed you!" calm and clear.

Few creatures pass'd, none heeded, and the rain
Made dismal shining all along the street,
Drenching the pavement with incessant beat,
Reflecting in its pools the gaslights plain;
Oh, shining mockery of the cheerless night!
She sang of streets where God himself gives light.

And still the rain and cold kept pace with her,
Where'er she wander'd in the streets and lanes,
A hapless singer singing happy strains;
A joyless heart, yet making chance hearts stir
With joyous thoughts, and memories, old and sweet,
A hopeless pleaser of the thankless street.

She pass'd away as one that hath no aim,
To whom no future can out-gloom the past;
To whom no doors will open, save the last
Dark door o' th' grave, at a mere human claim.
Oh, friendless, homeless, miserably outcast!
God's doors are open when the world's are fast.

EASTWOOD CAVE

MY CHINA CUPS.

You are admiring my china cabinet! Well, there are some very valuable and some very pretty things in it, certainly. And where did I get that pretty little nest of grey cups? Oh! I'm so glad you admire them! They are Jesuit's, or pencilled china, so at least my mother and grandmother always called that kind of china; from a legend that the first Jesuits who went as missionaries to China took the pattern with them from France, and if you care to know how they came into my possession, I will tell you a story true in the main, with only some slight necessary alteration.

In my young days I lived in London. Our house was large and comfortable, but surrounded, outside our garden walls, by one of the poorest populations in that vast city. As I grew to womanhood a longing to do something beyond merely "improving myself" seized upon me. School work is always open and safe work for young women in large towns, but school work palled on me, from the fact, I believe, that I was a bad teacher; though since those days a more than ordinary amount of teaching has fallen to my lot, well or ill done time only can show. So I begged to be allowed to have just a few poor people "of my own" to tend, as some of my belongings tended "their poor people" in the country.

My request was not readily granted. The penny club, keeping the accounts of the soup kitchen, arranging the bread and coal tickets, and lastly the school, were my proper place, and would afford me occupation enough and to spare. But by degrees I got leave to go first to one house and then to another, but always under the guidance of a respectable poor woman, who was regularly employed to minister to her poorer sisters.

Ah! what sights I saw! Sights never to be forgotten; and yet not the worst sights that might have been seen. If my poor people were miserable, they were not vicious.

I saw loving tenderness from husbands to wives, devotion true and deep from wives to husbands. Obedient, dutiful children; anxious, careful mothers, though they had but a dry crust and a sup out of a broken teapot to give their hungry children.

Now there was one court in our parish that we always looked on with peculiar dread. A murder had been committed in a street close by on a lone miserly lady, and who had done the deed was never clearly known; but the man suspected lived in H— Court, and we always looked askant as we passed the entrance of that abode of misery, and perchance of crime.

One day I heard the good old Scripture-reader descanting on the extreme sweetness and extreme suffering of a poor woman. So clean, so patient, so poor! A martyr to asthma, and nursed so tenderly by her husband and young sons, whose occupation however obliged them to be absent at some distance from their home all day.

Ah! I thought, just a case for me! just like a nice clean old dame in the country! So I volunteered my services, and was not a little taken aback to find the woman lived in H— Court. The murderer's court!

I felt there was no retreat. My honour was at stake, and that now was the time to show that my wish to be of use among the poor was not a mere fancy, or because it was the fashion.

I ventured on my expedition alone, to prove my courage, and knocked gently at the door of the house to which I had been directed.

"It's no use your knocking," said a rough voice from the next door. "The ground-floor people are all out, and Mrs. K. is a-bed."

I trembled. It was the daughter of the reputed murderer who spoke.

"Thank you," I said humbly.

"Thank you," she answered, now coming to her door,

and perhaps mollified at my unpretending appearance; for though a woman in years my appearance was childish, and "not much to look at," as I often overheard.

So I went in and up the stairs, and found, as I had hoped, a pattern invalid. The room all so beautifully nice and clean, but so fearfully bare. A blanket the poor creature certainly had, and her patched night-dress was as fair as a queen's need be; but over her shrunken shoulders hung a tattered old shawl, and as her complaint prevented her lying down, only think how cold she must have been, for it was Christmas-time—and Christmas-time in London.

I felt ashamed of my warm cloak and comfortable wraps, and was at a loss for anything to say; and stammering out some excuse for having intruded on her, I placed a packet of tea and sugar and a piece of mutton on the table beside her.

"Thank you, my dear; you're very kind," she murmured; and then a sudden fit of coughing seized her, and she sank back exhausted. I gave her a sip of some drink that stood near, while she stretched out her withered hand and mutely thanked me again.

"Sit down, my dear, sit down," she whispered at length, "and reach the Bible from the table, and read me a bit. I have been alone all day and want comfort."

I thought then, as I think now, that a young woman's work among the poor is ministering to their bodily wants and exercising kindness, not teaching. That surely is the duty of the clergy and those daily sent by them, and of those noble bands of women who give up their whole time and strength to doing good (Heaven bless them one and all). I felt a bit puzzled, but not being able to refuse, took up the book and turned over the leaves. But what to read? Suddenly those beautiful words, "The Lord is my Shepherd," thrilled through me, and turning to the 23rd Psalm, I read it through. We both kept silence when it was finished; she with closed eyes and folded hands, I with tears glimmering on my eyelashes.

"Still waters," she murmured, "still waters. Oh! that William's ship may be in still waters!"

"Thank you, my dear, you need read no more. Blessings on you for the good you have done me without knowing it. I have a sailor son away in the East, and I have not heard from him for months. Still waters! Still waters!"

The winter evening was closing in, but at the risk of getting into a scrape for being home late, I strolled off to the principal draper's in the neighbourhood, and invested in several yards of flannel to make a warm bed-gown for my new acquaintance. I bought to waste, and I cut to waste, and feel conscious, even at this distance of time, that one sleeve was set in with the "fluff" upwards and the other downwards (not properly "upstairs and downstairs," as a German maid once expressed herself under similar circumstances). But what pains were expended on the gussets! What difficulties overcome with regard to wristbands and collar! (The Finchley Manuals existed not in those days.) But the "Herring-boning" was a perfect marvel of straightness and fineness, thanks to the dozens of petticoats I had made up in the course of years for the school-children, and certain mysterious garments called "blankets" I had bestowed on pet babies.

And, oh dear! how delightful it was to dress my poor friend in that soft comfortable garment (she never found out my mistakes), and she liked me to come and see her, and talk about her missing son; and I liked to go to her, fancying it gave her pleasure, and we soon were real friends. But as the weather grew warmer she recovered a little, and her husband was glad to take her to a district nearer his work, and I lost sight of them all.

It was a day late in spring, the laburnum had shed a golden shower beneath its branches, the scent of the

lilac hung heavy on the air, as I stood, one hand on the pommel of my saddle, ready to mount my horse, when the garden gate was briskly opened, and a trimly-dressed sailor walked towards the back-door.

We had been bred up among sailors; and bluejackets were frequent visitors to our house, and, sailor-like, rarely came empty-handed. Feather flowers from Gibraltar, baskets of figs from Smyrna, green plums from Malaga, shells from Genoa! did I not well know their humble but ever-welcome gifts?

Almost as rapidly as he had entered the sailor left, and at the same moment a parcel was put into my hand. It bore my name, with these words, not wonderfully well written, but short and to the purpose: "A token of gratitude for your great kindness to my mother when in trouble." The parcel contained that little nest of Jesuit's cups, brought from China by William K—.

My great kindness! I blushed at the words. But you may guess how I value my cups, and that my gallop that spring afternoon was not rendered less enjoyable by the thoughts of that fragile, yet true token of "Gratitude."

HUMPTY-DUMPTY.



"ALLOO! look here!" exclaimed Downy, a little field-mouse, who, with his brother, Silver-ears, was scampering about over a field of newly-mown hay. "Did you ever in all your life see anything so beautiful?"

"Oh, it is lovely!" rejoined the other, as he peered into a deserted lark's nest, and saw the one solitary egg—small and white, delicately spotted with brown—that had excited his brother's admiration. "But what a mistake to leave it here among the stalks and stones! Why it is just like the egg that fell from the skies the other day underneath the great elm-tree, yonder—only that had green spots instead of brown, and was broken by its fall."

"I'll tell you what, Downy," said his brother, after some moments' reflection, "we'll set it up on that monument hard by. There it will be quite out of harm's way, and we can gaze at it and admire it as much as we please."

Now "the monument" was an old wall, the end of

which, being left unfinished, afforded by its irregular brickwork an easy means of ascent to the level space at the top.

"Capital!" cried Downy, turning head over heels at the bright idea. "Such a position is much more befitting the perfection of its nature than its present one."

"Listen to me, children," quoth the old mother-mouse, bustling up. "A place for everything, and everything in its place—moderation in all things—such is the law of life. You young things are so hasty in your judgments, and see everything *couleur de rose*, as the French mice say. Now just listen to reason, will you? It is a pretty egg, but there are other kinds just as pretty and even prettier. There is the starling's, for instance, of a delicate pale blue; the golden plover's, of a rich yellow green, with dark spots; or the linnet's, of an azure blue, with little red or brown marks; these, and many more that I have seen on the strings carried about by the village boys on May morning, are all prettier than the lark's. And as for its place, depend upon it the mother-bird knew best when she placed it here among the roots and the grass. Perhaps she may yet come back, and hatch the poor little thing."

"That's just the way with mother," said one of the irreverent youngsters, "now she's getting old, and cannot enter into our feelings. She has lost all belief in perfection and beauty, and has not a spark of enthusiasm or romance in her nature."

"Very well, then," said the mother, who heard this remark, "do as you choose, and see what will come of it." For she was a wise mouse, and instead of punishing her children's impertinence at once, by springing upon them and biting their ears, as another might have done, she thought perhaps a little wholesomely-bitter personal experience would be better for them.

"But," said Downy, when they were again alone, looking very puzzled, and rubbing his nose hard as he spoke, "how shall we ever get this little beauty to the top of the monument? If we roll it along the ground it is ten chances to one that we shall break it, and we cannot carry it in our mouths."

"Listen to me, Downy," replied Silver-ears, speaking very slowly, and looking very wise. "I have an idea. Don't you remember how the two ploughboys carried the farmer's pretty rosy-cheeked little daughter across the field to her father the other day? Well, I saw how they managed it; for I scampered along by their side, and looked at their hands when she jumped down. Now then—stand upon your hind legs, and clasp your left fore-leg with the paw of the right, as I do—so. Now clutch tight hold of my right fore-leg with the fore-paw of your left—so. And now I will do the same to you—so. There, is not that a throne fit for a queen, as the ploughboys said?"

"Charming, indeed; only, how in the name of cheese are we ever to get the egg safely on to this wonderful throne? For see, we have neither of us any more paws free to use."

This difficulty seemed at first fatal to their scheme. But as they stood looking ruefully at one another and at the egg, the mole, who though stupid and a grumbler, was good-natured enough in her way, poked her head out and asked, "Can I be of any use?"

"That you can, old Bat's-eyes!" rejoined the youngsters. "Just step into the nest at that side, carefully, will you? That's right; and now move backwards—gently—gently—so. There, now the egg will roll on to our paws." And the brothers, dexterously leaning over the nest, placed the prepared seat so as to catch their treasure.

"That's all right!" exclaimed they, breathing a sigh of relief, as the little egg was lodged securely on their fore-paws. "So good-bye, Mother Mole, and thank'ee;" and away went the little mice toward the wall, march-

ing proudly and carefully with their precious burden. The summit was gained without accident, and the egg deposited, greatly to the satisfaction of the brothers, on the centre of a large stone, presenting a perfectly smooth and level surface.

Silver-ears and Downy were highly delighted with their exploit, and spent a great deal of time in running round and round their treasure, shifting it a little, now to this side, now to that; and once Downy, whose spirits rose to such a pitch that he could hardly contain himself, nearly whisked away the little egg with the tip of his tail as he was jumping over it.

Fortunately, however, they soon began to find out that they were very hungry, and to remember that it was long past dinner time. So, being perfectly satisfied that no harm could possibly reach the lark's egg in its present exalted position, they scampered off home as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Well, children," said their mother, as she distributed to them their share of the grain she had gleaned at the last harvest. "Well—is your precious egg broken yet?"

"Broken, indeed!" exclaimed the indignant young ones. "Why, we have just placed it where it *cannot* break! Had we left it on the ground, as you advised, doubtless it would have been broken long ago. But you see, we were right and you were wrong; for what harm can happen to it at the top of the monument?"

"As you please—as you please," returned the prudent mother. "All I say is—wait and see!"

"How obstinate old folks are to be sure!" whispered one young mouse to the other. "What the world would come to without our young blood, I cannot think! There would be no progress, no enthusiasm for the beautiful, no generous admiration of the good; nothing, in short, but a dull commonplace performance of dull commonplace duties; taking care of the little ones, for instance, getting dinner ready (these grains are *very* good, by the way), and collecting stores for the winter. But, then, fortunately, it is just we who are of importance, and do all that is worth the doing."

And so saying, Master Mousy fell to on the remains of the good dinner which the dull commonplace mother—and neither his own labour nor his own deserts—had provided for him, with great satisfaction, and a most comfortable belief in himself and his destinies!

No sooner had the brothers concluded their repast than they set off again for the monument.

Alas! for the sight which there awaited them! A gust of wind had risen in their absence, at the first breath of which the little egg had rolled over the edge of the wall, and there it lay, dashed to pieces at the bottom, its yellow blood streaming upon the ground!

Poor little silly fellows! Who shall describe the bitter disappointment and sorrow of those young mice at this their first lesson in the stern experience of life? For there was good in them after all—despite the froth of conceit, and affectation, and disrespect—a depth of real, genuine feeling—a power of loving and admiring, which, although marred by their faults, and often, as in the present case, wrongly expended, was the right stuff after all—and the very reason which made this insight into stern Reality so painful! Courage, little mice! Only by woe cometh wisdom.

You can now estimate at its real worth the romantic enthusiasm which was so lately your boast, and the common sense of your poor old mother will not seem so contemptible after all in the light of your own brilliant acquirements. If ever you forget this lesson in humility, may the old nursery rhyme bring it to mind:—

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the king's horses and all the king's men
Could put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

AN ENIGMA.

It is believed that the original of the following Enigma was written in prose by the Bishop of Oxford. It has been very cleverly turned into verse by one of our correspondents, who has added six particulars not in the prose version; and also favoured us with an answer not less ingeniously rhymed than the puzzle itself.

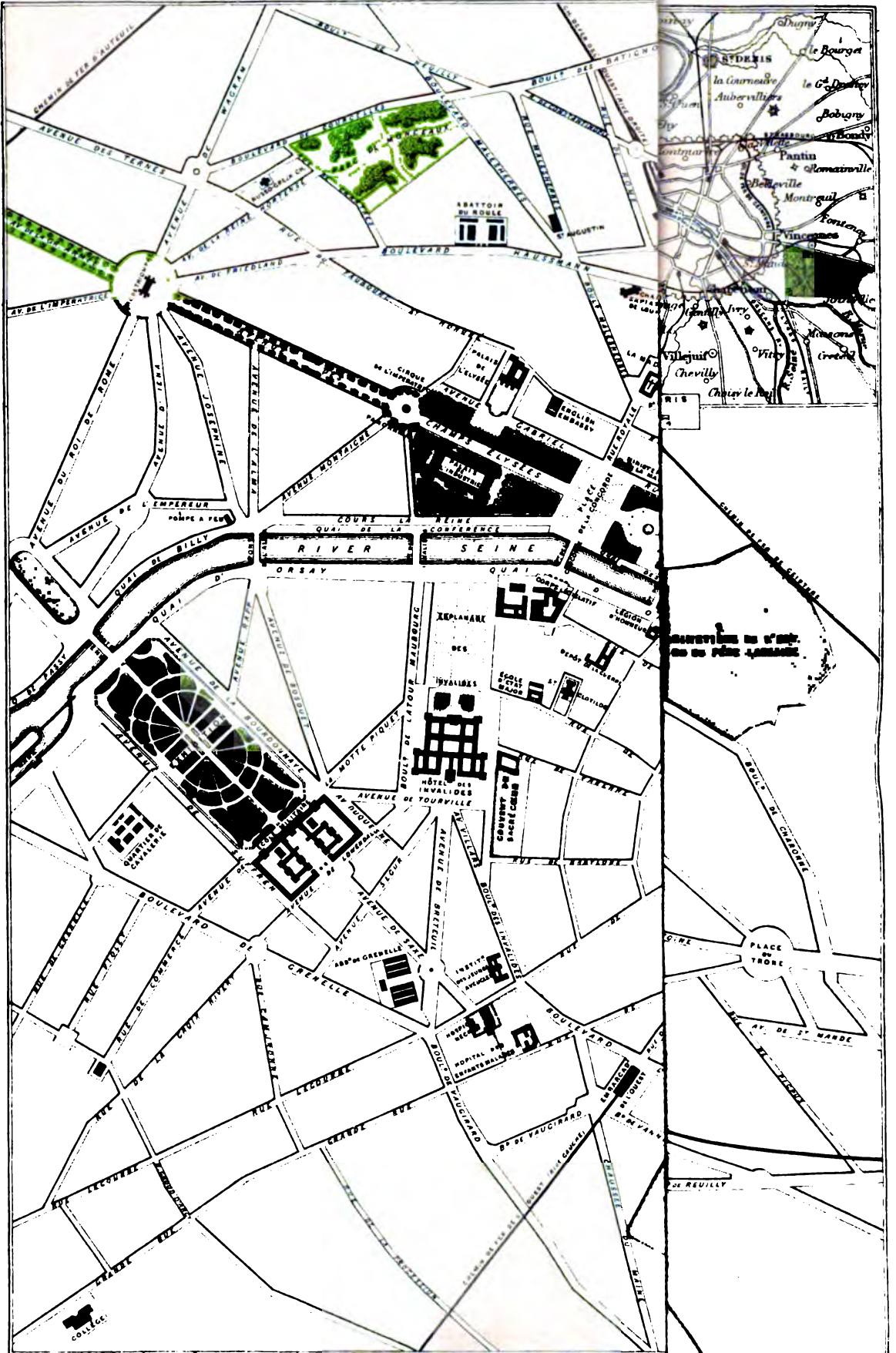
Your boasted invention and wonderful skill
Can almost accomplish whatever you will;
But all your achievements, though splendid they be,
Quite fail to construct a *machine* such as me.
Examine me well. I've a *box* to inclose
My choicest possessions; but if you suppose
Two lids that I have must be fastened to this,
I tell you at once you are judging amiss.
Two caps, for one moment I cease not to wear,
And *two standard measures* I constantly bear;
Two musical instruments always unite
My dulness to cheer on the left and the right.
Look well, and you'll see that I'm found not to lack
Many implements found in the carpenter's sack.
Two fishes that pass through the depths of the sea
Depart not by evening or morning from me;
And *others*, though varied, yet *fishes* no less,
In greater abundance I always possess.
I've *two foreign trees* that are verdant and high,
And constantly ready my wants to supply;
Fair flowerets, the fairest of all that are grown,
Are ranked with the beautiful things that I own.
Fine fruits I possess, often moistened with showers,
Indigenous both to this island of ours;
I've *two playful animals*; but the amount
Of the *lesser ones* never I ventured to count.
Two halls of devotion I gratefully own,
Both polished like marble, but built not of stone;
And made for a purpose more noble by far
Than slaughter. I always have *weapons of war*.
I've *weathercocks* countless; and always with me
The *steps of a tavern* you clearly may see.
If you've been in the *House* when the speaker arose
The stormy discussion to bring to a close,
There can be no doubt, that distinctly and clear,
Two features of mine you would certainly hear.
I've always *two scholars*, twin brothers they are,
And each is as bright and as fair as a star;
And then (for I live in magnificent state),
I've *ten Spanish nobles* upon me to wait.
Not yet is exhausted my wonderful store,
Though much has been mentioned, yet still I have more;
Yes, treasures and wonders, so hid in disguise,
As to baffle the ken of episcopal eyes.
I've *spices* that come from the far distant east,
Though not with their fragrance to garnish my feast;
While *spheres* that are fixed in their orbit to shine,
Belong to my system, and always are mine.
And though never used to torment and oppress,
Yet *scourges* abundant I always possess.
I am not a monarch, no sceptre I bear,
But the *badge of true royalty* always I wear;
I've *one graceful animal*, gentle and fleet,
And always assign it the principal seat.
'Tis true that not largely, but still I produce
Wild fruits that the chemist compounds with his juice.
Say what is my whole: and be sure in your answer,
Each component part to unfold, if you can, sir.

C. O.

SPEAKING of much "hypocritical prating" about "the masses," a distinguished writer says: "Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influences, and need not to be flattered but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them." It may seem like an impertinence to many if we remark there is a certain amount of sound sense in this; but we do so to call attention to the problem it suggests—whether it be the more statesmanlike thing to aim at elevating the people as a class, or to "draw individuals out of them?" May not a wise government hope to accomplish somewhat in both directions?

The subject of the papers entitled "Seeing is Believing" will be resumed in our next.

NEW SKETCHES



THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER XII.

A FAREWELL.

WHEN Doctor Grey bethought him that it was his duty to take an active interest in the affairs of Penelope Croft, he was rather puzzled where to begin. While the renewed investigation into the Rood tragedy was in progress he remained passive; but when it was over he wrote to his co-trustee, Mr. Wynyard, and gave his version of the attachment that

had arisen between Mr. Tindal and their ward; ending with a notice that, believing Mr. Tindal a cruelly-injured man, as free of the crime imputed to him as either of themselves, he had not hesitated to sanction it. His letter reached Mr. Wynyard by the same post as a second from Mr. Hargrove on the same topic; and the next day arrived two more—one from Mr. Tindal, and the other from Pennie herself.

The poor expatriated gentleman was bothered ex-

ceedingly by this awkward love-story of his ward's. He would have liked to write back, "Give her her head; let her marry the first man that asks her, only I am quit of her, and of Hargrove's perpetual suggestions to bolster up my own miserable fortunes by helping myself to hers." To his agent he did write almost as bluntly as this; but when he had taken thought during his walk of an hour or two country-wards from Dieppe, he penned a considerate letter to Pennie, recommending patience, and a glimpse of the world beyond Eskdale before she set a seal to her life that must stamp it to the close; a manly letter to Mr. Tindal, declining to recognize any bond that he might have made with his ward until she had had time and opportunity given her to understand her own and his position better than she could possibly do now; and a short letter to Dr. Grey, conveying in rather more decorous phrase Mr. Hargrove's opinion, that "he was a pretty trustee for an heiress."

"So I am," confessed the doctor, with shame and confusion of face; "but it is never too late to mend."

He went over to the lawyer's office one unoccupied morning, when Buckhurst had taken his country round, intent on acquiring some information respecting Pennie's monetary business. Hargrove received him with a cynical laugh. "You have some lee-way to make up, Grey, I can tell you," said he, glancing at one of a row of japanned boxes shelved in his private room, on which the words "Croft, ward," were painted in white letters.

Dr. Grey was not a rich man, nor a knowing man. He had never been in the way of handling much money, and he was almost ignorant of the details of business; but his newspaper had made him acquainted with the pet rogueries of trustees, agents, bankers, and so forth, and he asked to see for himself that the securities for Pennie's property were all safe. He did not care a chip for affronting Mr. Hargrove; he was indeed rather glad than otherwise to show that he did suspect his honesty, and that he had an inkling of what knavish lawyers might do with their clients' papers if they pleased. Mr. Hargrove, with the liveliest good-humour, reached down the box, unlocked it, and tumbled out a mass of parchments, of every shade of antiquity—some single, some tied in thick bundles, and other documents besides.

"What will you start with?" asked he, airily. "Do you propose to read 'em all through? These are the deeds relating to Haggerston Mills; and these again belong to the little farm at Appley. That's the last mortgage raised on Mathley Towers—and that's another. These are railway debentures and preference shares; and these bits of spotty paper represent a large sum in the 'sweet simplicity,' as somebody calls it, of the Three per Cents."

"I tell you what, Hargrove, I don't understand you just at present—you have a game, but I don't quite see it," interposed the doctor. "Perhaps the things are all there."

"Confound you and your fancies, Grey; perhaps you have not got a bee in your bonnet this morning!" roared the lawyer all of a sudden, bursting out in his big bullying tone. The clerk opened the door of the outer room, peeped in, and shut it again.

Dr. Grey's nerves were too tough to be shaken by a voice ever so loud. "Come, come, Hargrove, bullying won't do with me," he said, with contemptuous coolness. "As long as Mr. Wynyard was on the spot he

was check enough. I had no fear but that all would go right; but now that he has gone out of the way, under such awkward circumstances, I am not so sure. I'll trouble you to send me a detailed list of all these things—I should like to be on the safe side when Miss Croft calls on us to render an account of our trusteeship. You understand, Hargrove?"

"I understand. You shall have the list written out plain, as if it was for a lady; and you can have the box down once a week, and compare it with the contents, if you like." The doctor pocketed the sneer, and went out. The suggestion was not bad—once a week would be too much of a good thing, but once a year would be practical and sensible, and no great trouble either; and he made a resolution that he would not neglect it.

Pennie met a hearty welcome from her mother on her arrival at Mayfield, and found her parlour fragrant with fresh-cut roses. A pile of new entertaining books was on the table.

"Them's from the Abbey, Pennie love," said Mrs. Croft, as her daughter noticed them. "When I heard you were to be here as to-day, I walked up to see Mr. Tindal, and get an understanding of things, which it is no more than proper I should. And this morning he sent the books, with a note. Here it is."

Pennie opened the note and read—"My dear child, your mother has told me that you are coming to Mayfield for a week's haymaking. I have her permission to send you some books, and to see you, my pet; but not every day." Pennie turned suddenly about, and rewarded her mother with another kiss, and another to that.

"When gels falls in love they is so affectionate," said the widow, and refrained herself for the present from anything more.

There was a good deal in the note, besides what has been quoted above, but as it was meant only for Pennie's private delectation, and was not all sense, it need not be given in full. The pith was in the first lines, and the rest was a variation on the eternal sweet rondo of lovers, pitched in a plaintive minor key.

As early on the morrow as a lady might be presumed to be at liberty to receive a visitor, Mr. Tindal presented himself at Mayfield, and Pennie and he had a long, open-hearted talk over their common interests. It is not often that so dark a wrong side to their loves falls to the lot of mortals. Pennie was much, much happier than he, because she was ignorant, and had a more hopeful temperament.

"Think of Millicent and Michael Forester," said she; and harped on that string of good augury until she had almost persuaded Mr. Tindal into her own frame of mind. But the good effect was transient. Her love was a rest and stay to him, but he was past exhilarating for longer than an hour. After thirty the world claims its share in a man's interests, and love is no more the be-all and end-all of existence as at twenty it appears. On the whole, he was sad that day.

On the next he was more melancholy still. He had received a letter from Normandy, and must needs go to Mayfield early to communicate it. He found Pennie pondering over hers. Her mother had warned her last night that if she married Mr. Tindal, she would be only marrying herself to misery, and she was intent on feeling and proving that she had no manner of

dread of being anything but blessed in her choice. She gave her letter to Mr. Tindal in exchange for his. Both were filled with very sound, vexatious common sense.

Mr. Tindal smiled sarcastically over the document offered for his perusal, and when he had finished it, said, "Why are you that important thing, a great heiress, Pennie? If you could divest yourself of your money, I might take you now, when I have sore need of you—as it is, I must wait until you have seen the world, or have it all crying out on me, not only as an assassin, but as a robber of the bank. Mr. Wynyard thinks it is not an honourable course I have taken—perhaps I ought to leave you free?"—this interrogatively.

"What if I like my bondage better? They think I shall change, but they don't know me!" Pennie was always more attractive for a touch of enthusiasm, that kindled her eyes, and made her breathe short.

"I cannot let you go of myself, child. While you stick to me, I will try to rest, and be thankful. I dare not tempt you to break with others for the sake of me; but let us pray, both of us, for a short day of probation. I have a positive terror of setting forth again on my solitary travels. I hate to be alone. I dread my own vacancy more than ever. And yet, can I stay at Rood with you away?"

Pennie endeavoured her utmost to cheer him; and she did succeed a little, though he heard and felt in every word and tone and look that she knew no more of the horror of great darkness that had compassed his solitude about, during the last few weeks, than a baby knows of the cares that may be crooning in its mother's heart while it is babbling and laughing in her face. Pennie imagined that her sympathy fathomed the depths of his sufferings; but indeed it fell short by many and many a line. It is not conceivable, in fact, that a girl should understand the recurrent pangs of such a life as lay behind him, or such a dreary waste as he saw stretching out long before. Nevertheless, her present love was an interlude of sheenland, the remembrance of which might go with him into the wilderness. Other men had broken down, and had fled from the glare of society into the very shadow of death, to escape from much lighter calamities than had been laid on him; but he had walked long under his load erect, and if he began now to faint and weary, was it a marvel, when, after seeing it for a moment unloosed, it had been bound on his aching shoulders faster than ever?

"When the days come to an end, and I lie down at night, I feel that I should just like to stretch myself out and die," he said to Pennie; and Pennie, with shining eyes, answered that he must not give way to thinking so. If he had given way to thinking so, perhaps the dying might have been accomplished ere now.

The next day was Sunday. Both morning and afternoon the Tindal pew at church was empty. Pennie felt sorry; and not being apt at hiding her sorrow, she let Mrs. Featherston see that she thought the vicar had done unwisely and unkindly in allowing it to be known that he had taken the vulgar side against his patron.

"But, my dear!" remonstrated the clergyman's wife, who, though much given to mending the erroneous ways of others, was quite unused to being taken to task herself.

Pennie did not weaken the impression she had made by mere words. Mrs. Featherston parted from her with inward disturbance, and a doubt of her own perfection, such as had not often troubled her before. Perhaps she and the vicar had been hasty. It was easy to follow a multitude to do evil, as Pennie said. Perhaps they ought to have made a firmer stand; to have been more cautious how they dealt with an unhappy man, whose fate would have urged some to despair. They had acted the part of the priest and Levite of old, and had passed by on the other side, leaving him to bleed to death of his wounds, unless some chance Samaritan should come that way. What a caustic tongue that little, sad-faced girl possessed! She made no scruple of applying Holy Writ to common life: the vicar's wife had not thought it of her.

The only visitors to Mayfield that afternoon were Mr. Lister and Dick. The latter had quite dropped his cousinly freedoms, and treated Pennie with a frank and friendly respect. She liked the change, and was easy and cordial with him. Her uncle shook hands more warmly than was his wont; and immediately said, without any affectation of delicacy—

"Well, niece, I, for one, am not going to blame you. There's a deal to be said about what's lately turned up that hasn't been said yet—not in t' papers anyhow. If I'd ever had an opinion one way or t' other, which I can't rightlings say as I ever had, I should be for clearing Mr. Tindal, when I see a young lass, that's no fool, willing to take him for better, for worse."

Mrs. Croft groaned, shook her head doubtfully, and said, "Ah! but he should hear Hargrove talk."

"Hargrove's a rare deep file—clever family the Hargroves, all of 'em. Was it our man or his brother, the editor, wrote them stunning pieces in *Norminster Gazette*, I should like to know. Lawyer's a goodish penman."

Pennie started when she heard this significant fact, and laid it to heart. She could have no more doubt now whence issued the inspiration of that last cruel article which had closed the account of the Rood tragedy in the favourite Eskdale news. She was confirmed in a suspicion that, for some motive unknown, Mr. Hargrove sought to keep her apart from Mr. Tindal, and that the way he took to his object was by insisting on Mr. Tindal's guilt. This suspicion Doctor Grey shared with his ward; but he explained the agent's behaviour into an anxiety to retain the management of Pennie's affairs, and the profits therefrom arising, of which her marriage, whether with Mr. Tindal or anybody else, would possibly deprive him. He was not thoroughly at ease in his mind whether there might not also be something nefarious to hide, which must come to light when she changed her estate. Mr. Hargrove's violence had given him this impression, but he did not know where to turn for its proof. The lawyer had a very general reputation for integrity—at least, no public slur had yet been cast upon it.

It was not a joyous haymaking to Pennie that summer. She outstayed her week at Mayfield, as she always did outstay her leave at home; but the simple, old-fashioned ways of it, which needed a peaceful soul to enjoy them, had lost their savour. Several more letters passed between Mr. Wynyard and Mr. Tindal, and Mr. Wynyard and his ward, ending in an accepted fiat that, until Pennie was of age, the lovers must

submit to a total separation. Neither would consent to this except under pressure; and when Pennie showed signs of rebellion, that pressure was applied without sparing. Doctor Grey, much against his will, was deputed by her co-trustee to intimate to her seriously, that if she did not pay due and lawful obedience to her guardians and her mother in this most important matter, she would be handed to the Lord Chancellor as an intractable heiress, over whom her natural friends were unable to keep ward. The indefiniteness of this menace subdued Pennie. Doctor Grey declined to countenance her in any immediate revolt against the judgment of Mr. Wynyard and her mother, and Mr. Tindal, seeing no help for it, reluctantly acquiesced in the decree. Their engagement, however, both were determined to hold sacred.

Mrs. Croft's heart ached often to give Pennie her way when she saw her little distressed air, but a stern sense of duty prevailed over her capricious affectionateness, and she ended by persuading herself that she was certainly acting for the best.

"You may well afford to wait, you are not nineteen, Pennie, love," argued she, soothingly. "It is not many gels that marry before they're nineteen. I shouldn't wonder yet if you got off before your cousins."

"I am not thinking of it in that way," said Pennie, plaintively. "But *he* is so lonely and forsaken. If we might only write to each other—it is very hard to forbid me that."

"I could not give you leave, even if I thought it wise, which I don't, Pennie," replied her mother, retreating into austerity. "I've been too easy in letting him come here, as it is. You may see him just once more, to bid good-bye, and I won't listen to a word beyond that. If your love is worth ought, it will keep till you're your own mistress; and if it won't keep till then, the sooner you forget it the better."

Pennie wept herself to sleep that night, and the next evening—the evening before she was to return to Eastwold—Mr. Tindal came to Mayfield to take his farewell of her. They said their disconsolate good-byes in the garden amongst the yew-trees.

"It is very cruel," murmured Pennie, tears in her eyes and in her voice, "very cruel and unkind. They might have allowed us to correspond. How shall I know where you are? How will you know where I am? Two years and a half must pass before I may see you or hear of you again."

"It will not seem so long to you, darling, as it will to me," was the most comforting thing he could find to say. He knew very well that the design of this long and severe probation was that she should see something of the world, and perhaps *somebody* who would teach her to forget him. But he had faith in her constancy, and after a pause, he added, "Don't give way to fretting, Pennie; we are sure to meet now and then by chance, or to have news of each other. Be as gay and happy as you can, meanwhile. I cannot promise you that I will be gay, but I will try to make myself busy."

Pennie sighed. Two years and a half looked like a lifetime to her.

"We may meet and hear, but *when?* but *how?*" said she.

Mr. Tindal's experience had not been such as makes a man hopefully prophetic. "God knows!" responded he.

The twilight and the dew were now falling. Twice Mrs. Croft had shown herself in the porch, impatient for her daughter's going in. The second time the lovers saw her, they were warned that it was time to part. Pennie's tears were overflowing now. Instead of giving comfort, she wanted it herself.

Mr. Tindal drew her to him, and kissed her tenderly. "My dear child, my darling little Pennie, if God will only spare me, I will pay you for this sorrow some day!"

She laid her head against his breast, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Croft came into the porch again—came down the garden walk. When she saw the state of affairs she was touched, but she said crossly, "You had better go your way now, Mr. Tindal, and leave her to me." And after a few more expressive farewells at the garden-door, he gave Pennie up to her mother, and went. His own grief was the less because hers was so great, and promised permanence of love. Nevertheless he wished ardently that it was the end, and not the beginning of their ordeal.

END OF PART I.

(To be continued.)

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

A VISIT to the east of London at a time when the homes of the labouring classes have been desolated by a long period of forced abstinence from work, aggravated by a death-dealing visitation of pestilence and a frost of unusual severity, has made me sensible of the extreme difficulty of distinguishing between what may be called the *permanent* and the *accidental* distress of the class alluded to. It is comparatively easy, when men and women are earning wages, to strike the balance between their means and their necessities; and to say how much of the distress they are suffering from is due to their own improvidence, and how much to causes over which they have no control. Not so when weeks of forced idleness have left the cupboard bare and the grate empty, and even the penny is wanted to buy a piece of soap, or a candle; so that cold, and hunger, and darkness, and dirt compete with each other for pre-eminence in the power of inflicting misery. It may be true that the noisome den into which we have penetrated was no fitter for habitation six months ago, when the foolish father of these starved children was spending the half of his earnings in beer and tobacco. But it may also be true that the bed had a decent coverlet at that time, and that the poor woman was able to spread her husband's tea before a comfortable fire, and to sit down with her bit of sewing for the children, and work far into the night by candlelight, honestly paid for. It is just possible that fire and candle might still shine here, and at least a little oatmeal be left in the jar, if in days gone by there had been more forethought and self-denial. But yet it is hard to say; and that we may judge righteously, let us first judge mercifully.

The unfortunate east end of London has been kept prominently before the public since the autumn of last year, when the ravages of cholera first caused an appeal to be made to the benevolent. The papers and Mission magazines at that period were filled with cases which should put to shame the boasted civilization of our age. Here is one such picture from a house in Ratchiff Highway, let out in apartments. "In the first room ten persons lived and slept. My special attention, however," says the missionary, "was called to the room immediately over this. I entered it with a friend. In it were four urchins, very skele-

tons, with bare feet, unwashed faces, and uncombed hair. There was not a single article of furniture in the room. One or two filthy sacks served the purpose of a bed. The floor was matted with dirt, while in one corner were actually stowed heaps of ashes and other filth. The cholera entered this room, no wonder, and seized one of the famished children; but not being satisfied with bare bones, it glanced off the child, who had been inured to hardship from the womb, passed into the next room, which was tenanted by a poor but industrious family, seized three of the children, and carried away two of them." Another, and if possible, more distressing picture is the following, which refers to School-house Lane, in the same neighbourhood. "At the top of a house was a small garret, occupied by a shoemaker and his family, in which they ate, worked, and slept. Imagination can picture nothing equal to the actual distress which pre-

other causes, threw out of employment a number of able-bodied men, estimated at twenty thousand, in the east and south-east of London. It was while these men were still out of employment, and when their homes had been denuded of any small comfort they might have possessed, that the severe frost set in, and the columns of the daily press teemed with appeals for assistance, which it cannot be denied were responded to with the usual generosity of the English character. But twenty thousand men deprived of work week after week, means from forty to fifty thousand persons reduced to pauperism. It is no wonder then that the missionaries and other agents of charity were worn out with their labours, and yet that the workhouse doors and soup-kitchens were every day surrounded by hundreds of starving persons. We sometimes hear it said that scenes of this kind, witnessed by sensitive persons, are unconsciously exaggerated. I do not think



sented itself. The first object that attracted my attention as I entered was an old bedstead and a heap of flock and straw, a portion of a bed upon which three children had died, the tick of which had been burnt. On the fire were smouldering some of these infested relics, filling the room with an unpleasant smell. In the second corner, on a mattress on the floor, lay a dying child. In another, the bereaved father, a weakly man, was bent with grief, trying to work, but his tears blinded him. Upon inquiry, he told me that he had been there but a fortnight, and that they were all well when they came; but in that short time he had lost three of his children, and the only one left him was dying before his eyes." Cases might be multiplied from the same records, but I pass on to my own recent experience in the same locality.

After the cholera visitation came the bank failures and the stoppage of works which combined with

so. On the contrary, it seems to me utterly impossible to impart an adequate idea of the misery which the visitor to these districts has to witness. The room represented in our engraving is an instance in point.

In company with a friend and an experienced visitor of the poor I groped my way up two flights of stairs, to an apartment overlooking a street in Ratcliff. It was one of two dirty and dilapidated rooms, each occupied by a family. In this room the first object we saw was a woman with a baby on her knees, only a fortnight old as we afterwards learnt, and a little boy, about three years of age, sitting on the opposite side of the scanty fire. The poor woman was crying when we entered, because she had nothing to eat, and the infant was in need of something more nourishing than she could give it. Her husband, she told us, was a labourer, who had been out of work, except a chance job now and then, ever since the bank failures. He had for-

merly earned a pound a week at Mr. Armstrong's works, and bore a good character. "But," said the woman, as she uncouthly drew the back of her hand across her eyes, "What's the use of a husband if he will not get you the loaf?" The man, from a feeling of false shame, had refused to go to the workhouse for the dole of bread, and she could not go with the baby, two weeks old, and stand in the crowd herself. For the fire in her grate she was indebted to the alms of a visitor, who had found her the day before destitute even of that comfort. In the corner of the room was an old bedstead only fit for firewood, with a few dirty rags on it; and two or three articles, apparently for the use of baby, were hung on a line across the dilapidated fire-place. The furniture consisted of a box, a small deal table, and a stone water-jug. The woman was obliged to be out of what she called her bed the third day after her confinement. She paid fifteen pence a week for this room, and when her husband was in work had managed to get a few things about her, with the view of removing to a better one. But these hard times had come, and everything by which sistance could be raised had been parted with.

These are the bare facts of the case, and aided by our engraving, they may assist the comfortable classes to form some idea of the miseries of the poor. But after all, pen and pencil must alike fail to depict these cases of sordid poverty as they really are. The confined and polluted atmosphere, the dirt, the squalor, the dilapidation of wood and plaster, the total absence of all comfort, the rags to sleep in—which one fears even to touch—these things cannot be put in words. But let us get into the street.

Vineyard Place is a court—a *cul de sac*—of ten houses, with no back-yards and no water supply. Two closets in the middle of the court constitute the only provision for decency. We stopped at the corner of this court, looking from door to door, along its whole exterior, at the picturesque character of the groups of low people who are always to be seen out of doors in these poor neighbourhoods. In a few moments the women and children came crowding round us, their squalid appearance and beseeching looks reminding one of the stories told by travellers of the peasantry in the south of Ireland. Several men hovered about in the skirts of the crowd, and drew nearer as the women began to chatter and address their remarks to us. At last we said—

"Don't mind us; we have come to look at you, to see if we can do you any good."

"Then God bless you, sir; for sure He knows we want some one to look after us."

"An' I hope it's good you mane to do us before you go." This was said by a woman who thrust her head forward from among the rest, with quite a menacing expression.

"My good woman, there's more than one way of doing good, and if I cannot do you much good this moment, I hope some good will be done by my visit."

"An' I hope so, too, sir; for it isn't many that come to see us at all."

In a neighbouring court, called "the Ruins," we were followed and watched in a way that would have been far from pleasant had we been at all nervous. At last one sturdy fellow boldly faced us, and said—

"Is it a thoroughfare ye're looking for?"

"No; we're just looking round to see how you're all getting on. How many houses are there in this court?"

"There, now!" said a second; "to think I've lived here this many a year, and never thought o' that."

"Eleven, sure!" said a bright-eyed ragged little urchin, as he came forward.

"And how many rooms in each house?"

"Two. One up stairs and one down."

"And a family lives in each room, I suppose?"

"Yes; an' two families in some."

Here we began to move away.

"I'll be thankful if you'll give me a ticket for the soup, Mr. —."

"Can you spare me a ticket for to-morrow?"

"Will you give me a penny to buy a morsel of bread?"

"And me, sir?"

"And me, too?"

"And don't forget me, if you please!"

With such exclamations and appeals, the poor wretches—among whom were many respectable-looking women—gathered round, stretching out eager hands and necks, at every pause in our progress. Some patient footsteps might be heard pattering on behind from court to court; some bolder, pushed forward and wheeled round in front. It was growing dark when we descended into the street, but even when it was quite dark these scenes continued, and people darted out of courts and passages, as we passed by, with the instinct of hungry animals. I do not wonder at what my companion told me, that only the day before he went home impressed with similar scenes, and when he sat down could not refrain from tears.

As I left the neighbourhood, I saw by the dim light of the gas-lamps, in the drizzling rain, a large crowd round the Ballast Company's office, waiting to hear of employment; and a still larger one round the workhouse door, waiting for bread.

THE POOR LAWS.



S questions connected with the laws for the relief of the poor are likely to occupy much of the public attention during the present session of Parliament, a brief account of those laws may not be unacceptable to our readers. Two opposite theories have been put forward to explain the origin of the poor laws—the one attributing them to the best, the other to the

worst motives of human nature. "The principles of a compulsory provision for the impotent, and the setting to work of the able-bodied," says the *Report of a Committee of the House of Commons*, A.D. 1817, "originated, without doubt, in motives of the purest humanity." "We believe," says an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, commenting on these words, "that the English poor laws originated in selfishness, ignorance, and pride. We are convinced that their origin was an attempt substantially to restore the expiring system of slavery." Extreme views, in this case as in most others, are misleading. We admit at once that the poor laws do not owe their origin to benevolence. They have nothing to do with Christian charity, properly so called. This, however, does not seem to us a just ground of complaint. You cannot make men charitable by Act of Parliament; many of those who contribute to the poor rates would never give a penny to a poor man of their own free will. The condition of others is very little better than that of some who are relieved by them. It would be manifestly unjust to compel the contributions of such people simply on the ground of Christian charity and benevolence. But the theory of the *Edinburgh Review* is not less untenable. So far from the poor laws having originated in an attempt to re-establish the expiring system of slavery, we believe that it may be maintained, with far more semblance of

truth, that poor laws are the necessary result of the growth of civil and religious liberty. While the old feudal system was in full force and vigour, the condition of the working population was not much unlike that which existed, until the last few years, among the coloured people of the southern states of America: they were the property of their liege lord, like his other chattels, except that he was probably forbidden to sell them off the land. In other respects he might do with them as he would, and was therefore bound to maintain them in sickness and old age. In such a state of society there was clearly no place for a poor law, properly so called. But gradually, as the iron grasp of the feudal system became relaxed, and independent communities grew up, supporting themselves by their own labour, there were thrown off a number of persons who, from idleness, or inability, or misfortune, were unable to get their living, and consequently sank into a state of destitution. To these were naturally added, from time to time, stragglers from neighbouring baronies, to whom, as ideas of liberty and the rights of man began to spread, vassalage became more and more intolerable; and who, unaccustomed to the self-discipline and responsibility of freedom, were almost sure to swell the ranks of the impoverished and vagabond classes, who became such because no man could claim their labour as a right.

The existence of such classes must always be an element of danger and weakness to the community at large. It is hopeless to expect that any police, however strict, any punishment, however severe, will restrain a starving population from the commission of crime. The remedy is, to prevent the existence of such a population; and the most obvious means to effect this, in the transitional state of society to which we have alluded, was to make some provision for them—each district supplying the wants of its own poor, and protecting itself from the intrusion of others from without. Thus, the necessity of self-protection—neither more nor less than that—we believe to have been the origin of the poor laws.

From the earliest times our statutes contain provisions for the recovery of runaway slaves, or, as they are called, "masterless men." With the advance of freedom these statutes became, as might be expected from what we have already said, more and more stringent, but a new feature soon began to show itself. It is no longer against "masterless men," but against "valetant beggars" that the statutes are aimed. In those early days of liberty it was felt that no one had a right to freedom who could not "pay his scot and take his lot." The rest must betake themselves to their masters, and if they have none, their friends or the parish must find one for them, or set them to work themselves. As for the impotent and sick poor, they were to abide in the town or hundred to which they belonged, and were to be maintained there at the public cost, or have license to beg, as the case might be, but not to wander about and become a charge to other hundreds. The long and devastating Wars of the Roses seem to have caused an alarming increase in the number of idle unemployed persons, for we find vagrant Acts following each other in rapid succession, each more severe than its predecessor, until at last they reached a climax.

The 22nd Hen. VIII., cap. 12, after declaring in the preamble that "In all places throughout this realm vagabonds and beggars have of long time increased, and daily do increase, in great and excessive numbers, by occasion of idleness, mother and root of all evils, whereby have surged up and sprung, and daily insurgeth and springeth continual thefts, murders, and other heinous offences and great enormities, to the high displeasure of God, and damage of the king's people, and disturbance of the common weal," proceeds to enact, among other things: "If any person or persons being whole and mighty of body, and able to labour,

having no land-master, or using any lawful merchandise, craft, or mystery, be vagrant, and can give no reckoning how he doth lawfully get his living, the constituted authorities are to cause such idle person to be had to the next market town or other place convenient, and be there tied to the end of a cart naked, and be beaten with whips throughout the same town or other town, *until his body be bloody* by reason of such whipping, &c. If he offends a second time, he is to be taken and whipped in every place he passes through, until he comes to the place where he was born or lived for the last three years past, and there labour as long as he is able so to do." This seems sufficiently strong, yet in the next reign the act was amended by a statute still more severe, by which the idle vagabond on second conviction was to be branded with V, and adjudged a slave for two years to any one that might demand him. If he ran away within his term he was to be branded with S in the cheek, and adjudged a slave for life: if he ran away again he was to suffer the death of a felon. The severity of these statutes defeated their purpose, as the magistrates were reluctant to put them in execution.

In the forty-third year of Queen Elizabeth a statute was enacted, which, if it retained much of the sternness of previous legislation against the idle and dissolute, tempered it with a merciful provision for the deserving poor. This was, in fact, the first statute which really deserved the name of a poor law in the modern sense of the word. Repealing all previous enactments, to give itself a free field, it proceeded to legislate for every possible subject that could come within the operation of a poor-law—vagrants, able-bodied paupers, aged and impotent folk, destitute and bastard children. But what makes it specially memorable, it put the whole management of the poor of each parish into the hands of four overseers, appointed annually by the vestry, authorizing them to provide a poor-house, where the able-bodied might be set to work, and the aged and sick maintained, and to reimburse themselves for expenses thus undergone by a compulsory rate on all property in the parish. This statute, which, no doubt, owed much of its character to an altered state of public feeling brought about by the Reformation, is regarded by some as its disgrace, by others as its glory. Without committing ourselves to either of these opinions, we must protest against a very common fallacy, that it was rendered necessary by the suppression of the monastic system. That the monks, who owed the bulk of their possessions to the liberality of the public, were induced by Christian charity, and perhaps by less disinterested motives, to share some of their superabundance with their brother mendicants, we are willing to admit; but the unquestionable testimony of history abundantly proves that the direct effect of the monastic system was not to diminish, but greatly to increase the pauperism of the country. Indeed, one of the most powerful arguments for the suppression of the monasteries, was the harbour and the encouragement which they afforded to lazy and idle mendicants.

The statute of Queen Elizabeth has been the parent of all subsequent legislation on the subject. As it is not necessary to trace the various modifications it underwent in subsequent reigns, we pass at once to the Act of 5 & 6 William IV., generally spoken of as "The Poor Law Act." Previous to the passing of that Act, each individual parish was charged with not only the maintenance but with the uncontrolled management of its own poor. Experience having proved that this arrangement was liable to great abuse, and fraught with much practical inconvenience, a commission was appointed, in the year 1832, to inquire into the whole subject. The report of this commission brought to light an amount of inequality, injustice, tyranny, and jobbery, in the management of the overseers, which

shocked the public, and led to the Act of 1834. By this Act the whole administration of the poor of the country was subjected to the control of three commissioners, endowed with ample powers, whose orders have the force of law. In pursuance of the powers given them under this Act, these commissioners proceeded to combine the parishes of England and Wales into a certain number of unions. Each union has one large workhouse, for the reception of all the destitute poor within its limits, and is managed, under the control of the commissioners, by a board of guardians, of which all the magistrates resident in the unions are ex-officio members, and are associated with one or more representatives of each parish in the union, according to the population, elected by the ratepayers in the vestry. To this board is committed the management of the workhouse, the nomination and control of relieving and other paid officers, and the distribution of indoor and outdoor relief. The Poor Law Board exercise a supervision over them by means of assistant-commissioners and inspectors, and from time to time issue orders for their guidance.

Such, omitting details, is a brief outline of the present poor law. It deals with the destitute simply as destitute, without inquiring into the circumstances which occasioned their destitution, or the possibility of raising them above it. This, in the eyes of the philanthropist, may seem a hard and stern measure; but, as we have already said, the poor laws do not go on principles of philanthropy. They do not seek to make men charitable by Act of Parliament; still less do they propose to relieve them from the Christian duty of charity. The less, therefore, they interfere with the proper and legitimate exercise of that virtue the better. Their one purpose is to provide that no one shall be compelled to starve—and this because a starving population is an element of danger to the country.

Application for parish relief is not in itself criminal or disgraceful. The circumstances which have brought an individual or a family unto such a condition as to require it may be both criminal and disgraceful, but the act itself is not so. It is indeed humiliating, for it is the confession of failure; but it is nothing worse. Assuming that that failure has been brought about by no fault of his own, a man has no more reason for being ashamed of owning it than he has of telling the circumstances of his shipwreck; and, for our own part, if we were unhappily brought into circumstances of destitution, we should feel far less scruple in asking for parish relief than in applying for private alms. Hence, therefore, those who are charged with the administration of parochial relief, while they are bound to be strict and even niggardly in dispensing it, are bound also to avoid everything which can cause needless pain to the recipient, or increase his humiliation. The duties of a poor-law guardian are necessarily painful and thankless; but they are such as may well engage the thoughts of an intelligent and humane Christian. They no doubt take up a great deal of time in their due fulfilment; but the sacrifice is amply repaid to one who has learnt that he has to live for others as well as himself; and even while doling out the miserable pittance, which is all he has to give, make the recipient feel that he has his heartfelt sympathy. Alas! that the office is so often sought, from low and selfish motives, by those who are so little qualified for its proper fulfilment.

SINK not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

JOHNSON.

MR. AND MRS. GORILLA AT HOME

IN the Spring of 1861—the same Spring in which a great comet appeared totally unannounced—Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla, fresh from their native wilds, were suddenly introduced into fashionable society in London. Up to that time society had gone on its way in happy ignorance of the very existence of these poor relations. There had been rumours, it is true, dating as far back as the palmy days of Carthage, of a race of wild men called gorillas living upon an island in a bay on the western coast of Africa. Brave old Hanno positively says: "We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow: we were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and took their skins off, which skins were brought to Carthage." From that time all traces of these hairy men and women seem to have been lost. As their skins decayed in the temple of Juno, Carthage itself—temple, and palace, and mart—went to ruins. More than 2000 years rolled by—years marked by still mightier changes—when a solitary traveller in the wilds of Africa came once more upon the traces of Hanno's "hairy men." Rumours of his strange discoveries reached England. Fashionable London longed to hear the story of his adventures, as fashionable Carthage may have longed for those of their daring countryman. M. Du Chaillu's account of the gorilla country became the book of the season; and for a long time afterwards there were no greater swells in society than Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla themselves. Society had no temple of Juno in which to hang up their skins, but it had its dinner parties, its fashionable assemblies, and its learned gatherings; and their dulness was great indeed if Mr. Gorilla did not enliven it. The very music halls caught the infection of novelty; and no jollier song could be sung than "I'm old gorilla, Ho!"

In the midst of this universal jubilation the learned alone were unhappy. M. Du Chaillu had practised upon the credulity of society. Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla were shams—stuffed sheep—anything but honest inhabitants of the African wilds. It was in vain that Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Owen declared their belief in M. Du Chaillu's veracity, and that the former gentleman pronounced his discoveries to be "the most extraordinary addition to geographical science that had been made in modern times." M. Du Chaillu was accused to his face of having fabricated the whole story of his travels; and when the controversy was at its height, a popular writer made a hasty journey to Africa, for the purpose of settling the points in dispute; enjoyed a few days' shooting on the Gaboon River, and returned home—at least as wise as when he went out.

How M. Du Chaillu employed himself during all this commotion, we learn from the preface to his new book.* "Although hurt to the quick by these unfair and ungenerous criticisms," he says, "I cherished no malice towards my detractors; for I knew the time would come when the truth of all that was essential in the statements which had been disputed would be made clear. I was consoled besides by the support of many eminent men, who refused to believe that my narrative and observations were deliberate falsehoods. Making no pretensions to infallibility, any more than other travellers, I was ready to acknowledge any mistake that I might have fallen into in the course of compiling my book from my rough notes. The only revenge I cherished was that of better preparing myself for another journey into the same region; providing myself with instruments and apparatus, which I did not possess on my first exploration; and thus

* "A Journey to Ashango-Land, and further penetration into Equatorial Africa." By Paul B. Du Chaillu, author of "Explorations in Equatorial Africa" (Murray, 1867).



MR. AND MRS. GORILLA AT HOME.

(See Page 133.)

being enabled to vindicate my former accounts by facts not to be controverted."

The results of this journey are now before the world, and so far as we can judge, they are of considerable importance to geographical science. At present, however, we have nothing to say under this head. Geographical facts do not make pretty pictures, and we may as well confess at once that we have looked through M. Du Chaillu's book for the purpose of borrowing one of its clever drawings, and learning something more about our poor relations who once made such a stir in the world. Our search has been rewarded with the most gratifying success. By favour of Mr. Murray, we have the pleasure of introducing our readers to Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla, and all the little Gorillas, at home in one of their native forests.

Look at them! The universal flutter of society, when these hairy strangers were first introduced by M. Du Chaillu, could not have exceeded the flutter he has himself caused by suddenly appearing among them in the heart of Africa. That grim old fellow, peering through the branches in front, has fixed the traveller's eye, and is staring at him in open-mouthed astonishment as he pauses in his descent. His companions, hurriedly dropping from branch to branch, and scuttling away in the distance, are wisely doubtful of the intruder's peaceful intentions. They have heard, perhaps, of the hard necessity he is under of proving his veracity, and have no fancy for being produced, in the character of "incontrovertible facts," to the better acquaintance of the gentlemen of the Ethnological Society. The wonder is, that this old fellow, with his "hideous black face, ferocious eyes, and projecting eyebrows, glaring defiance," did not leap from the tree and stand erect before the invader, beating his chest like a drum, and shrieking out his war-cry as in other days. He did raise a cry—but it was one of alarm, and scrambling to the ground through the entangled lianas that were around the tree trunk, disappeared in the jungle in the same direction as his mates.

Previous to the surprise of this little party in the woods, M. Du Chaillu was one day dining with Captain Holder, of the Cambria, a vessel just arrived from England, when one of his men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full grown. Let them come in, by all means. Enter, first, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young gentleman, also tightly bound, who was afterwards named "Tom," and shipped for England. The poor mother died of her wounds the next day, and her infant moaned its life out about the fourth day afterwards. As for Tom, he "kept up his pecker," as the saying is, and every now and then watched his opportunity to make a deadly rush at his captors. M. Du Chaillu writes him down an "irascible little demon," and thinks about giving him a sound thrashing, which reads very like an experience in an ill-managed nursery. Tom gets into a perfect rage when the camera is pointed at him—he objects to having his likeness taken. He snatches his food, and bolts with it to the length of his tether. He beats the ground with his fists in hopeless rage, and in the dead of night wakes up his master by uttering the most hideous screams. More than once he tried to do the deed that Hamlet feared, and that Cato exulted in. His pagan soul came to the conclusion that life was not worth having on the conditions to which he was subjected; so he twisted his chain round and round the post to which it was attached, until it became quite short, and then pressed with his feet the lower part of the post, until he had nearly done the business.

Poor Tom! Much as he disliked his fellow-creatures, and justly as he stormed against his fate, he was

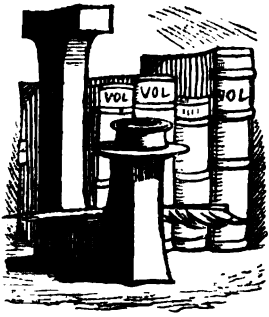
brought to a better state of mind by the incidents of his shipment. The boat had to cross a dangerous surf, and a huge wave breaking over it, compelled the party to return, thoroughly soaked with sea water. Tom's cage was opened, and he made a rush at the bystanders, clinging to them, and screaming in his terror. The "irascible little demon" was cowed by the sea monsters. Later in the day he was conveyed safely on board, and, we regret to say, died on the passage to England.

To return to Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla at home. On one occasion M. Du Chaillu came on a party of four, and by concealing himself in good time, had an excellent opportunity of watching their movements. "In destroying a tree, they first grasped the base of the stem with one of their feet, and then with their powerful arms pulled it down; a matter of not much difficulty with so loosely-formed a stem as that of the plantain. They then sat upon the juicy heart of the tree, at the basis of the leaves, and devoured it with great voracity. While eating they made a kind of clucking noise, expressive of contentment. Now and then they stood still and looked round. Once or twice they seemed on the point of starting off in alarm, but recovered themselves and continued their work." According to all the rules of politeness, people should not make a noise with their mouths when dining; we are compelled to conclude, therefore, that Mr. and Mrs. Gorilla were forgetful of their company manners. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to be assured by the author—who opened some of the stomachs of our poor relations to ascertain the fact—that they are not cannibals, like the Fan Negroes, or even flesh eaters, but live in a cleanly manner, on a pure vegetable diet. Their manners, too, are not quite so awkward as artists have heretofore made them appear. In moving along on the ground, they do not bend their arms so much outwards as we are accustomed to see in the old engravings, but extend them straight forwards, touching the ground delicately, as one might say, with their knuckles. It is very true they forget their manners when caught, and try to bite, and scratch, and tear, like many of their betters under similar circumstances, and just as their ancestors did in the time of Hanno. But surely this is excusable. Cæsar may muffle his face in his cloak and fall with dignity; but it is not given to mankind in general, and much less to Gorilla-kind, to bear insult and personal injury with lamblike meekness.

One of the results of M. Du Chaillu's late journey has been to prove that gorillas are nowhere more common than on the tract of land between the bend of the Fernando Vaz and the sea shore, which our readers may find on the maps, a little south of the equator. This land is chiefly of alluvial formation, and as the bed of the river is constantly shifting, M. Du Chaillu thinks it extremely probable that there were islands here in the time of Hanno, on one of which he may have seen the "hairy men and women" whose skins he carried to Carthage. Gorillas are attracted to the district in question by the quantity of a little yellow berry growing there on a tree resembling the African teak, and by the abundance of two other fruits of which they are very fond. But their habits are migratory, and they would not be found in this district except when the fruits, berries, and nuts are in season. They are proved also to be more gregarious than M. Du Chaillu at first supposed. They go in bands, numbering eight or ten individuals, and only live alone, or in pairs, in old age. If the negroes are to be credited, they then become grey-haired, and if they live to a great age, almost white.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the selection of his company.

KINGLY WORDS.



LANGUAGE is neither a miracle from heaven nor the intentional invention of man. It is, so the great masters of science teach us, the half-conscious expression of the common thought and feeling of nations; it is an immeasurable web, at which the human mind has laboured for centuries to weave a garment for its ideas. Language is, therefore, the witness of a spiritual life,

far extending beyond all historical tradition, beyond the first awakenings of philosophy. The study of language teaches us how the objects of external and internal life are mirrored in the minds of men. By inquiring into the origin of words, which in many instances is no difficult task, we gain, as it were, a key to those workshops in which the ideas of nations are formed into words, and we obtain important information respecting the history and partly respecting the origin of those ideas. Let us inquire, for example, into the precise meaning of the words by which the idea of kingly power or of princely dignity have been expressed—an idea which is common to all nations.

It is true we shall tread on dangerous ground in many places. Our knowledge can in no wise penetrate with certainty the origin of words in all cases, and besides, the history of language is often so strange, we might almost say, so whimsical, that as in all matters touching the life of a people, a certain humour must be united with the seriousness and sobriety necessary for such investigations. For everything genuinely national is irregular, motley, and manifold; it can never be measured by the standard of logic, or be traced back to the definite rules of the wisdom of the schools. Whim or chance appears predominant just where we should least expect it. And yet, by careful research and by closer examination, we find in this apparent play of chance a peculiar suitability, and not seldom, a hidden and ingenious meaning. As an instance of this, let us look at two words which originally stood in opposition to each other—master and minister. Master means truly, the greater; minister, the lesser. And yet in the present day how much more is a minister than a master! With a touch of irony, not rare in the history of language, the lesser, the servant, has become the lord and commander—subject, and this often only apparently, to *one* will; while the greater, the master, bespeaks only the more modest rule over youth. And yet take master in another sense; and high as the minister stands above the artizan and the mechanic, he can wish for nothing better than to be a *master* in his particular sphere. As far as it goes, therefore, a master of diplomacy is even more than a minister. And, on the other hand, has not the latter word, in spite of its changed application, retained somewhat of its original signification of servant? For the minister is ever subject to the supreme will—as a minister of the state he is called, not to rule, but to serve, that state.

Another instance of a hidden meaning underlying the apparent whims of language, is exhibited in the word *Infant*. Infant meant, originally, a child not yet able to speak; but who does not know how proud the royal sons of Spain have been, and still are, of the title, *Infant*? A serious meaning lies here also in the seeming accident. By the title "*Infant of Spain*," the sons of the royal house were reminded that they were not only children of the princely house, but also of the land;

that, so to speak, they were children of the land prior to being princes of the land.

The names given to princely dignities may be divided into two classes. The one class comprises those expressions to which this signification was originally foreign, and which have acquired it in the course of the history of the language; whilst with the second class the idea is wrapt up in the derivation of the word. If there are therefore, so to speak, denominations of the highest dignity in the state, implying little or nothing of their own importance, and others implying much, we must again point it out as a peculiar caprice in the history of language, that those very expressions which are most distinguished among us at the present day belong partly to the first class; and those, on the other hand, holding an inferior position, are the most pregnant in meaning, and designate the nature of the dignity in the most striking manner.

By us, in common with all Germanic nations, the name of *king* is held in special reverence. If the emperor occupies the first place in the present order of rank, the title of king has preserved its peculiar sacredness. No one would speak of an emperor of emperors in the same sense as of the King of kings. The Bible only knows the emperor as him to whom tribute is due, whilst sacredness and inviolable authority are especially connected with the name of king. And, in accordance with this, modern political science has ever chosen this title by preference, when the right and power of the head of the state were intended to be emphasized strongly, and to be placed in contrast to that which rises and falls according to the vicissitudes of passing events. And this not by chance. For for centuries the words of our mother tongue hold precedence of all foreign intruders, which must ever lack the vigour and strength of genuine national words come down to us from time immemorial. Among these old names of rulers we may therefore look for a deeper signification. Carlyle insists strongly on the derivation of the word *king* from *können*, to be able; and in this sense he calls all the great men of history, for whom he claims his hero-worship, kings. But this meaning appears to me untenable. In tracing back its derivation, this idea is altogether controverted. In its oldest form, *kuning*, derived from the Gothic *kuni*, race, our title of king appears as nothing else than as one belonging to a race, that is, to a noble race; as they still say now-a-days in Switzerland, the man of race ("*geschlechtiger*"), or nobleman. And highly as the king may rank above the noble, and much as he has rendered himself independent of the races from which he sprung, and has made himself lord over the entire people, yet in the present use of the name an important token of its original meaning yet remains. A usurper cannot easily call himself a king: to no name so much as to this does the idea belong of descent from the families of the land, of hereditary transmission and of legitimate succession.

From the earliest ages the Indians have called their king by a name which is preserved, even to the present day, by those chieftains whom British rule has permitted still to bear their titles. *Râg'an*, according to its derivation, signifies the splendid one, the man glittering in princely pomp. This designation only affects things superficial and extrinsic; in no respect does it touch the reality, but only the show of princely power. And this superficial idea has avenged itself in a peculiar manner. For the reality of power lost, the Indian rajah retains indeed the brilliant exterior of royalty—a glittering powerlessness.

But while expressions such as these throw a peculiar light on the character of the people to whom they belong, though designating in no wise the true nature of the highest power in the state; others there are which indicate this from the very first, in a deeper, and at the same time more manifold manner. We will

look at the expressions used by the Romans, and by the Romanic nations after them, to denote the sovereigns of the state. The origin of the Latin *imperator* is not indeed fully cleared up; but so much is clear, that *imperium* signifies complete power, *imperare*, to command, and *imperator*, one in power, a commander. Here, at any rate, we have no casual expression, but one which strikingly designates *one* side of the matter. Moreover, a feeling of its origin has been constantly maintained, for the word *imperator*, originating in the camp, has an especial reference to military and unlimited power. The bald, cold, abstract designation of the highest sovereign power lies in the word. There is nothing whatever in the word of a spiritual guidance; nothing which may refer to an organization of the commonwealth; nor to a free, hearty connexion between the obeying and the commanding. Perhaps for this very reason the name has remained Romanic, and has been little adopted by the Germanic nations, who liked better a title denoting a freer order; and when they wished to designate absolute power, they preferred to take the name of Kaiser (Cæsar), which pointed to a glorious model. Besides this, these same Romans had at the beginning of their history another name of a far deeper signification. *Rez* comes from *regere*, to guide, to direct. What is guided and directed has its own impellent force, its peculiar striving, its innate will. In opposition to the emperor stands the will-less army; in opposition to the king appears the people, as a well-ordered multitude, which in no wise is called upon passively to await commands, but only to be led by its guider and director in times of stormy excitement, to be curbed in times of excess or trespass, and to be brought back within due limits. The word *rez* reminds one of *rectus*, just and right. In an ingenious manner it exhibits, so to speak, the negative side of royalty, the guarding against all injustice; it demands from the ruler that he should keep his people in the path of right and justice. In a similar sense the image of the steersman is applied to princes, one who guides the rudder with an intelligent hand—an image which, in the word *gubernator*, or governor, denotes rather a secondary power. The steersman guides not his vessel against the will of the crew; his art, oftentimes difficult, consists in bringing the vessel to the aim desired by all, in spite of wind and wave. Nor is our language without a word corresponding to the Latin *rez*. The Gothic *reiks*, which appears in numerous proper names—Theodoric, or king of the people, Frederic, or prince of peace—is originally identical with that significant Roman word. The word *rez* among the Romans acquired in the days of the Republic an additional signification of tyrannical arbitrariness, not at all contained in its derivation. Nevertheless, among the people it always referred to the actual importance and origin of the kingdom, and even Roman boys called the best at play—the *rez*.

If it was the more negative side of sovereignty which seemed to be originally denoted by the Latin word, a more positive aspect meets us in the Greek name for king. The Greeks called the king *Basileus*, a name derived from *Bainein*, to go, and *laos*, people; consequently, according to its derivation, it denotes him who makes the people go—the mover of the people. It is another instance of that irony in the history of language, that king and demagogue, so strictly opposed to each other in later ages, originally signified the same to the Greeks. Both words denoted nothing else than leaders of the people. The Greeks, however, conceived the *laoi*, the men or people, at whose head the *basileus* moved, as different from the *demos*, or the multitude, whom the demagogue moved and guided according to his own views. But in those patriarchal ages, in which the Greeks were ruled by kings, such a difference was never thought of. At that time popular movements were not esteemed dangerous, for they

could hardly be imagined otherwise than regular and warlike; and kings were therefore called movers of the people, as commanders, leading the people under the protection of Zeus. Much is obviously common to the Latin and Greek names for the king. In both cases, the people stands as regards the king, not as a merely passive multitude, but as one called into action. But the Roman, in his word, makes the guidance of this action conspicuous; while the Greek kept his eye fixed on the incentive to action, and on its maintenance. Can the prerogative of the crown have been more beautifully designated? Or is there a more noble privilege, a higher vocation of the ruler, than that of giving his people the incentive to press forward, and of pressing forward himself, not merely against the foe, but on the path of peaceful progress? Perhaps it was from this origin of the Greek name, from this absence of all rude contrast between the ruler and the ruled, that the name *Basileus*, among the Greeks, never had a hateful sound even in the republican age. It is true that ancient royalty soon came to an end among the versatile Greeks; yet the name retained its full value. Not merely among the steadfast Spartans, but even in democratic Athens, the archon entrusted with the management of religious affairs was simply styled king; and whilst in Rome, after the overthrow of the kings, the name was almost a reproach, there was in Athens a royal hall, or basilica, which has given a name to similar forms of architecture in all ages. Indeed even the thing itself, the kingly power, was far less hostilely regarded by the Greeks than the Romans. The idea of arbitrary rule could never be connected with the word *Basileus*, because another word appeared for the violent upstart. He who ruled not for the people's sake, but for his own advantage, was designated a *tyrant*, a word which the Greeks probably borrowed from Asia Minor.

But leaving the Greeks and Romans, let us return to our own titles of honour. There is one which in its import denotes the highest, but which in the course of the history of language has acquired a position inferior to that of emperor and king. The word to which I refer is *prince*. Every one will see at once that this word corresponds with the Latin *princeps*, the first and highest. And yet, as all kinds of rulers may be comprised under the name prince, and as the whole is ever greater than a part, there is a dignity in the title which is altogether peculiar to it. Perhaps, however, the abstract purposeless precedence of others is just the ground for this general application, and the absence of any further meaning lying concealed in the word may explain the reason why we care not to accept it for any special designation. There is, too, one use of this word, in a special sense, to which I must refer. Is it mere accident, or is it because he sets himself up as the first and highest, leading, but not to good; reigning, but not under the protection of the Lord of all, that the prince, in Bible language, is the prince of this world, who sets himself in opposition to the King of kings?

These are not merely ingenious ideas, nor a simple play of thought. It cannot have escaped any that language affords us much serious teaching upon most matters, and we may gather from it much respecting the nature of the highest political power—the inexhaustible theme of prince and people. Names are not mere sounds. Unconsciously and consciously we utter them, feeling oftentimes the value they possess for us, and yet unable to analyze the treasure. It was no mere chance that led the faithful Hungarians to gather round Maria Theresa, not as their empress, but their king, for whom they were ready to die. And it is not without a conscious feeling of that order and freedom of action which lives in the heart of every Englishman, that he joins in the national cry, the national prayer—God save the King.



JOHNNY'S WISH.

A FAIRY STORY.

A FLAXEN-HAIRED, freckle-faced boy was Johnny, with blue eyes and lips like ripe cherries. He was the grandson of a small farmer, his own father and mother being dead and gone, and laid in God's acre. Grandfather was an old man, you may be sure, and perhaps he was a little cross. Johnny thought so at all events, and fancied that his own life was very hard.

When Johnny was taking care of the few sheep that belonged to his grandfather, he would sometimes see the young lord of the manor ride by on his milk-white pony, with a servant-man in green and gold riding behind him on a chesnut cob. Then Johnny would pout his cherry lips and the tears would come into his eyes, and he would say to himself: "Why was not I born to have a milk-white pony and a servant in green and gold? I am quite as good as he is; I am bigger and stronger and just as good-looking: who is he, to ride, when I have to walk? Ah, I wish ——"

And there Johnny stopped and fell into a reverie—which is sometimes as bad as falling into a mill-pond.

Johnny had often heard talk of the fairies, the good little people, light as thistle-down and beautiful as innocence, dwelling in the bell-flowers, drinking the dew for nectar, and happy, ay, as happy as the moon-light night was long. Not far from the place where Johnny kept his sheep there were several grassy rings, and there the country folk said the fairies danced o' nights and made merry. Johnny wished he could see them. How tall were they? About as tall as my little finger! Why, the boy thought he could capture a whole army of them, and take them home as securely as sticklebacks out of the stream.

One night Johnny made up his mind that he would look out for the fairies. He had been troubled that day. The little lord of the manor had ridden by on his milk-white pony, with a little lady by his side on a

cream-coloured pony, and two servants behind them, one in green and gold and the other in red and gold, one on the chesnut cob and the other on a black charger, standing I don't know how many hands high. And Johnny had tumbled into a reverie again, and agreed with himself that it was a shame!

So, in not the best of tempers and the very lowest of spirits, Johnny came to look out for the fairies. He lay down on the grass and kept very quiet till the village clock struck twelve; then he heard a rustle and a bustle and voices—not so loud as the buzz of the blue-bottle, and laughter scarcely so distinct as the chirp of the cricket—but he knew it was the fairies, and his heart went thump! thump! thump!

Presently he ventured to look round him. The moon was shining brightly, and by its light he saw the gayest company of miniature beings you can possibly imagine, dancing merrily. Time would fail to tell you how beautiful they all were, how gaily dressed, how courteous to each other, and how graceful in every motion. Johnny rubbed his eyes and fancied he was dreaming; he stretched out his hand and ran it into a lot of nettles, and *that* quite convinced him he was wide awake. The smart sting made him cry out, and instantly the ball became a rout. The fairies fled in mad haste, some hiding themselves under the leaves, some burying themselves in bell-flowers, all escaping except one, and he got his feet entangled in a spider's web, and could do nothing but wriggle and cry out.

Johnny came to his rescue, but before releasing him begged a boon.

"What will you have?" said the little fairy. "Speak quickly, and get me out of this horrible web."

"I want to be as well off as the little lord of the manor."

"Tush," quoth the fairy, "you are better off."

"If you say that you know nothing about it," said Johnny—"and may stop in the web till the spider finds you. Why, he has a white pony and a servant in green and gold, and I ——"

"You are a healthy little shepherd boy, without a care."

"I am worn out with care," said Johnny. "My grandfather is cross; the black bread is hard, and not too much of it; my jacket is patched, my shoes almost worn out; the sheep contrary, and the dog obstinate. Come, what will you do for me?"

"Would you change places with the boy you envy?"

"Yes, of course I would."

"Be it so—lift me out of the web." When Johnny disentangled him from the mesh, the fairy uttered some strange words which Johnny could never remember, and the field and fairies all faded away, and he was sleeping on a soft couch. He woke with a start and looked round him in surprise. The grey light of the morning was stealing into the room, and he saw that the apartment was richly furnished. A clock struck five.

At that moment the door opened and a man in a striped jacket came in, and gave him good morning. After this he lifted him out of bed, took off his night-clothes, and plunged him into a cold bath. It was in vain that Johnny protested he was not used to it, and did not like it. The man only shook his head very gravely, and went on plunging him till he was satisfied; then he rubbed him dry with a rough towel. After this he helped him to dress, and Johnny had never had so much trouble before. It occupied nearly an hour, and when it was over there was a tap at the door, and a message to say that Mr. Sterne was expecting Sir Charles in the study.

"Who is he?" said Johnny.

"Your tutor, sir, of course."

"What's he want with me?"

"To prepare you for the day's exercises."

"I can get exercise enough without him. Just you get me some milk and bread, and I'll have a run in the fields."

The man in the striped jacket held up his hands in dismay. He assured Johnny the thing was impossible, and without further parley led him out of the room, across a passage, into a chamber with more books in it than Johnny supposed could ever have been written or printed in the world.

Mr. Sterne, a stiff-looking gentleman in a suit of black, gave him good morning with much solemnity, and then began to scold him for being late. There were Latin, English, and mathematical exercises to be gone through, and they would occupy much time. With a failing heart Johnny took up his book and looked at the page. Strangely enough to himself he could read it, and when his tutor took the book and questioned him about it, he could repeat it—but it made his head ache, and he felt sick and weary.

"If you please, may I have a little milk?" he asked, "or a little water?"

"Certainly not. It is time, however, that you took your tonic."

In answer to Mr. Sterne's summons, the man in the striped jacket appeared with a wineglass full of—oh such nasty stuff!—and Johnny was obliged to take it, every drop. Feeling very much the worse for his draught, the poor boy went on with his lessons till half past seven, when Mr. Sterne, in a terribly frigid way, said: "Sir Charles, it is the hour for your constitutional promenade."

Johnny at first thought he was going to have a dose of something more nasty than he had had before, but he soon learned that Mr. Sterne meant that they were to go into the gardens, which he was very glad of. But when he got into the gardens, and they were grand, beautiful gardens, I can tell you that, and would have taken a sharp run, he was rebuked by Mr. Sterne for his "vulgarity," and forced to walk as solemnly as a mule at a funeral. Johnny began to compose himself with the idea, when he heard the breakfast-bell ringing, that

he should have some wonderfully nice things to eat. Visions of cold partridge and pigeon pie, and ham and eggs and fried salmon, flitted before him; but alas! how mistaken was he. All these things, and more, were on the table, but not for him. He had a bowl of bread and milk, and nothing else, on account of his weak digestion. After breakfast there were more lessons—hard, dry, dreary lessons, accompanied with much rebuke. There was a French master, and a dancing master, and a writing master, and a fencing master; there was a music master also, and I don't know how many besides. Poor Johnny's head was very very bad before dinner-time: it seemed to him to be made up of plates of red-hot iron welded together with boiling lead. Dinner! Only one dish—roast mutton—a piece of stale bread, and a glass of water! Oh how Johnny yearned for a hunk of bread and cheese and a slice of onion. There were more lessons after dinner, and after that—the pony. But by this time Johnny was so sick and weary he begged hard that he might be allowed to go to bed. Mr. Sterne could not hear of it. So he mounted the white pony, saw a little girl, as tired as himself, on a cream-coloured pony, was escorted by servants in gold and colours, and felt most miserable.

As Johnny rode by the pastures where he was wont to take care of the sheep, he saw his own very self looking, oh so happy, among the sheep, with old "Brownie"—that was the dog—full of his gambols. What would he not have given to jump off the pony's back and be himself again, but he could not do it! As he rode on he began to say to himself, "Why should I be shut up in a big house, and made do this and that and the other? why—ah, I wish —," and then he fell into a reverie.

When the ride was over he went back to the great house, and with the little lady who had ridden with him, was ushered into a state-room, where a lot of gentlemen in white waistcoats were eating fruit and drinking wine. He had to stop there for almost half an hour without speaking a word, and was regaled with one small bunch of grapes. At the end of the half hour he was taken away by Mr. Sterne, in whose presence he partook of a cup of milk and water with a piece of dry toast. Then he was sent to bed, as miserable a boy as could have been found within the four seas.

In his sleep came the fairy to him.

"Mortal child, are you pleased with the change?"

"Oh no, good fairy—let me be my own very self again. Brownie is a good dog, I love the dear old sheep, and I so long to be with grandfather."

"But what of the white pony?"

"I don't want the white pony. I like to be myself; I will never envy anybody again. Good, kind fairy, take me home."

And when Johnny awoke he was at home; and did not he enjoy his breakfast! and as he went after the sheep, with Brownie up to all manner of tricks, did not he say to himself, "*I wish*"—(ah! that sounds dangerous, but it was not)—*I wish I may never wish to change my lot again!*"

The punishment which follows each outbreak of violent temper in a child, though in some measure necessary to enforce self-control, does little or nothing towards counteracting the inward disposition which leads to violence, while it may, if frequent, break down the fine spirit which often accompanies such tempers. But if every endeavour were turned to cultivating kindness and love towards all living creatures, and a humble view of the child's own merits and claims upon others, the very sources of angry emotions would be gradually dried up, while the warmth and eagerness which generally form part of the same disposition would remain unimpaired.—*Emily Shirreff on Education.*

MY GARDEN.

NO. I.

As I look on the bleak and desolate prospect which meets one's eyes when winter has fairly set in, or before it has fairly taken its departure, I can quite understand the French saying, "that nothing is so *triste* as the country in the depth of winter." But it is not an English sentiment. The love for the sports of the field, so general amongst us, of itself tends to take away from many this *sadness*; while the almost universal love for gardening in some of its many branches ever gives an interest, no matter what the season may be. Our love of home and all its sweet and blessed associations no doubt fosters this feeling, and long may that word, unknown to the Frenchman, and almost unknown in its spirit, be dear to us.

When the ground is covered with snow, and frost is nipping up many a green thing round us, the lover of the garden has still his pleasures; and let it be confessed, too, those anxieties which, after all, add a zest to the pleasure. Underneath that snowy mantle lie the long rows of early peas, which we anticipate are to give us such a treat by and by. There again are beds of early spring flowers, whose beauties we hope to rejoice in—the glowing ranunculus, the gaudy tulip, the sweet-smelling hyacinth are there, ready to burst forth in their due time, and in their resurrection to give us many a blessed lesson of the beauty that springs from decay. Then again we have our gladiolus bulbs to examine, and as we look at the dry and sombre-looking corn, we wonder what sort of a bloom we shall have, and what these new varieties will be like, about which so much has been said. Yea, the leafless rose trees, the frames closely covered up, have all an interest to us. "I wonder what you can see in those plants, with only just three or four leaves on them," has been said to me, more than once; and yet over my favourite clematis I could and have spent many a quiet hour, my thoughts meanwhile often wandering to things higher and better than those with which my hands were occupied.

It is this almost universal love of gardening that leads me to believe that the readers of the "People's Magazine" will be glad to read from time to time some notice of passing events in the horticultural world; and to gain such information as one who has for five-and-thirty years been in one way or another interested in a garden is able to give; and hence from my own garden I desire to look into and consider the gardens of our readers. What a wide circle of clients one will have. In quiet country parsonages, in the outskirts of our large towns, in wild and stormy cottages, in snug and sheltered homesteads, it will be read: the mechanic, as he returns from his daily work; the labourer, as his boy comes home from the school with its new number in his hand; the fair maiden, to whom a flower is an emblem of that life on which she is entering, tinged with all its rosy hues, will scan its pages. Can I say something that will suit them all? Perhaps so—and as my object will be not merely to encourage those who already possess a garden, but to stimulate others who have been deterred by difficulties from attempting it, even on however small a scale, it may not perhaps be uninteresting if I tell them a few of the difficulties I have experienced and triumphed over, through a love for flowers which would not be baffled; for here, as in other things, it is true "love conquers all things."

Twenty-five years ago I was living at a quiet seaside spot, half town half village, but now a fashionable watering-place, as I believe completely spoiled. Circumstances made it necessary for me to take a small cottage, and as one was to be had which overlooked the sea, I took it. It was in a very exposed position, on

a cliff: the surface of the cliff had been excavated some feet, and in this the cottage, a martello tower, had been built. Could I make a garden here? The coast-guardsmen who inhabited the opposite cottage laughed at the idea. "Why, bless you sir, I have had my cabbages blown clean out of the ground; and what chance would your flowers have?" I will try, I said. I had to make a shelter first, for nothing living could be planted, as it would have been blown to tatters in a short time. I therefore drove in some stakes, obtained from one of my parishioners a quantity of gorse, wove it between the stakes, and, my fence made, set to work to grow my flowers; and had such ranunculuses, carnations, pinks, &c., as made my little plot a sort of pilgrimage for all lovers of flowers in the parish. Ah! but I hear some one say, you had fresh air, and no smoke to battle with. What would you do if you lived in a town, with only a little square bit of yard behind your house, which would be one of a row? Well, my friend, I have an experience on that point, too. After I had lived for two or three years in the cottage referred to above, I moved into a lovely spot in the same parish, a mile from the sea, embosomed in verdant hills, with a brawling stream running through the grounds. How I revelled in my garden here may well be imagined, but a change again became necessary; and again, nearly five hundred miles away from my former position, I found myself at the seaside; but oh, what a change! A cockney watering-place, a small house, a back-yard some twenty feet by fourteen, was a terrible descent. This back-yard was laid down in grass, and with a narrow border round it; closed in by houses, and getting very little indeed of the sun, and a plentiful supply of the "blacks." Still I was determined not to be beaten. I did not as my neighbours, I saw, had been doing, strive to grow scarlet-runners and cabbages, but flowers; and so far did I succeed, that before the end of the summer I had some asking to see "my garden," and others seeking for cuttings. And even now, living where I do, it is in some sense gardening under difficulties. My garden has no beauty in itself; it is a piece fenced off from a field, and exposed to every wind that blows. Its only merit is, that what I grow in it is good.

It will thus be seen that I am neither a kid glove gardener, nor a mere theorist, and hence I claim to be in some measure qualified to give advice; and as little is to be done now beyond that ordinary routine which every penny newspaper will inform people of, I would give one or two pieces of advice to all who garden. Firstly, *do not attempt to grow anything which is unsuited for your gardens.* Had I attempted to grow dahlias or roses in the places alluded to, I should have miserably failed; but I only grew what the situation would enable me to. So if you have no heat in winter, do not grow tender plants; be content with what is hardy, and capable of resisting frost; if your space is confined, or subject to draught, do not grow roses; if you have a small greenhouse, don't try vines and plants too. "Cut your coat according to your cloth" is an old and common proverb; it is very true here. Then, secondly, *don't buy seeds or plants because they are so very cheap.* "Such a bargain, you know, sir." In nothing is it better economy or more politic than to deal with those who have a reputation to keep up, and whom you have found to be honest. What can be more disappointing than to wait for weeks to see your seeds grow, and then find that only a few germinate; or to expect a fine bed of bloom, and find to your disgust that you have only got rubbish. Therefore I say do not practise a false economy. You may save your money by not sowing so thickly, and get a good crop; but by all means deal with persons of established character. By attending to these points two elements of success will be attained.

D. DEAL.

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

I.—THE MOTHER WITH HER CHILDREN.

SOME one has called the boy the "father of the man," but the "mother" is more especially the parent of the child. The very pulses of its life throb responsively with hers, from her heart it springs into being, and her heart should be its natural shelter and resting-place while life lasts. Let the mother be high or low, rich or poor, the well-being of her children, spiritually and physically, should claim, next to her duty to God and to her husband, her most watchful attention. Indeed these three duties are so interwoven with each other that to discover them seems impossible. A Christian mother will long to lead her children to the feet of the Saviour, and the loving wife will regard with more tender affection the children with which God has blessed a happy union. The cares of a mother for her child commence with its first throb of life. Who can describe the thousand hopes and fears for her little one which agitate the bosom of a *true* mother? Hopes that fill her heart with a bliss so exquisite as to render it impossible to be poured forth in words; and fears that sweep across her spirit, filling her with anxiety and trembling for its future. The father most generally provides for the maintenance of his child, but of necessity is separated from it for many hours of the day; the nature of his engagements—let him be a man of property, or a professional man, a shopkeeper, a tradesman, or a labourer—taking him from his family, and perhaps only allowing him to catch, as it were, a passing view of his children morning and evening.

The mother who gives up her precious babe to the charge of a hired nurse loses one of the sweetest enjoyments of maternity. No one but a mother can tell the thrill of happiness that fills her heart as she gazes upon her child, and feels it drawing its life from her life; the soft clasp of its baby fingers, the loving gaze of its wistful eyes seeking hers, and the gentle satisfied "coo" of its infant voice, enter into her spirit through a thousand avenues of feeling, binding her to her child with cords of love unutterable. No one except a mother can discern with the quick eye of affection the dawning intellect of the child; she sees the first light of the *spirit* in its awakened glance, and from that moment should begin its spiritual culture. Long before it can give utterance to its thoughts the infant watches, and takes note of, the expression of its mother's face, and her raised voice or agitated manner make immediate and lasting impressions. It is well known that what we learn in childhood remains longest impressed on the mind and memory; and bearing this thought in mind, the mother should carefully guard as much as she possibly can against stamping on her child the remembrance of scenes in which her indulged passions of anger and displays of temper are depicted, first terrifying the child by their violence, and ending in leading it to indulge in the same ebullitions.

As the infant begins to grow out of babyhood, and advance into the realms of childhood, who is so fit to guide its unskilled footsteps as the mother? Deprived of her help and sympathy, the little one is thrown back upon itself; its joys and sorrows are driven back into its heart unshared, or strangers become the recipients of its confidences. It is a sorrowful sight when the child seeks sympathy from any one but its mother; if it does not run first to her with all its joys and all its woes—little pleasures and little sorrows in the eyes of grown-up people, but of immense magnitude to the child—it is a proof that something in her conduct to it has been radically wrong. The mother should ever be ready to hear the story of the grievance or the happiness, let the trouble be what it may. The child goes away with its heart lightened of its burden if it has been poured forth on the sympathizing bosom of its mother; and if it brings its joy to be shared by her, how doubly sweet the joy itself becomes to the little one! The parent's eye brightens and answers back the flashing glances of her child, and as it springs from her arms, with her kiss of congratulation warm upon its lips, the heart of the little one bounds with added pleasure, as it feels "mother was pleased also."

Perfect confidence should exist between mother and child. If the mind of the child is a closed book to her, how can a mother ever hope to read its workings? On what basis can she build the fair structure of character she wishes to behold in her offspring? All is to her a blank; she is forced to act in the dark; its wishes, feelings, hopes, and aspirations, are hidden from her gaze, as are also the dispositions to evil, of which even the heart of a child has its full supply. How can she cherish the good impulses and correct the bad, if both are alike concealed from her? Sad indeed is it if the mirthful voice of a child

becomes mute when its mother appears; if its play is abandoned, its bounding step restrained, the erect head and buoyant carriage turned to a frightened, drooping attitude; and the eye, lately so brilliant with gladness and animation, steals furtive glances at her, anxious to be freed from her presence. Oh mothers! great is your responsibility; awake to its full importance. Draw the hearts of your children to you by the cords of love; let them feel that in you they may trust with all the full confidence of innocent childhood; never by your coldness send back the warm current of their love chilled to its source; never by severity check the outpourings of their confidence; never by want of sympathy turn them from you, disappointed and grieved, to hide their feelings from your sight in future, or to repose them in some more congenial bosom. God has given you those little ones fresh from his hand; see that you keep them pure, as far as in you lies. Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" and will you, their mothers, keep them at a distance from you?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

THE wonderful structure, when closely survey'd,
So fair in itself, and so fearfully made,
If rightly your famous Enigma I scan,
Ingenious propounder, is certainly MAN.
How vainly all human invention must strive,
A frame of such exquisite parts to contrive;
The box, like a cabinet, quickly is guess'd,
And this I must surely pronounce is the CHEST.
Two *kids* we should certainly see with surprise
On the chest, but we know there are two on the EYES.
I look for the caps, and I find them with ease,
Though not on the head, yet they're both on the KNEES;
The musical instruments, plainly and clear,
At once I discern in the DRUMS of the ear.
In the measures so true, without fraud or deceit,
I certainly count twenty NAILS and two FEET;
While a glance at the carpenter's box never fails
To find in abundance all sizes of NAILS.
I sought for the *fishes*, and easily found
Them both in the SOLES of my feet on the ground;
And soon as the risible MUSCLES were caught,
Found *fishes* within me far more than I thought.
The trees that for service so gracefully stand,
Are both of them PALMS: I have one on each hand;
And each of the beautiful flowers that I seek,
I find in the ROSES that bloom on the cheek.
The fruits that we English so thoroughly prize,
I know to be APPLES, the two of the eyes;
The two playful animals, what can be these
But the CALVES? yes, the two on your legs if you please;
And the lesser ones, those that are countless, you say,
Are HARES, whether sandy, or black, brown, or gray.
For the halls of devotion I paused, till I said,
Exactly, the TEMPLES! I've two on my head;
And weapons of war, though not made for alarms,
At once I discern'd, and pronounced to be ARMS.
The weathercocks, all as they move in their place,
In the VEINS that run through me I clearly can trace;
T'was long ere the steps of the tavern I found,
Till I came to the INN-STEPS, so close to the ground.
And what, when debates are appointed to close,
Says the Speaker, but sharply, the AYES and the NOES?
The scholars, when stripp'd of their transient disguise,
Are found to be PUPILS; yes, those of the eyes.
And then as to waiters, those Spanish grandees,
There can be no question, the TENDONS are these.
For the spicy production that certainly comes
From the east, I undoubtedly fix on the GUMS.
The spheres in their orbs, though contracted in size,
I see with a glance are the BALLS of the eyes;
And the scourges so light, like inflictions of love,
Are eye-LASHES, fixed both below and above.
The badge of true royalty clearly I see,
What else but the CROWN on the head can it be?
And what is the animal, graceful and fleet,
But the HEART, to be kept in the inmost retreat?
Wild fruits that the chemist his jalap supplies,
Are HIPS, both the two that are joined to the thighs.
Now solved is the problem; and told in full measure
Each component part of its wonderful treasure.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



PART II.

CHAPTER I.

PENNIE HAS A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.

A NEW era opened in the life of Mr. Wynyard's ward when she parted with Mr. Tindal at Mayfield garden-door. There was a long probation before her, which found her a girl, and made her a woman. She moped at first, and her friends were universally of

opinion that the time was come to give her a glimpse of the world.

"Get her away from Eastwold, and let her have a bit of touring and pleasuring," said her mother. "La! bless you! shut a lass up, and she'll eat her heart out, but she'll fall in love with somebody."

In finer phrase Mrs. Wynyard expressed the same sentiment. So also did the Dame at Brackenfield, and the Dame's married daughters. Even Millicent Forester, who knew Pennie best, was inclined to think

Pen might forget her girlish idyll, when she was a year or two wiser in the world's wisdom. At all events, let her have leisure for second thoughts, the opportunity of wider choice; no fear that with her fortune, notwithstanding her plain face, but she would have suitors enough.

But who was to take charge of her? Who was to give her her glimpse of the world? Mrs. Wynyard had too many ties at home. Mrs. Croft had no *entrée* in polite society. Pennie got dreadfully impatient when she heard herself and her prospects, day after day, under discussion. For a full fortnight she was bent on leading a nun's life, until she and her lover could be happily reunited, beyond the power of stony-hearted guardians to separate them any more—for a whole fortnight, the longest in her life during which no whisper of Mr. Tindal reached her. At the end of those fourteen weary days came two letters: her mother's periodical gossip, in which the Abbey was casually mentioned as being *left to itself*; and a kind epistle from Lady Goodwin, who wrote to say that she and Sir Andrew were going abroad in September for Sir Andrew's health, and that if Pennie were pleased to travel in their company, they should be happy to afford her their escort.

Pennie could not have believed there was *spring* enough left in her heavy heart to make such a bound as it made at this reading. She coloured unconsciously; and Mrs. Wynyard, under whose consideration the proposal had been brought, in a long previous correspondence with her sister, was at no loss to interpret these signs of emotion. Pennie handed her the letter. She perused it, and then said—"Well, Pennie, what do you think of it? I think you cannot do better than accept Lady Goodwin's offer."

Pennie was clearly of the same opinion, but she had a little struggle with her inclination. Was it faithful to give up being miserable? Whether it was faithful or not, something within her protested that it would soon be a physical impossibility to remain so. She ate well, she slept well, she had her health in perfection—prosaic facts to record of a young woman in her bereaved condition; but youth be her excuse, and youthful confidence in her life all coming right by-and-by.

It was settled, of course, that Pennie should go abroad. Sir Andrew Goodwin, worthy man, grumbled a little. He didn't see why they should encumber themselves with the responsibility of an heiress. "We shall have a pack of foreign fortune-hunters after her—that is where it will be," he told his wife.

"Who need know that she has a fortune?" replied she, and pacified his fears.

There were yet some weeks to elapse before Pennie set forth to see the world. She contrived to pass them not unhappily. She had quite made up her mind. "If we both live, as soon as I am free, I know what I shall do;" and once thus resolved, present times and things came easier to her. Or, if sorrowful reminiscence and anticipation got now and then the better of her philosophy, she ordered out her pony, enjoyed a canter over the airy, blossomy moor, and came back refreshed in heart and hope. Pennie was, in fact, herself again.

There were rumours of war in the world at this time; Russians and Turks fighting on the Danube—battle of Oltenitza, massacre of Sinope, on the old,

immemorial pattern of war; English and French fleets sailing round to Sebastopol, and blockading Russia in her Black Sea fortress, to know the reason why.

It was a lovely September afternoon when the Goodwins and Pennie crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne—a mere pleasure trip. Sir Andrew had his *Times*, over which he fell into conversation with a tall, ancient personage, white-bearded and soldierly. The probability of England entering into the quarrel was their topic. Pennie heard their talk without much heeding it. Peace and war—they were only sounds to her, echoes of pages in school-books, unreal, unrealized. She had not yet committed herself to a daily perusal of newspapers. She knew nothing of the evils and sins, and miseries and tragedies, that are in the world, except by deduction from the one tragedy that influenced her own life. Therefore when the white-bearded gentleman said to Sir Andrew authoritatively—"We shall certainly have war; we *must* have war; and not a little war either," the words drifted by her ears with the very slightest significance.

A sentence in the next letter she received from her mother put meaning into them. Mrs. Croft wrote—"The Abbey is likely to be left to itself a long while. The master is gone to the East. They say here that he has volunteered to help the Turks, who have been getting up a quarrel with the Christians. But surely he could never be such a heathen as that. A Turk is a Turk, and knows no better, poor creature; but Mr. Tindal was taught at school and church, and his mother was a pious woman as ever stepped. If what I hear is true, I shall begin to think worse of him than ever I thought yet. And I hope you are getting him out of your head."

Pennie was doing anything but getting him out of her head. When they reached Paris, her first expedition was to Hachette's, to buy all the books, pamphlets, and papers that would explain to her the rise and progress of the war-cloud in the East. Mr. Tindal was there; she had not a doubt of it. And if he was there, it was for some noble purpose, she felt sure. Perhaps he was gone to seek the opportunity of honourable fame—to redeem his wasted life by some grand act which would compel all true men to accord him their trust again. In Pennie's imagination he was already exalted into a warrior and a hero. She had no heart-aching fears for his safety. Indeed, to herself she avowed it, she would have had a proud consolation in his making a glorious end, if he left a glorious name, in the light of which the black calumny that eclipsed it now might be overpowered and done away. Her sentiment was a new reading of the old lyric: she could not have loved her lover so much, had she not loved his honour more than himself. If Providence had made her the opportunity, she would have told him so.

To come down from aspirations to realities. Lady Goodwin was pleased with Pennie. She discerned large capabilities of improvement in her. "You call her ugly—in my opinion her face is twenty times more striking and attractive than half the pretty insipidities one sees," was her dictum delivered to a fashionable matron of her acquaintance—no other, indeed, than Lady Brooke, who was also in Paris with her husband.

"Yes; I call her hopelessly ugly—impracticably ugly," replied the fat, fair dame.

"With her nice eyes, clean-cut mouth and chin, and soft, spotless complexion?"

"Complexion—she has no complexion. Her skin is smooth enough, but it is only one tint lighter than a gipey."

"In two or three years, when she is a woman and not a girl, I do not hesitate to predict that she will be very much admired. She has not done growing yet. I shall put her into the hands of a good dressmaker and a good milliner, and they will do her justice."

Lady Goodwin developed excellent qualities as a *chaperone*. She had not been very enthusiastic about Pennie to begin with; but a few weeks' intimate acquaintance brought her to a thorough enjoyment of her office. Mr. Wynyard's ward began now to be made the most of. A splendid Madame, from the *Rue de la Paix*, instructed her in the artistic powers of dress; and, as Pennie was gifted with a fine sense of the fitness of things, she learnt aptly and appreciated the lesson. About shapes and fashions, said the Frenchwoman, she had no ground for anxiety; a sack would not disguise the *velles* elegance of her figure; colour would be her *Soylla*, ornament her *Charybdis*. Let her therefore study colour and ornament. Pennie, though willing to be well-dressed, laughed and moralized over the serious business made of it. But the Frenchwoman was far too conscientious, far too deeply impressed with the dignities and responsibilities of her profession, to laugh—she moralized, in fact, more soundly than Pennie.

"Who affects to despise clothing is foolish," said she. "Clothing, it is the outward expression of the inward sentiment. A woman ill-dressed is a mind ill-cultivated, is a soul dead of feeling. The perfect dress is suitable, is neat, is of consequence charming. It is impossible to love the woman who goes all *so*." A gesture of the hands, expressive of tawdry slip-sloppiness, completed Madame's little oration.

A ball at the British Embassy was to be the scene of Pennie's *début* in Paris—her first glimpse of the great world. Lady Goodwin assured her before they set out that she could not possibly look nicer. Her own glass had told her the same. She did not like yellow in the abstract, but she could not deny that the yellow silk, white tulle, and golden wheat-ears that composed and embellished her attire, added a quite novel lustre to her polished neck, her arms, her dusky visage; that, though as far as ever from being pretty, Madame's genius had brought out all her latent powers of being picturesque. The fame of her great fortune had gone before her, and was generally known in the English society of Paris. Lady Brooke had proclaimed her ugliness as a heavy drawback on her more solid attractions, but Pennie did not strike strangers as being at all unreasonably ugly. Several persons of taste and distinction requested an introduction to her—for dancing purposes, of course. And then it came out that Pennie would not dance—*could* not dance, as ladies dance in Paris. Lady Goodwin was positively distressed.

"You ought to have begun to take lessons the day we arrived," whispered she. "I take blame to myself for my forgetfulness. Yes—I quite recollect your little style at Brackenfield and Norminster Ball, your little capers and twirls that made Uncle Christopher laugh. That was the fashion fifty years ago—I am quite grieved: but we will not have you make an exhibition of yourself. Better sit still than do that."

So Pennie sat still, not at all disconsolately. Her only dancing-master had been a wizened, very old Swiss, originally a valet, married to an English cook, who lived at Allan Bridge, and combined instruction in fencing, in dancing, and in the French language, with the trade of hairdresser, barber, and perfumer. Eskdale availed itself of his services in every capacity, and was perfectly satisfied with the result so long as it stayed at home. Pennie looked so new, primitive, and pleased with all she saw, that when she offered this rustic fact to Mr. Clifford, a very serene Englishman, in explanation of her second refusal to *valse* with him, he pronounced her simplicity *delicious*. He would not have appreciated it so highly, if he had not been assured that she was worth more than her weight in gold—literally speaking, worth more than her weight in gold. Pennie had been so described, and the description clung to her.

"Vitz is de littel Englis gel dat is worse more zan her weight in gold?" was asked in a shrill whisper behind her, while the serene Englishman in front was holding her in light ball-room conversation. Pennie laughed silently, thoroughly appreciating the fun of the inquiry. Another voice—the unmistakable growl of a Briton—made answer that all little English girls were worth more than their weight in gold; and Pennie's acquaintance, glancing quickly round, said, "What, Bangham, are you here?"

"I wish I was anywhere else. Paris is confoundedly like an oven, and this is the hottest corner of it. How d'ye do?" Captain Bangham held out his hand, and the countrymen exchanged the national greeting.

"Well, d'ye think we shall go to war?" was the next question.

"Not a doubt of it. Can't understand what the Government means, shilly-shallying like this. Much better show 'em we mean it, and give 'em it hot and strong at once. That is what I say."

"That is what everybody says, both here and in London. There are not two opinions about it." The friends moved off, and Lady Brooke sailed, a great white luminous cloud, into the space Mr. Clifford had vacated. She loomed largely benignant over Pennie, hoped she was enjoying her first Paris ball, and regretted not to see her better engaged than sitting still. She offered to try to find her a partner—she had no doubt she could.

"Thank you," said Pennie; "but it would be of no use, for I cannot dance." Then she had to explain. Lady Brooke was amazed; urged her to try—anything passed for dancing now-a-days; her friends would make allowance.

"I am very well entertained. The music is lovely. I do not at all care for sitting still," replied Pennie, confused by the tone of compassionate patronage with which it was Lady Brooke's whim to address her.

"What an odd little creature you are! I suppose it would be impossible to make you look or think like other people. I should so much like to ask you a question. I can see through your glove that you still wear the bride-ring of Rood." Pennie coloured slightly, and her air betrayed that she did not like the turn of the conversation. Lady Brooke became only the more inquisitive. "Tell me," whispered she, "do you hold to your pledge? I know your guardians have refused to recognize any sort of engagement between you and Mr. Tindal; but do you adhere to it yourselves?"

"I shall not deny it; but I do not acknowledge your right to catechize me," said Pennie, flushing deeper and deeper.

Lady Brooke only smiled superior at the little country girl's rebuff. She had learned all she wished to know; and within five minutes she had apprized a dear, deeply-indebted friend, on the look-out for a good match to retrieve his fortunes, that in her judgment it would be only love's labour lost to pay court to Penelope Croft.

Lady Goodwin had a *chaperone's* eye on her charge the whole night; but she had too many friends and acquaintances to greet and chat with for more than this. It was certainly tiresome to bring a girl to a ball who could not dance, especially a girl whom twenty people wanted to dance with.

"If you could have danced, Pennie, your *début* might have been quite a success," she said to her just before supper. "Instead of that, it is almost a failure, and Lady Brooke is going about pitying you."

"I don't care," said Pennie. "There is nobody here I should like to dance with—nobody I mind ever meeting again."

She was not sorry, however, when Mr. Clifford reappeared, and after a word or two with Lady Goodwin, proposed to conduct her charge to the supper-room. He had a very agreeable manner—quiet, easy, kind. She was not afraid of him. He was not young, and he looked rather fatigued and tired of everything but the little pleasure he took in her freshness. This was obvious. It set Pennie free to enjoy in her own fashion. He led her to supper, fed her with dainties such as girls love, then escorted her through the long suite of rooms, the conservatories, the lamp-lit gardens, and back again to Lady Goodwin's sheltering wing. As Pennie resumed her seat, Mr. Clifford whispered an aside to her *chaperone*: "Lady Goodwin, she is *charming*." Pennie's first sip of flattery—she found it sweet. When Mr. Clifford assisted her presently to the carriage the conscious intoxication of it was in her eyes and in her voice. She responded to his calm "Good-night" with a gentle flutter of the nerves. Come to herself again, she thought what a little, silly fool she was; the fact being that she knew nothing yet of the world, and very little of herself.

The next day Mr. Clifford called upon Sir Andrew and Lady Goodwin at their hotel. The carriage had just been brought round to take them for a drive with Pennie to St. Cloud. They proposed that he should fill the vacant seat, and come with them. He consented—he had no engagement that he could remember. All very listlessly, he said it. Pennie felt what an interesting person he was: he must have a history with that manner, certainly. Sir Andrew Goodwin was sometimes rather sarcastic in his sententious speeches, and as the conversation engaged and grew animated between Mr. Clifford and his wife, Pennie divined that the Yorkshire squire did not admire—did not quite believe in the *blasé* citizen of the world; that if good manners had not forbidden, he would more than once have cried "*Fudge!*" to his sentiments. They were old acquaintances: the men had indeed been boys together at Eton, and had a score of reminiscences in common to recall, in many of which Lady Goodwin held her place. Mr. Clifford had visited at Brackenfield some years before. He had also been at Eskdale—at Rood Abbey, as it presently revealed

itself to Pennie. He spoke of himself, in fact, as Hugh Tindal's friend. For obvious reasons, Sir Andrew tried to turn the conversation; Mr. Clifford, unaware of them, persevered.

"Dreadful fate to be cut off in that sudden way. It has never been cleared up yet, has it?" He was told it had not. "I see a woman's hand in it—always did. Scandalous thing to lay it to his brother." Pennie experienced a fresh movement of sympathy towards Mr. Clifford. Lady Goodwin interposed with some inquiry about the lady whom the Emperor had just exalted from a private station to share his throne. There was ten minutes good talk on that topic, and then the carriage was at the park-gate of St. Cloud.

They did not go over the palace, but they walked for an hour in the park and in the formal gardens, and then drove back to Paris as they had come. There was no second allusion to the Rood Abbey tragedy; and when they arrived in the courtyard of the hotel Mr. Clifford took his leave and went his way.

He went his way then, but he came back several times again. Sir Andrew asked his wife what he meant by it, the inveterate dangler. "I'm sure," said the Squire, "it is not for love of my company, and I do not think it is for love of yours." Lady Goodwin suggested that it might be for love of Pennie's.

"Don't encourage that—he'll never marry her. There is not a prouder man on the face of the earth. A word of her kith and kin would rout all your schemes. And for the fellow himself, he is so consequential, though he is nothing and has nothing, that a woman of at all inferior rank would be cursed with such a companion. Let us have no match-making, my dear, whatever we have. I shall tell him hers is a railway-mania fortune."

Lady Goodwin felt slightly disappointed. She fancied her prosperous mate was rather hard on Mr. Clifford, who began life with his way to make, and thus far had made it by no means effectually. He was a lover of pleasure, a lover of ease; his fine person was a little decaying, his moderate fortune was long since mortgaged. Even to men of the world the most knowing, it was a mystery how he kept up the game—dined well, lodged well, dressed well; had admission to desirable houses, and napoleons always in his pocket. It must be play—he must know a trick or two on the cards, was the common explanation. Perhaps he did. But he staved off the desperate air of those who have only luck to depend on. He might more than once have established himself by a moneyed match, but he formed a mistaken estimate of his deserts. He wanted nothing less than all—birth, youth, breeding, beauty, and fortune. He was not even yet—after several failures—disabused of the expectation that he should get them. Pennie possessed three of his essentials—youth, breeding, and fortune, and enough of attraction to stand in the place of beauty, but he knew nothing of her origin. For that, however, he thought her association with the respectable Goodwins voucher sufficient; and he had it seriously in contemplation, after he had been twice or thrice in her company, to pay her a little court, with such ultimate views as circumstances might decide on. This business, very cautiously conducted, brought him often to the hotel at an hour when the ladies were in; took him of an evening to their resorts, to theatre and opera; and caused him to make his diurnal ride in the same direc-

tion as they made their drive. Pennie was always pleasant, always gratified when he appeared.

"The little jade," said Sir Andrew; "I do believe she is encouraging him!" For though the object of showing her the world was to detach her mind from Mr. Tindal, men approve a constant woman. And Pennie was faithful at heart; but there is an influence in agreeable, delicately-flattering assiduity. Mr. Clifford made Paris a much more charming abode to her than it would have been in his absence.

There was no sort of explanation, nor was there any abrupt break in their intimacy. Sir Andrew mentioned one day, incidentally, how and when Pennie's money-bags were filled; and Mr. Clifford, without surprise or emotion, detailed an unhappy venture of his own at that epoch. There was an end of serious speculation on the heiress's future, but he continued to be kind and cordial; for he thought her a nice little girl—a nice little girl, moreover, with a very promising leaning towards admiration of himself. Pennie never guessed what her yeoman-blood had caused her to miss. She knew what it was to love and be loved. She thought Mr. Clifford had helped to make Paris pleasant; but she was quite ready to have Florence and Rome made pleasant in the same way by somebody else. Sir Andrew, when he found this out, declared to his wife that Pennie was a flirt. Lady Goodwin knew better. Society exhilarated the country-bred girl; she liked it, though she was a little off her balance in it. But she looked the best and the happiest in those quiet hours of scenery-mooning, when she could escape every-day talk, and let her roving imagination loose after Mr. Tindal. She did a great deal of day-dreaming in this fashion; but she always returned from her flights at call, and entered into every traveller's scheme with girlish satisfaction and energy. Just before they left Paris for Italy, in October, Lady Goodwin wrote to Mrs. Wynyard: "Pennie does not worry us by parading any widow's airs; but I do not think she has swerved a straw's breadth from her resolve to be Mr. Tindal's wife."

This communication came circuitously about to Mr. Hargrove's ears. He received it with much complacency. "We must give her time. Two years more will try her," said he to Mrs. Croft. "There is no haste for her to marry at all yet—she is only a child." The widow, in a sense, agreed with him—but she did hope Pennie would marry—and young.

"Of course she will—why should she not?" said the lawyer, encouragingly. But at the same time he entertained a lively hope that Mr. Wynyard's ward would prove long and obstinately rebellious. He had not quite liked the going abroad scheme; he professed to think such a rich heiress would run a thousand dangers from the pursuit of English ne'er-do-weels and foreign sharpers. Lady Goodwin's information was of a kind to relieve his fears, and they were relieved accordingly. Dr. Grey also was pleased by it, but for other reasons. He was glad Pennie was stanch to his unfortunate friend. "And she will be if she is worth a chip," was his bold reply to Mrs. Wynyard when she apprised him of the fact.

SINCERITY is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

Few people, looking at a clock or watch, give any thought to the immense amount of labour and calculation bestowed upon the instruments by which we measure time. That much interesting information is to be gained upon the subject, is proved by Mr. Edward J. Wood's recently published book, entitled "Curiosities of Clocks and Watches," which gives an account of many famous ones, and of various methods of measuring the hours and minutes. The earliest ways in which time was mapped out were rude enough, but we shall see how invention made rapid strides.

Time was first measured by the sun, the gnomon, or sun-dial, being probably invented by the Babylonians: it was of the form still familiar to us at the present day, and therefore needs no description. Water was the next agent employed, and water-clocks, or clepsydræ, were used first in Athenian courts of justice, to regulate the length of time that the advocates were allowed when pleading. The clepsydra was very like an hour-glass, and on precisely the same principle, water being substituted for sand: the fluid issued drop by drop through a small hole in a vessel that contained it, and fell into a receiver, in which some light floating body marked the height of the water as it rose, and by these means the flight of time was measured. The famous Temple of the Winds at Athens was a gigantic water-clock. They were soon made to strike at certain



hours, and sand-glasses also came into use. Alfred the Great, as is well known, used candle-clocks, which were looked after by one of his domestic chaplains; but many centuries elapsed before wheel-clocks were invented, and the exact period cannot be accurately settled. They were first used probably in the monasteries of Europe, and afterwards became more widely known. The first wheel-clock in England, according to Mr. Wood, was most likely that of old St. Paul's; and it was a very curious one, having automaton figures which struck the time, and which were called "Paul's Jacks." The present clock of St. Paul's is also a noteworthy one, and was made in 1708. The hour numerals are over two feet in length, the minute hands eight or nine feet long, and the hour hands five or six—weighing respectively seventy-five and forty-four pounds each. It is interesting to compare this gigantic clock with a watch made by Arnold, in 1764, for George III., which was set in a ring, and weighed only a few grains. It was so small, indeed, that the tools for its manufacture had all to be made by the watch-maker himself, specially for the purpose; and it contained the first ruby cylinder ever made. Clocks soon became common, and various improvements upon them were adopted, until they not only denoted the time of day, but the days of the year and month, eclipses of the sun and moon, and motions of the planets, all this of course involving the most curious

and complicated machinery. A famous clock of this kind was that of Strasburg Cathedral, the maker of which is said to have become blind before he had finished his work, but completed it notwithstanding his misfortune. Like the Jacks of old St. Paul's clock, automaton figures strike the quarters; and on the top is the figure of a cock, which flaps its wings and crows aloud twice in the day. Nearly as famous as this is the clock in the square of the Piazza di San Marco, in Venice, and it too has large bronze human figures, who with huge hammers strike the hours. The clock of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, was also a remarkable one, projecting over the street, like many clocks of city churches now. Two figures dressed as savages struck the hours, and many a countryman had his pockets emptied as he stopped to gaze at the unusual sight. Two similar figures have lately been set up in Cheapside, which, striking a large bell, attract a good deal of attention. The palace clock at Westminster is another large clock, its dials, twenty-two feet in diameter, being probably the largest in the world; it goes for a week, and has already cost upwards of 22,000*l*. Clocks have been made musical in various ways, playing tunes and imitating singing birds—but for descriptions of these and of many others, we must refer the reader to Mr. Wood's book, and briefly notice some of the more remarkable watches.

Weights keep a clock going, but the coiled spring setting the mechanism in motion is the motive power in a watch. This is said to have been invented in Nuremberg, some time in the fifteenth century. Sir Thomas Chamberlayne is credited with the introduction of them into this country; and in one of the halls at Oxford there is the picture of a lady who is said to have been the first wearer of a watch. However this may be, they soon became popular, not only as timekeepers, but as ornaments, being worn round the neck, and in rings and bracelets. At one time indeed it was the fashion to wear *two* watches, and when this was the case one was generally a dummy, often of gold or silver, and ornamented with precious stones. A very curious watch, of which we give a drawing from Mr. Wood's book, is one now in the possession of Sir John Dick Lauder, of Fountain Hall, which formerly belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. It is in the form of a skull, made of silver gilt, and is covered with tracery, figures, and Latin mottoes. The works of this watch are in the position of the brains in the skull; the dial is where the roof of the mouth would be; and it opens by lifting the under jaw, which rises on a hinge. Mary Queen of Scots had a number of watches, and this particular one was made at Blois. A memorial watch, also belonging to her, was enclosed in a case of transparent crystal, shaped like a coffin. Most of the early watches had bells on which the hours were struck, and the cases were perforated to let the sound pass out: they were large and heavy, and were commonly called pocket clocks. In the South Kensington Museum may be seen many early watches, illustrating the progress of watchmaking at different periods, which are exceedingly interesting. Watches, although not usually so highly ornamented as of old, have more care bestowed upon their works, and watchmaking has been brought to very great perfection. Chronometers, for finding the longitude at sea, must necessarily bear all possible variations of heat and cold without losing or gaining time, and they are subjected to the severest trials, being placed in ovens and freezing mixtures previous to being used on voyages. In 1839 a small watch, constructed principally of rock crystal, was presented by the maker, M. Rebellier, to the Academy of Science at Paris. The works were all visible, and made of sapphire and rock crystal, with springs of gold. One of the most elaborate and costly watches ever produced in England was made for the Sultan Abdul Medjid; it struck the hours, and cost one thousand two hun-

dred guineas. The watch presented by the Polish emigrants to Lord Dudley Stuart, in 1847, was a splendid specimen of foreign skill, made at Geneva. It was wound up and the hands set without a key, and was garnished with rubies.

Watch collecting has been a mania with some people, and there are hundreds of curious and valuable ancient and modern watches possessed by various individuals; but for descriptions of these, as in the case of the clocks, we must refer the reader to Mr. Wood's excellent book. Few things show so wonderfully as clocks and watches—with their marvellous mechanism producing such accurate results—what can be done by patient labour, aided by the inventive genius with which Providence has blessed mankind.

LITTLE MR. HUNTER.



LITTLE Mr. Hunter lives at the Hole in the Wall—not a public-house by any means, but a strictly private residence, never by any chance entered by any other person. In fact there is hardly room for any one else when Mr. Hunter happens to be at home; and I

would not advise anybody who could get into it during his absence, to do so, for fear of what might chance to the intruder should he catch him there. Not that Mr. Hunter is often at home to visitors; he is too much of a cosmopolitan

for that, and too fond of roving about in all directions, with an idea of turning his rambles to a profitable purpose. He is of a very ancient family; his pedigree indeed laughs to scorn the mushroom gentry who only "came in with the Conqueror;" his ancestors came in before conquerors were heard of, and long before pedigrees were invented. By which you perceive that Mr. Hunter does not belong to the *genus homo*. To cut the matter short, I may as well tell you at once that little Hunter is nothing more nor less than a spider, and that his hole in the wall is just one of five hundred holes and more in my garden wall—a crevice formed by the action of rain, wind, and frost, which have worked sundry interstices between the bricks.

But although Hunter is only a spider, I would have you know he is by no means a commonplace personage—not at all hey-fellow-well-met with everybody, and the probability is that unless you have been to particular pains to cultivate his acquaintance, you have never fallen in with him in all your life. You don't catch him spinning webs in the corners of your rooms, whether garret or cellar, or weaving his traps in the garden or shrubbery, as Mr. and Mrs. Spinner do, to snare the poor vagabond blue-bottles and daddy-long-legs when the evil days come upon them and the cutting winds of autumn give them the shivery-shakes. You don't catch him, either, crawling about like a walking lobster-pot in your meat-safe or preserve cupboard, or racing along the floor of an uncarpeted room, as you do catch some of his long-legged congeners at times when you least expect them. Neither does he ever come down upon you from the ceiling in the character of a pendulum's bob, and tap you on the nose as you sit at meals; nor does he take flights in the air like the gossamers, or stretch his telegraphic lines across

your path as you walk abroad. Not he: he cares for none of these common tricks, and is not fond of exhibiting at all; but, as worldly-wise people say, "keeps himself to himself" leading an independent and compact kind of existence foreign to spiders in general, who for the most part seem to have too much baggage and ill-defined paraphernalia belonging to them to admit of their travelling far of their own accord.

Let me introduce you to Mr. Hunter. There he sits on a vine-leaf on the look-out—*sits*, you will be so good as to observe, because he is the only spider, so far as I know, that *can* sit; and he does it not so much by squatting upon his hind quarters, but by straightening the joints of his fore-legs as well, thus throwing his head up in the air considerably, in a sort of frog-like attitude, by which means he is enabled to extend his views of things in general. His eight legs are not so decidedly hairy as those of Messrs. Spinner, and have a neat wiry look, suggesting the ideas of activity and strength. He wears a pepper-and-salt suit, which, if you examine it a little closely, you will see is striped with dark lines like those on the coat of the zebra, the stripes continuing over the legs, where, from their shortness, they have more the appearance of spots. His mandibles are pretty large, and he seems to have a tender regard for them, at least so one would guess from the way in which he fondles them, as it were, with his front legs, reminding you of young Mr. Jones (*genus homo*) caressing his sprouting monstache. His movements are extremely rapid, so rapid indeed that it is hard to conceive them to be voluntary, though of course they are; they resemble in no slight degree the fitful oscillations of the telegraph needle, or the darting flight of small pieces of steel under the influence of the magnet. But you see none of these rapid motions while he is sitting, as I have called it—he seems to sit up only to reconnoitre with a view to business.

But now there is business to be attended to; for lo! there comes a fly, an ordinary house-fly, just about the size of Mr. Hunter himself, barring his long wiry legs, and settles on the same leaf at the distance of four or five inches from him. Now, keep a sharp look-out, and note, if you can, what happens. Mr. Hunter, you see, has relinquished his sitting posture and sunk himself down as flat to the leaf as possible, his whole figure pointing in a direct line to the position occupied by the fly. Keep your eye on both of them, and mark what comes next. What comes next is just this—that while you have been looking at them "with all your eyes" both spider and fly have unaccountably disappeared, as if by magic: they are clean gone, and not a vestige of either is left—where, you have not the least notion; they seem to have vanished into nothingness, both of them, so thoroughly have your senses been cheated. But don't be alarmed, I will bring the gentleman back for you. Look here! I pass my forefinger under the vine-leaf just at that point where a line projected from Mr. Hunter's head as he couched for the spring, and through the body of the fly, would have touched the leaf's outer edge; and, lo! I bring up little Mr. H. hanging at the end of a yard of web and grappling the poor fly in his arms. That is how Mr. H. does business. When he saw the fly he made up his mind to bag him as being good for a dinner: without loss of time he fastened his web to the leaf, that it might serve for a ladder to get back upon, and also as an elastic break or safe-guard to save him from smashing his own head on the gravel-path below. It was the amazing swiftness of his leap that prevented your seeing it although you watched so narrowly. Had we not interfered, but waited for the event, we should have seen him, in some five minutes or so, scrambling over the edge of the leaf with his game, whence he would probably have carried it to his hole in the wall. It is worth remembering that this bold leaper has the faculty of calculating his distance exactly, in a way

not easily explained. I have seen him launch himself after his game from various heights—some as low as three feet from the ground, some as high as seven feet, but whatever the distance he has to go, he takes the measure so well, as invariably to pull himself up some inches from the ground. He is generally successful in these flying leaps, and catches his prey at least three times out of four; when he misses it he does not always return to his starting-point, but will sever his web and betake himself elsewhere.

The above is one of Mr. H.'s cleverest exploits; but he shows a praiseworthy alertness in hunting over his peculiar ground, which seems to be the warm sunny wall partially shadowed by the foliage of climbing plants. On the wall, however, it is not so easy to get sight of him, as he prefers to conceal himself in crevices, and is besides so similar in hue to the old dried mortar, that it is hard to find him. When you do see him on the wall, it is generally just as he has made his leap and is grappling with his prey. He will hunt when he is not hungry, from the mere hunter's instinct, and will stow away his game in his hole, weaving over the entrance a thin network of web to guard it from marauders.

Towards the close of the season, or about the beginning of September, Mr. H. has grown from about the third of an inch in length, to about half an inch or something more; and now it is that he goes in for doughty deeds and desperate adventures, engaging in them with a reckless valour almost without a parallel. By this time Mrs. Spinner, who has been for months busy with her traps, has sucked the vitals of hundreds of unfortunate victims, and has grown so plump and corpulent with high feeding that she is not one half so brisk and active as she ought to be. Hunter, who perhaps has been waiting for this state of affairs, thinks what a jolly meal she would make herself after having devoured so many—and as the small deer on which he has been accustomed to pounce all summer long are now grown rather scarce, he really must find something else, or starve. Fat Mrs. Spinner is to him what a prize pig would be to a hungry wolf, and the very thought of her makes his mouth water. So, some fine morning he sallies forth resolved to do or die, and dare the event of a battle. Mrs. Spinner, who for weeks past has abandoned her station in the centre of her web, and made herself a snug cabin by rolling a leaf into the shape of a funnel, where she lives at ease, is not long in ignorance of Master Hunter's hostile intentions. She knows the very instant when he has intruded on her domain, and, not at all frightened, she goes forth to meet him. Hunter flies at her with the velocity of a shot, the moment he sees her; the fat lady raises herself on her hind-legs to receive the charge, and tries to grapple him with her fore-legs, or arms; but Hunter's retreat is as rapid as his advance, and, after planting his blow, he slips away before the long hairy limbs can grasp him. This goes on for some time, Mrs. S. standing on her guard, head up, and Mr. H. rushing at her time after time, with but short intervals, not more than a few seconds each, just to recover his breath. It is quite uncertain how the battle will end: I have seen Mr. H. defeated, and I have seen Mrs. S. defeated, but the conclusions in either case are not exactly what one would look for. When Hunter is defeated it is because Mrs. Spinner succeeds in getting fast hold of him, so as to prevent his retreat: in this case it is all over with him, for you see her the next moment extruding a regular ribbon of web from all the thousand spinnarets at once, and turning somersaults as fast as she can turn them—by which means she rolls him up alive in his own winding-sheet, and when he is helplessly swaddled, carries him off to her den, where she amuses herself afterwards by sucking the blood of him—a pastime in which I have known her to indulge for the best part of a summer's

day. When, on the other hand, Hunter gets the victory, he does not, so far as I have observed, profit by it so readily. He may succeed in giving his adversary a mortal wound, or a succession of wounds that shall be mortal, while eluding all her endeavours to grasp him. When this takes place, and Mrs. Spinner feels that she has had enough, and too much of it, she turns tail and runs off to her lair, whither, however, Hunter does not follow her immediately. Whether he follows her at all until she has died of her wounds, I have not been able to discover; but he keeps watch about the spot, as if waiting for an opportunity, and I suspect that he consummates his triumph by levying his post-obits after madame has, to use a classical phrase, "gone over to the majority." I confess I have never surprised him at his cannibal repast; but I have seen him get the better of his enemy, and have found her remains, a day or two afterwards, reduced to a mere bag, collapsed and shrivelled and drained to utter dryness.

HINTS ON SICK NURSING.

WHY is it that so few women—with the exception of those who have been especially trained for the purpose—make really good sick nurses?

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou—

is all very well as long as poetical pain and anguish are in question; but when it comes to the hard commonplace pain and anguish of real life, I sadly fear the angelic ministrations are apt to leave by no means angelic recollections in the sufferer's mind. Yet the task of sick nursing is pretty certain to fall to the share of all women sooner or later; and, too often, when the task is forced upon them, their patients find out, by dearly-bought experience, how deficient they are in all the requisite qualifications.

Many women fancy that it is impossible to be a good sick nurse without a great deal of experience. This is a mistake. Experience is doubtless of immense value; but if a woman will but give a little attention to the subject, she may qualify herself for the task in all essential points, we might almost say without having entered a sick room.

To lay down a complete compendium of rules for sick nursing would be out of the question; but some few suggestions may easily be given which will, at least, place any woman who chooses to study them on her guard against some of the commonest mistakes of sick nurses.

Too often nurses forget the importance not only of *what* they do, but of *how* they do it. By doing the right thing the wrong way they irritate their patients, and this is a point of great consequence. Invalids have quite enough to bear, without being taxed to exert self command to keep down irritability, produced by the blunders of their nurses. One of these blunders is the attempt to secure quietness by moving very slowly. A very slow nurse is nearly sure to irritate her patient, as much as one who, while quiet, is quick and prompt in all her movements, cheers and enlivens him. It is worse still if she speaks very slowly. A very slow speaker is provoking enough to ordinary humanity in robust health; but in a sick room she is absolutely intolerable. She had far better be rather "quick and waspish."

Another very important point is to combine gentleness with great firmness and decision. Too often gentleness is only another name for irresolution, while irresolution frequently ends in the worried patient being obliged to make an effort to decide a point himself, in order to put an end to the wearying vacillations of his nurse. A nurse should never forget that a weakened body is nearly sure to hold a weakened mind, and she should as carefully avoid requiring from her patient an unnecessary mental effort as an unnecessary bodily one. In the state of intense mental languor which so often accompanies severe illness, it is an untold relief to a patient to be able to lean mentally on the strong firm will of his nurse. She will do better, even in trifles, to suggest to him what he is to do, than to ask him what he would like to do. If he has any wish on the subject he will soon let her know, and, if he has none, she will save him much by making up his mind for

him. It is, however, in the case of irritable and refractory patients, that firmness and decision in the nurse are of the greatest importance. In such cases irresolute nurses are worse than useless; they only irritate their patients, without being able to control them in the slightest degree.

But though slow nurses and irresolute nurses are objectionable, the worst of all failings in a sick room is the least approach to fidgeting. These are the sort of nurses who are never still. They are incessantly running in and out of the room, talking in a whisper just outside the door, or fussing about in the room—putting drawers tidy, or arranging things on the table. Never still for five minutes. If such a nurse has to give her patient anything she cannot do it without asking him a hundred and fifty questions. "Is your beef-tea hot enough?" "Is it too hot?" "Is it salt enough?" "Are you sure there is not too much pepper?" The unfortunate patient cannot turn round in bed but his nurse is upon him in a minute. "Do you want anything?" making him feel that he is watched; a thing which is, to most invalids, irritating beyond all description. A fidgety nurse must always have her patient tidy; his bedclothes must be put straight as often as he succeeds in getting them into a state of comfortable untidiness; and if she lets him off without making him sit up that she may arrange the pillows he is very fortunate. In short, a fidget in a sick room is death by slow and excruciating torture to a patient, especially if that patient be a man. Men are certainly more susceptible on the subject than women, particularly in the matter of being allowed to tumble their bedclothes into a heap of utter confusion unmolested. Some patients, too, like to be left alone, and this a fidget can never allow. She must be always in the room, lest her patient should want anything, forgetful of the fact that she can easily provide him with some means of summoning her if he wants her; and that, unless his illness is one of a nature to require that he should not be left alone, solitude, to those patients who prefer it, has often a most soothing effect on the over-wrought nerves.

These are a few of the points which it is most important for nurses to guard in cases of ordinary illness; but in acute and dangerous cases two qualifications are required in which—alas that it should be so, but the truth must be spoken—women are very apt to be deficient—sound clear judgment and perfect self-command. The former is of immense importance, not only because of those sudden emergencies in which the nurse may be compelled to decide what shall be done, without waiting for a doctor's orders; but because, in such cases, a doctor is often obliged to give orders conditionally, and leave to the nurse's own judgment to decide how far they are to be carried out.

Self-command is always necessary, for patients are nearly certain at times to try their nurses sorely, but more especially so in acute and dangerous illnesses. Not only is the mental strain on the nurse then much greater, but she may be called upon to do what is beyond the power of most women—watch intense suffering unmoved. I do not mean surgical operations, they require a distinct and quite different training—but unless a woman can stand calmly by and watch her nearest and dearest relative writhing in agony, without a muscle quivering, she is not fit for a sick nurse. Her collapsing entirely doubtless shows she is a sweet sensitive creature, but then sweet sensitive creatures are terribly out of place in a sick room. It is far from a consolatory manifestation of sympathy to a patient, that just when he most needs her help his affectionate nurse should be so overcome by her feelings, as to be obliged to retire to hysterics and sea-volatile in the next room; whereas her quiet self-command does undoubtedly help him to bear his sufferings.

These two qualities—sound judgment and self-command—are certainly the most important for a sick nurse to possess; for if she has not these, however well fitted in all other respects she may be for her task, she can never be relied upon. She may suddenly fail just at the most important moment. But some readers will perhaps plead that these qualities are gifts of nature, and not to be acquired. In their highest degree they are doubtless gifts, and among the most valuable that can be bestowed upon either man or woman; but every human being, not born an idiot, possesses a certain power both of reasoning and of exerting self-command, and may increase that power immensely by cultivation. Let any woman who wishes to be a valuable nurse in illness begin by cultivating in every-day life these two qualities; then, by carefully studying all that has been written on the subject, let her make the experience of practised nurses her own; and when the time comes that she is called upon to undertake the task, she may boldly do it, with the certainty that she will begin well, and that, with experience, she will improve both rapidly and steadily.



A DAY-DREAM.

THERE, within our Gothic chapel,
Sleeps the statue of a lady,
With her hands clasped, meekly praying,
And two angels at her feet.
Colours bright the ground bedapple,
Sometimes vivid, sometimes shady,
As the outside ivy swaying
Mars the sunshine, else complete.

Long ago that lady flourished;
Very antique is the fashion
Of her garments and close wimple,
Yet one sees the sculptor's skill.
You can see what thoughts she nourished,
Trace the pride and wilful passion,
Trace the smile, and wayward dimple
Round her closed mouth playing still.

See her titles set in order
Round that crumbling marble duly;
Very knightly, very noble,
Ring these names in modern ears;
Rousing thoughts, that like a warder,
Served protect her image truly,
Fencing it in times of trouble
In the old tempestuous years.

"She," so ran the quaintest wording,
"Of a noble race was mother;
"All her sons were men of valour,
"All her daughters chaste and fair."
If the facts for its recording
Had in very truth been other,
Be ye sure the marble's pallor
Would have blushed it to declare.

There's a butterfly that wingeth
From the sunshine and the flowers;
He the summer's gifts deserteth
For the cloistral hush and gloom;
Yet he outer memories bringeth
Of the garden's pleached bowers,
Telling of how there he flirteth,
Woody by beauty as by bloom.

Winged Psyche, ancient emblem!
Strange is it to see thee lighting
On the stiff and formal coldness
Of those clasped praying hands,—
Thine emblazoned wings resembling
Surcoats heralds were bedight in,
When of yore their tones of boldness
Challenged men of many lands:—

Challenged them to match the beauty
Of that noble, peerless lady,
That now calm, unheeding, slumbers,
With those watchers at her feet
Waiting in angelic duty;
For her service very ready,
Should she rise and join their numbers,
Scarce, without her face complete.

Oh! fair image of the cloister,
Are indeed these fancies worthy?
Do I truly think how holy
Is the presence of the dead?—
Here the air blows chiller, moister,
With a damp smell close and earthy.
Come out dreamer, softly, slowly,—
Come out thence, with reverent tread.

M. I. P.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

II.—SUPERSTITIOUSNESS.

"BEHOLD! the fear of the Lord that is wisdom;" and every other fear is but folly. When the misery of Job was at its height, he rebuked his wife for her evil counsel with the words, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" And in the same words we might rebuke Superstition; for Superstition, in its most common form, seeks to hide the source whence alone come good and evil. The condemnation of Superstition was pronounced by Balaam when he said to Balak, "Lo, I am come unto thee; have I now any power at all to say anything? The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak." And so it happened, that the people whom Superstition expected to be cursed were blessed altogether, and Superstition was utterly confounded. Superstition refuses to look facts straight in the face; declines to believe or has ever been taught that neither Balaam nor another can "go beyond the commandment of the Lord to do either good or bad;" and therefore cannot see that, though good and bad may frequently be preceded by certain appearances and certain actions, the good and the bad are influenced by the appearances and the actions. Superstition, moreover, omits to notice the many cases in which the good and the bad come contrary to expectation, in defiance of the appearances and actions, and even without the appearances and actions. Superstition delights in crooked courses, and prefers the excitement of fancy to the soberness of reason. Superstition shrinks from simplicity; will not rest trustfully in the hands of the Omnipotent, but conjures up images of intermediate agents, and says, these be thy gods, O Superstition. Superstition grovels as near the earth as possible; invests with supernatural powers that which is of the earth, or of the atmosphere,

or of the tomb; and from these supernatural powers derives hopes and fears which are themselves of the earth, earthy. Hence the belief in "the wise woman" and "the cunning man;" in "days and seasons;" in "aërial appearances;" and in "haunted spots." And if any man think that superstition is in our age dead, killed by the diffusion of religion and science, he cannot read the daily newspapers. Mary Ann still pays her wages and surrenders her dresses to the "wise woman," who has husbands in her gift; Tom Fool still parts with his money to the "cunning" blacksmith who can cause a murrain amongst the cattle; Jem still nearly murders Dick because Dick has bewitched Jem's team; bad rhymes on dirty paper still fetch a good price, and are hung round the necks of weakly babes; and men and women of station and education give ear to the professors of "occult powers."

In the preface of a book* which has been lately published, and on which the following illustrations are for the most part based, we read: "The age in which we live is remarkable, as in other points of view, so in this, that old habits and customs, old laws and sayings, old beliefs and superstitions, which have held their ground in the universal mind from the remotest antiquity, are fast fading away and perishing. We of the nineteenth century may congratulate ourselves on their disappearance; we may lament it, but the fact remains the same; and I for one will frankly acknowledge that I regret much that we are losing—that I would not have these vestiges of the past altogether effaced." By all means let us cherish recollections of "the good old times;" but it will be "a good riddance of bad rubbish" when we are entirely rid of "superstitions."

Molly was a northern maid, blithe, buxom, and fair, and she was engaged to be married to the merriest bachelor in her village. Both Molly and John were very superstitious, and they left nothing undone which they believed would bring a blessing on their marriage. They had often repeated together the lines that run:—

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
And Saturday no luck at all.

Of course, therefore, they were married on a Wednesday. After the ceremony Molly took care to be kissed by the clergyman, though the latter had to be requested to do that part of his business by John himself. The wedding was duly wound up by a race for a ribbon; and as the newly-married wife entered her new home, the plateful of short bread was duly thrown over her head. But the day was dull, and Molly and John were disheartened as they thought of

* Blest is the bride that the sun shines on.

Moreover, swine had crossed the path of the wedding-party; and Molly looked ruefully at John, and John looked ruefully at Molly. But nothing came of it for awhile. Molly and John lived happily together until their first child was born. The little stranger appeared at ten minutes past one a.m. on a Wednesday morning, and great were the wails of John and Molly. For—

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
And Thursday's child has far to go.
Friday's child is loving and giving,
And Saturday's child works hard for its living.
But the child that is born on the Sabbath-day,
Is blithe and bonny, good and gay.

* "Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders." By William Henderson. (Longmans.)

Had it only been ten minutes sooner poor Molly would have been a little comforted, for bairns born after midnight, and before one a.m., she knew "see more things than other folk." So Molly and John regarded their child as a curse and not a blessing; made up their minds that it would bring them woe, and consequently it did. They grew neglectful of their household, their welfare, and one another, and attributed the results of their own negligence to malignant influences; they became poor, morose, and quarrelsome, and reaped the due reward of their superstition.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Sawney hold various forms of superstition. Sawney keeps his fire alight all through New Year's Eve until New Year's Day; and if Sawney's neighbour's fire shall have gone out in the meanwhile, Sawney would not give his neighbour a light on any account. And if Sawney's own fire have gone out before the arrival of New Year's Day, Sawney is so convinced in his own mind he cannot prosper during the New Year that scarcely anything short of a miracle could make him prosperous. Sawney takes particular care not to have empty pockets or empty cupboard on New Year's Day, else he will have a year of poverty, and nobody shall prevent him. If Sawney go to make a call on New Year's Day, he takes with him a bottle of whiskey, or something of the kind; and if anybody call on Sawney on New Year's Day without bringing a bottle of whiskey, or something of the kind, it is pretty certain that there will be "no luck about the house," (and, probably, no drunkenness in it). Sawney always keeps in his pocket the tip of a dried tongue; always turns his money the first time he sees the new moon, or hears the note of the cuckoo; and if, nevertheless, during the ensuing twelve-month his outgoings exceed his incomings, the reason, of course, is not that he trusted to his superstitious observances, and took more pleasure and did less work than usual, but that he cut his nails on a Friday (and they who "cut them on Friday cut them for sorrow"); or that he met a left-handed man one Tuesday morning; or that on going out he put his left leg foremost; or that he had salt put upon his plate by a stranger (and "help me to salt help me to sorrow"); or he had seen an *aurora borealis* just in that part of the heavens where one had appeared in the year when his grandfather had been all but ruined: and so there is no help for it.

Mrs. Sawney, the farmer's wife, calls her servants together on New Year's Eve, and strictly charges them, on pain of instant dismissal, to let nothing of any kind, from money to potato-parings, go out of the house until the next day; but to receive anything of any kind into the house. Should a dirty little boy throw filth in at the window, she will accept it with joy and reverence; but should Lazarus stand at her gate, she will send not a crumb out to him; and should he try her feelings by showing "death from starvation" written upon his face, she will believe that he is but a mocking demon in the form of humanity, sent to tempt her from his allegiance to time-honoured Superstition.

Miss Sawney's chief desire is of course to find a husband. To this end she practises countless rites of Superstition. She is very anxious about the "first foot" to cross the threshold of her father's house on New Year's Day. If she have a lover, and he be a fair man, and he happen to be the "first foot," her happiness knows no bounds. She will lie awake all night that she may admit him the first thing in the morning; nay, she will have him concealed behind the door, that she may open to him so soon as the New Year is rung in. If she have no lover, she will bribe a poor man who is of fair complexion and a bachelor, to be "first foot." She will religiously observe St. Agnes' Fast. She will enter into a compact with one of her sisterhood to abstain during the day from eating, drinking, speaking, or even touching their lips with

their fingers. The twain at night will make the "dumb cake" with due observance of silence—will take, each her half, of the mystic mass—will walk backwards up to bed with it—will eat it, jump into bed, expect to see in their dreams their future husbands, and, having a fit of indigestion, will have, probably, visions of such husbands as Bluebeard might have considered good fellows. Miss Sawney may have been observed on a day with a tumbler of water before her. The water has been taken from a stream flowing southwards. She borrowed some gudewife's wedding-ring. She has pulled a hair out of her own head and tied one end of the hair to the ring; and now, holding the other end between her finger and thumb, she suspends the ring over the water, and watches anxiously to see whether it will hit against the side of the glass, or spin quickly round over the surface of the water without touching the rim of the glass. In the latter case, her eyes brighten, for she will soon be married. But when, notwithstanding the whirling of the ring, she approaches the "unknown" age, and is still unmarried, it occurs to her that "the wish is father" to the movements of the ring, and that "all is vanity"—even Superstition.

Little Jack has the whooping-cough; and his mother, after the Northumbrian fashion, has him passed "nine times over the back and under the belly of a donkey," or of a piebald pony. Little Jack ultimately recovers, as most children do (chiefly by the aid of nurse Nature), and little Jack's mother is confirmed in her superstitious notions, until little Jack's brother (being of a weaker constitution), after undergoing similar treatment, is perverse enough to die. Even then she thinks that if she had employed some other donkey [with two legs like herself?], the result might have been different. And she urges on her neighbours her own superstition.

Sandy was a martyr to the "rheumatics" and a victim of Superstition. The doctor was too slow in his treatment; so Sandy resorted to a "cunning man." It was the depth of winter; and the "cunning man," feeling that something extraordinary was expected of him, directed that "the sufferer should be wrapped in a blanket and laid in the sharp running stream which flowed a few yards from the cottage." Great is the power of Superstition! Sandy submitted to immersion for twenty minutes; and it must be owned that a man who could stand that without mortal injury, should have been proof for ever afterwards against the "rheumatics." But Sandy, unfortunately for the reputation of the "cunning man," lay for a few days in agony, and then died; and Superstition was "under a cloud."

Superstition has lurking-places even in enlightened [by gaslight only?] London. It was but the other day that Jones, accompanied by his black retriever, entered a small stationer's to make a purchase. He carefully closed the door behind him and his dog, and asked for what he wanted. But the young woman behind the counter merely said,

"It's lucky aunt isn't here."

"Why, pray?" asked Jones, agast.

"Black dog," said she, curtly.

"Shall I turn it out?" asked Jones, civilly.

"That wouldn't do any good," answered she; "it's been in, and that's enough: whenever a child of aunt's has been ill, and a black dog has come in, the child has died—at least, so she says; and I'm so thankful she's not here, or she'd go on dreadful."

Jones thought that to have been able to draw up a general rule entirely from her own experience, "aunt" must have been thrown cruelly often into the society of strange black dogs, must have lost many children, and perhaps been a mine of wealth to some undertaker: but a bright idea struck him, and, instead of giving expression to his first thoughts, he said eagerly:

"But you see it has several white hairs on its chest; perhaps, that will make a difference."

"Well, I don't know," said she; "I don't think I ever heard aunt say anything about white hairs."

"Oh! depend upon it," broke in Jones, "it makes all the difference."

"Well," said she, smiling, "I can't say I believe anything about black dogs myself, but I'm very glad poor aunt isn't here; she has a child ill with croup, and she'd make sure it would die; and she'd have fits if she saw that dog."

Superstition generalizes rapidly: a black dog enters a house where there is a sick child, and the child dies; *ergo*, whenever a black dog enters that house, and there is a sick child in it, that child will die. I take more than usual notice of a particularly hideous old woman whom I meet in the street, and am immediately afterwards seized with cramp in the leg; *ergo*, whenever I meet that old woman I shall be seized with cramp in the leg. In the "good old times," probably, my evidence, combined with that of others, who had once (and had not fifty times) experienced some pain or illness after meeting the hideous old woman, would have caused her to try her skill at swimming across a stream, to the fiendish delight of Superstition.

A LESSON FROM THE ROOKS.

I WAS staying for a few days in a country-house which is skirted by a rookery. The rooks were busily engaged in the bringing up of a large and noisy generation, which sat in the thin upper branches around the nests, waiting for its feathers to grow, and meanwhile kept the whole adult community on the wing with supplies of food. A hobbledehoy-rook, here called a percher, has a fine appetite. Like a growing lad, he eats more than his father; but, unlike a lad, he can do nothing towards earning his bread for himself. He can only caw, open his mouth, eat, and grow. Hard work it is for the parent birds, and, as I have said, they were all fully occupied, when a heavy storm came on with a deluge of rain, and in the midst of it down came half an elm tree in the middle of the rookery. It threatened to be like an accident to a crowded excursion train. But when we went out to look, it appeared that there was not even a single nest on this tree. It was rotten. The stump end of the broken fragment crumbled in my fingers. Indeed, it was literally touchwood, for I took out my burning-glass and at once set it on fire, so thoroughly, that the gardener had to bring water to put it out, lest it should burn, he said, a couple of loads of firewood. I doubt whether the whole tree would have been consumed, but there certainly was a great smell and smoke in a very short time after I had pitted the broken branch with a little black dot of tinder in the focus of my glass.

But that was not what I sat down to tell you. There were no nests on this tree. The rooks knew it was rotten, and let it alone. I looked through the whole rookery after this, and found all the elms untenanted. The tops of lime trees, ashes, horse-chestnuts, and great poplars with gnarled trunks, were peopled. But there was not a nest on an elm. I should say that these elms are old, and liable, after heavy rain, to get their rotten branches so soaked with wet, as to drop to the ground, from sheer inability to sustain their own weight. The large broken branch, which had just fallen, was not only severed from the trunk, but smashed up into several portions by the shock.

The rooks showed their sense by declining to trust their homes to such a solid-looking but insecure support. They are apparently very capricious in the selection of the spot where they build, but we may depend upon it they have good ground for their choice. There is one tree, a poplar, at the end of the rookery,

which overhangs a mere, where the water rises, in the Spring, to its full height; and one year the rooks, who liked the poplar, lost two or three of their young ones by drowning—they fell off into the water. This set the rooks against the tree for a long time; but when the mere was fairly dried up for several seasons they ventured on the poplar again.

I pondered over the intelligence of these rooks till they seemed to teach a parable. Birds are often referred to in Scripture, and especially in the sayings of our Lord. The kingdom of heaven is a tree of strong growth, in the branches of which the fowls of the air safely lodge and make their habitation. They accompany the sower in the field, to devour the corn which falls upon the hard ground. The sparrow suggests the minute providential care of our Father which is in heaven. The hen gathering her chickens under her wings, sets forth the yearning, warning love of Christ for the froward and weak. The ravens seeking their meat from God, tell us to rest our cares upon Him who has created nothing in vain, no want for which there is not provided the fullest satisfaction. The stork teaches natural affection. The mourner sees an emblem of sympathy in the dove, which is itself the sign of the great Comforter.

It would be interesting and instructive to search in the Holy Bible for all the instances in which birds are used to exemplify and convey divine meanings. I found the rooks setting me off on this thought, by the apt illustration they supplied of the man who builds his house upon the rock. True, it was not a rock in their case, but it was a secure foundation. There was the choice of trees which looked equally secure; and the point of the warning lies, I imagine, in the fact that in still fine weather the sand may appear as if it were solid enough to support a house. No man will build upon soil which is evidently soft and yielding. But the rooks, guided by their wonderful instinct, avoided the strong-looking tree which was rotten within, and the fall of which was great, when the rain descended and the wind blew.

Thus can we find, if we will, parables around us. There is neither speech nor language but the divine voice is heard. The especial charm of the parables of our Lord lies in their simplicity. We hear a good deal in these days of the study of common things; but what if these common things are pregnant with a holy sense? What if there be a thousand parables around us unwritten, except in the language of the wood, the field, the sea, and the sky? Looked at in one light, nature seems cold and selfish. She smiles while man weeps. But beneath this outer crust of apparently unfeeling materialism there lies a vein rich with a meaning which is divine. And as the eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing, so the mind of man, if merely bent on discovering, with much self-applause and display of wisdom, the mechanical processes of creation, sees nothing but machinery; while if it look for light and guidance from God, it will see a world alive with divine mysteries, and full of heavenly lessons, though the teachers seem to be insignificant and earthly.

Absorption of Gases by Solids.—In our second number, at page 32, we noticed some interesting results that Dr. Graham, Master of the Mint, had obtained in separating liquids and gases. By extended researches he has lately discovered that all solid bodies have the power of absorbing gases. Thus even platinum, which weighs, bulk for bulk, about 240,000 times as much as hydrogen gas, can, when made red-hot, and by the action of the air-pump, absorb from one-tenth to five times its volume of that gas; and, by a modification of this experiment, he has caused hydrogen, the lightest known body in nature, to pass through platinum, which is the heaviest and most dense matter with which we are acquainted. Other metals have been tried with similar results.



CORNISH FISHWOMEN.

THE county of Cornwall, of which the heir to the throne is born Duke, was for a long time but little known to travellers. The great distance of its western shores from London no doubt contributed largely to the absence of general information relative to the physical and social aspects of the country, and caused the perpetuation of many strange notions of the ignorance and barbarity of the people when those revolting features of their character had almost ceased to exist. Yet early in the present century Cornwall had supplied a president to the Royal Society, in the late Davies Gilbert, whose Parochial and Manorial History of his native county will always be a standard work for reference, and justly regarded as a carefully-collected repository of facts, very useful to future students of Cornish annals.

The most illustrious of modern discoverers in chemistry, the late Sir Humphry Davy, was born at Penzance, and passed there his early boyhood, exhibiting the first scintillations of that remarkable genius

which afterwards fascinated and astonished the most cultivated intellects of the capital. Nor can the county forget, that in the discoverer of the planet Neptune, she is justified in cherishing the feelings of maternal pride. But this paper could not with consistency be devoted to the eulogy of illustrious Cornishmen; its object is far more humble and unpretending, seeking only to set before the reader a few facts relative to the Cornish peasantry, which may be interesting to general inquirers after provincial folk-lore, and to introduce to their acquaintance a specimen or two of their personal appearance, their peculiarities of character and language.

The group of female figures which forms the subject of the engraving will present to our readers the general personal characteristics of the women who are the purveyors of fish in the market of Penzance and its neighbourhood. They are often distinguished by comeliness of features and clearness of complexion, occasionally even by great beauty in youth; and though they carry heavy burdens of piscatory merchandize in the way represented in the engraving, when released

from these their figures are unexceptionably good. The elder women are well-developed, strong in frame, and inclined to stoutness; very gossipy, with a spice of quaint, shrewd humour, and even quick-wittedness not a little amusing.

They have many words in their dialect which we believe are unique, and their language is rendered yet more unintelligible to a stranger by the peculiar sing-ing tone or drawl in which it is uttered.

Cornish dialogues in verse exist of rather ancient date, illustrative of their singular modes of speech, and are sometimes repeated by those who excel in mimicry, to the great entertainment of visitors. The men, who chiefly live by fishing, are a *fine*, powerful, fearless race, generally tall and robust—the children often very lovely. The finest boy the writer can re-mem-ber having seen was met in the streets of Newlyn, a little fishing town about a mile from Penzance, remarkable for the dirtiness of its streets and its an-cient and fishy odours.

Among the superstitions which still retain a deep hold on the Cornish peasant mind, is a belief in the efficacy of charms. To show the character of this belief, we quote the following story of a charm from Professor Robert Hunt's "Romances of the West of England."

"One good man informed me that though he had no faith in charming, yet this he *knew*, that he was under ground one day, and had the toothache awful bad, sure enough; and Uncle Jan axed me, 'What's the matter?' says he. 'The toothache,' says I. 'Shall I charm un?' says he. 'Ees!' says I. 'Very well,' says he; and off he went to work in the next pitch. 'Ho! dedn't my tooth eache. Lor' bless me, a jest ded, ye know; jest as if the charm wer' toooging my very lafe out. At last Uncle Jan comed down to the sollar, and sing'd out, 'Alloa! how's yer tooth in there?' says he. 'Pulling away like an ould hoss with the skwitches,' says I. 'H'al (i.e., *he will*) drag my jaw off directly,' says I. 'Ees the charm working?' says he. 'Ee, a shure enuff!' says I. 'Ee,' says he, 'h'al (i.e., *it will*) be better d'rectly.' 'Hope a will,' says I. 'Goodness gracious! dedn't a eache!' 'I believe a ded you,—then a stopp'd most to once. Ee better,' says I. 'I thought so,' says he; 'and you waan't hav' un no more for a long time,' says he. 'Thankee, Uncle Jan,' says I; 'I'll give 'ee a pint o' beer pay-day;' and so I ded, and havn't had the toothache ever since. Now ef he dedn't charm un, how ded a stop? and ef he dedn't know a would be better a long time, how ded he say so? No, nor I havn't had un never sence. So that's a plain proof as he *knew'd* all about it; wadn't a you?"

"I nodded assent," adds the narrator, "convinced it was useless to argue against such reasoning as that." Nor will we argue about it here, but simply refer our readers to the remarks on superstitiousness in the article entitled "Sketches of Character" on another page.

To give our readers an idea of the Cornish dialect, and of the subjects which may be supposed to interest such a group as that shown in our engraving, we conclude with an attempt to versify their "gossip by the way." Scene, Mount's Bay—

The gossip thus might run,
Under the autumn sun,
When pilchards, snared by hogsheds, crowd the bay;
And through the azure brine
The scaly myriads shine,
A sight to cheer the heart both night and day.
"Eant * Meary, wat's the nooze?"
"Why, ther's Eant Sally's goose
"Hav' laid a heafe a dozen eggs, they say."
"That may be false or true,
"T'es nauft (nought) to me or you,
"But wat's the nooze about the fishing, hey?"

* Aunt, a name generally applied to elderly women.

"Aw, well! that's very good;
"At last I never know'd
"A learger catch for many a day, I think;
"But I heard the press-stones * roaring,
"Eal night while Jan was scolling,
"And between the two I cudn't sleep a wink."
"Aw that es mighty strange,
"How on the couze † they reange,
"As ef they a'most know'd the fish wud come;
"And that there crying, ‡ too,
"I'm shure the sign es true,
"I've heard un oft'n enuff when I wuz hum (home).
"Tub be shure § thee hast, chiel vane ||
"Why shudn't they cry again
"The more the merrier." "Well, that es good!
"The merrier for us,
"As we sheal eal agree,
"But let us give God thanks, chield, for sich food."
With such chit-chat they trudge
On daily toil, nor grudge
The "gentry" their long rides in ease and pride;
For now to them is given
Hope of a rest in heaven—
Christ is that hope, God's providence their guide.

S. E. M.

* Press-stones are described by Professor Hunt as round masses of granite, used for pressing down the fish when, after being cured (i.e. salted), they are put into barrels, and thus prepared for exportation. This compression process squeezes much oil out of them. There is a deeply-rooted superstition among fisher-people, that when these stones roll down from the heap in which they have been long unemployed, a large "take" of pilchards may be expected.

† Couze, a stone-floor.

‡ Crying, a squeaking sound emitted from the pilchards when salted in large quantities in cellars, and really produced by the bursting of the air-bladders. It is a most favourable sign, and called "crying for more." See "Second Series of Popular Romances."

§ Anglice, to be sure, meaning certainly.

|| Chiel vane, a term of friendly familiarity.

PROËMIUM.

THE writer of the following lines is entitled to our thanks for the encouragement they breathe, not only to the young and enterprising in the ordinary sense of the words, but to all adventurers in new paths, ourselves among the rest. We accept them as an omen of good to come, and as the old Romans would have said, with the solemn ceremoniousness of men performing a religious duty, on a like occasion—*quod bonum, felix, fortunatumque sit*—may our present adventure succeed as well, happily, and prosperously, as the poet foreshows.

Go forth upon thy way, nor fare thee ill,
Though January's piercing winds be chill;
Though snow lies thick upon the hawthorn-tree,
And nightingales have ceased their melody;
And all the copse is bare, above, beneath,
Till spring returning, raise up life from death.
Still venture forth, and as the winter gloom
In turn is buried in its cheerless tomb,
And brighter days and sunnier morns arise,
And catch fresh vigour from the vernal skies;
So may thy strength increase and youthful fire,
And noble deeds as noble thoughts inspire!
And though thy path may not be strewn all through
With violets and roses bathed in dew;
Though storms may rise and adverse winds oppose,
And thorns sharp-pointed underlie the rose;
Yet onward go, nor may'st thou go in vain,
But in thy journey fresh experience gain!
As some tall ship, with closely-reefed sail,
Bends for an instant to the passing gale,
Then springs erect, and shakes her quivering sides,
And into smoother waters quickly glides;
So may'st thou quit, at last, the narrow seas,
And spread more canvases to the far'ring breeze!

G. B.

SPEAKING ONE'S MIND.



ET out!"

This was the greeting with which the highly-connected and gentlemanly greyhound was received by the farm-yard mastiff, as he courteously advanced to say "How d'y'e do?" in quite a friendly way.

The patience of the mastiff had been sorely tried on the morning in question, by the trivial observations and irritating conduct of the other inhabitants of the farm-yard. The cock had hardly ceased crowing since daybreak, the cat had come purring round him, the little dog could not pass by the yard door without disturbing the grand old fellow's meditations by an impertinent inquiry into the state of his health; and now, when he had but just settled himself comfortably, with his nose composedly resting on his forepaws, and his eyes almost closed and blinking in the light of the sun, another step was heard. Had he raised his head, the mastiff would have seen that it was his particular friend, Sir Calidore, but he was too much put out even to look up, and so the greyhound had scarcely opened his mouth when his friend growled at him, as I have said, "Get out!"

Sir Calidore was a dog-gentleman of the old school, and so far from taking offence, was grieved that the moral influence of a brave upright character like that of his friend should be so impaired by his contempt for manners. But being a wise dog, and having deeply studied animal nature in that best of all schools, free intercourse with his neighbours, he knew that the dog-mind is far more likely to receive favourably new truths and principles to which they are led, as it were, by their own experience, or left to draw the inference for themselves, than when these same truths are forced upon them violently in the form of moral projectiles, or served up to them ready dressed, with the bitter herbs of personal application, intended to be swallowed whole and immediately.

So the greyhound took no notice of his friend's want of courtesy, but advancing a few paces nearer, repeated his salutation in a louder key.

"Halloo!" cried the mastiff, jumping up quickly. "So it's you, Sir Calidore, is it? I declare I thought it was

either that impudent little King Charlie, or that mongrel our of the butcher's. Well, I'm very glad to see you, I'm sure. Have a bone? I've got some excellent mutton chops, and the remains of a beef steak or two, and was just thinking of breakfast myself."

And therewith the mastiff made several dives into the recesses of his kennel, and producing some bones, laid the choicest and the largest of his store before his friend.

"Thank you," replied the greyhound, who would on no account have run the risk of paining his humbler-born friend by appearing too dainty to accept of his proffered hospitality—though the bones were somewhat dry and old, to be sure, and he had already fared much better at his house up at the park. "If you will allow me, I think I will exchange this noble joint for that little bone by you. To tell you the truth, I breakfasted before leaving home, but these sharp Spring mornings give one such an appetite, that a little addition is never amiss, especially in company."

"All right," replied the mastiff, falling too with a will on the larger share he had liberally destined for his guest. The crunch crunch of the bones in his huge jaws put an end to the conversation for a time, and the greyhound employed the interval in considering how he should best effect his object.

The result of his reflections was that, when his friend having at last satisfied the requirements of nature, lay complacently licking his chops, and indulging in that easy, sociable kind of silence, which is the greatest proof of assured friendship, Sir Calidore proposed that they should take a walk together and look at the premises, and then return home by the park.

"Very well," said the mastiff. "In that case we had better start at once. It is still early, and we shall make our observations more at our ease before the farm servants are about."

They had hardly gone a few steps before they met the duck, waddling along in her usual good-natured comfortable fashion, and calling now to one, now to another of her little ones, who, with the invariable propensity of young things for going over the ground at least three times as often as their elders, were scattered about, some in front, some behind, rejoicing in the warmth, and making as much noise as possible.

"Good-morning to you, my lord," said Mother Duck, quacking in her company voice, as she recognized the greyhound. "Your lordship is out early this fine morning."

"Like yourself, madam," replied Sir Calidore, returning her salutation with a courteous bend of the head. "Are you bound for the public baths?"

"Yes, your lordship," returned the duck, much gratified by his notice. "You see, my children are full-fledged, and growing fast, and one cannot begin too early to train them in good habits; so I thought, as it was such a warm day, I could not do better than give them their first lesson in swimming."

"Surely not," replied the greyhound, his voice and manner full of kindly interest. "Your little ones are sturdily-built ducklings indeed. Well, good-bye, madam," he continued, seeing his friend chafing with impatience at the delay. "Good luck, and a pleasant swim to you. I think I must have a plunge myself, presently."

And so the two dogs passed on, leaving the delighted duck to pursue her way to the neighbouring pond, her general sympathies with animal nature much enlarged, and, moreover, with some doubts in her mind as to whether the butcher's dog was quite correct in his assertion that all "aristocrats" were proud and stuck-up. As for the mastiff, his reflections were altogether of another kind.

"There now," he growled. "That is one of the nuisances to which those whose line of business compels them to live in a community, like myself, are perpe-

tually subject. One cannot go half a dozen steps from home, forsooth, without being stopped by some gossiping acquaintance or another, and forced to go through a round of questions and answers as senseless and commonplace as the chattering of the magpie yonder."

"Don't you think," replied Sir Calidore, glad of an opportunity to bring out his ideas, "don't you think there may be two ways of looking at a thing? To me, now, the interruption you complained of seemed a very pleasant little incident in our walk. And if, as you say, these incidents are so commonplace as to be of constant occurrence, why, I think it is all the better. This very 'nuisance,' as you call it, has given a healthy turn to my thoughts, and left me a pleasant picture to take home with me."

"Pleasant picture," growled the mastiff. "Why, what could you see in it, pray, but an old piece of pomposity and a lot of noisy straddling youngsters?"

"Ah! my friend, but you have only put in the shadows, and forgotten the lights. Now hear my version of the matter. First of all there was the interchange of the usual morning greeting—"

Here the mastiff broke in with a grunt. "Mere form! stuff and nonsense! nothing more."

"If by 'mere form' you mean empty form," answered the greyhound, disregarding the latter clause, "I cannot agree with you. To me there are few things so pleasant as a kindly 'Good-morning to you.' It seems to carry warmth and sunlight into one's very heart. It is, as it were, a practical witness to that fact which one is so apt to forget, that however we may differ in social position and habits, we are, after all, members of one great family of living beings."

"I never thought of that," remarked the mastiff, reflectively.

"Then the duck herself," continued the greyhound; "was there not something beautiful in the mother's watchful care of her little ones, and her honest pride in their precociousness? As for the young things, their exuberance of life and health, and boisterous delight in motion and in the faculty of making a noise, was perfectly charming! I declare, I could have stood still to watch them the whole day. It is such a treat to see anything so entirely and carelessly happy. It put me in mind, too, of my own younger days, before I got this stiffness in the joints, and disposition to cramp in my fore paw. And it has been my experience through life that whatever recalls the freshness, and simple, healthy delight in little pleasures of childhood, makes us more contented with our own lot, and less apt to feel aggrieved that other animals should not enjoy themselves quite after our pattern."

Here the greyhound paused, with a sly look out of the corner of his eye at his sturdy friend, to see how his observations were taken.

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

II.—THE MOTHER IN THE NURSERY.

THE period of infancy is acknowledged to be the most dangerous in the life of a child; therefore at that time the constant care and watchfulness of the mother is requisite. There are many sickly men and women, seeking in vain for health, who might trace back the cause of their ailments to the time of infancy, when their chronic ill-health was first produced by improper food, want of pure air, or the carelessness or incompetency of mothers and nurses.

No mother, be her station as high as it may, should be above giving strict personal supervision to her nursery; and there is no mother so low as to be unable to do her part towards the future well-being of her child. The clothing of an infant should be at once *warm and easy*. No undue pressure should be on any particular part, but while keeping it comfortably covered, each article of its dress should be so arranged as to fit closely, without pressing on its tender frame. *Pins* should be used as sparingly as possible, and these should be of the safety kind. Many a poor infant screams itself nearly into fits from the

pinching of a garment too tightly banded round it, or the pricking of a pin torturing it; and only too often the worried mother or ill-tempered nurse shakes the poor little sufferer, and calls it a "cross-grained thing, always crying for something or other," when she is herself to blame for torturing the helpless little creature.

Again, many a mother, regardless of what suffering she may cause her infant, indulges herself in eating things that fill it with racking pains, or gives it food totally unfit for its delicate digestive organs. We have known children killed by being over-fed on boiled bread and milk, or some equally heavy substance. If it is necessary to give a child food during the period its mother is nursing it—and it generally is so after the first two or three months—it should be of the lightest, and at the same time most nourishing description. Rice-flour made thin with milk, or biscuit powder (which is sure to be well baked), are good (sago is not nourishing enough for a continuance); and split groats or oatmeal boiled well and strained, with milk and sugar, will be found wholesome food for a baby. But these things should be varied occasionally, or the child becomes tired of the too oft repeated food, and rejects it. An infant should be fed *regularly*, and great care should be taken, while giving it *sufficient* food, not to overload the stomach; the neglect of this precaution often brings on convulsions, and the child loses its life.

A nursery, or the room in which the baby is kept, should be properly warm, without being close: pure fresh air should be admitted, but all draughts carefully guarded against. It is a great mistake to carry out a baby in bitter cold weather, by way of "making it hardy." The poor infant cannot move about to keep itself warm; consequently it is almost frozen in the arms of its bearer, and suffers intolerable pain from the mistaken ideas of its mother or nurse.

As the teeth begin to appear, Nature points out that stronger food is necessary for the infant, and in order to assist it in the trying process, greater nourishment should be given. Beef tea and chicken broth are the best things with which to commence, sparingly at first, and increasing the quantity as the child grows older, when a fresh egg occasionally is good for a change. As soon as the child begins to walk about, and has gotten the greater number of its teeth, meat, fowl, and fish, may of course be given, with bread and butter, vegetables, rice, and other nourishing food; which with children of all ages should be varied, as it is very injudicious to keep them restricted to one kind of diet, no matter how wholesome.

Perfect cleanliness is absolutely necessary with children at all periods. At least once a day they should have a bath, which for young children should be of tepid water, and before being put to bed their faces and hands should be cleansed. There is no prettier sight than a clean, bright-looking child asleep; its chubby limbs and rosy cheeks redolent of health, while the soft rounded outlines of childhood are defined in graceful repose. The drooping eyelids and sweet rose-bud mouth are closed, but every lineament of the little sleeper is lovely, and we withdraw our lingering gaze with a half-breathed blessing on the unconscious darling.

We cannot conclude this part of our subject without one warning to mothers. Never be tempted to give your children *stimulants*. We knew of a mother who lost, one after the other, seven children, from the pernicious, awful habit of putting brandy in their food. She might as well have given them poison at once. Another frightful habit amongst mothers of the lower classes, and nurses to the higher classes, is that of administering narcotics to children, to keep them quiet and make them sleep. Many a poor mother, in order to obtain time to perform her work, gives opium to her child, ignorant of the fact that she is poisoning the very spring of its life, and that imbecility, rickets, and a host of other diseases, are the prolific offspring of such a practice. And many a lazy, dishonest-minded nurse stupefies her charge with laudanum, for the purposes of indulging in idle gossip, or reading trashy books, that influence her mind with false and vicious ideas. We knew a lady who had a numerous family, all from infancy in charge of the same nurse, and all suffering continually from a variety of affections, the cause of which puzzled the doctor, who was in constant attendance. The delicacy of her children kept the mother in perpetual fear of losing them, and she often lamented her unhappy fate in having such an unhealthy family. But going by accident, or rather by the leading of Providence, one day to the nursery press, the key of which was always kept by the nurse, she found an array of empty laudanum bottles, which at once gave the solution of the mystery; her children had been undergoing a course of slow poisoning at the hands of their faithful nurse.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



PART II.

CHAPTER I.—*continued.*

PENNIE HAS A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.

THE Goodwins' next move was to Nice. Here Sir Andrew felt or fancied himself not so well as he ought to be, and after three days' rest he took passage for his party from Marseilles to Leghorn, for Florence. In the beautiful Tuscan city he was better, and better

amused. He found there some English acquaintance of his own kind—hard-worked, prosy people, travelling for health of brain and body, like himself. Pennie was also well contented. It had been the desire of her heart to see Italy—but then she desired to see it in certain company. She, however, consoled herself with the hope that she might some day revisit it—and meantime she took her pleasure as it came.

Lady Goodwin had been twice before on this well-gleaned track of tourists, and so it came to pass that

Pennie wandered often, with no other companion than her maid, through the dim splendour of the churches, and amongst the priceless gems of art in the palaces and galleries. Returning from one of these solitary expeditions towards dusk, about a week after their arrival in Florence, she found the entrance of the hotel in some disturbance. Two strangers had just dismounted in the courtyard, and wanted rooms. The host declared that his inn was full. To this the stouter of the new-comers replied, shortly, "Bosh!" and Pennie recognized Captain Bangham—the proponent, to the inquiring Frenchman at the embassy ball, of the very loyal opinion that all little English girls were worth more than their weight in gold. His companion was younger, very ruddy of hair and complexion, of giraffe-like tallness, and of military air and gait. Pennie made her way up-stairs, and lost sight and hearing of the wrangle.

The little party was sitting at dinner in quiet state about two hours later, when the door opened, and in marched the slim, florid stranger. "You here, George!" cried Lady Goodwin, who faced the entrance.

"Just come. Two months' leave. Andrew, old fellow, how d'ye do? This is better luck than I expected."

Sir Andrew gave his young brother a cordial shake of the hand, commanded back the soup, and made him sit down. "Better luck than I expected, either, George," said he. There was a rapid passage of question and answer for a few minutes, and then Lady Goodwin asked her brother-in-law if he remembered Penelope Croft, adding that she thought they must have met at Brackenfield.

"If I remember her! she gave me good cause. Happy to see you again, Miss Pennie; that is, if you have given up pulling hair," was his amazing reply. Pennie, who had recognized him the moment he entered the room without his hat, replied demurely that she had—except under the same circumstances of provocation.

"Did she ever pull yours, George? I hope you punished her," said Sir Andrew, enjoying the joke.

"Didn't I? Ask her? under the mistletoe. Do they have mistletoe at Brackenfield still?"

"At Christmas; oh, yes! That old custom will see this generation out, and many another."

"I should like to go there again. Andrew, we are safe to have war in the spring; there is nothing else talked of in London. We shall go out, of course. What maundering old fogies the Government are, to let the Czar get so much start of us. That fleet at Sebastopol means more mischief—and the men he is sending south!"

"You Guards and Grenadiers will be enough for them," replied Sir Andrew, soberly.

"Queer start of the Quakers, wasn't it? travelling off to Petersburg to preach peace to old Nick."

"I am sure I wish they had succeeded," said Lady Goodwin, with a sigh. "War is a dreadful thing." She remembered her younger brother, dead in India, and all the horrors of that desperate retreat from Cabool, in which he perished, with thousands of men besides, as brave and as good as he. Perished in a lost expedition—not even with the halo of glory. Sir Andrew knew whither his wife's thoughts had flown, and changed the conversation. Who was in Florence, whence they came, how long they were going to stay, and so forth.

George Goodwin talked fast and fluently, with now

and then a sort of half-shy curb upon him. A most impressionable young man he was—very young, good-natured, honourable, and brave. The chapter of his love-fancies was long and varied, and before the evening was spent, by the natural laws of human attraction, the lean, red-headed grenadier had fallen into captivity to little nut-brown Pennie, whose dark head reached up scarcely to his elbow. The first result was shame that he had reverted to his disasters of former years, and dread lest he might have frightened or affronted her by recalling her vixenish exploit.

"She is very clever, isn't she?" he asked his sister-in-law confidentially, when Pennie had retired. "She looks as wise as"—he was going to say *as an owl*, but he recollected in time that the bird was not complimentary, viewed in the light of a comparison.

Lady Goodwin gave her charge a good character for sense, discretion, amiability, and companionableness; and while dilating on her merits, there suddenly flashed into her own mind a thought of what a nice thing it would be if George, who was really a good, kind, upright fellow—in fact, she fell into a speculation on the propriety and possibility of engaging those two young people in the holy bonds of matrimony. She would not have fulfilled her mission in giving Pennie a glimpse of the world, if she did not succeed in detaching her affections from Mr. Tindal: and what means more likely to be effective than bringing her within range of a counter-attraction? It would not only be a justifiable, but a positively laudable act. Lady Goodwin went to her pillow with a new interest in life. The seriousness of it did not prevent her laughing inwardly at the queer contrast the pair she sought to couple would present.

George Goodwin proved himself a very tractable, teachable swain. Pennie had been longing for some rides through the autumnal beauties of the wooded hills and country places about Florence; but for lack of an enterprising escort, she had been restricted to an occasional amble with Sir Andrew in the fashionable promenade. Who now, therefore, so useful and agreeable as George? The very morning after his arrival, Lady Goodwin had the satisfaction of seeing them ride out in company, and the still higher satisfaction of seeing them return in excellent humour with their excursion and each other. Till then she had kept her scheme locked in the secret of her own bosom, but she now resolved that she ought to confide it to Sir Andrew.

At the first blush of his wife's proposal, Sir Andrew was strongly inclined to confound the meddlesomeness of women, but his second thoughts sent him off in a long, low fit of merriment. "My dear soul, they would be a world's laughing-stock," said he, as soon as he could speak. "George is six foot five—Pennie is about four foot, is she not?"

"Four foot, Andrew, nonsense! She is over five—five foot three, at least; quite tall enough for anything, in my opinion." Again Sir Andrew launched into his provoking chuckle. Lady Goodwin begged he would look at the case reasonably, and not turn it into fun. "George has position and little money; Pennie has money and little position," urged she. "Neither can afford to reproach the other with the absence of beauty; they are both young, both well-disposed and well brought up. And what is more than all, I believe George is smitten."

This grave assurance only served to increase Sir Andrew's inopportune mirth. Lady Goodwin stepped to and fro the room, as Lady Goodwin stepped in her rare moods of conjugal irritation. She said nothing, but she looked the more. Sir Andrew, as it behaved a wise man to do under the circumstances, grew suddenly serious, and replied to her last remark: "George's normal condition is to be smitten, to have a smart attack of fever, and a rapid recovery. Let the lad alone. He ought not to marry for a dozen years, and while Pennie is under our care, it would not be the right thing to throw her in the way of a brother of my own, who is without adequate fortune."

Lady Goodwin held her peace, but she was not convinced. If she might not help, she was determined not to hinder the two young people of their amusement, whatever the result. But she hoped, she anticipated a good result. She saw Pennie free as air with George, teasing, patronizing, and dictatorial by turns; and she thought it a most promising beginning. George, with leisure and a heart on his hands to let, was in some positive danger, but Pennie was as far from thinking sentiment of him as a woman could be. George placed himself at her service, and was so anxious to serve her that she made as much use of him, and the same use, as she would have made of Francis Wynyard had he been there. That was the mischief. Pennie being safe, and feeling safe, allowed herself a little liberty; and George, not being very wise, took it for encouragement. Lady Goodwin strengthened him in his misapprehension when he revealed to her his nascent passion. He was not of the reserved nature that loves to treasure such secrets in silence. He stayed on at Florence in the same hotel as his brother, and his meetings with Pennie were daily, and more than daily. They almost lived together, in fact, and this was the position in which Pennie showed to best advantage. She was such a cheerful little soul, morning, noon, and night; so free from capricious caprices, tempers, and discontents, that people were never unsure of her. One day George was caught in the act of purloining her photograph, done at Allan Bridge, from Lady Goodwin's gallery of her friends. Pennie good-humouredly said, "Don't take that, it is so very bad."

"Will you give me a better, then?" asked George.

"Yes; I will be taken here in my riding-habit, and you must give me one of yours in exchange—one in uniform. I like varieties of costume in my book; the figures will look all so queer as fashions change."

A few days after this bargain had been concluded Sir Andrew gave notice that if they meant to go to Rome, they must go at once. Parliament was to meet earlier than usual, on account of the increasing difficulty of foreign affairs, and they might be obliged to return to England a month sooner than they had planned. Lady Goodwin and Pennie were equally reluctant to lose their promised visit to Rome; and George, though he was even then living in anticipation of a sudden recal and curtailing of his leave, prepared to follow them. When he apprised his travelling friend, Captain Bangham, of his intention, he was obliged to let in a little light on his motive.

"What, again, George? In love with Mr. Wynyard's ward? Why, that is beyond a joke, man!" cried his auditor, with a jolly laugh. "She has a great pot of money—half-a-million, I've been told. And is it quite fair to interfere with poor Tindal's game?"

"Have you never heard the story?" And then he told George all that was common report in Eskdale.

"You don't mean to say she is fond of him?" gasped the young grenadier. "I tell you what, Bangham, I never was so hard hit before." He looked so comically disconsolate that Bangham roared again.

"You will get over it; I think I have seen you worse."

"Never. I am in earnest this time; downright serious. And Bangham, Lady Goodwin thinks I have a chance—she does, indeed. If the guardians won't consent to her having the other, why should not a fellow cut in and win. It is not her money I am after; you know me better than that."

"I did not suppose it was the money: but still, I don't think you are well advised to try it. Lady Brooke was talking about her in Paris, and Lady Brooke is a shrewder woman than Lady Goodwin, though she may not be so excellent. Her view of Mr. Wynyard's ward was, that she would beat them all with her stolid, cheerful obstinacy, and take her own way as soon as she is her own mistress. She looks like it to me—just as if she had said, 'I won't cry or make a fuss, but nobody shall master me.'"

George produced Pennie's photograph from a case that he carried in his pocket, and contemplated it critically. Captain Bangham declared it was "as hard as nails." The owner protested that it was nothing of the sort—it was a dear little phiz, that brightened and varied in expression more than any other he ever knew. "And she is so kind and pleasant to a fellow," pleaded he; "as nice as a jolly little sister."

"Of course she is; why not? So she would be to anybody who was kind and pleasant to her. It is her nature. She has a turn to be friendly to friendly people. If I were to come to Rome, and to trudge attendance on her to whatever she wanted to see, she would be quite grateful and thankful, and she would show it. She is not like some girls, who accept everything as mere bounden service. She has a humble opinion of her deserts, notwithstanding the value she must know is attached to money. I heard a great deal of her the last time I was down in Eskdale; and though I dare not decide one way or another on Tindal's guilt, I shall honour the little woman if she sticks to him. I don't mind telling you, George, that I had once some notion of putting up for her myself, but Lady Brooke warned me not to waste my pains. I am dipped awfully, you know; perhaps a lucky bullet or thrust in the spring may clear off all scores."

"Don't talk in that way, Bangham; I can't stand it. I shall follow them to Rome in spite of what you say."

"I know you will. We shall meet again in London—or if not, well then, my boy, at Philippi."

It was during the first week of December that the Goodwins journeyed to Rome, and that George followed in pursuit of Pennie. Sir Andrew was perplexed; Lady Goodwin was triumphant. Pennie herself was happily unconscious. George had been most convenient at Florence. She missed him during the two days they stopped at Verona, but at Rome he was very convenient again.

"I do not know how I should get about to see all that I have a longing to see, if it were not for you," she said to him. "It is very kind of you, but are you sure you like it yourself?" George was incoherently sure that he liked it; she could not ask him to do

anything for her that it would not be a pleasure to him to do.

Sir Andrew refrained from interference until he began to see that his brother really meant something beyond passing away his leave pleasantly; and then, when it was just too late to save him mortification, he spoke, almost forbidding him Pennie's presence. George pleaded hard for a little longer liberty of courtship; but when he found Sir Andrew was inexorably bent on discouraging the further prosecution of his suit while Pennie was under his own and his wife's care, the young man said, then he might as well return to London at once—he was meditating a request for extension of his leave, but, of course, what had passed put an end to it.

"This is not quite the time to ask extension of leave, George; nor, if you will allow me to suggest as much, is it the time for a soldier to be seeking pledges of any girl—much less of a girl whom he has known only a few weeks. Besides, I see no trustworthy tokens of preference in Pennie to justify your hopes. She wears the Rood betrothal-ring on her hand still, and while that is the case, she cannot expect to be persecuted with suitors. You are fairly warned off."

George opened his grievances to his sister-in-law, who was deeply sympathetic.

"Never mind, George, you will see her in London. She shall stay with us in Harley Street when we return," said the match-maker, anxious for the success of her plans. "Sir Andrew really knows nothing about these things. I have far more hope of a change in Pennie than I had a month ago—than I had before you came to Florence."

George was only too willing to believe her, and his leave-taking of Pennie from his point of view was not discouraging.

"Going!" cried she. "Going to-morrow morning? Is not that very sudden and unexpected?" She looked quite grieved, and George stammered out some explanation, not very clear and not quite correct. "I thought you had nearly a fortnight's longer leave. I am so sorry! We were to have seen the Colosseum some night when the moon is at full."

But for all her expressions of regret, the preoccupied little lady found ample entertainment at a grand church festival on the very day of his departure; and Lady Goodwin was driven to confess that her sentiments were merely friendly towards him as a pleasant companion, or selfish as towards a useful escort whose loss she could not at once supply.

Sir Andrew and his party remained at Rome over Christmas. Every post, every telegram, was then bringing news that boded war. Sir Andrew grew fidgety. Parliament was to open on the last day of January, and he must be in his place. Norminster, which he represented in the House of Commons, would certainly expect it from him at such an important crisis. Their stay abroad was consequently abridged, and in the first week of the new year they set forward on their journey home. Pennie, in view of her return to Eastwold, could not but acknowledge that the winter had passed delightfully. She and Lady Goodwin, if not perfectly intimate, were yet very cordial friends; and when Lady Goodwin suggested that a few months in London society might profitably conclude Pennie's glimpse of the world, neither she nor any other person who had a voice in the matter was found to gainsay it. So it was arranged that Mr. Winyard's ward should have a season in town.

CHAPTER II.

EASTWARD HO!

THE Goodwins had a house in Harley Street, which they always occupied during the session of Parliament, and there one dark, thorough wet London night they arrived from Dover; and found their little daughter and her nurse had come up from Brackenfield the day before with the Squire and the Dame, in whose charge the child had been left while her parents were making their successful restorative trip. Sir Andrew and Sir Andrew's doctor declared it had probably saved his life.

Pennie had a spacious, comfortable room assigned to her, looking out on a grimy garden. It was sufficiently quiet, and her heart warmed to the domestic, homely English air of it. For her own sake, and also that she might leave her friends to an unrestrained family talk, she beat an early retreat to bed, and enjoyed an hour's undisturbed meditation by the pleasant sea-coal fire, preparatory to closing her sleepy eyes.

Four months she had been away from England; four months unbroken by a single striking episode that she could recal; four months of level, easy-flowing, innocent amusement, diversified by frequent change of scene, and passed in kind and cultivated society. She smiled as she thought to herself how little had come of her seeing the world which her well-wishers had hoped to see come of it. Nowhere had she met Mr. Tyndal's equal. To her mind he was still beyond all comparison the most excellent, the most interesting, the most lovable of human creatures. She had enjoyed her travels very much, but she felt nevertheless, that after a few weeks in London, there would be a pleasure in going back to Eskdale. Though he was not there, it would seem to bring her nearer to him if she had now and then a glimpse of his house in her rides. She had heard nothing of him for a long while; nothing at all since they parted, beyond that vague scrap of information, gleaned from her mother, that he was gone to the East.

To the East was now turning all the world's anxiety. Every arsenal echoed with the clang of armaments, and the nation was rousing up, fierce as an old lion, from the long torpor of a forty years' peace. George Goodwin came to luncheon the day after his brother's arrival in Harley Street. He was very happy to see Pennie again, but a blushing embarrassment mingled with his delight; and he appeared to his sister-in-law to have some difficulty in remembering the precise terms on which they had said good-bye at Rome. She thought what a mercy it was Sir Andrew had discouraged him from making a declaration! Some rival mistress had evidently seized possession of his fickle soul. He was, in fact, prime full of the war, and visions of glory had almost outblazed his little passion for Pennie. George had never smelt powder yet except on a field-day. He had never been at the killing of anything bigger than moor-game. He lived in dream-land, where there was no "day after the battle"—nothing but trumpets sounding, banners waving, cavalry thundering over the plain, and men shouting "Victory!" with their blood at boiling point.

"Next month," said he in an exultant voice, "we shall be all on the move. Eastward Ho!"

Pennie raised her eyes softly to his eager boyish face, and asked if he should be proud to go. He replied with enthusiasm, taking the wistful, pathetic interest

of the inquiry all to himself, and feeling entranced again. Lady Goodwin misinterpreted it too. If Pennie had conceived an affection for him, after all! He was invited to stay to dinner, but duty prevented that; he promised, however, to come the next day. And early the next day he came. As luck would have it, Sir Andrew and the Squire had gone out, and the Dame was inclined for a chat alone with her daughter. It was a beautiful sunny day, and Lady Goodwin asked Pennie if she would not like a ride in the Park. Pennie said she should like it above all things—she was quite impatient to try the horse that had been bespoken for her. George had ridden from the Tower, where his regiment was stationed, so that there was no difficulty in setting the pair off together; and when she had done it Lady Goodwin felt satisfied that she had done a kind and virtuous deed.

Hyde Park, even in its winter dress, was beautiful to Pennie. Her horse proved just agreeably spirited, and the air was not too sharp for comfort. George gave her a forecast of what she would see there in the spring, when the gay world came to town; and as she encouraged him to go on, he gave her further some society sketches, which she found amusing. She wished frankly that he were not going away, alleging that it would be dull to visit about where she never saw any one she knew, and opining that people did not make friends in London. George said something rather eloquent about marching where duty and honour called, and hoped that she would vouchsafe him a thought now and then when he was far away. Pennie warmly promised that indeed, *indeed* she would.

What he might have answered remains a mystery; for just at that moment came in view, walking and talking under the trees, Sir Andrew and the Squire. Pennie espied them first, and said she was glad, because she could tell Sir Andrew she approved his choice of a horse for her riding; but George felt rather guilty towards his brother, recollecting the conversation they had had together at Rome.

Sir Andrew's displeasure fell not on him, however, but on his wife, who was undoubtedly more to blame. He told her he did not understand how she could be so foolish. George, she knew, was unstable as the winds—was always under the influence of the last face that pleased his fickle fancy. It would be a real calamity if Pennie set her heart on him, with whom to be out of sight was as certainly to be out of mind. Lady Goodwin said it would be different, she thought, if they were positively engaged. At that suggestion Sir Andrew grew downright angry. Engaged! he would hear of no such thing as an engagement. If his wife did not give him her word to refrain from encouraging George's nonsense, he would either send Pennie home, or else forbid his brother the house—which he should be very unwilling to do when the lad was leaving him so soon, whether ever to return God only knew. There was no alternative then but for Lady Goodwin to yield; her husband was a man of his word, and not accustomed to threaten except in earnest.

George continued to come to Harley Street, but he never again had the opportunity of private speech with Pennie. She did not observe any restraint; and if he felt any, he dissembled it with admirable success. He was soon very busily employed in sterner matters than love-making, and he seemed quite happy and at ease in his mind when he dropped in for a talk over what was at hand. Pennie listened to him with kind, visible

interest; and spoke of him occasionally to Lady Goodwin when he was not there. At these times Lady Goodwin thought with regret what a hopeful little attachment Sir Andrew was nipping in the bud! She told the Dame, and the Dame was sympathetic too. But still she agreed with her son-in-law, that on the verge of war, of long absence, and of possible final separation, it was wisest not to form any engagement. Lady Goodwin could not see it in that light. She thought it, indeed, the very hour of all others when true lovers should plight their troth. The Dame again demurred—she did not quite believe that George and Pennie were lovers in that sense; both were too cheerful, too open, too easy and friendly before all the world, to invite that suspicion. She was sure they would not break their hearts at parting, either of them; though if time and opportunity had favoured them, she did not consider it improbable but that they might have grown into a sensible and permanent affection. Lady Goodwin liked to indulge in a more romantic view of her young friends, and this view of the Dame's did not satisfy her as being just. She assured her mother that Pennie, though she was plain, was far from commonplace; and that George was full of spirit, enthusiasm, and ardour. The dear old Dame laughed: she could not for the life of her make a hero and heroine of a pair so oddly contrasted and so deficient in beauty.

"My dear," said she, "I think you are the only person who wishes them to marry. The notion has not entered Pennie's head; and if it has entered George's, it is only in a vagrant sort of way, and will be better gone again."

"We shall see," replied Lady Goodwin; and with that safe prediction dropped the subject.

The Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament prepared the nation for active hostilities; and though the ministry still talked of preserving peace, February, as George had said, saw the Guards all on the move, and London all astir in sympathy with them. It was in the thick dark of a very winterly morning that George himself marched away—one of a thousand Grenadiers, few of whom returned to be greeted again by the enthusiastic London mob that gathered to see them off. The Squire and Sir Andrew trudged alongside the lad down the Strand and over Waterloo Bridge to the station. They journeyed to Southampton with him, and only shook hands at last when he was embarked with his company on board the Ripon. They watched the ships steam down Southampton Water, and then carried home the news that the Guards were fairly under weigh for the East. Lady Goodwin heard the announcement with tears. Pennie's eyes glittered too, but her heart bounded. "I wish, I wish, I wish, *he* were one of them!" was her vehement, silent cry. She was thinking of Mr. Tindal, but both Sir Andrew and his wife fancied she was sending a prayer after George.

The next event that happened in Harley Street was the arrival from the north of Captain and Mrs. Blake. Captain Blake had been appointed to a ship in the fleet that was to sail to the Baltic, and he stayed a few days there with his wife on his road to join at Portsmouth. Everybody did his and her best to be cheerful; but Pennie discerned now, what she had not discerned in George's case, that war meant something else besides honour and glory. Mrs. Blake had two little children, and expected a third in the summer. She was dispirited and anxious, delicate moreover, and

a cause of anxiety to all who loved her. The Dame would fain have had her go back to Brackenfield, to be taken care of in her husband's absence; but she would hear of nothing but going into lodgings at Southsea, and there awaiting his return. She was suffered to have her own way, and the Squire and the Dame accompanied her, to stay with her over the parting.

On the 28th of March came the formal Declaration of War with Russia in the "London Gazette" then on the 26th of April a National Fast-Day, and after that many another day of national humiliation and sorrow. Pennie became a zealous reader of "The Times." She had her own copy; for Sir Andrew's reading of it interfered with hers, and she had not patience to wait until it came to her hands after he had done with it. Lady Goodwin speculated often whether it was interest in George held her so long every morning over the broadsheet, but she did not ask; only whenever news of him came in a letter, she took the first quiet opportunity of telling her. And Pennie always received the intelligence with rapt attention. In fact, she lent patient ears to anybody who would talk about the war; hoping against hope that some day, by chance, she should hear tidings of Mr. Tindal. There was a systematic avoidance of his name in all the letters she received at this period from her mother and Mrs. Wynyard. No question she asked was answered; no wish she expressed was responded to. But this very carefulness defeated its own end, by filling her with vague alarms, and making her anxiety to learn something of his whereabouts more restless and distressing.

April and May passed with alternate dull days and days when she was forced to exert herself in society. The rumours of neglect, mismanagement, and misery, that began to agitate the public soon after the landing of the expeditionary army at Gallipoli, took their effect upon her mind. Lady Goodwin, observing her one morning much out of spirits, used a sly little moral probe, and said, "No doubt George, poor fellow! was as well off as anybody." Pennie gave her no answer. She was not thinking of George, but she could hardly say so without telling of whom she was thinking, and Lady Goodwin had never encouraged her to speak of Mr. Tindal. She therefore nursed her fears in silence. There was no loud talk of glory yet to inspire with her lofty visions. Mr. Tindal had probably been enduring for months the mean privations there was so much fuss about—getting wet, sleeping without shelter, and not having enough to eat, or nice things; that was all, of course, and might do him no harm. But perhaps he had run greater dangers; perhaps he had rushed into the thick of the campaign on the Danube! Perhaps he had even fallen, an unknown volunteer in the army of Omar Pasha! Nothing was too extreme for her imagining when once her fancy had taken wings. Perhaps he was *dead*, and they were afraid to tell her. The day that gloomy possibility effected a lodgment in her brain she aggrieved Lady Goodwin by declining to go to a garden fête at Richmond.

The next morning she bethought her of writing to Dr. Grey—he would not deceive her, she was sure. After nearly a week's delay, the answer came in an unfamiliar hand, and proved to be from Mr. Buckhurst. Of Mr. Tindal he said he could hear nothing but that he was still in the East—alive and well for anything they knew to the contrary at the Abbey. Of her guardian, however, he gave her the sad, unexpected news, that the good old doctor had only a few days

before suffered a paralytic seizure, and that it was much to be feared he would never resume the exercise of his profession. Pennie formed a prompt resolve to return to Eastwold, and without loss of time announced it to Lady Goodwin.

"But, my dear Pennie, you were to be presented at the drawing-room," remonstrated her amazed chaperone. "You have not seen the pictures at the Royal Academy. The season is hardly begun, and you have been nowhere. Can it be possible that you do not care for the pleasures you might enjoy?"

"I could care for them heartily enough if I had a mind at ease," replied Pennie. "As it is, I think I shall be happier at Eastwold."

Lady Goodwin knew then that all her dreams and schemes for George and Pennie had been labour in vain. She wrote to that effect to her sister. "You will find your headstrong ward still clinging with all her heart to Mr. Tindal." Mrs. Wynyard sighed over the abortive result of Pennie's glimpse of the world, and wrote her a few lines by return of post, to bid her welcome to Eastwold whenever she was pleased to come.

The next day Mr. Wynyard's ward set out on her return to Eskdale.

(To be continued.)

HEAT.

WE all know something about "heat." Occasionally it burns our fingers and scalds our mouths. By its agency iron and other hard substances are made to melt. Solids are thus converted into liquids, and liquids into gases. Some solid bodies, however, although fused by heat, never become quite fluid. Glass is an instance of this, and also some of the metals. Carbon—pure charcoal—has never yet been melted by the artificial application of heat. Could we succeed in this, probably our carbon would melt into diamonds. We can burn carbon, but it burns without flame, and vanishes away in combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere, thus giving rise to carbonic acid gas. But now let us ask ourselves—What is it that produces these extraordinary changes? Heat is accompanied by a certain sensation in the nerves of our body. We likewise observe its operation when applied to various substances. But in trying to gain an answer to our question, we must be careful to distinguish between cause and effect. We feel something which we commonly call "heat." But what is the cause of that sensation? We see iron made—as we say—"red hot." But what is it which thus makes the iron luminous and fiery? We take up a sponge, and it feels damp. We say there is water in it. We take a piece of metal in our hands, and it feels warm. We say there is "heat" in it. We can see water; but have we ever seen heat? We can weigh water in a balance, and we know that a cubic foot of this fluid weighs about a thousand ounces. Even the air we breathe, though invisible, has weight, a cubic foot being equal to 527 grains. The atmosphere is about forty miles high. The air is much lighter higher up than it is near the ground; yet the air is so heavy that it presses on every square inch of surface with a force equal to fifteen pounds. But heat has no weight. It is invisible and imponderable, although we feel and see its effects every moment.

Some philosophers, wishing to distinguish between the mere effects of heat and the cause of those effects, have invented the word "caloric." According to their theory, all substances, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous,

whether hot to the touch, or cold, contain caloric, just as a damp sponge contains water. If we suddenly compress these substances the caloric comes out, somewhat in the same way as water can be squeezed out of a sponge. Pieces of cold metal, when violently compressed by means of machinery, become too hot to be handled. Air contains caloric. If we suddenly compress a quantity of air, it will give out sufficient heat to ignite amadou or German tinder. We do not see the heat itself—the caloric—as we see the water when a sponge is squeezed. But we discern the effects of heat, and we say that the substance which formerly seemed cold has now become hot.

This doctrine of caloric was once held in high repute; but it may be said that the philosophers of the present day do not believe in caloric at all. They say there is no such thing in existence. Lord Bacon seems to have been the first to dispute what is called the "material" theory of heat. Boyle and Newton followed in his steps, together with other illustrious men. More recently Professor Tyndall has opposed the theory of caloric with great success. We are thus told that heat is not "matter," but "motion," or a "mode of motion." It is not the motion of a great mass of matter, like a cannon ball, a river, or a hurricane. It is the minute vibration of the atoms of which all substances are composed—atoms which are too small to be seen, even under the most powerful microscope. If we rub a brass button on a piece of wood, the particles of which the button is composed are made to vibrate, and the effect is what we call heat. If we cease to rub the button on the wood, the vibrating particles will gradually sink into a state of comparative rest, or—in ordinary language—the button will gradually become "cool." At Shoeburyness, in Essex, near the mouth of the Thames, heavy masses of metal are fired from great guns. These projectiles strike against massive targets of wrought or "rolled" iron. The violence of the collision is so great that intense heat is immediately developed; so much so, that a flash of fire is sometimes seen to dart from the target, as if in answer to the gun. The broken fragments of the shot are sometimes so highly heated that they cannot be touched, and if the projectile is a shell containing powder, the heat is so great that the latter immediately explodes. It is said that the new kind of projectiles, called after the name of Major Falsier, the inventor, are not heated by their collision with the iron target. This is accounted for on the principle that the metal, being what is termed "chilled iron," is in such a state of crystalline hardness that the particles are not made to vibrate. But the powder inside explodes all the same for that! How is this? We can only suppose that the enclosed gunpowder is so affected by the prodigious violence of the shock, that its particles are immediately thrown into a state of molecular vibration, occasioning sufficient heat to ignite the charge.

Thus, according to the "mechanical" or "dynamical" theory of heat, whenever the motion of a mass is suddenly destroyed—or even a portion only of that motion—the motion which disappears is not really destroyed or lost, but is transferred from the mass to the particles, thereby giving rise to the phenomenon of heat. When a railway train is brought to a standstill, or the speed partially checked by the application of the brakes, the amount of motion which is subtracted from the train is represented by the molecular agitation of the brakes, which become extremely heated, and give forth showers of sparks. A mass of water falling from a height, as in the case of the famous cataract of Niagara, develops heat in the same way as a ball striking a target. The sea, tossed by a tempest, is heated by the action of its waves, a circumstance with which sailors have long been familiar. The mere pouring of quicksilver to and fro out of one

tumbler into another, is sufficient to raise the temperature of the liquid mass, so as to be made apparent by proper apparatus. A leaden bullet shot from a rifle, and flying at the rate of 1300 feet per second, in striking an iron target develops as much heat as would melt the bullet, were not a considerable portion of the heat absorbed by the target. Even the mere friction of passing through the air is sufficient to elevate the temperature of a body in rapid motion. Aristotle observed that arrows were heated by their flight. This friction, it will be observed, retards the motion of the entire body, and this amount of motion being transferred to the particles occasions heat. The earth travels on its path round the sun at the rate of nineteen miles per second. Supposing the earth suddenly arrested in its career, what amount of heat would be generated by the concussion? The calculation has been made, and the result shows that the consequent heat would be amply sufficient to fuse the entire globe, and even to reduce a considerable portion of it to mere vapour. But the calculation has been carried a step farther. If the earth were stopped in its orbital motion, it would at once proceed to fall into the sun. The shock of this tremendous impact—the earth falling through more than 90,000,000 miles—would generate as much heat as the combustion of 5600 worlds of solid carbon! It has been conjectured, in accordance with these principles, that the heat of the sun is maintained by a perpetual shower of meteoric bodies descending on its surface.

If the reader is at all at a loss to conceive of heat as mere motion, we may refer him to the analogous case of sound. The report of a cannon, the sweet tone of a musical note, the hideous shriek of a steam-whistle, or the sublime trumpet of the thunder, is in no case a substance. Sound is the mere vibration of the air striking on the drum of the ear, and thereby affecting the auditory nerves so as to transmit a certain sensation to the brain. If there were no air there would be no sound. If a hammer be made to strike upon a bell in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, no sound is given forth. That the air really vibrates when a sound is heard, is abundantly proved by the effect produced on particles of sand strewn upon any surface capable of responding readily to a vibratory motion. Fine sand, thus scattered on a species of tambourine, will arrange itself in particular figures, according to the character of the sound which affects it. Every musical note has its own symmetrical figure. Very curious results sometimes arise from the effect of one vibrating body on another. A particular note in a flute will occasion a response from a piano near at hand; and in playing a piano a jingling sound may sometimes be heard, which may be traced to a loose pane of window-glass, or some other vibrating body. A remarkable note in a great organ has been known to shake the walls of a massive building; and a case is on record of a Dutchman, who, by the piercing tones of his voice, could shiver a glass drinking-vessel in pieces. The comparison is rendered still more perfect by the fact that heat itself has been made to give forth vibratory sounds. In 1805, M. Schwartz, an inspector of one of the smelting works of Saxony, happened to place a mass of hot silver on a cold anvil. Musical tones were presently heard, and were found to proceed from the heated silver thus in contact with the cooler metal. A hot iron, placed on a block of lead, has been observed to emit a distinctly shrill note; and an apparatus, called "Trevelyan's Instrument," has been invented to show this singular property.

Sound may be propagated through various bodies, but—as we have seen—not through a vacuum. Heat, on the contrary, as well as light, will operate in the absence of air. This was one of the arguments of the calorists. A thermometer, suspended by a silk thread under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, is imme-

diately affected by a ray of heat directed upon it. This is the case whether the rays of heat are luminous—as from a red-hot ball, or non-luminous—as from a bottle of hot water. It was argued that the heat was a material substance, which passed into the atmospheric vacuum, and there exercised its natural influence on the thermometer. To meet this difficulty, it has been supposed that heat is transmitted through an apparent void by the vibrations of what is called an ethereal medium, which pervades the whole of creation, and is concerned also in the transmission of light. The air-pump cannot remove this ethereal substance, and therefore the heat-vibrations are possible in an atmospheric vacuum, and throughout the whole of inter-planetary and inter-stellar space. If there be a weak point in the dynamical theory, it would seem to be this, its elastic ether being almost as hypothetical as the caloric of the older theory. Still the balance of facts is, upon the whole, decidedly in favour of the more modern hypothesis. So far as experiments in vacuo are concerned, we may produce another, for which the material theory can offer no explanation. Sir Humphry Davy, by means of clock-work, made two pieces of ice rub together in an exhausted receiver. The result was that the ice became melted. As it is clearly proved that water at the temperature of freezing contains much more heat than ice does at that temperature, we have in this case to account for the production of heat—if heat be a substance—out of nothing, there being much more heat in the water than there was in the ice. But the creation of matter is out of the question, unless we are to suppose a positive miracle. The transference of motion, however, is quite within human means. As the slabs of ice revolved, there was friction. Friction is a retardation in the motion of the mass, and a transference of the subtracted motion to the particles of which the mass—or something in contact with it—is composed. The motion of the ultimate particles is vibratory, and is therefore identified with heat. As the bullet is heated by collision with the target, or as the earth would be consumed by the shock of contact with the sun (not considering the sun as a heated body), so the frictional contact of two pieces of ice will develop sufficient heat to melt them.

The subject at which we have thus glanced is one of immense extent, and the careful inquirer will never be at a loss for new facts. Neither should it be forgotten, that in thus seeking to read the deep things of creation, we are studying the handiwork of that Supreme Being who is so "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." The marvels of matter are but a faint reflex of the higher marvels of mind. The Divine Architect designed his own creation and found his own materials.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong :
So, turning gloomily from my fellow man,
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place ;
When, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of one common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awd for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I FORGAVE !
The American Poet, WHITTIER.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The world has nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.—CORRON.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

NAPOLEON having been nominated First Consul on his return from Egypt in 1799, crossed the Alps in the May of the following year, and with one clutch his hands instantly seized Milan and Pavia. On the 14th of June he struck the Austrians a heavy blow on the plain of Marengo, six thousand Austrians being slain by Dessaix's bayonets and Murat's sabres among the Italian vineyards. In the mean time a second French army, led by Moreau, had crossed the Rhine, spread over Bavaria, and poured into Munich. The Emperor of Austria, breaking a half-formed treaty with France, instantly joined the camp, and with the archdukes, his brothers, prepared to push the war vigorously forward, and obtain some compensation for the recent loss of Genoa and the chief fortresses of Piedmont and the Milanese. The white-coated Austrian battalions crowded thick upon the banks of the Isar, and bore down on the French posts at the little village of Hohenlinden (High-Linden Trees), twenty miles east of Munich. Under the brave Archduke John, the Germans, with red plumes and yellow bone shakoos, pressed fiercely on against the French in forests of threatening steel. Moreau's dark-garbed troops, savage in the attack and eager in the charge, still full of the fervour that had carried the Revolutionary Tricolour already half over the world, hurled back the masses of the Archduke's infantry, and at last crushed through their centre with fire and sword. The Austrian wings were also clipped and broken by storms of grape and irresistible whirlwinds of cavalry.

Over the shattered houses and through the narrow streets the battle raged, till Moreau's grenadiers finally beat off the Austrian foot and the Hungarian hussars, and the Tricolour was borne victorious over the heaps of dead, the shattered gun-carriages, and the blood-drenched flags. Fast and fiercely the French drums beat that night in the burning Bavarian village, and the repulsed Germans heard it and trembled as they sat over their camp fires binding up their wounds. When the roll-call was made, it was found that ten thousand of the emperor's men were left dead on the field, and about ten thousand more were prisoners. The French instantly seized on Salzburg. The Archduke Charles, hopeless of stemming the torrent, proposed an armistice, which was agreed upon. The emperor declared his willingness to negotiate for peace with the First Consul, and the English government at once released him from the recent alliance. The treaty of Lunéville was signed by the Austrians and French in January of the next year. In March, 1802, the short-lived peace of Amiens was agreed to by the French Republic and England. In 1803 war again broke out with increased virulence.

Campbell the poet was not actually present at the battle of Hohenlinden, but he was at Ratisbon, on the Rhine, and Ratisbon is not twenty miles distant. From the wall of that Bavarian city this martial poet was favoured by seeing a *mêlée* between the French and Austrian hussars. It was their whirling sabres and hot charges that suggested his poems of "Hohenlinden" and "The Soldier's Dream." He used always to mention seeing the French horsemen returning into the city, and wiping their gory sword-blades on the manes of their horses. Campbell was young at the time, just fresh from the fame of his "Pleasures of Hope," and his mind was sensitive and impressionable. A dandy as Campbell was, perhaps none of our poets except Sir Walter Scott have ever given us so finely the pomp and pageantry of war. No one blended more truthfully the clang of trumpets with the groans of the dying. He had seen both sides of the picture, and he never forgot that after the wild *mêlée* of sabres, the tramp of men, the rumble of the artillery.



THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

(See page 168.)

waggons, and the jar of crossing bayonets, came the heaps of mangled dead and the screaming sufferers in the hospital carts. There is the true fervour and majesty of war in Campbell's lyrics; and in none, except that glorious Pindaric, "The Battle of the Baltic," more so than in his "Hohenlinden." It opens with the hush of a sleeping camp, it closes with the quietude of the new-closed grave.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steeds, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow,
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but sunset you level sun
Can pierce the war-obscured, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hen
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's cemetery.

It is almost invidious to point out every accidental error in this noble poem; but truth being above all things, and there being spots even in the sun, we may just remark that the Iser flows twenty miles from Hohenlinden, and so far from being at its climax in December, rolls much more rapidly in April, when the snows melt on the mountains.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

III.—HUMBUG.

IN a former sketch mention was made of a Greek sage who lived more than two thousand years ago, and who noticed then amongst his countrymen such marks as we still find amongst ours. He speaks about what will be here called humbug, though we include in humbug a great deal which he did not. He did not, it would seem, have in view the same thing as the American had, who wrote,—

In short, I firmly do believe
In humbug generally;
For it's a thing that I perceive
To hev a solid vally.

The Greek word he used has been put into English form, and brought into common use, but few people would think of it as being the same as humbug. His word in its English form is *irony*, which not many people will say is equal to humbug. And yet when you come to look at it you will see that, though irony may not be the same as humbug, there is a family likeness; and if we regard humbug as a great tree, we may regard irony as one of its branches. For when you

use irony, you by your tone of voice give to your words a meaning different from what they ought to bear. As, for instance, when you say, "Upon my word, that's very kind of you to sit down on my new hat," you say one thing and mean another; and it is only because your meaning cannot be mistaken that your expression does not amount to humbug. Now the old Greek meant more than we mean by irony, but not quite so much as we have got now to mean by humbug. Humbug, however, answers better than any other word to the term used by the Greek, who would have applied it to the conduct of that old fox who, not being able to get at the grapes, said they were sour: and if that fox was not a humbug there never was a fox that was. But as politeness has increased to such an extent, that the softer term humbug is now used in cases where fraud and swindling would strike plain, rude, honest folk as the proper words for the occasion, it is only right to remark that the humbug have dealt with will not be such as the American already speaks of perceived "to hev a solid vally"—and such as in nine cases out of ten involves acts which might be expected rather from other characters yet to be sketched—but such as is practised without any hope of "making anything by it." For example, the following anecdote told of himself, by one who has been called the "prince of humbugs," is no illustration of the quality here treated of. The "prince" being in want of money, and having a great name as a showman, gave out that he would on a certain day exhibit *gratis* to the public a "wild buffalo hunt," at a certain spot which could only be arrived at from the neighbouring city by crossing a river. The "prince," therefore, bought up all the ferries on the day of exhibition, and charged enormous fares for a passage. Multitudes, not knowing what the "prince" had done, and rather than be balked of their "wild buffalo hunt for nothing," paid the heavy toll; and on their arrival at the place of exhibition found only a herd of feeble calves, which could scarcely be pricked and beaten into a slow trot. According to the views here taken, the smart trick of the "prince" should be considered an instance rather of "unprincipled money-getting" than of "humbug." Sycophants, also, and other creeping things, are often included amongst humbugs; but it is a degree too high for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Varnish have always a large circle of acquaintances; but, though the circle is always large, you continually miss old faces and continually meet new. The first time you saw Varnish you were at once taken with him. The moment he heard your name he asked if you were related to the great family of that name; was surprised to hear you were not; would have said there was a family likeness; and told anecdotes of several persons who, though working hard for their daily bread, and having no idea that they had any claims, were really the heirs to great estates. Varnish will give you to understand that he has a very great opinion of your outward and inward qualities; will declare he cannot comprehend how you can have failed in such and such a matter; and will "only wish" he "had known you were a candidate," and he "could have got you no end of assistance." Varnish will say to you: "I'll tell you what sort of fellow you are exactly;" and he will proceed to draw your portrait in such a manner as will induce you to allow that he is not altogether wrong; but will also cause you to look steadfastly in his face, to see whether you can detect anything queer in his eye, or any bump (such as might be caused by position of the tongue) in either cheek; and you will observe nothing more than unusual earnestness. Varnish will ask you whether you never performed such a feat as he has been describing with praise or reading of with admiration; and when you say that you never did, will show surprise, and will remark that he would "have thought you

were just the sort of man to do it." As for himself, he will regret that his natural gifts are so poor that he could never hope to be or do anything out of the common. Varnish will profess complete ignorance of a certain subject; will beg you to explain it to him; will lead you on by question after question; will assure you that he "only asks for information;" will excite a suspicion in your mind that he knows more about it than you know yourself; will thank you fervently; and will be all the while laughing silently in his sleeve. But if you should happen to touch Varnish on a sore point, so as to make him angry; or if you should ever hear Varnish talking freely amongst "his own set;" or if you should want his aid; you will find no difficulty in understanding why the old faces are continually vanishing and being replaced by new in the circle of Mr. Varnish's acquaintance. Under the influence of rage he will tell you plainly that "you were a fool to suppose" he "was serious." In the privacy of "his own set" he will make merry over you for having "swallowed all" he "said;" and, when you want his aid, you will either not be able to find him, or you will in time discover, that after promising you the warmest help, he has weakened its effect by a "but." He will say of you, "a cleverer, better, more industrious, more conscientious man I do not know, but"—and he will shake his head, and probably mention the words "cantankerous," or "crotchety," or "touchy," or some other fatal to your success, and implying blemishes which he never led you to suppose he saw in your character. Varnish, moreover, is master of contortions, grimaces, looks, and exclamations, to express such emotions as he should, but does not feel. In fact, Varnish may be just the sort of man who would be considered "nice" at "a small tea-party," but he is a humbug.

Mrs. Varnish is all smiles, and attitudes, and exclamations, and adjectives (generally in the superlative degree), and thanks, and good wishes, and compliments (until either she loses her temper, or is left to herself or to "her own set"). If you call upon her, she says, "Oh, how very kind!" as if she had never heard of such a thing; she swallows the vexation with which she heard your knock, and says, "Most delighted, I'm sure." She inquires after "pretty Marian," and "sweet Eleanor," and "dearest Kate;" she asks whether you didn't think Caroline looking "perfectly lovely" the other evening, and whether she would not look even better still if her complexion was not so uncertain. She "quite feels for those poor Flutter girls," who, she is "sure, would make the best of wives," and "yet the poor things have neither beauty nor money to recommend them" (and she shoots a quick, short glance at the looking-glass). When you take leave she nearly weeps with grief at your departure; and when you are fairly out she heaves a sigh of relief, and wonders how she had strength to bear it. She "visits" a "district," and talks beautifully; but shudders at sitting next to a man in corduroy, and to confidential friends expresses her dislike of the "lower orders." She subscribes (very small sums) to nearly all the lists brought round to her; she puffs up the bringers by talking of their goodness and perseverance; and, so soon as she has got rid of them, she grumbles about nuisances, and insists that her husband shall repay her her subscriptions. Her son, perhaps, brings home to dinner a friend, whom she dislikes; and the manner in which she gets rid of him is a sight to see. After a passionate remonstrance with her son in his father's study, she sweeps into the room where Jones is waiting, and her black looks have all gone, and her face is as that of an angel.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones? I am so very pleased to see you; it is so long since you were here; you really ought to come oftener;" and so with quite a tender pressure of the hand she makes Jones feel as if he was

a culprit. Then, after a few words of conversation, she exclaims, with the brightest of smiles: "It is so very unfortunate that we cannot ask you to stay and dine with us to-day; but my son, you know, is not aware of all our arrangements. We make engagements for him whilst he is at school that he knows nothing about; so pray excuse me—it is so very unfortunate—but I shall never forgive you if you do not come some day soon:" and she rises and holds out her hand, compelling Jones, aged seventeen, and on the head form of a public school, to rise and feel bewildered; to receive a squeeze of the hand which his own mother might have given him; to be shown out with a smile of surpassing benevolence; and to have the street-door shut behind him just in time to prevent him from hearing the words, "There, I told you, Thomas, I would not have him, and I will not; whenever you bring that young man home to dinner with you here I shall treat him in the same way." In fact, Mrs. Varnish is a humbug.

If there be a Miss Varnish she will display humbug after the fashion of her mother, but in a different line. Let Brown, with black hair and whiskers, Smith, with brown hair and whiskers, and Robinson, with sandy hair and whiskers, recollect what a Miss Varnish said about hair and whiskers, and the vocations of men: yet she married Black, who had red hair and no whiskers, and was not in the same line of life as any one of the other three. To say nothing of the occasion upon which she had asked Green whether he didn't consider Black "odious;" and the occasion on which she had asked White whether nearly all the great men had not been short. Now Black was six feet in his stockings, and White was five feet nothing (to speak of). Surely Miss Varnish was a humbug.

THE BRITISH LION.



OW few of those, to whom this king of beasts is quite familiar in print or picture, know anything at all of his real significance in the historical point of view, or the way in which he has attained to his present eminence in our national literature. Half of our readers may probably have regarded him hitherto as a mere symbolical representation of English

bravery and generosity, a sort of standing compliment to our national vanity; and just as probably, the other half have never once troubled their heads about the matter, but passed him by, like other zoological ornaments of essays or speeches, as unworthy of minute investigation. For all that, his history is neither uninteresting nor un instructive.

In very early times standards bearing figures of beasts, birds, or natural objects of other kinds, were carried in armies, or fixed in camps, as rallying points for the soldiery. The tribes of Israel in their transit from Egypt to Palestine, and doubtless in the wars after their passage of the Jordan, used standards of this kind. The Roman eagles are famed in history. The early chronicles of our own country tell us of the Danish raven and the Saxon dragon. But the system of warfare in use among the Normans at the period of the Conquest was such as to render a general banner for the whole army a thing comparatively unnecessary. Each knight fought surrounded by his own little knot of retainers, who took their orders—archers, foot-soldiers, and horse alike—from him personally, looking

to the pennon or small flag at the end of his lance as their guide in the press of battle.

The pictured representation of the great fight of Senlac (which we call the battle of Hastings), which has been transmitted to us by the needle of Matilda, the Conqueror's queen, does not give us anything like distinctive colours in the Norman army. Before the Saxon Harold is borne the national standard of the dragon, but William and his followers simply attach to their lances small swallow-tailed flags of white, with coloured crosses and borders, bearing a great similarity one to another. In the battle of the Standard, about a century later, though the English had a general ensign of such size and importance as to be drawn upon a four-wheeled carriage to the battle-field, it consisted of two ecclesiastical banners, those of St. John of Beverley and St. Wilfred of Ripon; the figures, that is to say, of those holy men, embroidered upon the hangings in use at that date in churches and processions; which were brought into action more from a superstitious belief in their miraculous powers, than as a national distinctive emblem. It is somewhat remarkable that the famous French standard, the oriflamme, or flame banner, anciently belonged to the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris; and was borne by the kings of France, in honour of St. Denis, in right of their possession of the territory of the Vexin, whose counts were patrons of that Church. The devotional turn given by the Crusades to the warlike spirit of the age, brought the cross into use as a national English distinction, though its colours at first were the exact reverse of those afterwards appropriated to the banner of St. George (red upon white), which still "flings its crimson blaze" wherever the meteor flag of Britain, the Union Jack, floats over ocean.

But the effect of the Crusades was to introduce a fresh fashion, from whence the modern science of armorial bearings took its rise. The scorching heat of the climate of Palestine made it absolutely necessary to protect the warrior from the rays of a blazing sun by some covering less susceptible of receiving and retaining heat than armour of metal; and from plain loose frocks of one colour, the surcoats, as they were called, gradually became embroidered records of the prowess or rank of the wearer. Hence the term coats of arms, and the introduction of rules to define in what way they should be ornamented, and to prevent the confusion which would soon have arisen if any other person than the immediate relations of the warrior or noble originally adopting a device had been allowed to copy and appropriate it.

When we remember where and under what circumstances heraldry took its rise, we shall not be surprised that the lion became the favourite symbol of all the warlike nobility who were battling against the Saracen power in Palestine. The magnificent quadruped, whom we call the king of beasts, would be an object of tenfold admiration to those who saw him for the first time, or heard his strength and noble bearing described in the poetical phraseology of the East.

The lion was adopted by several crowned heads as their personal cognisance; and, the fashion spreading, our Anglo-Norman nobles soon learned to regard him as the only animal worth bearing on their shields. Richard himself could do no less, in justice to his name of "Lion heart," than adorn his shield with the representation of a pair of lions leaping up to fight each other, the first regular arms assumed by an English monarch, shortly exchanged by him for the familiar three lions of our present royal arms. Some time however elapsed before the personal ornaments of the sovereign were converted into a national flag; and it is not until the reign of Edward I. that we find the king's banner, joined with those of St. George and St. Edward, triumphantly floating from the battlements of the Scottish fortress of Carlaverock, which had surrendered

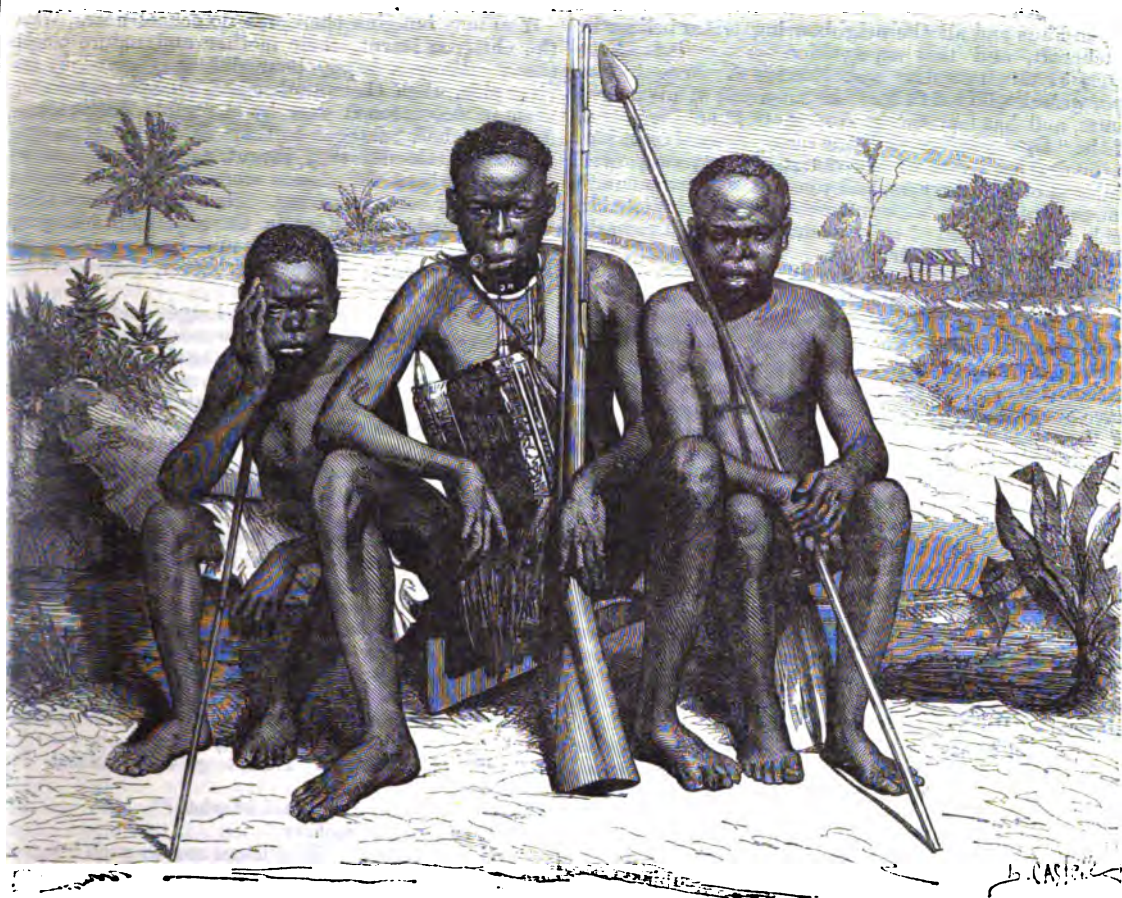
to his troops. In fact, at that time the royal banner would not have been displayed except where the king fought in person; and sometimes not even then, if, by way of compliment to some eminent leader, he desired, as our fighting Plantagenets occasionally did, to serve as a volunteer under him. Still slowly, as heraldry became more familiar to the people, more bound up with the associations of every-day life, and as the constitutional progress of national government gave more influence to the monarchy, the lion became more and more naturalized as the symbol or representation of the national sovereignty.

We mentioned the familiar aspect of the three lions on the royal shield: these are, as you may see, represented as pacing along (in heraldry, *passant*) and gazing on the spectator (in heraldry, *gardant*). Their number is said to have arisen thus: the traditional device of Henry I. was a golden lion; on his marriage with Adeliza, daughter of the duke of Louvaine, who also rejoiced in the representation of the royal brute by way of arms, he added a second lion to his shield: his grandson, Henry II., married Eleanor of Aquitaine, and the arms of that duchy being also a lion, completed the tale of three, borne by his descendants from that period. Their attitude and number exposed them to the criticism of foreign heralds, who denied them the honour of being representations of the noblest of the felines, alleging that they were only leopards. In fact the early heraldic draughtsmen, who were not very skilful at minute touches of distinction between one animal and another, found it most convenient to depict a lion in profile, and in the attitude of springing on his prey; so that if the likeness were not exact, the attitude at any rate might identify the object sought to be represented. It is singular enough that this antiquarian quibble should have been revived by the first Napoleon, in one of those strange proclamations which he issued from time to time, seemingly to show the weakness compatible with a mighty intellect. In the one we refer to, he bade Soult, with the army of Portugal, drive the Norman leopards into the sea; an injunction which the leopards, under the leadership of Wellington, effectually prevented the lieutenant of the emperor from fulfilling.

The lion not only figured on the shield and surcoat of the fighting kings. From Richard I. downward it stood on their helmets, gilt and adorned with a crown. This was called the crest, and as such it now figures in engravings above the shield. It is repeated once more as a supporter upon the right-hand side of the regal escutcheon, in which position it was first placed, so says tradition, in the reign of Edward III., who gave it for companion the king of birds, the eagle. After many changes in the royal supporters, as the houses of Lancaster, York, and Tudor became possessors of kingly power, they settled down, at the union of England and Scotland under the first of the Stuarts, into those so familiar to us, the golden lion on the right side, on the left the silver unicorn—that strange and graceful creature which the imagination of the Crusaders had framed out of a glimpse of one of those antelopes whose horns grow so closely, that a side view at a distance gives the appearance of a single horn—in honour of the arms of the kingdom of Scotland, of which two unicorns were the supporters.

How the political writers and caricaturists gave the lion a popular fame after the decay of heraldry, we need not tell our readers: they are as familiar with him in the engravings of Tenniel and the pages of "Punch" as we are; and we trust it will be many a year ere the British lion may be forgotten.

LIGHT travels at a rate of not less than 185,000 miles per second; whilst sound passes through only about 1150 feet in the same time, in air.



NEGRO CANNIBALS.

AMONG the more remarkable of the African tribes visited by M. Du Chaillu in his two journeys to Equatorial Africa, may be reckoned a race of cannibals named Fans. A group of the warriors of this tribe is represented in our engraving, for which, as for the view of the gorillas in a former number, we are indebted to M. Du Chaillu's new book. An account of the tribe will be found in his first publication, "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa," which appeared in the spring of 1861. The same work contains a portrait of their king, who, we are told, was no less remarkable for his frank intelligence than for his muscular, well-developed frame.

Fifteen or twenty years ago the Fans were only heard of, not really known, by the sea-shore tribes; a few villages being spoken of as existing in the mountains at the head water of the Gaboon river. Latterly they have come down from their mountains (a range extending north and south about sixty miles from the coast), and have formed settlements everywhere on the river banks. Their villages are numerous between the Moonda and the Gaboon, and are distant only a few miles from the sea. Indeed, M. Du Chaillu states that the Fans are now often seen among the settlements of the traders. A glance at our engraving is sufficient to show their warlike character, and we can hardly be surprised that a race so stalwart and fierce should have swept all before them. Still, the villages of the Bakalai and Shekiani, which have suffered by their

raids, are far from being inhabited by an effeminate people. They seem to have made a fair stand against the aggressors, and now that conquerors and conquered are intermingled, there is frequent fighting between them.

The Fans are not very scrupulously dressed, as the reader may see, and even in battle they wear no defensive clothing. Their only armour is a shield made of hippopotamus hide, which appears slung round the neck of the central figure in the engraving. The spear is their principal weapon, but a few possess guns, and perhaps a tomahawk, or a rough sort of cross-bow, with which, to their shame be it said, they shoot poisoned arrows.

The sort of necklace worn by the gentleman with the shield is a string of amulets or charms. Hereon it may be remarked that any religion these tribes possess is of the lowest type. They use a word, *Aniambié*, which M. Du Chaillu surmises may stand for their notion of some mysterious supreme power: on the other hand they acknowledge two potent spirits of a malignant character, the one named *Abambou*, the other *Mburri*. Huts are set apart to the honour of these demons, who are supposed to be propitiated by the offer of flesh and fruit. The proverb, frequently heard on their lips, "After life all is done," seems to show they have no idea of a future state. Yet they believe in evil and good spirits, and were alarmed at the first appearance of M. Du Chaillu's white face among them, taking him for a spirit, who, they thought, had made all the guns and beads that were sent to Africa. "Are you ready for death?" M. Du

Chaillu has sometimes asked. "No!" they quickly replied, "never speak of that;" and, with a shudder of horror, "Ah!"

The Fans and all the neighbouring tribes believe in witchcraft, and this superstition is the immediate cause of much cruelty and bloodshed. Woe to the poor wretch who falls under the suspicion of his neighbours, and has had the misfortune to incur the hatred of the "Greegree," or medicine man. A word from him is the death-warrant of any victim, old or young; even children of tender years, and young comely women are not exempted from the unutterable tortures inflicted in such cases. Dread of the new moon is also a remarkable phase of Fan superstition.

Among all the tribes polygamy and slavery exist; the wealth of a man consisting, first of wives, next of slaves, the slaves always belonging to a different tribe from that of their owner. Laws of inheritance and marriage customs are much the same among the various tribes; and their languages, though different, have great affinities one to another. The same is true of their fables. The only custom not common to all is cannibalism. The Fans, and the people farther off in a north-easterly direction, are the only ones who eat human flesh; and to indulge in this practice they even rifle the fresh made graves, though the persons may have died of disease, and either eat the bodies at once, or prepare them for future use by smoking them. A man's head is sometimes sent to the king by way of a royalty, and it is reasonable to infer that it is regarded as a dainty. With his knowledge of these horrible customs we hardly need remark that our traveller had no desire to be entertained at dinner by their majesties, but generally preferred to look after his own kettles and their contents.

We ought to say that M. Du Chaillu purposely penetrated into the Fan country to test the rumours he had heard concerning the existence of a tribe of cannibals. Whatever doubts he had were set at rest the moment he entered one of their villages, for he met a woman carrying a portion of a human thigh, and saw human bones lying about in all directions—the subject of a repulsive engraving in the author's first work. Still they were hospitable and kind to the traveller. Never was he gratuitously molested; on the contrary, he was tenderly nursed through several attacks of fever, and received all possible assistance in hunting, and in the carriage of his somewhat cumbrous baggage.

Much remains to be said concerning this savage race; but we have only space to add that the tract of country inhabited by them is that watered by several rivers which empty themselves into the sea, on the western coast of Africa, within one or two degrees south of the Equator. The greater part of this tract between the mountains and the sea consists of low swampy land; but to form a correct idea of its surface-features, and its exact limits, it is necessary to refer to the corrected map in M. Du Chaillu's recently-published work.

THE THREE GIANTS.

IN one of the most lonesome valleys in all Wales, far away from any village or highway, lived a poor widow with two little children, a boy and a girl, Reece and Gwendoline. Hard work had that poor woman to feed and clothe herself and children. With difficulty she cultivated some potatoes in her stony garden, and raised a few bushels of oats: often the frost destroyed the former, and the latter failed her from the early coming of winter. Still comparative plenty reigned when there was a good store of potatoes in the outhouse, and meal for oat-cakes in the cupboard. Then she had three goats, who yielded a sufficiency of milk for the little household; and in the summer time the widow and her

children gathered almost enough wool from the thorn bushes and gorse plants to supply them with thick, warm garments.

You may imagine there was no school near. What the children learnt, their mother and nature taught them. Many a happy hour did they spend by the river side, when their mother had no special work for them to do, watched over by the noble Scotch sheep-dog that had belonged to their father; and many a wondrous tale did they invent, as to what the river said, and where the clouds were going, and why the flowers only came in spring. Then they knew a whole troop of fairies who lived in the glen by the dripping well, and all the crags and mountains round were inhabited by giants. If they were poor, they were very happy children.

But a dreadful winter came, longer and more cruel than usual, and sweet little Gwendoline drooped and faded, and Reece had to go alone to the fairies' well, to look for "conkerbells," as their mother had taught them to call the long icicles that hung from every spray (The willow was not a Welsh woman, or she would not have called icicles "conkerbells," in truth she was a Devonshire fisherman's daughter), and Reece felt very lonely, and poor little Gwendoline was very, very ill.

One day the widow looked on the pale face of little Gwenny, and then at the bold bright boy at her side.

"Reece," she said, "you must go to Llansaul, to the doctor, and bring some medicine for Gwendoline."

Now Reece knew the doctor well, though Llansaul was miles off, for the doctor was a great fisherman, and often came to the famous trout stream that ran through the valley where the widow lived; and he never turned homeward without leaving a plentiful supply of fish at the little cottage.

"Llansaul, mother! I can't go to Llansaul. I'm afraid."

"Afraid, Reece? Afraid of what?"

"Of the giants, mother."

"Giants, Reece! Why there are no such beings as giants."

"Oh, mother! how can you say so! when there's Goliath of Gath, and Giant Despair; and if there were no such things as giants," continued Reece, waxing bold, "pray what was the use of Jack the Giant Killer?"

The widow hardly knew what to say, and the boy continued. "There are three giants who live between this and Llansaul, the Giant of the Bog, of the Fog, and of the Crag. Gwenny and I call them Boggy and Foggy and Craggy when we are at play."

The mother was puzzled for a moment, and then she caught the child's meaning.

"Oh, Reece! I understand now. But I know a giant far more powerful than your three giants put together. Go and fetch Gwenny's medicine, and I will give you a letter to my giant, and he will surely help you, even if Boggy and Foggy and Craggy all came upon you at once."

So the widow took a sheet of paper, and printed on it in large letters, such as Reece could read, "Duty."

Then she wrapped up the boy as warmly as she could, gave him a letter for the doctor, and pinned the message to her giant on his breast. That done, she called the old sheep dog, Scot, and said, "My faithful friend, you know Giant Duty, and have learned many a lesson from him. When your master fell dead on the mountain, did you not bring all his flock home safely, even to the weakest lamb? Go, good dog, and take care of my son."

So little Reece and the dog started, and the widow, after watching them out of sight, came back, and busied herself about her house.

Gwenny's cough was troublesome, and she missed Reece, and was fidgety, and the widow was anxious

about her boy; so the day was not a very happy one.

Towards afternoon a fog settled on the mountains, and Gwenny muttered, "Giant Fog will catch hold of Reece."

Many times did the widow go to the door and look out, in hopes of seeing Reece and the dog coming up the valley; but each time she was disappointed.

And where was Reece all this while? Such a road as that little boy had to travel, few little boys have ever seen, much less had to traverse alone. Centuries ago, when that great people, the Romans, came to this island, they made a road in those parts; and so bad was it, in spite all their cleverness in road-making, that they gave it the name of "The Stony Mile" (*miles more truly*); and to this day the Welsh people, in their own language, call it by a name which means the same thing.

Reece thought little of the road; he walked along bravely, quite proud of his errand, and, above all, his message to the great Giant Duty. As he and Scot climbed the hill-side and looked down many a stony slope, he almost laughed, and said, "I wonder if our three giants really do live in the mountains, and if there really are such things as giants." Still, though his mother's words had to a degree shaken his faith in giants, he kept looking out at every turn, in hopes of catching sight of the new giant.

He gave his letter to the doctor, received a packet of medicine, had a famous dinner with the doctor's housekeeper, and started in high spirits homeward.

He mounted the steep hill above Llansaul safely, and found himself on the broad, almost pathless moor that lay on the top of the mountain between the hill above Llansaul and the precipice leading down to his mother's cottage.

"I hope Giant Fog won't catch us here, Scot," said the boy. But the words were hardly out of his mouth when they were enveloped in a deep mist, whirling and eddying round, till the poor child was quite giddy and terrified. He put his hand to his breast, pressed the talisman his mother had given him, and cried out "Duty!"

The fog seemed to clear for a moment, and he and his faithful companion stumbled on; but it soon became evident to the child that all shadow of a path was lost. Still bravely he pursued the way, always, when his spirits flagged, crying "Duty! Duty!"

At last they came to a more rocky place than they had hitherto encountered, and the fog before them looked inky black. The boy paused, and Scot rubbed herself against him, and looked up whimpering in his face. "Never mind, good dog," said Reece. "Even if this were the very castle of Giant Craggy, I am not afraid; we are trying to do our duty, as the good giant would have us. On, good dog, on!"

The dog drew back; the boy pressed forward, and in a moment he felt he was falling rapidly through the air.

How long he lay at the base of the High Crags none can say; but when he recovered his consciousness Scot's cold nose was against his cheek. It was some time before he could rise from the ground, and then he found one arm hung useless at his side, and sharp pains darted through every limb. The tears started to his eyes—he was but a little fellow—but pressing his mother's charm against his aching breast, he and Scot started again on their travels.

"Giant Foggy and Giant Craggy have done us a bad turn," said the boy; "but with Giant Duty's help, we will conquer Boggy, and then we shall be all right."

But he had a weary way before him yet. He guessed he was at the bottom of the deep valley instead of on the terraced hill-side; and he knew that in the valley Giant Boggy reigned supreme. On they went. The fog cleared a little; but dark night came down, and the poor child had hardly strength to keep on his feet.

Numbed and weary, he made false step after false step, till he was fairly in the bog, and had neither strength nor spirit to extricate himself.

The widow watched and waited, and every moment her anxiety increased, till she was suddenly startled by the ringing of a horse's hoofs on the stony pavement in front of the cottage. She flew to the door, and met the doctor.

"Where is Reece?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Not come back yet," replied the widow.

"Not come back! To tell the truth, the deep fog made me anxious about the lad, and I have ridden from Llansaul to see that he was safe."

At this moment Scot dashed into the cottage, and it was soon but too evident that Reece was not with her. The dog seemed to beg them to follow her; and hastily tying up his horse, the kind doctor and the faithful dog hurried out into the night. They had not far to go. On the edge of a deep and dangerous peat bog, hardly a quarter of a mile from the house, lay little Reece, his legs sunk in the slimy, sticky peat; one arm, broken, hanging at his side, and the other still pressing the magic word "Duty" and the packet for Gwenny to his breast.

Tenderly did the kind doctor lift the exhausted child; skilfully did he nurse him; but for weeks it was doubtful who had really conquered—the three bad giants or the good one.

But at last one day Reece opened his eyes and said, "Mother, I hope Gwenny's medicine is all right?"

"Quite, dearest."

"I'm so glad. The three giants were very cruel; but if Gwenny got her medicine, it's all right."

Be sure that one who could place Duty as his guiding star at so early an age, must ultimately become an honour to his country and a blessing to all around him.

SELF-SACRIFICE

THE following story of genuine heroism is told by Madame de Genlis, and, though not new, deserves to be printed again and again in letters of gold:—

When the plague raged at Marseilles, and all the city was panic-stricken, the physicians assembled at the Hôtel de Ville to hold a consultation. After a long deliberation they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which a post-mortem examination might throw light upon; but the operation was held an impossible one, seeing the operator must inevitably fall a victim in a few hours. A dead pause followed this fearful declaration, when suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said, firmly, "Be it so. I will give myself for the safety of my beloved country. By to-morrow morn I will dissect a corpse, and write down what I observe." He went away, calmly made his will, confessed, and received the sacrament. He then shut himself up with a man who had died of the plague, taking with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, he had never felt more firm or more collected; kneeling before the corpse he wrote, "I gaze without horror, even with joy. I trust, by finding the secret cause of this terrible disease, to show the way to some salutary remedy; and so will God bless my sacrifice and make it useful." He began—he finished the operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, sought the lazaretto, and died in twelve hours.

"Died," did we say? Nay, he lived. What life so real as that which casts itself into future generations to be a lasting benefit to men? What better illustration of the Chief Shepherd's words, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?"

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

III.—THE MOTHER IN THE PLAY-ROOM.

PLAY is essential not merely to a child's happiness, but to its well-being, physical, moral, and spiritual; and it is wonderful what slight materials will serve as a means for its exercise. Little children in the streets may be seen for hours amusing themselves with oyster-shells, and bits of broken glass and china, with apparently as much zest and enjoyment as the little ladies and gentlemen who run their railway trains along the nursery floor, and pay visits of ceremony to each other with their beautifully-dressed dolls. Therefore the mother who interests herself in the amusements of her children (and what mother should not do so?) can easily find the means to add to their pleasures at very little expense or trouble. A few scraps of silk and calico are a mine of wealth to little Bright Eyes, who has been walking up and down the room with her dolly wrapped up in its paper envelope, the head peeping out like that of a tortoise from its shell; and a flag for Willie's ship, if made by "mother's own hands," is the pride of the bark, and its happy owner.

A mother should bear in mind that the characters of her children are often developed in play; and by observing their tendencies when amusing themselves, she may often gain a valuable insight into their inner life, which will guide her much as to their future. Some children are naturally of a robust constitution, and their play is characterized by noise and action; others, not so strong, or of a more gentle or studious disposition, pursue their amusements in comparative quiet. It is always a sign of ill health if a child sits silently and moping apart from its fellows; and the mother should at once seek for the cause of such an unnatural state of things.

If children are in a position to be supplied with costly toys, they should not be allowed to continue to play with one particular set of them until they lose all their interest, and are cast aside or broken, thus teaching them two bad habits—to wear out a pleasure threadbare, and reckless destruction. The mother can easily join in the play for a few minutes, and then suggest a change; not interfering violently, to deprive the child of a seeming enjoyment, but leading it to seek the variety she desires. It is a pleasant thing to see a mother, with flushed cheeks and laughing eyes, enjoying a game of "puss in the corner," or some other lively romp, with her little ones; her presence and participation in the fun giving them double pleasure, while it preserves the game from all disputes or roughness.

The working mother may often snatch a moment from her occupation to cut out a pattern body for Lizzy's doll, or to paste a bit of paper on Bob's kite; and it is no derogation from the dignity of the most intellectual woman to enter with interest into the question of "what colour is best" for the dress of the little girl in the print her own little maid is colouring, or to help Eddy to put his puzzle together, or find a solution for the picture charade over which he is knitting his brows in a vain attempt to decipher it. A mother may also make many pleasant suggestions to her children. For instance, she may encourage them to write little stories, or to act charades or plays expressly written for them. How happy the children if mamma condescends to write one herself! We know of one family in which there is much enjoyment from this source. One little maid writes stories; and wonderful is the mystery as to the plot, and great the joy of the dedication to some elder member of the family, while her little brothers and sisters sit in eager attitudes listening to "Laura's new story," giving occasional glances of inquiry and delight at their mother, to see what effect the incidents of the tale produce in her mind. Another little one writes plays, in which gipsies, stolen children, and wonderful knights and ladies figure largely. These plays are acted by the juveniles, while the elders of the family form the audience, and great is the excitement and bustle consequent on a successful performance, all taking their separate parts with proper gravity and spirit, from Florence, the heroine, to Aylmer, the comic singer of the little party. The fear that these innocent enjoyments may tend to the undue fostering of a taste for playgoing or to frivolity later in life is, we are sure, a groundless one.

A box of paints, a pencil and some paper, or prints to colour, give ample amusement to a party of children during a wet afternoon. We have known very little boys produce a number of pretty toys—boats, chairs, and tables, for their little brothers and sisters, from some bits of wood, shaped by their ingenuity.

In fine weather children should, if possible, play out of doors: fresh open air being as necessary to health as food. The neighbourhood of a square or open space, in towns, gives them the opportunity which, in the country, they enjoy in the fields or lawns. A good game of hoop, or *Les Graces*, is capital exercise for girls; while boys have cricket, trap, bat and ball, or the more common "top," to help to exercise their muscles. All these toys, whether for indoor or out of door recreation, should be put carefully aside when done with, so as to be ready for the next time they are wanted. By seeing that this is done, the mother saves herself money and trouble, and prevents many disputes among the little ones.

As we have said, play is one of the first necessities of a child's existence, and it should be encouraged to engage in play with all its heart. We altogether dislike "old heads on young shoulders;" children should emphatically be children. It is an absurdity to hear them give oracular opinions on things which they do not understand; repeating, parrot-like, the speeches of their elders, with an assumption of superior wisdom over their fellows which puffs them up with vanity, and creates dislike and envy amongst their brothers and sisters or friends. A cunning child is a kind of monster in the juvenile world, and a mother should take care to provide such plays and amusements as to suit the ages and minds of her children, without forcing them.

One of the greatest mistakes in the training of children is to turn a play into a severe study, as we have seen some well-meaning people do; forcing historical cards and geographical questions on little children as an amusement, and quite vexed if they turn from them in disgust. Let the children be free to enjoy themselves thoroughly during play time, taking care that their fun does not run into mischief, and a healthy tone of mind and body will be the result. Happy is the child that can associate its mother with its pleasant memories of enjoyment, and happy is the mother who can look round upon her blooming band of little ones, and feel that her presence is hailed with joy in their play-room.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—Mr. Warren de la Rue has discovered that Venus and Jupiter exercise a similar effect on the photosphere (that is, the light-giving envelope) of the sun that the moon does in producing our tides; and that variations in the solar spots may be directly traced to their influence, at certain positions of those planets in respect to the solar orb.

REMOVING THE SMELL OF VULCANIZED INDIA RUBBER.—The smell of sulphur, arising from its mixture with india rubber during the process of vulcanization, is offensive to most people, and occasionally prevents its application for some purposes. Mr. S. Bourne has invented a simple process by which the objection is effectively and rapidly removed. The method consists in heating the articles to be deodorized at a temperature of 120° to 180°, with layers of animal charcoal. The time required varies from three to six hours, at the expiration of which all smell of sulphur is entirely and permanently removed. By a variation of this process he can prepare deodorized and vulcanized articles by one operation.

COAL-FIELDS AND TIMBER AREA OF AMERICA.—It is estimated that the known coal-fields in America occupy an area of at least 220,000 square miles; equivalent, at the present rate of consumption, to afford a supply for 60,000 years, a subject for congratulation to its rapidly-increasing population. On the other hand, the reckless waste in clearing the land where forests have existed, and the great use of timber, has alarmed the United States' Government, lest a scarcity should speedily arise; and urgent remonstrances have been issued to farmers, reminding them of the serious consequences that seem imminent if their present wasteful course be persevered in.

WHALE CATCHING BY CHEMISTRY.—A French chemist, M. Thiercelin, has proposed a most ingenious plan by which the dangers of the whale fishery must be greatly mitigated. He mixes the celebrated curare, or worrah poison of the Indian tribes, with strychnine. The mixture is made into cartridges, and these are fired into the body of the whale. The experiment was tried on ten of these monsters of the deep, and they all died in less than twenty minutes after thus being shot and poisoned. No harm arose to any of the men employed in cutting up their blubber, by absorption of the poisons through their skin or wounds.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER III.

WAITING FOR NEWS.

AND how had it really fared all this time with Mr. Tindal? Neither so ill or so well as Pennie's fancy had set her on dreaming. He had achieved no honours, and had run no risks worth speaking of. Both, if ever, were yet to come. A few days after the landing of the English at Varna, in June, George Goodwin fell

in with him, a sun-burnt, weather-beaten, wild figure of a man, who knew the country and the people, was a capital rider, and a dead shot with the rifle. He had fraternized with some French officers, and appeared to be a mighty favourite in their camp.

"He seems a pleasant, generous, easy-going fellow enough, not a bit like a man who ought to feel a halter round his neck," George wrote to his sister-in-law. "I should not object to go through a campaign with

him. He is brave and cheerful, he sings a good song and has some prime tobacco. I do not suppose his story is known here. Bangham, who told me, is still at Scutari with the staff. If Tindal goes in for the war as a volunteer, he will probably join the French. Should his antecedents come out, some of our fellows might fight shy of him, and that would not be encouraging. I shall keep his counsel, for I am sure a man with his face and his voice cannot be a villain. If he has come out here to redeem his fame, all I can say is, I hope he may get the chance."

It was no more than kind of Lady Goodwin to write a little version of George's news to Pennie by-and-by. It came to her like refreshing dew in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. She had returned to Eskdale just at the beginning of hay harvest, and her mother had immediately desired her presence at Mayfield. Pennie exchanged the dull refined quiet of Eastwold for the bustle of the farm reluctantly. Nothing had happened to cheer her since she came home. Mrs. Wynyard had tacitly declined any conversation about Mr. Tindal, and Mrs. Croft seemed to be following the same cue. One morning Pennie rode to Allan Bridge, in the hope of seeing Dr. Grey, but Mr. Buckhurst assured her the old man was too feeble to see any one, and begged her to wait until he had recovered his strength. As she was returning disappointed to Mayfield, she met Mr. Hargrove. He would have been willing to talk if she had been willing to listen; but her ancient dislike had grown into the keenest repulsion, and it was all she could bring herself to do to return his bow. He understood her sentiments, and passed forward with an odious triumphant grin lighting up his big red face, and a menacing thought in his mind, that he "would be even with scornful Miss Penelope yet."

The first drop of comfort Pennie got, came therefore in Lady Goodwin's letter, and she thanked and blessed her for it like a creature that had been perishing of drought. Pennie was not much given to tears, but that night, in her little white dimity chamber, she had a good long crying fit, and when she fell asleep exhausted, she had a dream. Some antique superstitions survived in Eskdale, and amongst others, a certain faith in dreams, from which Pennie was not quite free. When she awoke it was high morning, and she tried to recall her scattered vision, which had left her with a lively sense of buoyant exhilaration.

It would only come back in fragments. First, she saw Rood Abbey garden in the hot afternoon sunshine, and heard the sound of an axe in the stillness chopping down trees. Then she heard a babble and prattle, which was sometimes children laughing, and then grown people disputing, and just before she woke she saw Mr. Tindal coming up the lawn waving his right hand. And he was waving it to her. That was what had made her feel so strangely glad at heart. He looked like himself, yet unlike; for his gesture was expressive of triumph and joy. She had never seen him in the flesh wear that jubilant countenance, but she could imagine it. "And," said she to herself, "one day I shall see it. It is of good augury. That garden-scene I shall see with my bodily eyes before I come to die." She felt so uplifted that she could almost have sung for happiness. The sensation did not endure, but while it lasted it was as vivid as if she had laid hold of a real and palpable joy.

When she appeared at breakfast, her mother asked

what ailed her, that she looked so bonnie. Pennie replied that she had had a comfortable dream.

"That is more than I can say for myself," sighed the widow. "I've been sadly bothered down in the Five Acre, without my shoes or stockings—and that means poverty. The crops are safe to be light, any how, and if the weather should be bad, it will be a ruinous harvest. Then I'd got a lapful o' little silver coins that I couldn't count—small coins is no good, and to dream of copper money is nothing worth. I dreamt once, when I was a lass, that my father gave me a Queen Anne's guinea, and that very night, if he didn't bring me home from Norminster, where he'd gone to Thursday market, the prettiest mode silk cloak that was to be seen in Eskdale all that summer. I had it when I married poor Croft, and the last bit of it I made into a hood for you, Pennie, when he was dead and gone. Black silks was good in them days, and wore to look handsome to the last thread of 'em."

"That is all old folks' cry, mother; the things they had when they were young were always best."

"It is so, Pennie, love. You'll tell your own children the same, if the Lord sends you any, and you live to see 'em grow up, and your own head grow grey. But tell me what you've been dreaming that's put such light in your face, that you look cheerfuller than you've done since you came home."

Pennie recounted her broken vision. The widow grew meditative on it.

"It may mean good, and it mayn't," said she, oracularly, by-and-by. "Sunshine—that's luck and prosperity. Afternoon—that's getting on in the day: it is nearly noon with you now, Pennie. Cutting down trees—that I'm not clear about. It don't look well to be cutting down trees in Eskdale. What sort was they, love?"

Pennie could not say. The trees were not conspicuous, only she heard the chop of the axe, and supposed it meant cutting down. The widow began musingly to call over the signification of oaks, elms, ashes, alders, cherry-trees; and Pennie let her talk on without interruption, until the old post-woman's voice in the kitchen announced the arrival of the "Times"—the event of the day to her now, and for many a month to come.

In that morning's news mention was made of a variety of interesting matters, none of them very painful. Mrs. Croft had forbidden Pennie to tease her with anything that was distressing; but amusing bits she had permission to read aloud. A visit of Omar Pasha to the English camp, a review of the cavalry to entertain him, a description of Baahi-Bazouks, she listened to indifferently; but when Pennie came to the commissariat arrangements, and quoted "rations of good tough beef, and good energetic biscuit," the hospitable soul grew deeply attentive.

"Good tough beef, and good energetic biscuit!" echoed she. "The Lord provide 'em good energetic teeth to tussle wi' it."

An allusion to a crock of butter (only seen, not tasted) touched her tenderly. "Poor fellow, I wish in my heart he had some o' my Saturday's churning. I never saw butter come more beautiful—five pounds and three quarters of it. Go on, Pennie, love, if there is any more about how they feed the soldiers."

There was not much more; only a line or two descriptive of a Guardsman riding along the road with a lamb at his saddle-bow, and a brace of geese dangling

over his holsters; and then a brief mention of the Light Division as looking like Highland caterans, when they returned from a foraging expedition, driving flocks and herds before them into the camp.

"Then ragged robins they are," laughed the widow. "Tell that to your cousin Dick! It will cure him, may be, of the martial fit he's taken in his head since Jessie has been forbid him. Silly fellow, to want to marry such a feckless lass. If that's all, Pennie, I'll go and be seeing after Bessie i' the kitchen. There's cheese-cakes to make, and remember what I said about your Aunt Lister and the gels coming in to tea."

With that, exit Mrs. Croft, and Pennie resumed her perusal of the newspaper.

There was no change at Mayfield. Pennie felt that evening as if she had not been an hour away. Her Aunt Lister, Joanna, and Lucy arrived between four and five o'clock; the matron sumptuous in Waterloo blue satin turk, the maidens clean and stiff in pink muslins fresh from the ironing-board. Pennie had on a China silk dress made in Paris, buff, embroidered with white. Her cousins admired it as modish, and becoming besides.

"Yes," said her aunt, "that cheesy colour carries off a brown skin better nor anything. I could fancy you'd growed, Pennie; but it may be it is only that skirts is worn longer in France than here. For my own wear, I like a skirt that I can step clear away in over the ground; and I never allows my gels to go draggle-tailed."

"And you'll never see my Pennie go draggle-tailed," interposed Mrs. Croft, warmly. "If there ever was a lass particular to be without speck or spot or any such thing, it is her. Neatest little lass, she is, that I know. But I won't say that she isn't extravagant wi' so many pairs o' fine thread an' silk stockings in the wash every fortnight, and her cambric frills, edged wi' Valenciennes, that is out of sight, is clearer than my best company handkerchers."

"No praise to her making a god of her perishable body," returned Aunt Lister with some piety. "Calico's good enough wear for my lasses and me till we puts on the long flannel shroud all of us must go to our long homes in."

"Don't talk like that, mother: who's going to die?" exclaimed Joanna, testily. "When I'm my own missis, I'll wear linens, and I'll have edging, though it does take a sight of getting-up."

"Wait till you *are* your own missis, Joanna; I see no likelihoods of it at present," replied Mrs. Lister. "And it isn't many husbands you'll find to be libraler than your own father, I can tell you that, miss."

Joanna tossed her head significantly, and Mrs. Croft suggested that Lucy would be getting off first, may be. Lucy giggled, and said she didn't expect it. "Nor me ayther," added her mother. "Lucy looks over high. Gaskill's a good-natured fellow, and will make Joanna no doubt comfortable, but her father and me would like to see him settled on a bigger farm. It's a poor house and poor land that he has from Squire Curtis. I wish there was a place hereabouts to let, that I could have an eye to her a bit at first. Gels is so heedless often."

And so the old talk went the old round—from dress to marrying, from marrying to marketing, from marketing to money; to and fro, hither and thither, in all the doubles and twists and turns and winds of rural feminine gossip. Pennie stifled her inclination to

yawn, repeatedly, and tried to bear her part in the dull personal chat with some little appearance of interest. But long before nine o'clock came, and her mother's visitors took their departure, she had lapsed into silent weariness and abstraction. They went away, persuaded in their own minds that she was fretting after Mr. Tindal.

"Poor little lass! I'm sorry for her," said her Aunt Lister, as she turned with her daughters into the fields near Rood; "it is a sore heart anybody may have that has a son at the war."

Joanna and Lucy glanced askance at their mother and at each other. By that slip of the tongue, that naming of a son for a *lover*, they knew that in commiserating Pennie she had a closer thought for an old grief of her own. For there had been once at the Grange another son besides Dick, an elder son, Tom, a reckless, handsome lad, who scandalized its proprieties by his wild life, and wound it up by taking a glass over much one Saturday at Norminster market, and enlisting for a soldier in the dull, unadventurous season of peace.

His father had refused to buy him off. "Nay," replied he, to the petition that he would; "I'll wear none of my brass in paying forfeit for such a ne'er-doweel. He shall sup as he has brewed, for me."

His mother stood by her husband, and Tom being a straight-made young fellow, with a good seat on horseback, was drafted into a dragoon regiment, then stationed in Dublin, and no more was heard of him in Eskdale. His name was forbidden to be mentioned at the Grange, for he was considered to have quite disgraced his family. But the lad had pride, and took to his trade of soldiering with a spirit that showed he did not mean to disgrace himself; and when the war broke out there was not a better or more popular soldier in his troop than Tom Lister. His own people, however, had not forgiven him, though seven years had elapsed; and when he wrote a line to his mother, to say that his regiment was ordered for foreign service, and he could have a short leave, if his father would let him come home, he did not get the desired permission. Both father and mother had since secretly repented, and had promised each other that if he behaved himself well *out there*, then they would buy him his discharge, and set him going on some little farm for himself. "Not *here*; Dick has been brought up to expect to follow me at the Grange, and he has been a good lad," said the father, with a stern sense of justice. "But if all's well presently, I'll do something for Tom—he's the eldest."

Dick Lister came up to Mayfield the next morning, and after a little chat asked his Cousin Pennie what was the news in the "Times." "Mother doesn't say a deal, but she is main troubled about Tom," explained he. "'Norminster Gazette' comes only once a week, and my father's not for having a daily paper. It's enough she should lose her head one day in seven, he tells her. Do you remember Tom, Pennie?"

"I only remember him holding me up once to pick cherries in the big tree in your front garden, and his always calling me a 'black bod!'"

"Poor old Tom! He was a good-natured chap. He gave me a rare good welting one afternoon for meddling with some wires he'd set down in t' low croft; but next day he brought me a whip with a whistle in it from Norminster to make up. I wish he'd been let come home to say good-bye before he went out there

What with cholera, and what with short rations, mother begins to think it's much if ever he comes back."

"Oh, Dick, I hope he will. I hope he'll come back so that we shall all be proud of him," cried Pennie.

"You reckon yourself one amongst us then, Pennie, do you? That's right. Am I to carry t' 'Times' to mother for an hour? You shall be sure to get it back. I'll bring it myself."

Pennie was glad to oblige her aunt, and she had her reward; for when Dick returned with the newspaper he told her that they had had a letter at the Abbey from Mr. Tindal that morning. He had just met the steward, who had given him the intelligence.

Pennie coloured up. "Good news, Dick?" said she.

"Yes; he seems all right and in spirits. They are to send him out brandy, quinine, tobacco, and a cheap novel or two, and to tell him what is doing in Eskdale. He is at Varna, where our Tom is; he's seen him, and sends a message to mother that has comforted her above a bit. He's a kind heart, Mr. Tindal, Pennie, let them say to the contrary that will."

"What's that about Mr. Tindal?" asked Mrs. Croft, entering at the moment. Dick repeated his tale. The widow happened to be in a soft mood, and though she shook her head at Pennie, and sighed, and said she was a wilful, wilful lass, she did not reprove Dick for bringing her comfortable tidings, or forbid him to bring any more. This was a great gain to Pennie. Whatever news came to the Abbey she could trust Dick to give her henceforward, and could receive without any violation of lawful commands. Supported by this confidence, she returned to Eastwold about the middle of July, in far better and brighter spirits than she had gone to Mayfield a month before.

The harvest moon waxed over the ripening corn-fields, and waned over the stubble. The mountain-ash berries crimsoned, the purple moors faded into sear, while the allied armies were wasting at Varna, and all the world at home was either grieving for those already lost, or looking anxiously for what was next to come. Pennie now often took her ride round by the Grange, to carry her aunt the "Times," and a friendly understanding had grown up between them from their common ground of interest. Hardly a morning passed, after the news came that the armies had landed in the Crimea, which did not see her turn her horse's head towards Rood, with the paper stuck in the pocket of her saddle. It was a daily something to do, which seemed to put on the weariness of her own waiting. Weather was no hindrance to her—and the weather in Eskdale that autumn was very wild and wet. Many a time the shepherds met her on the moor, when the wind whistled so shrill and sharp, and the rain pelted so hard and keen, that they were glad to throw an old sack over their head and shoulders for protection. Pennie had a certain pleasure in confronting a storm, a sense of battle and defiance, which braced and did her good; and Mrs. Wynyard, after several useless remonstrances, let her do as she pleased.

But there came a day at last when Pennie would fain have foregone her mission to the Grange—the day that brought the news of the battle of Balaklava. Tom had come scathless out of the battle of the Alma; but here he fell, one of the band of heroes,

famous to all time, who took part in the glorious charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade. She read the story: they all read it at Eastwold, and the long roll of the dead, wounded, and missing—his name in the first list, amongst the common men. Bad news flies swiftly; and she thought it might, perhaps, have come to the family at the Grange from some other quarter. On this plea she delayed her ride for an hour or two; but presently her heart misgave her. She had thus far been always the bearer of the earliest intelligence, so she ordered her horse and went. It was a dull, drizzling November day, with a sudden mist hanging about the hills, and a white rolling fog marking the windings of the river in the hollow of the dale. Between Eastwold and the Abbey she did not meet a soul, and the moment she entered the familiar parlour at the Grange she felt they had not heard.

Mr. Lister was smoking his after-dinner pipe; his wife had her basket of linen on the table, to begin to mend after the last wash. Joanna and Lucy were sitting close by the window, busy with their needles already. Dick was not there; he had gone to Allan Bridge to see about getting some harness mended, his mother said.

"I wonder I did not fall in with him," remarked Pennie.

"We'd given you up for to-day—it had got so late. There's news from the war again, is there, niece?"

Pennie stood with her back to the light, the paper in her hand. "Yes, aunt; there's been another great battle, and the light cavalry, that Tom belonged to, made such a magnificent charge as was never read of in history before. I have been saying to myself, as I rode along, that if Mr. Tindal had fallen in it, my pride in his honour would have almost consoled me for the loss of my love."

"I know—our Tom's killed!" said the mother, in a quick, low voice, looking in her husband's face. He trembled, knocked the ash gently out of his pipe, leant it up in the chimney-corner, and turned his eyes inquiringly on Pennie.

"It is true, uncle. Tom's name is in the list of the dead—many a soldier might envy him such a death."

The two girls came forward, listening, wide-eyed, but silent. It was a very silent scene. The mother was the first to speak again. "It has been very good of you niece, I'm sure, to come over as you've done, rain or fair, to bring us news," said she. "This'll be your last journey on that errand. What day was it?"

"The twenty-fifth of October."

"It was his birthday. He'd be seven-and-twenty years of age, father; he was my eldest bairn. We said we'd call him Thomas, if it was a lad, and we did; but he was always *Tom* from the day he began to run alone. You'll leave us the paper, Pennie: Dick will like to read it at night. Nay, lass, not now; I have heard enough—he's dead."

There was not a sob—not a tear. He had been so long away. Yet in that strained quietness Pennie somehow felt that there was an anguish of regret wringing the father's and mother's heart for what was irrevocably past. They would not show it to her, perhaps would never show it to any human eye, but the sting of their alienated son's death lay not in his loss so much as in the remembrance of the repulse they had given to his prayer for reconciliation. And

now he was gone beyond the reach or the need of it. While the world was shouting honour on him and his fellows, he was their unforgiven prodigal of whose glory they had no right to be proud. And how proud they would have been of him and of it if they had only bidden him go in peace!

As Pennie was riding home again she met Dick returning from Allan Bridge. He had heard the news from Mr. Hargrove, and looked sadly grieved. "I'd begun to reckon on his coming back, and taking to his place again as eldest son, and then, I thought, they'd not mind so much about Jessie and me," said the young man, disconsolately. "Poor old Tom! it was a grand charge that, Cousin Pennie—a grand thing to do—it was discipline, as Hargrove said—discipline. Well, I must be wishing you good-day—father and mother will be out up dreadfully, and I'd better be getting home to 'em."

So he went on his way, and Pennie on hers, and the dreary November afternoon darkened into a stormy night.

This was the night before the dense grey morning, under cover of which the Russians stole up the heights and attacked the English position at Inkermann. Here, by the sandbag battery, fell brave George Goodwin, pierced by many wounds. Pennie's eyes filled with tears when she saw his familiar name in the list, and remembered how kind and merry the poor young fellow used to be. She wrote to Lady Goodwin and Sir Andrew to express her sympathy in their sorrow. Lady Goodwin laid the letter down, saying,—"She is very happy—she did not care for him; not really. I was disappointed then, but it is all for the best now." Sir Andrew mournfully agreed with her.

Where was there not mourning that terrible winter? Mourning, or anxious dread of a blow? As the days shortened, and the long lamp-lit evenings set in, the dismal Crimean story, splendidly lightened hitherto with blazes of glorious victory, was drawn out into one grim, tedious, miserable tragedy. Pennie spent the Christmas at Mayfield, busy all day with needle and thread, as she, and thousands besides, had been busy for weeks making up warm clothing and comforts to be sent out to the suffering soldiers. Her mother had almost laid an interdict on the "Times;" she said the sight of the pictures it drew haunted her dreams.

"If there is no help for it, why do they break one's heart by telling us such cruel things?" said she. "But there *would* be help for it, if rogues, and lazy, stupid hounds were not so thick where they shouldn't be. I wish I had my will o' those knavish cobblers that dare to make rotten boots for the poor soldiers; every man jack of 'em should see the inside of North-allerton gaol, and tread a hundred pair of 'em out on the mill!" But the widow's hospitable heart grieved most for the empty stomachs of the neglected heroes. "To send 'em out, poor lads, scant o' clothing, to live in the open, without fuel to make a bit o' fire, without a roof to cover 'em, and to feed and physic 'em so ill that they're dying like flies! Oh! it's shame, shame, to us all! Why doesn't the Queen turn off her servants that serves her so badly? There's no management or foresight among 'em. They're not worth their salt, and that's the truth!"

What the indignant widow said, all Eskdale said, and all England. Mrs. Lister smoothed down absently the rich crape she wore for Tom, and declared in her cold, strained voice to her friends that it was a mercy

he had been taken. "At all events it is something to think of that he died like a soldier—as a soldier should expect to die—and not like a dog. If we'd had to think of him perished wi' cold and pined wi' hunger, it would ha' got the master's life, as surely as it would ha' taken away my senses. War's not a summer-day game, that we know, but if Wellington had been among 'em would things be in the muddle they are? The old Duke's gone, but he *was* a commander. He saved his soldiers as well as he handled 'em in the day of battle, and that's surely a general's duty. They're throwing 'em away now like smoke. The flower o' the army's dwined away."

There were, during these terrible months, long intervals between Mr. Tindal's letters, one interval so long, from the close of January to the beginning of April, that Pennie grew quite heart-sick, waiting for news. Mrs. Wynyard would fain have had her leave Eskdale for a time, and divert her mind by change of scene; but no urging could persuade her to stir out of sight and reach of the Abbey. She spent her time almost equally between Eastwold and Mayfield, riding every day, and plying her needle diligently between whiles. When she was at Eastwold she helped to teach Lois her lessons, and to keep the boys amused if they were at home; but the days, as they lengthened, felt more weary—almost more weary than she could bear.

During Mr. Tindal's absence, his steward, Mr. Roberts, had taken up his abode at the Abbey by his master's request, and it was to him that all letters were addressed. Pennie encountered him frequently in her rides, and though there had been no introduction, there was a tacit understanding between them, and a bowing acquaintance which presently ripened into a speaking acquaintance. The steward treated the young lady with very solemn observance and respect; never mentioned her name without honourable praise, and was known to regard her as future mistress at Rood. He was well acquainted with all the circumstances of her engagement to his unfortunate master, of whose innocence he was as fully persuaded as herself. He was also well acquainted with the circumstances of Mr. Hargrove's interference, and though formerly friends a coolness had of late arisen between them on this account, and on others more or less connected with it. Mr. Roberts, like Dr. Grey, had discovered a discrepancy between the past and present views of the lawyer concerning the Rood tragedy; and though he could discern no adequate motive for the change, it had inspired him with a feeling of distrust.

It was while riding one mild April day in disconsolate mood across the moor towards Arkendale that Pennie got news again of Mr. Tindal. Mr. Roberts, mounted on a rough roadster, overtook her there, pulled up, bowed, and said: "You'll be glad to know, miss, that there was a letter from my master to-day, and a letter for you enclosed, which I have left, as he bade me, down at Mayfield, in your mother's care. Mr. Tindal has been laid up in hospital of a wound that he got in a *sortie*, on the French lines, in the beginning of February; he was for weeks delirious, but he's about again now, and doing well, praised be God!" The steward spoke, touched his hat, and rode forward in haste, hearing only a breathless, "Thank you, oh, thank you!" from Pennie, which sounded as if it came from her heart. She immediately turned her pony's head, and intimating to her antiquated attendant, Crabtree, that it was her good pleasure to go down to Mayfield.

set off at a canter towards a steep, rough sheep-track, which, winding down the fell, would bring her by a short cut, but a by no means very easy one, to her mother's house. Crabtree shouted after her in vain not to go by that "break-neck road;" she only shouted back, "You go by the Low Rood Lane, and meet me between Mayfield and the Parsonage. I shall go this way." And she went, for a miracle, as he said, safely.

Just at the garden door she encountered Mr. Hargrove coming out. He started when he saw her, but she was too full of her own eager, palpitating impatience to observe anything beyond the fact that he had passed. Old Jacob came hobbling up to take her pony, and dropping from her saddle, she ran in doors, her habit gathered over her left arm, her little whip clutched in her right hand, crying, "Mother, mother, where are you?"

The door of the dining-parlour stood open, and on the hearth was Mrs. Croft, looking extraordinarily confused, vexed, and guilty. "Why, Pennie, love, I little expected to see you this afternoon," said she.

Pennie kissed her. "My letter, mother, give me my letter," was all she could reply. She was quite overwrought, her face had paled to the lips; there was a fluttering at her heart, a strange reeling darkness before her eyes.

"What letter? I have no letter."

"The letter that Mr. Roberts left with you for me."

"Don't let us have any nonsense, Pennie. It was from Mr. Tindal, and did you expect I should give it you? Not so! Your guardians have forbid any correspondence, and I have forbid it. Mr. Hargrove happened to come in as it was lying on the table there, and he said the best thing I could do was to put it in the fire, and burn it. And I took his advice."

The next moment, the widow wished to heaven she had not. The darkness that Pennie felt went round whirling, the ground seemed to slip away under her feet, and for the first time in her life she sank down in a fainting fit. Her mother was terribly alarmed. She called for "Bessie, Bessie!" in a voice that brought the damsel running from the kitchen in a fright; and when she saw Pennie on the floor, and her mother kneeling by her, fumbling at her habit to give her air, she thought that nothing less than death was the matter, and fell to wringing her hands and crying aloud.

"Don't stand there helpless, but bring a can of water from the pump," said the widow, her fear and compunction taking the tone of anger. Bessie promptly obeyed; and the old remedy being applied in the vigorous old way, Pennie presently opened her eyes again, drew a long breath, and felt very wet and uncomfortable.

"You'll be better now, Pennie, love; you've over-tired yourself, that's what you've done," said her mother, eager after self-exculpation. "You ride too far by half—one would think you fancied yourself made of bend-leather. I must speak to Mrs. Wynyard about it; it won't do to have you knocking yourself up like this. I never knew you do such a fond thing as faint before. If I was you I'd leave fainting to fine ladies. How are you feeling yourself now?"

"Don't let Jacob put up my pony, I am not going to stay," replied Pennie, with trembling fingers beginning to refasten her habit at the throat, and turn-

ing her face to the open window to let the vivifying air blow upon her.

Her mother burst into a remonstrance, to which she made no answer—of which, indeed, she heard not a word. She was thinking: "My letter, my letter, my letter!" as some thirsty little animal might think of a long-sought water-fount that it had found run dry in the burning drought of August. When Mrs. Croft discerned the effect of her act, she repented; but, as usual, with a wrath which overflowed in harsh and angry reproaches. Pennie heeded them no more than her remonstrance. In the midst of the clamour she turned round, and offered her a parting kiss; and when her mother's voice broke, at that, into a sob, she only said:—

"It is of no use crying, mother. But you know how all these months I have been longing to hear,"—and then Pennie's own lips quivered, her voice dropped, and she pulled her veil over her face to hide the scalding tears that would come in spite of her.

"Have a glass of wine to strengthen you for your ride," said the widow. "Do now—to please me, Pennie."

Pennie took the potion, and then went her way without more words—but oh, how cruelly hurt, how cruelly disappointed! Crabtree rejoined her close at home, and slowly she rode back to Rood, weeping, poor little soul, all the way, and dwelling with the fonder affection on Mr. Tindal's memory, because everybody else who was most bound to love and protect her seemed so unkind. But her mother never would have burnt her letter if that *man*, that *odious* Mr. Hargrove had not suggested the barbarous deed—she was sure of it.

While this thought was working in her mind, she met Mr. Roberts again, and in a few brief sentences, which the steward knew she uttered with considerable difficulty, she told him the fate of her letter and the cause of it.

"Hargrove goes out of his way to do a mischief, I must needs say," was his reply; "but, at all events, miss, you have the comfort of knowing that master's safe and well; and I'll mention it to him this afternoon when I'm writing." Which he did, with one or two little incidents of his own observation that made Mr. Tindal's heart yearn with passion and pity to his dear little Pennie, and set him to work on the instant upon another letter, longer, sweeter, in every way better than that of which she had been deprived. And this he addressed to herself at Eastwold, and made a journey to put it in the surest and swiftest way of getting to England, in those times of interrupted and irregular posts.

But before it could come to her hand, there was many a heavy hour to wear through which the sense of ill-usage embittered. Even Mrs. Wynyard could not justify the burning of the letter, and Dr. Grey, to whom Pennie communicated it in person, was indignant in a helpless, fruitless way. The easy good old man had now and then a favourable interval during which his friends were admitted for a chat, and in the course of the winter Pennie had several times had the opportunities of opening her mind to him. On this occasion she did it without the smallest reserve.

"You are no longer able to defend me," said she. "Mr. Hargrove is virtually my sole guardian, and actually my persecutor. I am turned twenty; if I only knew how to set about it I would far rather be a

ward in Chancery now than continue at his mercy. My mother is completely under his influence: with Mr. Wynyard he carries everything his own way, and Mrs. Wynyard is plainly afraid of him, and distrustful too. I am sick of being told to wait and be patient, and see how things go on, when in my own mind I am convinced they are going wrong."

The doctor's wits were much shaken since his paralytic seizure. He first said Hargrove was a sly villain and a crafty knave, and then he tried to soothe Pennie's suspicions; bade her not add to the burthen of Mr. Wynyard's troubles by forcing her own on him, and before she did anything, advised her to talk to her Uncle Lister, and hear what he thought.

"It will be of no use: my Uncle Lister always declines to discuss my affairs, and appears to feel a lively delight in anticipating a grand revelation of muddle and fraud when they come to be investigated at my majority."

"Let us hope things won't be quite so bad as that, Miss Pennie," replied the old man. "You may be a check on Hargrove yourself if you don't mind speaking out. I can give you a list descriptive of the securities in which your fortune is invested. Hargrove said it should be made out clear enough for a lady's comprehension, by way of taunting me—I'm ashamed to say I never tested it by a comparison with your deeds and documents that are in his possession, but, as he expected I should, no doubt it is correct. Give me my desk, my dear; it is there."

The doctor unlocked this receptacle, and handed the list to Pennie, who accepted it in the full intention of using it, as he advised her. "Read it carefully over at home, and then go to him in my name, and require him to show you that all the parchments and papers mentioned in it are safe. Do not be content with an assurance, and do not be put off with an excuse. Insist on seeing them with your own eyes, and handling them with your own hands."

"I will," said Pennie. "I'm not in the least afraid of him."

Two or three days after, Pennie was as good as her word. Taking Francis Wynyard with her, she presented herself at the lawyer's office, and mentioned the errand on which she was come. Mr. Hargrove professed to be very much engaged, and wished her to come again in the afternoon; but she declined, and on that he said his clerk could attend to her business as well as himself. He then directed that respectable functionary to carry into his private office from the strong-room the Croft-ward box, and to show to the young lady what she desired to see. His manner was a mixture of insolence and uneasiness; but Pennie, though her sensations were uncomfortable, was not to be turned from her purpose by a sneer.

Francis Wynyard had an obvious, boyish shame of the mission they were come upon. He did not like Mr. Hargrove, but his distrust fell far short of Pennie's. It was an immense relief to him when she said her task was accomplished, and she was ready to go. As she passed through the outer office where Mr. Hargrove sat, he asked her if she was perfectly satisfied with the result of her researches.

"If the deeds I have seen are the originals, they tally with the list," said she.

"What else could they be but the originals, Miss Penelope, may I ask?"

"Duplicates—cleverly forged."

Mr. Hargrove dropped his pen, half stooped to pick it up, and raised himself without achieving his intention, his red face much the redder for the momentary effort. "So they might—that did not occur to me," replied he, with a peculiar smile. "You young ladies of the present day are so up to the tricks of this wicked world."

Pennie declined to be put out of countenance. "There was," said she, "lately a case of that kind in the 'Times,' and several articles upon it, which made it plain to even my capacity. Whether those deeds are or are not the originals, I am unable to judge, but I hope they are, for everybody's sake. I make it no secret, Mr. Hargrove, that I distrust you,—distrust your honesty, distrust your truth, distrust you in every way. I shall rejoice exceedingly when it is in my power to sever your connection with my affairs."

Mr. Hargrove bowed with solemn deference, and Pennie departed, not unthankful that courage had been vouchsafed her to speak her mind without faltering. Nature, for once, had come out in her stronger than training, and when she was gone, the lawyer, laughing to himself at the bluntness which thought to over-match his craft, said how like she was to her old Grandfather Lister, the shrewdest, most downright of the last generation of Eskdale yeomen.

Mrs. Wynyard was displeased with Pennie's proceedings; her mother professed herself both ashamed and vexed, and Mr. Hargrove's communication to his luckless employer brought her a very severe letter from Dieppe, in which her conduct was stigmatized as altogether wrong, unladylike, and foolish.

"I don't care," said Pennie, though she was, in fact, a little stung. "I think you must all be in a conspiracy to make roguery easy!"

Her mother, to whom she addressed this remark, assured her in reply that she was a wilful, silly, headstrong lass, so bigoted to Mr. Tindal that she was ready to believe everybody her enemy who came between him and her, though they were in reality her best friends. Pennie contented herself with devoutly wishing two more years were gone; and receiving just at the moment a letter from Mrs. Forrester, with an invitation to Brackenfield Lodge, she accepted it without a second thought, and escaped for a little while the irksome presence of her many disapprovers.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

I.—A LUMP OF ICE.

ONE of the most astonishing things connected with the freezing of water is the fact that the ice occupies more space than the water which produces it. The water, in becoming solid, expands with a force that is quite irresistible. A brass globe has been filled with water, and closely plugged, and so exposed to the cold. The metal globe was burst asunder by the ice with a force equal to 28,000 lbs. This expansion of water in freezing rends rocks, and pounds them to dust, so as to form soil for the growth of plants; it breaks up the land and prepares it for the spring seeds; it bursts our water-pipes, cracks our jugs and bottles, and exposes us to several domestic inconveniences.

Bodies in general expand by heat and contract by cold. Water expands by cold. But there is a metal that the old monk Basil Valentine experimented on, at the end of the fourteenth century, which does the same. He threw the washings of his vessels to the

pigs; they grew fat, and Basil thought the metal must be a good medicine. He gave it to some of his brother monks, and it killed them. Hence the metal came to be called *anti-moine* ("opposed to the monk"), or *antimony*. When printing was invented a little of this metal was added to the lead for making printers' type; and by its useful property of expanding in cooling, it filled up the moulds and allowed type to be cast instead of being cut or chased by hand. This would have been too costly; but by the former process printing became a success, and but for it the book now in the reader's hands could never have been produced, and all the innumerable advantages of printing must have been lost to the world.

But, returning to our subject, not only does ice itself expand in cooling; the water that produces it does so likewise, many degrees before it reaches the freezing point (or 32° on the scale of Fahrenheit's thermometer). Fancy a lake or pond at 50° , and a cold north wind to set in. The water at the surface is cooled to say 48° ; it contracts and sinks; fresh water at 50° comes to the surface, is cooled to 48° , contracts and sinks, and in this slow and gradual way, all the water is reduced to 48° . Then a further cooling of the surface water goes on, say to 46° . This sinks, fresh water at 48° rises to the surface, becomes cooled and sinks, and so on, until all the water is at 46° . The surface is then cooled say to 42° , and sinks, and the process goes on until the whole lake is at 42° . The surface water is then cooled say to 40° , and does not sink. That is the curious part of the process; as soon as the water is cooled to about 40° it has reached its greatest contraction by cold, and actually occupies more space than the warm water below it. Continue the cold, and the surface water at 40° becomes say 38° , and it occupies more bulk even than the water at 40° . It cools to 36° and still expands; it cools to 34° , to 33° , to 32° , and still becomes lighter. At 32° it begins to solidify, and then there is a further most powerful expansion of the water in passing into ice.* In the mean time the water below the ice retains its temperature of 40° : the fishes and other inhabitants of the lake enjoy a mild temperature, while the cold above may go on sinking from 32° to 20° or 10° or even to zero. Should this be the case, the ice may indeed get thicker by slowly freezing upper portions of the water in contact with the external crust; but the ice always remains as a crust, and when the thaw comes is easily broken up, and passes again into water, and actually contracts in becoming warmer.

Who can fail to see the finger of Providence in all this? If water, like most other bodies, contracted by cold, the surface water of the lake would sink not only in cooling from 50° to 48° but also in cooling from 40° to 38° , from 38° to 32° , and the ice at 32° would sink to the bottom, or rather the whole body of water, being reduced to 32° , would suddenly freeze into one solid mass, destroying all the animal life in it, and, what is perhaps of more consequence, would not thaw in the spring, and would defy even the heat of summer, as the glaciers do in Switzerland, or the icy mountains in the polar regions. In this way all our fresh water would freeze in winter, and the temperate zones would merge into and be lost in the frigid.

But there is another curious thing about ice, namely, its purity. A lump of ice when melted gives a supply of pure distilled water. When the early navigators into arctic and antarctic seas were in want of water they took the ice of those immense floating mountains, called *icebergs*, and were astonished to find that it yielded perfectly fresh water. They did not know but what these icebergs were formed by the freezing of sea water; we know that they are formed in arctic valleys, and

* The reader may like to remember that a cubic foot of water at 26° weighs 1000 ounces; a cubic foot of ice weighs about 930 ounces.

come down and launch themselves into the sea. But the fact is that water in freezing turns out everything that is not water. It turns out salts, colouring matter, air, and other impurities. If sea water be frozen it will reject the salt. If water be made of a dark-blue colour by indigo and frozen, it will reject the indigo, and afford pure crystalline ice. But in such cases time must be allowed. If the cold be sudden, air may be entangled in the ice, and we get white or opaque ice. The writer, during the frost in January last, hung up a bottle of soda water in a garden with a thermometer at the side that marked 26° . In about an hour clear crystals of pure ice were formed in the bottle. In another hour, as the gas could not all escape, it was entangled with the ice that next formed, and this was opaque like snow. The reason why the bottle did not burst in freezing was that the pressure exerted on the cork caused it to rise as far as the wire would permit, and to allow a certain proportion of water and gas to ooze out and freeze on the exterior.

Ice also welds to ice as perfectly as iron to iron. Even if put into hot water, two pieces of ice will freeze together. If ice be crushed and put in a mould, and suitable pressure be applied, the fragments will all weld together, and a solid mass of the exact shape of the mould will be taken out. In this way lenses, vases, and statuettes of ice may be formed.

Ice forms crystals of various shapes, but all of them are six-sided or six-membered. A ray of warm sunlight, concentrated by a lens, has been let into a block of pure Wenham lake ice, when lustrous spots appeared, from which the light flashed with great brilliancy. This arose from the partial melting in the body of the ice; but each spot was found to be surrounded by a liquid flower of six petals, and sometimes crowded together in liquid bouquets, and shining in the sunlight like burnished silver.

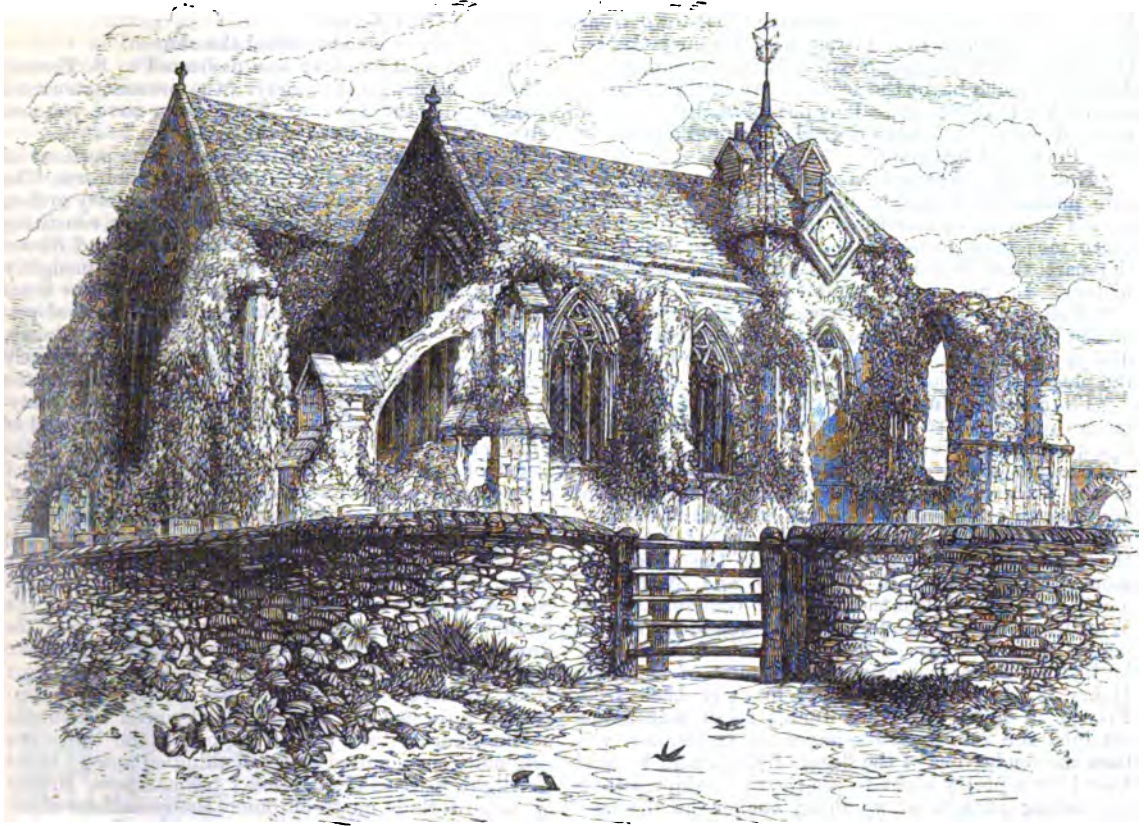
In the freezing of salt water in a very cold atmosphere six-sided stars of ice seem to detach themselves from the mass of liquid, and rise to the surface, where they unite into a shapeless mass of ice free from salt. The freezing of sea water, however, does not take place at 32° , as in the case of fresh water all over the world, the presence of the salt lowering the freezing point to 27° .

If we watch the freezing of fresh water in a glass vessel, it is very beautiful to see the fan-like arms of delicate ice spreading out at angles of 60° , and signalling, as it were, other fans at different parts of the vessel, until they all become blended together.

If the water be kept very still, the temperature may fall as low as 20° without freezing; but the slightest agitation causes freezing to set in, and the temperature instantly rises to 32° .

In brooks and rapid streams, freezing sometimes begins on the stones at the bottom, forming an opaque ice, known as *ground ice*. It will sometimes attach itself to small anchors, hooks, &c., that were lost in the summer, and raise them to the surface. Ground ice may on rare occasions accumulate so as to turn the waters out of their bed, and do much mischief.

Such are a few particulars respecting ice. We might go on to speak of it as a commercial article, ship-loads of it being sent from many of the colder to the warmer parts of the world—winter making presents to summer, as it were; or, where this is not done, we might refer to ice-making by machinery. We might speak of it as a capital road-maker, allowing people to visit each other in winter who could scarcely do so in summer, on account of rivers or morasses interposed between them. We might recur to the art of the skater and to other amusements on the ice. We might notice the wondrous phenomena of the glacier and the iceberg, and the peculiar character given to our own scenery by the icy finger of Jack Frost.



A FEW HOURS AT WINCHELSEA.

A TEMPORARY sojourn of some days at Rye in Sussex had made me listless and peevish for want of an object of interest, when I suddenly remembered how near I was to Winchelsea, the scene in which Thackeray laid the chief incidents of his last charming story. What could be more modestly romantic than my desire to visit the old fishing-town, and tread in the footsteps of Denis Duval? The next morning I started off, refusing the conveyance placed at my disposal. The distance is about three miles, but the pleasantness of a spring morning, the health-giving breezes of old ocean, which I scented so keenly—almost fancying that I felt the sea-spray on my face—made it seem less. Thackeray has told his story well. No sooner did I set foot in Winchelsea than his creations were before me. From the church or the rectory I expected to see come forth the good Dr. Barnard. And as for the sea-shore—which, by-the-by, is more than a mile from the town—it was peopled with celebrities. There were the Count de Savergne and M. de la Motte in deadly warfare; the poor countless turning homewards, with a slipper less than she set out with; here was little Denis looking wildly about him for the lost babe, and discovering it at length upon the rock; and there the stalwart old man of the mackerel boats. Imagination was busy with these scenes, when I saw advancing towards me a man whose throat was muffled up in a large red handkerchief. At a distance it was excusable to mistake him for a strayed ghost of one of the lawless population of the olden time; but on nearer approach, I saw that he was a tall, upright, old man, of not less than seventy years of age, and apparently a gentleman. "Yes, it is a fine day," he said,

in answer to my greeting; "treacherous, perhaps. At least, so thought my good dame, who is no stranger to this place. She made me wrap up. The name of the place? Yes, in this instance there is really something in a name. Winchelsea—or wind—cold—and sea; or, as another writer hath it, Wincels-ca, meaning a waterish place in a corner. For my part, I agree with the first, because it answers to the ancient name of Frigemareventus. Any way, one had need be careful—'tis a corner open both to wind and sea—don't you perceive, sir?"

Well pleased with the good fortune that had placed such an intelligent inhabitant in my path, I begged him to accompany me to the church, which I was desirous of inspecting.

"The church first, of course," said the garrulous old gentleman, "and after that the town. Every inch of the ground, both above and below water for some considerable distance, has a tale to tell. If the buried past could speak, its voice would be a homily upon the vanity of human expectations; for you must remember, sir, that Winchelsea was for many centuries a place of great importance. Queen Bess called it 'Little London.'"

I expressed my astonishment. The present appearance of the town was so insignificant.

"Few towns," continued my informant, "have had such sad reverses, such bitter foes. The very elements have conspired together to work its destruction. Once drowned—once burnt!"

"When, and where?" I asked. I had gone through the usual scholastic course, and was scarcely prepared to find myself so ignorant as I appeared.

"Now, sir. Turn round, if you please. You catch a view here. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers recognized

the value of the geographical position of this south-eastern corner of Sussex; and so they built Winchelsea as a convenient place of communication with France. The awful sea has destroyed that town from the face of the earth. It was near Camber Castle. Over it now 'the mighty ocean rolls its ceaseless tide.' And the French burnt the second town in the reign of our Richard the Second. It is not often that you find fire and water both have a grudge against a place, is it? Perhaps I tire you?"

"Not at all. Admiration of the genius of a first-rate master of fiction brought me here, but I find myself even more interested in the facts you have given me; pray go on. I see that you are well up in the part that Winchelsea has played in England's history. Let me be your humble listener."

"Well, I must confess I have read all I could find on the history of my native town. You would learn a deal more than I could tell you from a little history of the place by my friend Mr. D. Cooper."

"I'll consult him when I return home. In the meanwhile, please to continue. The sweetness of the lips increaseth learning."

"Change, did I say? Ay, who would think that in the place of smugglers' boats, humble fishermen, and French refugees, we once had amongst us throned monarchs, mitred abbots, and rival fleets? Edward the Confessor granted Winchelsea to the abbot and monks of Feschamp, in Normandy, and William I. and Henry III. ratified the charter. William I. added Winchelsea to the Cinque Ports. It was here William landed when he returned from France, in 1067, whither he had gone the year after his conquest of England. Henry II., too, landed here on his way back from France, in 1188. In King John's reign Winchelsea attained the zenith of its importance; its bay was then the rendezvous of the fleets of England. It must have been a pretty sight to see the noble ships sailing in, casting anchor, or weighing anchor, as the case might be. In the fourteenth century the Spaniards tried a bout with us, but we soon flung them off. King Edward III. commanded the fleet in person. Some say that in revenge the Spaniards burnt the town, but I hold with the other side—that it was the French. We never regained our importance after the great fire. Rye got ahead of us. Rye, that was once a bare insulated rock, took the lead in wealth and commerce. I maintain that we stood our ground bravely from Anglo-Saxon times to the fourteenth century—and later still—only with diminished splendour. We asked Elizabeth to use her influence to restore us to our pristine importance, and she came in state to pay us a visit. It was then she called Winchelsea 'Little London.' The sea was nearer the town in those days. Gradually it has receded. It is now a good way off; that fact alone tells us that we have seen our best days. Ah, well! adversity and insignificance try what metal a man's heart is made of. The braver the man the more resigned he is to circumstances. There is a curious old song—the earliest English sea song, it is said—preserved in a MS. in Trinity College, Cambridge, which proves that our town was a prominent place for exportation. The subject of the song is the discomforts of those who were wont to embark from England to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of S. James de Compostella. I remember a couple of stanzas.

Men may leve all gamys,
That sayled to Seynt Jamys;
For many a man hit gramys,
When they begyn to sayle.

For when they take the see,
At Sandwyche or at Wynchelsea;
At Bristow, or where that it bea,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

From the political history my worthy friend turned to the natural history. "And the king of birds, too,"

he said, "the eagle, not unfrequently has paid us a visit. Eagles have been shot by my townsmen. There was one winged at Camber in 1837. It is still in the grounds of Grey Friars."

By this time we had reached the church.

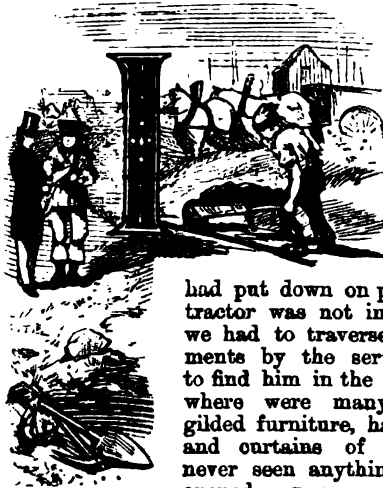
"The original building was dedicated to S. Thomas à Becket, otherwise the martyr; the present structure to S. Thomas the Apostle. There is no nave, you perceive. We lost the nave in the great fire."

There is a choir and chancel, and some portions of the transepts. Originally the shape was cruciform. The choir is divided from the aisles by three lofty arches, supported on either side upon massive piers, consisting of fluted and banded shafts of Caen stone and Sussex marble. It is not very long since that the unsightly daubing of whitewash was found to hide some beautifully executed marble-work in a high state of preservation, similar to that of the Temple Church, London. Until this great disfigurement is entirely removed the full beauty of the church is lost to the eye. The chancel is fourteen feet deep and twenty-eight wide. The sedilia are three in number, and of equal elevation. Five monuments we counted in the aisles of the choir. Three are canopied tombs of cross-legged secular warriors; one of a young man, who the histories assert was erroneously supposed to be a priest, because, possibly, he had not been knighted; the fifth was that of a lady in the dress of Edward III.'s reign. Altogether the church seemed to accord right well with the vicissitudes it had undergone. I felt inclined to linger and muse upon the words of the preacher, "All is vanity." Certainly the eager pursuer after honour and greatness may well learn a lesson from Winchelsea's history. My newly-found companion informed me, as we walked round the outside of the church, that it was supposed the tower was originally surmounted by a tall shingled spire, like old Fairlight, to serve as a landmark for mariners. Brevity of space forbids me to chronicle the remainder of my day's adventures. Suffice it to say, that I discovered my guide was well acquainted with mine host at Rye: that he invited me to his house, where I was introduced to one of the most charming elderly ladies I have ever seen; and that after luncheon he took me to every place of interest within reach.

The origin of my visit was, I have said, the wish to tread the ground that Thackeray's pen had immortalized. The result of my visit was a diligent study of all the information my friend's library afforded on the history of Winchelsea. That was not a little. Ancient and modern writers had made the town the subject of research. I cannot resist quoting a graphic account of a lesser inundation than the one that totally destroyed the handiwork of our Saxon forefathers. It would seem that the first half of the thirteenth century was noted for heavy storms on the coasts. It is recorded that the Thames broke into the palace of Westminster. On the 1st of October, 1250, occurred the first inundation on record in the vicinity of Winchelsea. "The moon being in her prime, the sea passed its accustomed bounds, flowing twice without ebb, and made so horrible a noise that it was heard a great distance inland, not without the astonishment of the oldest man that heard it. Besides this, at dark night the sea seemed to be a light fire, and to burn, and the waves to beat with one another, inasmuch that it was past the mariners' skill to save their ships, and to assist others. At a place called Hackebourn (Eastbourne) three noble famous ships were swallowed up by the violent rising of the waves, and were drowned. And at Winchelsea, a certain haven to the eastward, besides cottages for salt, fishermen's huts, bridges, and mills, above three hundred houses, by the violent rising of the waves, were drowned." It is supposed that Bromhill church was lost at this time. The old town had two churches, one dedicated to S. Thomas the

other to S. Giles, and the Abbey of Battle had much land in the old town. Many an unwritten story remains to make Winchelsea a place of interest. Stories of brave daring, and hair-breadth escapes from brutal soldiers and vigilant guards, which mortal eye will never scan. When Louis XIV. conceived the idea of disgracing his reign by a gloomy and bigoted intolerance, the lives and fortunes of his Huguenot subjects were at stake. He began by expelling them from civil offices, and excluding them as far as he could from all situations of profit. He proceeded from one act of tyranny to another, and at last revoked the twelfth article of the Edict of Nantes, which article secured to the Huguenots toleration. Submission to the king's will, or death, was the law. Guards were doubled on the frontiers to prevent escape, and those unfortunate creatures who were caught in the attempt were loaded with chains and put to the torture. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the government, half a million of people found means to escape. Nearly forty thousand took refuge in England, and a large proportion of this number settled at Winchelsea and thereabouts.

THE CONTRACTOR AND THE WORKMAN.



WENT one day with Mauricet to the house of one of the greatest contractors in Paris, for some directions required by the master mason, and which, by his direction, I

had put down on paper. The contractor was not in his office, and we had to traverse several apartments by the servant's direction to find him in the garden. Everywhere were many-hued carpets, gilded furniture, hangings of silk, and curtains of velvet. I had never seen anything like it; so I opened my eyes and walked on tiptoe for fear of destroying the

flowers on the carpets, Mauricet watching me with a sidelong glance.

"Well, what do you think of this 'box'?" he asked, in a mischievous tone; "is it sufficiently well furnished and splendid?"

I answered that the house seemed to belong to a prince.

"A prince of the trowel!" replied my companion. "A most honourable position! He has three other 'hôtels' (mansions) in Paris, not to mention a château in the country."

I did not answer for a moment; all this wealth stirred something evil within me. Seeing so much velvet and silk, I involuntarily looked at myself, and was ashamed to be so badly dressed. With my shame was discontent. I felt disposed to hate the owner of all these riches for having brought my own poverty to my notice. Mauricet, who suspected nothing, continued to call my attention to all the beauties of the house; I listened with impatience; my heart beat, my colour rose, I could not forbear looking, and the more I looked the more embittered I became. My ambition, which had slumbered since my accident and illness, was reawakened, but, alas! by envy.

We stopped at last in a salon, while the servant

looked for his master. Mauricet suddenly drew my attention to a wretched little portrait in a black frame, hanging amidst the fine and richly-framed pictures which adorned the walls.

It represented a workman in his jacket, a pipe in one hand and a pair of compasses in the other. It was one of those pictures costing six francs, of which one sees specimens exhibited in doorways, together with models of stags and false teeth.

"There is the 'bourgeois' (master)," said the mason. "Has he been a workman, then?" I asked.

"Like you and me," replied Mauricet, "and you see he is not ashamed of it."

I looked at the portrait in its black frame, and then at the costly furniture, trying to realize the transition from one to the other.

"Ah! that puzzles you," said the mason, laughing; "you seek the ladder which enabled him to descend from his scaffolding to this place. But every one does not know how to use that ladder; in making the attempt more than one has missed the rounds from want of skill and a firm hand."

I observed, "He must have been lucky; chance is everything in this world; people have nothing to do with their own success."

"For example, Father Mauricet," I added, bitterly, "why have you not a fine house as well as the man who lives here? Are you less deserving, or less honest? If he has succeeded better than you, is it not simply the old story of luck?"

Mauricet looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

"You say that for me, but you *think* that for yourself," he replied, maliciously.

"All the same," I replied, a little vexed at being seen through: "I am not considered a bad workman; I am not so idle as others. If doing one's duty is sufficient to make one a millionaire, I also might drive in my carriage."

"And is that a mode of travelling that would suit you?" inquired my friend, ironically.

"Why not? any one would rather spare their legs than those of a horse; but you need not be afraid; that will never be my lot. Here below it is, you see, as it was in old days among noble families, all for the eldest, nothing for the younger sons; and we workmen are the younger sons!"

"That is true," murmured my companion, and became silent.

"There is nothing to be said," I continued; "as so it is ordered, it is just! We may not upset the world! Only you see it makes my blood boil when I look at the different positions in which people are placed. How comes it that one should lodge in a palace and another perch in a pigeon-house? Why do these carpets belong to him rather than to us?"

"Because I earned them," interrupted a voice, suddenly.

I started: the contractor was standing behind us, in embroidered slippers and a dimity dressing-gown. He was a little, grizzly-headed man, but strongly built, and with a commanding voice.

"Ah! it seems to me you are a grumbler," said he, fixing his eyes on me; "you are jealous of me; you ask by what right my house is mine rather than yours? Well, you shall know. Come!"

He made a movement towards a door; I hesitated to follow, and he turned round towards me.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, in a tone that made my colour rise.

"Let the master show me the way," I replied, almost rudely.

He conducted us into a study, in the middle of which stood a long table, on which stood cups and brushes, rulers and compasses. On the walls hung coloured plans representing all the sections of a building. Here and there on the shelves were models of staircases and

timber-work, and many instruments of the use of which I was ignorant.

A large case occupied the end of the room, divided into compartments, and each labelled, and on a bureau were heaped bills and estimates. The contractor stopped before the great table, and showing me a water-coloured plan, said:

"This plan requires modifying. They want to reduce the building three metres, but without diminishing the number of rooms, and you must also find a place for the staircase. Sit down and make a rough sketch of the thing."

I looked at him surprised, and told him I could not draw.

"Then examine these measurements for me, and see if the estimates are correct."

I answered that I was not up in such work as estimating prices and verifying measurements.

"You can at least tell me," continued the contractor, "what necessary legal forms I must comply with, in regard to the three houses I am about to build?"

I brusquely answered, "I was no lawyer."

"And as you are also not a banker you are without doubt ignorant how to arrange your payments, and what interest you ought to receive on your capital to avoid bankruptcy. As you are not a merchant you would find it difficult to tell me where the best materials are to be procured, and the proper time for purchasing, and the most economical means of transport. As you are not a mechanician it is useless to inquire whether that crane, of which you see the model, is likely to save labour, and therefore expense. As you are not a mathematician you will in vain attempt to judge of this new system of bridge building I am about to try on the Lower Seine. In short, you know nothing but what a hundred others among your companions know; you, like them, are only fit to handle the hammer and the trowel."

I was completely disconcerted, and I twisted my hat instead of replying: indeed, I had nothing to say.

"Do you understand now why I live in a fine house, while you inhabit a garret?" continued the contractor, elevating his voice. "It is because I exerted myself; it is because I have learnt all you have neglected to attain; it is in consequence of voluntary study I am become a general while you remain among the recruits. By what right do you demand the same advantages as your superiors? Ought not society to reward each according to the service he renders? If you desire that society should treat you as she has treated me, do as I have done; deny yourself even bread to buy books; spend the day in work, and the night in study. Be ever on the look out for instruction as a merchant looks out for profit; and when you have shown that nothing discourages you, when you shall have learned rightly to understand and value things and men, then, if you still remain the inhabitant of a garret, come and tell your tale, and I will listen to you."

The contractor had become gradually more animated in speaking, and ended in being rather angry; however, I answered nothing; his reasons had deprived me of speech.

Mauricet, who saw my embarrassment, ventured a few words in my defence, and then mentioned the cause of our visit. The bourgeois examined the notes I had prepared, asked for some explanations, and then dismissed us. But as I passed out of the door he called me back. "Remember what I have told you, my chap," said he, with good-natured familiarity, "and instead of being envious strive to have a little honest ambition. Do not lose your time in railing against those who are above you, but labour rather to spin a rope that will enable you to join them. If ever I can aid you, you have only to speak the word, and I will supply you with the first necessary bit of hemp!"—*From the French of Emile Souvestre.*

AN ANCIENT BRITON.

NEARLY half a century ago there was often seen on the highways and byeways of Glamorganshire an aged pedestrian, of rather low stature, wearing his long grey hair flowing over his high coat collar, which by constant antagonism had pushed up his hat brim into a quaint angle of elevation behind. His countenance was marked by a combination of quiet intelligence and quick sensitiveness; the features angular, the lines deep, and the grey eye benevolent but highly excitable. He was clad in rustic garb; a blue coat with brass buttons, and the nether integuments good, homely, corduroy. He wore buckles on his shoes; and a pair of remarkably stout, well-set legs were vouchers for his powers of endurance as a pedestrian. A pair of canvas wallets were slung over his shoulders. He generally read as he walked, with spectacles on nose, and ever and anon made notes with his pencil as subjects suggested themselves. A long staff, which he grasped at about the level of his ear, completed his travelling equipment; and he was accustomed to assign as a reason for this mode of using it, that it tended to expand the pectoral muscles, and thus, in some degree, relieve a pulmonary malady, from which he would otherwise have been a greater sufferer.

No observant person could have seen this old wayfarer without giving him more than a passing glance; but few would have suspected that beneath an exterior so humble, lived a mind rich in various lore, ancient and modern—that to an intimate acquaintance with the antiquities, genius, and history of his own fatherland was added a knowledge of the history of the world; and that whilst doating on obscure literature—British, Norman, and Runic—he was no stranger to the classic muse, or the illustrious records of Athens and Rome—that, in short, it was to this poor old man the poet Southey alluded, in the following lines:—

Iolo, old Iolo,* he who knows
The virtues of all herbs of mount, or vale,
Or green-wood shade, or quiet brooklet's bed.
Whatever lore of science or of song
Sages or bards of old have handed down.

His story is one that should inspire an ambition to emulate, not merely his great acquirements, but his rare virtues; and, fortunately, there are ample materials from which to write it in full, whenever a competent hand shall put itself to the task. The late Taliesin Williams, well known as Ab Iolo, was the son of the old bard; and, though he died soon after his father, it was not before he had arranged with a view to publication Iolo's immense collection of Celtic manuscripts, which are now bound in seventy-six uniform volumes. The manuscripts include an autobiography, from which it has been a pleasure to glean some leading particulars concerning the bard's career.

"I learned the alphabet," says Iolo, "by seeing my father inscribe gravestones. My mother, who had been well educated, taught me to read in a volume of songs, called the 'Vocal Miscellany.' It was she who taught me to write, and the first five or six rules of arithmetic, with something of music." . . . "In 1770 my best of mothers died. . . . I was as ignorant of the world as a new-born child. I had worked at my father's trade (he was a stonemason) since I was nine years of age; but I never associated with children of my own age. I retired every night to my mother's fire-side, and talked or read with her. If I walked out, it was alone, in unfrequented places, the woods, or the sea-shore." It must be confessed this disposition for retirement and meditation was incompatible with use-

* Pronounced something like Yolo, the *I* and the *o* being almost, but not quite, joined in the sound.



LOGAN STONE.—OLD IOLO RESTING.

fulness in his cottage home, and so we presently find him in London, supporting himself by his labour, but at the same time cultivating literature, and contributing to the "Gentleman's Magazine."

There is human nature, and Welsh nature, says a popular writer. The Welsh blood of Iolo was raised to boiling point by a slight, which he thought was ill-deserved, from the great Dr. Johnson. He met this awful potentate in a bookseller's shop, and made an opportunity for speaking to him, by asking the bookseller for a good English grammar. Three were presented to him, with which the Welsh mechanic approached Dr. Johnson, and bowing, solicited the favour of his advice as to their respective merits. The lexicographer, taking the volumes in his hands, and casting an equivocal look, between a glance and a scowl, at the humble stranger before him, and thrusting the books back at the poor inquirer, delivered this oracular reply—"Either of them will do for you, young man." No Welshman will require to be told that the rebuff fell like a spark upon tinder. Iolo showed his independence by purchasing all three books, though he could ill afford it.

To avoid the evils of a divided allegiance, Iolo, in 1797, opened a bookseller's shop at Cowbridge, a fact which deserves to be mentioned, if only for the sake of the following anecdote. The French Revolution was at that time riding the hurricane like a demon, and the bard, being a man of extreme political views, was watched by the police. Not pleased with being suspected of fraternity with French Red Republicanism, he betook himself to tantalize their appetite for the discovery of prohibited goods. With this object in view, he placed among the books in his window one labelled "The Rights of Man," and the book soon found a purchaser in the character of a spy: but the official countenance fell when he found the book to be a fine *Welsh Bible*, including in it the dearest Rights of Man.

Notwithstanding his precarious means of living, Iolo

edited many of the books published by an association of eminent Welshmen, who called themselves "the Gwyneddigion Society," and held their meetings in London. His memory was so stored with the materials of Cymric lore, that it might justly be compared to an old curiosity shop. Yet he was not a mere bookworm; for those who were able to judge of his compositions in his native language say that he possessed the bardic "awen," or inspiration—"thoughts that breathe and words that burn." He used to inveigh fiercely against the account of the Druids given by Cæsar, Strabo, Suetonius, Diodorus Siculus, and others, saying they mistook the execution of criminals for a religious rite. When people argued in favour of these classics he would exclaim, impatiently, "You are talking of what you don't understand! of what none but a bard—a British bard—can possibly understand." He believed in the old doctrine of metempsychosis, mixed oddly enough with Christianity. His creed looks like a compound of Druidism, philosophy, and mysticism, and yet he held the Christian revelation.

I have remarked that he was a great walker, and if space allowed, some remarkable proofs of his pedestrian powers might here be cited. For example, he was once known to have walked ninety-four miles in thirty-six hours, and yet, owing to his asthma, the only rest he could get was by sleeping in an arm-chair. His principal object was to collect manuscripts, and how often the old man has been seen, as represented in our engraving, seated on some rock, or some fragment of an ancient castle, with books and papers taken from his wallet lying upon his knees, or opened beside him. Those (if any be left) who ever witnessed his fervid pleadings for a favourite hypothesis will remember his figure—so unobtrusive when at rest—suddenly springing erect—the raised arm, the clenched hand, the kindling eye, the emphatic foot. He had taught himself French as well as the classics, but his chief learning was Celtic. He and two others, Mr. Owen Jones, and William Owen,

traversed the whole of Wales in search of ancient British manuscripts, visiting besides all the various depositories of learning in England, where such documents might be found. The result is known to scholars under the name of "The Iolo Manuscripts," or "The Myfyrian Archaeology of Wales."

The moral force of Iolo's character may be estimated by the following anecdote. He once set out to visit the city of Bristol, in connection with some plan for the abolition of slavery. Soon after his arrival in the city the bells rang out a merry peal; and on inquiring into the reason, he was told that the city was rejoicing on account of the news just received that Wilberforce's anti-slavery bill had been thrown out by parliament. Uttering a fervent anathema against slavery and all its abettors, he shook off the dust of the city from his feet, and indignantly retraced his steps home to Wales. The genuineness of his horror and disgust was proved in a remarkable manner. He had set out with empty pockets and his mind disturbed by conscientious scruples touching the rich inheritance which had fallen to him by the recent death of his brothers, who had made their fortunes in Jamaica. He refused to administer to the estate, but talked of going to Jamaica to liberate the slaves and divide the property amongst them. It was in vain people told him that he might manumit the slaves, *close* all concerns in Jamaica, and *still* secure the realized property. "What, and bring the oppressed negro's curse on the heads of my children? No, never shall they defile their conscience with such guilty lucre! The ban of the Almighty is on slavery. He hates it; and his displeasure waits on those who love either *it* or *its gains*. No, I won't bring a curse on myself or my children." Mr. Redwood, a great friend of his, was employed to report the Jamaica property difficulty in a more *inviting light*. Iolo listened for some time, but at length broke in: "Sir, the Almighty himself could not make me take the money. He can do nothing contrary to His attributes, justice and mercy, and *both* are violated by slavery." Some time before their death his brothers had offered to allow him an annuity of 50*l.*, which he as strongly refused, saying, "I cannot touch their money; it is the price of blood; the purchase of humanity's birthright—freedom. I would rather starve."

These are but fragmentary notices of one who may truly be called a grand old man. He had nearly attained his eighty-first year, in 1826, when his son Taliesin (Ab Iolo) visited him to receive his blessing. Some time before one of the old bard's friends expressed his pleasure at seeing him, at his great age, so active and vigorous. "Yes," said he, "I can walk about, and enjoy the blessings of Providence, but it can't be for much longer; *I hear the footsteps of death behind me*." He was right. On the 18th of December in the same year he rested his head on the side of his chair, saying to his daughter that he was so free from pain he thought he could sleep. The sleep was the sleep of death.

HOME MEMORIES OF THE POETS.

THOMSON.

THE author of "The Seasons" was a Scotchman only by birth. Like many of his countrymen, he crossed the Tweed early in life, to gain money and reputation in London. Of the former he was careless, and suffered frequently in consequence; but his fame was established after a brief struggle, and has scarcely suffered diminution since. His life was uneventful, but it cannot be uninteresting to trace, however faintly, the career of one of the most popular of our poets, whose works during the last century have passed

through countless editions, and are still frequently reprinted.

James Thomson, the son of a poor Scotch minister, was born in a humble manse at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, on September 7th, 1700. His father, who was blessed with small means and a large family, died soon after the boy had completed his school education, and Mrs. Thomson with her children then went to reside in Edinburgh, where James was sent to the university, in order to prepare for the church. Already, however, he had discovered a taste for poetry, and found it pleasanter to compose verses than sermons. On receiving a rebuke for a probationary discourse he delivered before the professor of divinity, Thomson felt perhaps more acutely his unfitness for the calling. For a few months afterwards he set out for London, with a little money and some letters of recommendation tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. No sooner did he arrive in the metropolis, than the contents of the handkerchief were stolen, and this sorrow, a severe one under the circumstances, was speedily followed by the death of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached. Before long he was able, through the influence of a lady of title, to obtain a tutorship at Barnet, his pupil being the eldest son of Lord Binning, a child of five years old. Here at any rate he found a home, but the drudgery of teaching a child to read was not to the poet's taste, and after a few months he renounced his position. When he did this he was in debt, and was compelled to beg a loan of money from a friend. He turned to poetry for consolation, and having completed his "Winter," sold it to a bookseller at Charing Cross, over whose shop he lodged, for the sum of three guineas. The poem was neglected until a clergyman, "happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted, that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence." The attention of the town was excited, and the author's reputation secured. At that time writers could not afford to rely upon the public; they needed, or fancied that they needed, the patronage of the nobility. Thomson followed the fashion of the day, and it must be owned with more than ordinary servility. He lavished his praise with eagerness, and without discrimination, and while constantly asserting the virtues of liberty and independence, had not strength of mind enough to exhibit them himself.

To flatter, however, was not esteemed a fault in those days, and it is the only moral defect to be found in Thomson's works. His writings are always on the side of truth and virtue; he never tampers with vice, nor forgets the claims of religion; and it has justly been said of him, that he did not write a line which, dying, he would wish to blot. The publication of "Summer" and "Spring," the extraordinary reputation of "Britannia," a feeble poem, which will never more be read except as a critical duty, and his first tragedy, "Sophonisba," gave the poet an immense reputation. On the representation of this play the house was crowded, but its good fortune was nearly destroyed by one foolish line—

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

upon which a wag in the pit shouted out—

O Gemmy Thomson! Gemmy Thomson, O!

and the parody was remembered. The laugh raised against the dramatist, however, did not lessen his poetical activity; for in the same year "Autumn" was published, as well as the glorious hymn with which the volume of "The Seasons" so fitly closes.

Poets are proverbially unfortunate, but it was not so with Thomson. The houses of the nobility were thrown open to him; friends flocked around him; men of letters, and Pope among the number, united to do him honour. With the son of Sir Charles Talbot he travelled in France and Italy, and by visiting foreign

lands increased the love for his own. On his return he was made Secretary of Briefs in the Court of Chancery; and thus comfortably provided for, he asked his only brother to reside with him; but the poor fellow, who was in bad health, pined for his native air, and the poet sent him back, "taking upon himself the charges of his maintenance." He also did what lay in his power to help his sisters, who had been obliged to set up a milliner's shop. He now took a cottage at Richmond, but there was no wife to fill it, and it was some years later that he showed his affection for a young lady, whom he celebrates as Amanda, and who afterwards jilted him and married an admiral. If Miss Young were Thomson's first love, as the biographers suppose, he could not have been very sensitive to female charms; for when he wrote to her his first letter he was already forty-three years of age. Writing from Hagley, the seat of Lord Lyttelton, he says:—"If I am so happy as to have your heart, I know you have spirit to maintain your choice; and it shall be the most earnest study and pursuit of my life, not only to justify, but to do you credit by it. . . Without you there is a blank in my happiness which nothing can fill up."

It was afterwards said by those who knew him best that Thomson's disappointment rendered him ever afterwards indifferent to life. It is certain that he made no further attempt to change his condition.

Rosedale House, Thomson's residence at Richmond, was lately advertised for sale. It has been greatly changed since his day. What was once a very small cottage is now a family house, which until recently was inhabited by the Dowager Countess of Shaftesbury. The parlour and bedroom of the original cottage have been thrown together, and now form an entrance-hall. The summer-house remains, but it has been removed from its original position near the house, and stands at a considerable distance. "It is," says Mr. Howitt, "a simple wooden construction, with a plain back, and two outward sloping sides, a bench running round it within, a roof and boarded floor, so as to be readily removable altogether. It is kept well painted, of a dark green, and in it stands an old small walnut table, with a drawer, which belonged to Thomson. On the front of the alcove overhead is painted, on a white oval tablet—

Here
Thomson sang
"The Seasons"
and their change.

The tablet, as our readers will see, is not quite correct, as "The Seasons" were sung before Thomson took up his residence in Kew Foot Lane. Of his mode of life there we have only a few trifling intimations. He has himself told us that he was "more fat than bard becoms," and his appearance harmonized with his disposition. Unfortunately he had formed the opinion that success in life depended less upon perseverance than upon what is commonly called good fortune; an opinion which shows that despite his genius he must have wanted that sound good sense which is of such infinite value in the daily transactions of the world. No poet ever lived more completely than Thomson did in a castle of indolence. His ambition was to live in peace, in luxurious dreams, in easy, social fellowship. He was benevolent, but lazy; kind-hearted, but apathetic; and if he seldom actively exerted himself to benefit others, he was equally negligent of his own interests. The sinecureship he received in the Court of Chancery was lost to him not long afterwards by the death of the Chancellor. His successor, however, kept the office vacant for some time, expecting that Thomson would apply for it; but we are told, that either from indifference, or from pride, he never made the application. There is a story related of him which, if not authentic, is at least equally characteristic:

namely, that he would wander about the garden with his hands in his pockets, biting off the sunny side of the peaches which grew upon the wall. And yet no one has described more vigorously than Thomson the evils of sloth, and the joy of manly exertion.

It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art;
That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
To keep the wit and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme, complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows,
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay;
Rude Nature's state had been our state to day;
No cities here their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother brutes the human race had grazed,
None e'er had soared to fame, none honoured been, none praised.

It appears inconsistent with Thomson's sluggishness of character that he should have been fond of walking; but the pursuits of early life, whether good or bad, linger with us as years advance, and what was once an enjoyment might perhaps have become a mere habit. No one ever described Nature more accurately than Thomson; and his writings bear the marks of that persevering study which could only have been carried on amidst the scenes they describe. He must have lived much in the open air, must have watched with careful eye all the changes of the elements, must have been accustomed to lonely musings and sublime solitudes; and must, therefore, at least in his younger days, have known as much of physical as of intellectual activity.

An interesting anecdote of the actor Quin deserves insertion in any memories of Thomson. The poet, owing doubtless to his culpable carelessness about money, had been locked up for a debt of seventy pounds. Quin visited him, and ordered supper from a neighbouring tavern. "When the entertainment was over, he said: 'It is time now, Jemmy Thomson, we should balance our accounts.' The poet, with the instinct of a debtor, supposed that he had some demand upon him; but Quin set his fears at rest, declaring that he owed Thomson 100*l.*, the lowest estimate he could put upon the pleasure he had derived from reading his works; and that instead of leaving it to him in his will, he insisted on taking that opportunity of discharging his debt. Then putting the money on the table, he hastily left the room."

Dr. Johnson speaks of Thomson as slovenly in his attire, and one of his more recent biographers relates that the only article of dress upon which he bestowed care was his wig. The barber who attended him at Richmond said that he always wore one, and that he was very extravagant about them, adding—"I have seen a dozen at a time hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big that nobody else could wear them."

In those days official posts were obtained in a manner which would not now be tolerated, and Thomson, without leaving his pretty rural nook at Richmond, was made Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands. He also received 100*l.* a year from the Prince of Wales, until his royal highness in a fit of petulance thought proper to withdraw it.

This is all or nearly all that we know of the poet during his twelve years' residence at Richmond. There is reason to fear that he was not altogether free from the great vice of that age, and that he was too fond of conviviality. But if he had boon companions he had also warm friends—men who loved him as a brother, who appreciated the kindness and warmth of his character, as well as his high intellectual qua-

ities. It has been said of Thomson—and which of us would not covet such praise?—that those who knew him best loved him most; and when, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, he was cut off by a fever, many felt that they had lost a faithful counsellor and a sincere friend. One of his friends, writing to another soon after the news of Thomson's death had transpired, speaks of him as "our old, tried, amiable, open and honest-hearted Thomson; whom we never parted from but unwillingly, and never met out with fresh transport; whom we found ever the same delightful companion, the same faithful depository of our inmost thoughts, the same sensible sympathising adviser."

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

IV.—THE MOTHER IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

It is a great mistake, as well as a great cruelty, to begin the school system with a child at too early an age; and it is hardly less mischievous error to imagine that, because a child does not learn out of a book, its education is at a stand-still. From the moment at which a child begins to take notice of things and persons, its education may, with the strictest truth, be said to commence. If a grown-up person were placed in the midst of a strange country, the whole geographical and natural features of which, as well as the language of its inhabitants, were new to him, would he not be acquiring information of a most valuable nature while he made himself acquainted with its peculiarities, and learned to speak its language? So it is with a young child: everything in the world upon which it has entered is new to it; and the first years of its life may, with advantage, be devoted entirely to becoming familiar with the objects by which it is surrounded; so that, properly speaking, its course of tuition begins as soon as the eye can distinguish the varieties of form, and the ear take in the difference in sounds.

A mother ought to find one of her most pleasing occupations in explaining to her child the uses of different articles; and, if she is herself sufficiently educated, the history of their invention, or the way in which they differ from those in use by other nations. Natural history may be taught most agreeably by means of pictures, and an occasional visit (if practicable) to a museum or zoological garden. A description of the habits and instincts of the various living creatures in the kingdom of nature can be made most interesting to children, if the mother gives it in a lively conversational manner.

Young children are also greatly pleased at hearing stories told or read aloud for them. And, without the tone of a lecture, many valuable lessons may be taught through this medium, the child being left to draw its own inferences from the obvious moral of the incident or story. Related in this way also, a child will intuitively learn to express itself in well-chosen language; and its manners will acquire the tone which it has learned to admire through the medium of description. There is also much to be done by a mother as regards the pronunciation and grammar of her children, before she puts a book into their hands. And her precept and example must be combined, or the former alone will assuredly fail. Again, the manners and customs of different countries will form a great and most agreeable theme for both instruction and amusement.

All that I have suggested may be conveyed to the mind of a child not only without fatiguing it, but as a positive pleasure. And how different is the appearance of a child so taught—its animated countenance and enlightened understanding showing the awakened power of thought—from the languid eye and tired brains of a poor little creature suffering from the pressure of lessons learned on compulsion and in fear of punishment! Every one who has studied children will assent to the truth of the statement that they desire occupation from a very early age. A healthy child is active, mind and body, and requires employment for both. A mother in the humbler classes of society can find plenty to occupy even the tiniest hands. How pleased her little one is to be allowed to carry a cup or plate, to wind her cotton or wool, or to sweep the floor, and dust the chairs and tables!—how proud it is of her approving glance or smile! And how overjoyed if she tells "father" that it was done by little "Teddy" or "Nelly!" Even in these little efforts the child is learning to make itself

useful, acquiring a knowledge of the value of time, and obtaining the approval of its own tender little conscience for a duty performed.

When at last the child begins its book education, be it at home under the care of a mother or governess, or at school under various teachers, it is the part of the mother to see that the mind of her child is not overtaxed. The lessons should be suited to its capacity, and should not be long enough to tire the mind they are meant to strengthen and instruct. The mother should also see that the child thoroughly *understands* what it learns. Many children learn their lessons by rote, without taking in the meaning of them; this may be caused by natural inattention on the part of the child, or from the want of a proper explanation by the teacher. In such a case the time of the child is wasted, and any information that is acquired is of such a superficial character as to be utterly worthless for the great business of life. It is a melancholy thing to see a child poring over a book, with heavy anxious eyes and aching head, each moment becoming more hopelessly perplexed by the obstacles it tries to surmount, and the very terror of the punishment that will follow, if the lesson is not conquered, depriving it of the power to comprehend it: when a few words of explanation from the mother would simplify the matter, and make plain what had seemed so difficult and incomprehensible.

If the mother does not herself conduct the education of her children, she should at least be sure that the person into whose care she commits them is worthy of the charge. In the national and parochial schools care is taken by those qualified to judge that proper teachers are provided; but there are many middle-class schools, as well as those opened for the children of tradespeople and mechanics, in which the teachers are, to say the least, very ill-prepared for their duties. A number of children are crowded into a small, close room; the incessant mingling of many voices, the stifling atmosphere, and the sharp voice of the teacher, producing confusion in the brains of the children, and heating and sickening their little frames. A mother should make it her business to see to this, for many a little one falls a victim to the want of care in this particular.

Especial care should be taken to avoid impatience and ill-temper during lesson time. The parent or teacher who cannot govern their temper while professing to impart information is totally unfit for the task; and unmixed evil must result to the child if subjected to the caprices of an ill-regulated mind. We will give one case out of many as a warning. A little girl, about nine years of age, had been compelled to commit long lessons to memory; pages of dry grammar, columns of a dictionary, boundaries of various countries and seas, history and arithmetic, all were jumbled together in her brain in a kind of confused tangle; and each day saw her become more heavy, and, as her teacher called it, *stupid*, from the pressure on her faculties. The child became at length really ill, but her illness was put down as ill-temper, sulks, and laziness; and, with dizzy brain and aching limbs, the poor little victim was kept bound to the wheel of school routine, until one day she seemed utterly unable to remember a word of her lessons. This was ascribed to obstinacy, and, having tried various punishments, the teacher at length struck her with a ruler on the top of the head; the child returned to her seat sick and giddy, and, after some little time, was seen to be so really ill that she was sent home. Alas! it was too late—water on the brain developed itself, and in three days the little sufferer was at rest.

THE RIVER.

ABOVE the winding River's brink

The tall trees wave their branches green;
Their cool brown roots, washed bare and clean,
Reach down through cooler depths to drink.

"Behold, how heavenly is my task!"

Methinks the River murmurs low;

"As God bestoweth, I bestow;

"To be like Him is all I ask."

O River! thou and I are one

In sweet desire to serve and be.

Yet every day I grieve to see

How all my deeds so selfward run

F. I. K.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

THE Lodge, which at Pennie's Christmas visit to Brackenfield was so forlorn and neglected, had on now the pleasant, May-time aspect of an English home. She and Mrs. Forrester held many an hour's familiar talk sitting on the sunny terrace where the early roses were coming out, and the leafage was all

young and tender green. And one day Pennie told her friend all her troubles, with some expectation of finding sympathy, but she only came again into collision with the common prejudice, the breadth and depth of which she had perhaps hardly yet learnt to appreciate.

"Since the rumour of your obstinate attachment got abroad, we have often heard the question of Mr. Tindal's guilt or innocence debated," said Mrs.

Forrester, "It seems to all of us here, that unless confession should come from some unknown quarter, he must lie under the terrible imputation to the day of his death."

"You none of you ever knew him, or you *could* not have believed it," replied Pennie, earnestly.

"He was very slightly known to us here, that is true; but he was intimate enough at Methley Towers, and there he was condemned. Lady Brooke thanks heaven for her escape."

Pennie's naughty little upper lip took a contemptuous curl. "Lady Brooke," said she, "knew him less than anybody, and though he was in love with her, he knew her as little."

Mrs. Forrester laughed. "Plain-spoken as ever, Pennie! You are a sociable little creature; do you ever try to realize what your life may be if you link your fate with his—cut off from the every-day, easy-going world which will not receive him?"

"I never tried to realize it, and I do not believe it will be. But if I were assured that it must, I would rather spend the rest of my days on a desert island with him, than be made welcome without him to all the delights of the world. Now, Millicent, you have my confession of faith."

"You are an enthusiastic little goose. I should like to see again the hero who has inspired you with such a profound devotion. You have quite taken me by surprise, Pennie. I used to think you would never fall in love on your own account. Tell me how it came about."

"I shall not. And Mr. Tindal is not a hero." Pennie seemed rather piqued.

"I did not mean to imply that nobody would ever fall in love with you, Quixote," replied her friend, with a teasing, caressing air. "I can perfectly well imagine how Mr. Tindal took to you, but I cannot comprehend how your practical, common sense little wise head, as Uncle Christopher calls it, got over all the reasons why you should not take to him."

"I did not know the reasons why until I had taken to him; and when I heard them, they did not approve themselves to my judgment as reasons sufficient for changing my mind. From the first, I did not believe them—it is out of nature that I should believe them, when I see him generous, gentle, brave, kind—oh, Milly, the kindest, best, most lovable—"

"I know all about it,—there, Pennie, never mind my teasing! If you ever marry I shall come to see you; I won't forsake you; but I should heartily rejoice to see the clouds clear up first. Here come the letters."

A servant drew near with four on a salver—two for Mrs. Forrester, two for Pennie.

"Only an answer from that new cook I wrote about, and an invitation to the Grandisons for Monday. Who are your correspondents, Pennie—Eastwold and Mayfield?" asked Mrs. Forrester, looking over her shoulder.

Pennie was absorbed past hearing, for in her Eastwold letter was enclosed another in an unfamiliar hand. She turned it over, and then read the beginning of Mrs. Wynyard's accompanying epistle. It apprised her that the letter forwarded was from the east. "I cannot imitate your good mother's example, dear Pennie, and put it in the fire, but I think Mr. Tindal ought to refrain from addressing you—" Pennie read no further, but clutched her precious treasure, and got up to make off with it to her own room. Mrs. Forrester understood the case, and held her fast,

asking why she was running away, and why she was blushing to such a brilliant excess when there was positively no one to see how pretty she could look on proper provocation.

"Milly, what a torment you are!" was the slightly exasperated answer, and then at last Pennie got free and got away.

She made fast her door, and shut herself up with her letter for an hour at the least. It was a long letter, a loving, cheering, amusing letter; all that she imagined a letter from Mr. Tindal would be; and it made up to her for her former cruel deprivation. How often did she read it? Over and over, until it occurred to her suddenly to think whether she might answer it. Then she applied to Mrs. Wynyard's letter again, but that gave her no guidance,—neither permission nor veto was even distantly referred to. While she was debating over the strong temptation to do, and abide the consequences, Mrs. Forrester knocked at the door.

"Pennie, let me and baby in; we are growing alarmed at your prolonged seclusion," cried she, in her teasing tone.

Pennie gave her admission, and after communicating bits of her news, sought counsel to do as she wished. Mrs. Forrester was perfectly aware of her, and would not give it; not at first, that is. It was wonderful what a faculty for tormenting this happy wife and mother had developed all at once. But there was something in Pennie that provoked everybody to jest at her who loved her; to call her odd names, and to laugh at her serious side; even Mr. Tindal had more than once testified to the influence.

"Just forget your private affairs for one minute, Pennie, and tell me if you think this a pretty pattern for baby's shoes," began her friend.

"I don't know anything about babies' shoes. Baby kicks them off, and seems more comfortable without. I argue therefore that babies' shoes are a maternal work of supererogation."

"Pennie, don't be profane. Am I to read that letter? I dare say half of it is in the newspaper."

"More than half, of course. You can read it there: the writing is rather cramped. You could not understand it."

"Fortune must have been in a more freakish mood than common when she gave you a rôle in a tragedy. Pennie. Poor little soul! you always laugh now with tears in your eyes."

"I have nothing to cry about. This is nothing but good news."

"And when is he coming home? Does he mean to see Sebastopol taken, and the war ended?"

"Yes. You need not remind me, Milly—I know he is in the way of danger, in the way of death. Don't you think I might write—just a small letter. They can only threaten me with the Lord Chancellor again, and I have made up my mind that he is more reasonable than they are, and probably much tenderer. At all events, he would not act so spitefully as my present deputed guardian, Mr. Hargrove, does."

"If you are not afraid of any terrors that may overtake you, Pennie, I see nothing to hinder you from doing what you like. Mary would have kept back his letter if she were not becoming hopeless of a change in you."

The result was that Pennie wrote: not "just a small letter," but a letter as long, as full, and calculated to be as satisfactory to the receiver as his had

been to her. She made no secret of what she had done, but mentioned it in replying to Mrs. Wynyard, and also in writing to her mother. Mr. Hargrove came very soon into possession of the fact, and he again revived the menace which had proved effectual in the first instance, and said to Mrs. Croft, that he really thought it would be advisable to make the fractious heiress a ward of the court; lest, some day, Mr. Tindal should come back, when they would have no security that he might not persuade her to run off with him. The widow declined to fear this of her daughter.

"Nay," said she, "Pennie has a better sense of things than that. She knows what belongs to her own credit. She will marry him in the face of us all, or she'll never marry him. She'll do nothing underhand; she's not a bit of a coward isn't Pennie. She is so obstinate because she fancies she is behaving well to stand up for a man that's down in the world. And I do believe her whole heart's set upon him; and a lass is hard to turn when that's the case."

"She has been badly brought up," said the lawyer; "she would have been much better brought up at home."

"I see no fault in my Pennie, begging your pardon, Mr. Hargrove," replied the widow stiffly; like most mothers, regarding the privilege of finding flaws in her offspring as a sacred monopoly. "It is unfort'net she ever met with Mr. Tindal; but thinking of him as she does, and feeling as she does, I can't exactly blame her for being constant. Her 'errors leans to virtue's side,' as Mrs. Featherston says. And if it was not for that suspicion that hangs on him, I don't know a man in Eskdale or anywhere that I'd sooner give her to. He'd not separate her from me; she'd be my daughter all the days of her life, like other folks' daughters to them. But not even for that will I consent to 'em marrying while things stand as they are, and I can gainsay it. She'll have to stay till she is her own mistress, and there's a good year to wait for that. And a deal may happen in a year."

"And at the end of that time, if there is no change in Mr. Tindal's circumstances, and she persists?"

"I shan't quarrel with her, anyhow, Mr. Hargrove. If trouble should come on her she'll have all the more need of her mother. Grieved am I that I have to cross her now; she takes it so patiently."

"And always indemnifies herself," added the lawyer, referring to the recent exchange of letters.

"We'll say no more about that—maybe we should ha' done the same." In her own secret heart, Mrs. Croft was sensible that she would have behaved much worse about the burnt letter than Pennie had done, and she was relieved rather than otherwise to feel that the matter had been compromised without her leave. It set her more at ease with her conscience than she had ever felt since Pennie kissed her after her disappointment, and made her no reproaches on her weak compliance with her enemy's advice.

Between Brackenfield and the Lodge Pennie spent a month, and in June she went with Lady Goodwin to Scarborough for a few weeks. She had experienced some sharp pricks from fortune already, but here she got a wound that bled and bled again. Lady Brooke was there, fair, frivolous, fashionable as usual. She called on her cousin, and saw Pennie for a few minutes, ready in habit and hat to ride with Sir Andrew to Hackness.

"Well, Pennie, you are not pining—sage little lady: neither is he," whispered she with laughing significance.

Pennie was not inclined to discuss Mr. Tindal: she coloured and turned away to the window on pretence of seeing if the horses had been brought to the door. There was a streak of malice in the fat white beauty's composition, and she would not let her victim escape so easily. "Our friend Captain Bingham writes prodigies of him to Sir Thomas," continued she, making her conversation general. "The French call him the *possessed* Englishman, and say he bears a charmed life, and must have sold himself to the Evil One."

"The bargain did not insure him against being badly wounded," said Lady Goodwin, dryly.

"Wounded? has he been wounded? What luck! Pennie, how proud you must be of his bit of glory! I hope he will come back safe and faithful, but it was about a fascinating Irish Sister of Mercy I was going to tell you."

"I do not wish to hear: I dare say it is idle or malignant gossip," said Pennie, all aflame. Lady Goodwin looked alarmed. Lady Brooke went off into a trill of affected laughter.

"How impossible it is to teach polite behaviour to women not to the manner born," said she: but Pennie had vanished, and was none the worse for the comment on her abruptness and her yeoman race. She was, however, moved by the previous allusion. Sir Andrew found her an absent and silent companion in their ride, and told his wife on their return that he feared she was out of spirits.

"I am sure I am not jealous," Pennie said to herself over and over; but the idea of that "fascinating Irish Sister of Mercy," who was most likely a myth, would keep recurring to her fancy. Who had nursed Mr. Tindal through his long calamity? There were hosts of Catholic sisters in attendance on the French military hospital, and perhaps one of them might be Irish. And what if she were? Pennie comforted herself with a re-perusal of her letter, and the phantom fear was exorcised, but only to return with a legion of shadows worse than itself. Her mind developed a marvellous facility in conceiving troubles during the next few days. Yet real anxieties were abundant enough without imaginary woes. The news of the war was of perpetual conflict, attack, victory, repulse: the siege was pressing on; its dangers were hourly multiplying.

It was trying work to read the story in the "Times," and then to go out amongst the showy crowd on the Esplanade to hear the band play, and meet idle gossips, while her heart was aching and yearning for she hardly knew what. She had quite changed her mind now about Mr. Tindal's dying in the war gloriously. He was a volunteer, unattached, who risked danger not for duty, but for private sentiment; and if he fell, it would be obscurely and uncommemorated. She began to think he had done enough for honour, and restlessly to wish he would return to the peace of Eskdale.

She got a sort of ease presently, but it did not bring the balm she had once anticipated under such circumstances. There came to her one morning, by the sea, another letter from the East, again enclosed to her by Mrs. Wynyard, and this time without any reproachful comment. It was a very little thin epistle,

and the address was in a scratchy feminine hand. Pennie looked at it with fixed eyes for a full minute before she could open it. A presentiment of grief was upon her; and the presentiment was realized. When she broke the seal at last, she found only three or four feebly-traced lines, without signature, but in Mr. Tindal's writing.

"My dear, dear Love,—I have been hit again, in the left shoulder. The surgeon cannot extract the bullet, and looks grave. If I get over this I shall come home; if not, little Pennie, keep your faith in me always. Before God, as a man about to die, I say it, I am guiltless of my poor brother's blood. My dear child, I should like to see you again; but if it is not to be, Heaven's will be done. I have got away from my burthen since I came here, for weeks and months together. It has hardly irked me at all. Good-bye, darling, good-bye."

Below were a few lines in the woman's hand, to the effect that Mr. Tindal had received his wound in the capture of the Mamelon, where he had mounted the breach with the storming party that won it first. It was added, that though his state was critical, the writer had hopes he might do well eventually, because his sufferings were not aggravated by any mental disquietude. Pennie's heart sank as she read it. "He has, then, made up his mind to the worst," thought she, remembering the restless mortal he was when he lay invalided at Mayfield. And in a manner, her mind, too, was made up to the worst: but still she could not have encountered *that* without such a shock as would have proved to her how, in the depths of her present dependency, hope was yet rooted fast—too fast for anything but the absolute clutch of death and certainty to tear it up.

She showed her sad little letter to Lady Goodwin, and said she should like to go home to Eastwold that day.

"But why, Pennie?" remonstrated her friend. "It is livelier here; there is more distraction for your thoughts."

"I do not want distraction," was her reply. "The earliest news of him will come to Eskdale: I must go."

Advice was thrown away upon her, and entreaty was equally unavailing. She would go, and she went, attended only by her maid, and arrived at Eastwold, without warning, about dusk. When she explained the cause of her sudden return, she won from Mrs. Wynyard at last both comprehension and sympathy. The poor lady, environed by troubles of her own, had given few tender thoughts to her husband's ward; but here was she bearing a vast and tangible sorrow, waiting for news of life or death, which would be as life or death to her when it came.

"My dear little Pennie, I will never be hard upon you again," said she, looking with pity in her pale, patient face. "I never quite realized before how much you loved him."

"Neither did I," said Pennie, and turned away, guiding herself up the great staircase, with a hand on the balustrade, weak and weary, and almost ready to fall. She had begun to feel that if he died there would be nothing in the world worth living for. Her love had the principle of growth in it, and it had gone on increasing until it filled the entire circle of her life. That gone, it seemed as if only a blank future would be left—an insupportable, indefinite blank, from which death would be a blessed release.

CHAPTER V.

WELL MET, PENNIE.

PENNIE's own room at Eastwold commanded a long look-out over the park, and beyond that of the road to Allan Bridge, along which came the daily post, carried by a sturdy old woman who had filled the office for half a century or more. The road was not so much frequented of a morning but that Pennie could discern her figure, and recognize it, as she came over the brow of the hill, with the bag slung across her shoulder, and a stout stick in her hand to help her on her daily round, which was very long, if she had a letter to deliver at any of the outlying farms or cottages on the moor. From her window early Pennie watched every day; and as soon as she espied Maggie Wardrope coming in sight, off she set to meet her, and, for many, many mornings, to meet disappointment in her company.

The old woman knew well enough what it meant. She had a grandson of her own at the war, as she told Pennie. "And many a long thought ha' I about him, when I lie awake of nights," said she. "His mother's dead, and so's his father. I brought him up only to lose him. I've never heard a word since he went away; but I fancy I sould know if he was killed, wi'out telling; I was that fond o' him."

Pennie asked her *how* she should know; and walking back to Eastwold gate in the post-woman's company, she heard a tale or two of the old-world superstitions that still brooded in those parts; of ghostly appearances, of voices distant but distinct, of weird warnings and mysterious impressions on the anxious mind, touching the state of absent and beloved friends. As she went up the park alone afterwards, she thought: "I have never felt as if I should really, *really* lose him, and this morning I have a sense as if he were not far off." The next moment she sighed, and reproached herself for delusive notions bred of Maggie's talk. But delusive notions or not, they returned on her at intervals throughout the day, and gave her consciously a brighter countenance and air.

It was the middle of August now; golden weather with the reapers in the fields, and the heather all gloriously abloom.

The evenings on the moor were Pennie's chief times of consolation. She used to wander up the fells from the back of Eastwold House, with Anna or Lois, or both, for company, and sit at a certain point whence the dale was visible nearly to the head. On this particular evening Lois went with her alone, and while the child disported herself amongst the heather, Pennie fell into a not unhappy, meditative mood. Her eyes settled often on the Abbey gateway, clearly visible, from her point of observation, against the thick, dark foliage of the trees in the court. Figures moving on the road were few, but Pennie recognized Mr. Roberts, mounted on his rough, square cob, who entered at the gate. He presently, as she supposed, rode out again, accompanied by somebody on foot, and she lost sight of them where the lane bent round under the hill towards Allan Bridge. She had not met the steward since her return from Scarborough, nor had she been able to glean any intelligence in other quarters. But uncertainty had grown endurable. The long silence gave hope that Mr. Tindal had borne up successfully against his first danger, and as she sat musing in the sunset, the impression of the morning

returned upon her very strongly, and she said, aloud, "I shall have good news soon; I feel I shall!"

Just at that moment there appeared in the distance, darkly defined against the glowing sky, a man on horseback, advancing at a brisk trot on the ridge of the fell where the road ran. Lois put out her wild head from a heathery knoll, and cried, "Pennie, some one is coming. It is Mr. Roberts's pony, but it is not Mr. Roberts who is riding it. I don't know who it is."

Pennie rose and watched—went a step or two forward, and paused. "*It must be,*" said she, under her breath; "*It is!*" and she waved her hand, and ran to meet the rider, who came steadily on and on, until she could discern the familiar features of his brown-bearded face under his broad hat. He did not recognize her so quickly, but the moment he saw the flying figure was coming to him, he knew her, and shouted exultant, "Well met, Pennie, well met!"

"I knew you a long way off," said she, arriving breathless at his side; "Oh, how glad I am!" He stooped from his saddle to embrace her, thinking as she held up her face to be kissed, how lovely she was; for even ugly faces are glorified at such moments, and Pennie's eyes and mouth were beautiful always.

"I was going to look down into Eastwold garden for a glimpse of my love, and behold her here!" said he. "Has it seemed a weary while? Two years and nearly three months since we said good-bye! Jack must submit to be tethered to a bush while we rest and have a talk. This is better luck than I dared to hope for."

Mr. Tindal dismounted, and secured the sober beast; then he made Pennie sit down on a little hillock facing the rosy clouds, and placed himself at her side, while Lois, after a sympathizing, pleased survey of the reunited, inobservant lovers, betook herself to making Jack's acquaintance. For a little while they were silent, each looking in the other's face, each holding the other's hands. Words could not express the joy, the boundless thankfulness that filled both hearts. Pennie fell a sobbing, and Mr. Tindal lifted his hat, and said, solemnly, "I thank God for this day!"

"Sometimes I used to dread lest it might never come, but in my secret mind I believed always that it would," responded Pennie when she recovered her voice. "I do not feel as if I were made to be a sorrowful woman;" and then she sighed with excess of happiness. It was a moment of life almost perfect.

"I shall leave Eakdale no more until I can carry you away with me! Oh, Pennie, when shall it be?"

"I don't know,—tell me about yourself. I have so longed for news. Why did you not write again when you began to recover?"

"Twice I wrote, my darling, and no answer came. The letters must have been lost or intercepted. Mine to Roberts were only delivered. He supposed you in possession of my latest intelligence, or I am sure the good old fellow would have managed to let you know that I was in a fair way to live."

"Two letters of yours have been kept back from me while I was so wretched!" cried Pennie, her suspicions fixing at once on Mr. Hargrove. "Who could be so cruel? Not my mother, not Mrs. Wynyard, certainly."

"Let us put by our troubles, and never mind to-night. It is very pleasant to look at you again, Pennie,—very pleasant to feel myself safe here. When I was too weak to do anything but watch the shadows

on the white hospital wall, I used often to fancy you were with me, and while the impression lasted I was quite happy in my helplessness. My nurse, a queer old snuffy Irish Sister of Mercy, an excellent creature, told me I called her by your name when I was delirious. You should see your double, a woman six feet high, stout and strong as a grenadier, and jocular in the most uncompromising brogue."

Pennie laughed, and thought some day she would tell him what she had suffered because of this amiable giantess. For the present she restricted herself to asking if the sister had sent him home healed and sound.

"There are years of life in me yet, darling. The hardships I have encountered have done me good," was his reply. "Don't look so pitiful, Pennie. I feel just now as if I had left my incubus behind me. It rejoices my heart beyond measure to see my sweet-heart's dear little kind face shining on me once more."

But Pennie's dear little kind face was, at the moment, more compassionate than bright. She was realizing his late experiences. He was much worn, and there was an expression of long pain, long weariness and continuing weakness about his mouth and brow. She wanted cheering under that impression; and regarding her with a teasing, loving air, Mr. Tindal said, "Pennie, you have taken the liberty of growing in my absence; there is considerably more of you than when I went away."

"Don't you think I am improved?" asked she with a *naïveté* which struck her the moment the words were out of her lips, and made her blush and laugh confusedly as she tried to explain that *that* was not what she meant exactly. Mr. Tindal laughed too, and declared that she was very much improved; but all improvement, under the circumstances, told against her,—she ought to have fretted herself to a thread-paper in his absence. He should like to hear what account she had to give of herself in extenuation of her insensibility. Pennie grew evasive.

"There is less of you," said she, softly stroking one of his thin white invalidish hands. "You must have suffered. Try to get up your strength fast, or the doctors are sure to order you off for the winter to some warm climate."

"They will order in vain unless you will go too. That bullet is somewhere in my unhappy shoulder yet, and tortures me not a little. I should like to be cosseted up again as I was at Mayfield. Do you think your mother would take me in?"

Pennie shook her head, and tears rose in her eyes. "There is no change here—all are against you still but me."

"I don't care who is against me, if you are for me! Pennie, my darling, my darling!" he exclaimed, with emotion that mastered him for a moment. Recovering himself presently, he plucked off his wide-awake, and showed her his dark hair, all lustreless and grey. "I begin to feel almost an old man while I am some years short of forty. I wish I could grow backwards to meet your youth, Pennie!" There was a grieved, regretful, impatient tone in his voice that smote her with keen pity.

"I love you best as you are," said she, intent only on consolation; and as his head was bent down, and his face hidden, she could not resist the impulse to lay her hand caressingly on the dry burnt locks.

Let us examine this effect in a more methodical manner. Platinum is a metal that can be raised to a white heat without melting. If we raise a platinum vessel to such a heat, and let water fall into it, drop by drop, we get none of the hissing and furious boiling and spitting of steam that we usually associate with water in contact with very hot metal; but, on the contrary, the drops fall quietly into the heated vessel, collect together, and form a globule which has an incessant tremulous motion, which does not boil, but disappears after a long time by slow evaporation.

Now here is a curious thing—if while the water is trembling in its heated bed, the flame or other source of heat which keeps the crucible hot, be removed, the water continues to tremble for a minute or so, then suddenly boils with a great noise, sends up a great cloud of steam, and disappears.

The fact is, when water is allowed to fall drop by drop into the hot platinum vessel, it never reaches the bottom. The water instantly becomes surrounded by an atmosphere of steam, which serves it as an elastic kind of cushion, protecting it from the hot metal, and preventing it from boiling. Take away the heat, and the cushion of steam loses its elasticity—the water descends by its weight, comes in contact with the hot metal, and suddenly flashes into steam.

It is supposed that steam boilers sometimes explode in this way. If the furnace be unusually hot, and the water low, fresh water let in may not touch the metal, but form this cushion of steam around it, until the stoker, shovelling on fresh coals, cuts off some of the heat which allows the metal to cool down somewhat, when the water, displacing its cushion of steam, suddenly comes in contact with the white-hot metal, flashes into steam, and bursts the boiler.

The reader will easily see that when our friend passed his wet hand through the stream of molten iron, the liquid metal never touched his hand. The water supplied the cushion of steam between his hand and the liquid metal; the extreme heat being the preservative.

When water rolls about on hot metal on its cushion of steam, it is said to be in a *spheroidal state*: that is, the drop, or globe, or sphere of water becomes slightly flattened, forming what is called a *spheroid*.

Other liquids besides water can assume the spheroidal state. There is a liquid called *sulphurous acid* so volatile, that it boils over at 14° ; that is, it boils rapidly, and becomes vapour 18° lower than water becomes solid. Now if this sulphurous acid be dropped into the white-hot platinum vessel, it passes into the spheroidal state, and dances on its cushion of vapour, still retaining its temperature below 14° . If in this state water be poured into the vessel, it is instantly converted into a lump of ice, although closely surrounded by a white heat.

Mercury becomes solid at -39° , or 71° below the freezing point of water. If solid carbonic acid, dissolved in ether, be put into the red-hot vessel, mercury may be frozen in the spheroidal mass. We have seen a lump of solid mercury thus taken out of its fiery crater, and held in water by a wire frozen on to it, when it melted, threw out jets of liquid mercury, and converted the body of water into a solid mass of ice.

Water and other liquids assume the spheroidal state on other heated surfaces besides metal, as was discovered by the writer many years ago. If oil, for example, be made more than twice as hot as boiling water, and a globule of water be very gently and carefully delivered to its surface, the water, although so very much heavier than the oil, will roll about on its cushion of steam, until it slowly disappears by evaporation. The experiment requires care, for should the globule sink below the surface, it suddenly becomes steam, and scatters about the hot oil.

LOVE AND AGE.

I PLAYED with you 'mid cowlips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you, very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking.—
But that was forty years ago.

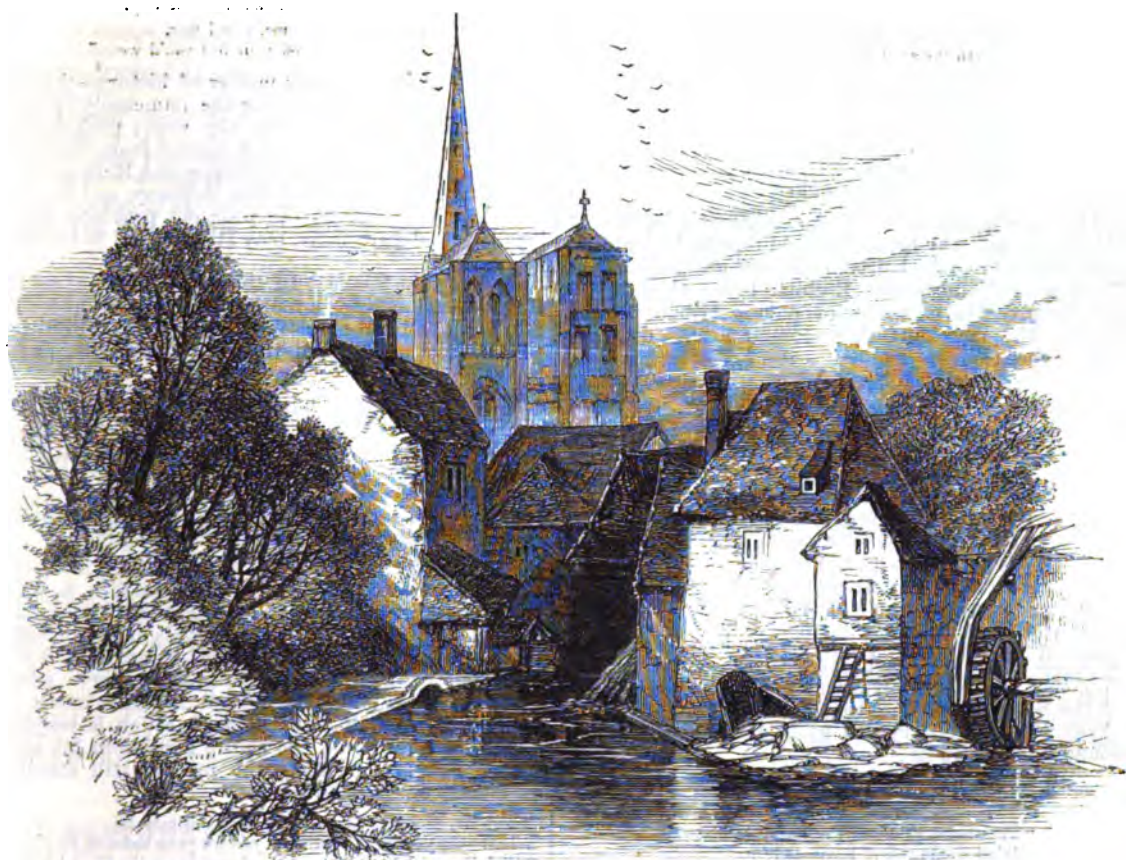
And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression;—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened:—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey:
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowlips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.



GUINGAMP IN BRITTANY.

THE BALLADS OF BRITTANY.

A BRETON lady of ancient name and noble blood began many years ago to collect the ballads and songs of the Breton peasantry; and her son, the Vicomte de la Villemarque, has published the collection, greatly increased by his own exertions, and by those of the clergy and gentry of the different localities; for these ballads grow up like some production of the soil, each in his place. They have been translated into literal French by this accomplished gentleman; and a well-known English author, Mr. Tom Taylor, has rendered many of them into English verse. This much of reference is indispensable as a preface, for the language of Brittany is as dead a mystery to me (and to you) as the soft accents of ancient Irish, and the consonants of Ap Thomas of the Welsh Harp. But Brittany itself I know well, from charming Guingamp, overhanging the river Trieux, to ancient Yannes, on the brink of the sea of Morbihan; I know the pine woods and the heathy wastes, the bright waters caught here and there along the coast, and the carved houses of Morlaix and Quimper; and I can tell you that here, as nowhere else in France, will you find the Middle Ages yet living, in external as in internal things. Of literature this also holds good. "The poetry that walls out of the Celtic nature, wherever it is left to itself, has not had its course checked or crossed in Brittany by such influences as the Protestant Methodism of Wales, or the war of religion

and races in Ireland. Ballads and canticles that were sung in the tenth, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries, are still handed down by recitation, from father to son, from mother to child, among the peasants, beggars, and wandering 'crowders,' who have taken the place of the old bards." Thus much Mr. Taylor in his charming preface.

Wander where he will, the traveller in Brittany comes across traces of the long struggle of the ancient Province with France. Invading armies—such *small* armies they were in those days, when every man counted by his personal prowess—poured again and again over the heathy lands; every one of the quaint old towns seems to have sustained numerous sieges: now it was "the Gaul," and now it was "the Saxon," or Charles de Blois, or an English Edward. In the days when nations were not centralised as they now are, it seemed worth while to pack one's crown and sceptre in their appropriate velvet caskets, and take ship across the sea, to pop suddenly down on one of the north-west towns of Brittany—on Brest, Morlaix, or St. Pol de Leon; and the Bretons, instead of telegraphing to Paris for troops, seized their own swords, and flew at the invaders with right good-will; and then composed poems about their own deeds of valour, in which the Saxon and the Gaul always came off right badly. We will take two historic ballads as examples, the first of which deals with the Gaul.

In the centre of Brittany is a vast high moor, affording a splendid view over the western part of the province, and called by courtesy the Mountain of

Arrhes. In the ninth century this is represented as belonging to a certain aged chieftain, and he is looking uneasily at the sky:—

"The storm-clouds gather, grim and grey,"
Quoth the great chief of Mount Aré;

"These three weeks past, so thick they fall,
Towards the marches of the Gaul—
So thick that I no ways can see,
My son returning unto me.
Good merchant, farer to and fro,
Hast tidings of my son, Karò?"

The merchant inquires what manner of man the old chieftain's son may be, and is told that he had "heart and brains," and had driven the tribute waggons to Roazon or Rennes—the Bretons being then under the disagreeable necessity of paying tribute to the Gaul. The merchant then communicates dreadful intelligence:—

"If thy son's wains the tribute bore,
He will return to thee no more.
When that the coin was brought to scale,
Three pounds were lacking to the tale.
Then outspoke the Intendant straight,
'Vassal, thy head shall make the weight!'
With that his sword forth he abraide,
And straight smote off the young man's head;
And by the hair the head he swung,
And in the scale, for makeweight, flung."

The agony of the old chieftain must be imagined, as we lack space to detail it; likewise how he travelled with all his "kith and clan" to the castle gate of Noménoë, a strictly historical personage, the Alfred of the Bretons; and met that hero returning from the chase with his quarry, his great hounds gambolling round him. Says he:—

"Fair fall you, honest mountain-clan,
Thou first, as chief, thou white-haired man."
"Your news, your news, come tell to me:
What would you of Noménoë?"
"We come for right; to know, in brief,
Hath heaven a God,—Britagne a chief?"

Whereupon Noménoë, hearing the tale, is fearfully wroth. While the tears run down the aged chief's white beard, the hero swears a tremendous oath of vengeance, and goes to the sea-shore with a sack to gather pebbles, to take as an ironical tribute to Rennes, and

Prince as he is, hath taken his way,
The tribute-toll himself to pay.

He arrives at Rennes, and the Gauls are greatly delighted to see him and his wains, imagining the sacks to be full of silver.

"Light down, my lord, into the hall,
And leave your laden wains in stall.
Leave your white horse to squire and groom,
And come to sup in the dais-room:
To sup, but first to wash, for lo!
E'en now the washing-horn they blow."
"Fullson, fair sir, shall my washing be made,
When that the tribute hast been weigh'd."

So they weighed two sacks, and found them right and true; but when they tried the third, behold it was light! And the Intendant seized it, and tried to undo the knots of the cords; whereupon Noménoë, offering to cut them with his sword, whips out that weapon, and shears off the Frank's head.

Into the scale the head plumped straight,
And there I trow was honest weight!
Loud through the town the cry did go,
"Hands on the slayer! Ho! Harò!"
He gallops forth out through the night;
"Ho! torches, torches—on his flight!"

while Noménoë shouts back, ironically:—

"Light up, light up! as best ye may,
The night is black, and froze the way.
But ere ye catch me, sore I fear,
The shoes from off your feet you'll wear."

And the end of it was—as matter of history—that the Bretons succeeded in driving the immensely superior force of the Franks a long way west; pushed their frontier as far as Poitou, and rescued from the hands of the invaders the towns of Nantes and Rennes, which ever after remained included in Brittany, and do so to this day, in so far as the poor old province, carved legally into departments, may still be said to be a province at all.

Now for the Saxon. In the fourteenth century the English had effected a footing in Brittany, under De Montfort, and had garrisoned the Castle of Pestivien, where they misbehaved themselves direfully, as follows:—

In the thick of Mael woods stands a stately castle keep,
With a turret at each corner, and a moat both wide and deep.
In the great court is a well, where piled the bones of dead men lie,
And every night that bone-heap grows higher and more high.
On the windlass of that draw-well the corbies settle free,
And o'er their carrion-feast below—oh! but they creak merrie.
That drawbridge falleth lightly, but riseth lighter still;
Whoso lists therein may enter, but goes not out who will.

To this castle comes riding, one evenfall, a young squire, seeking adventures, and asks the warder for a night's lodging, who politely accords it; the steed is taken to stall, and the squire set down to table with the "merry men," who, however, preserve solemn silence, only bidding the maiden Biganna mount the stair, and see that the stranger's couch is prepared. When meat was done, the squire mounts to his room, where, however, he finds the maiden still standing, with a disconsolate air:—

"Biganna, pretty sister, now say what this may be,
That ever ye sigh so heavily as ye turn your looks on me?"
"Oh! if ye stood but where I stand, and know the thing I know,
It's you would sigh, as you look'd on me, as heavily, I trow."

And then she tells him that a bloody dagger lies under the pillow; that it has already killed three men, and that he is to be the fourth. He lifts the pillow, and sees that she speaks truth; and straightway offers her five hundred crowns for his ransom if she will help him go free. But the maiden answered with rustic simplicity and true Breton morality—

"Grammercy, sir, an asking I would ask, and only one:
It is—have you a wedded wife at home, or have you none?"

The squire, notwithstanding all that might hang on his answer, loyally replies:—

"False answer to thy asking will I none, betide what may,
A wedded wife I've had at home this two weeks and a day.
But I have three brothers, every one a better man than me,
For pleasure of thy heart choose one of them thy groom to be."

She rejects the offer of one of his brothers, but says she will save him, married though he be; and bids him follow her out, and the porter, being her foster-brother, will not stay them. They get his steed, he mounts the maiden behind him, and away they gallop to Guingamp, where Lord Gwesklèn—Bertrand du Guesclin—is then abiding. To him the squire tells his tale, ending effectively—

"And whose enters Pestion gate an ill death he must die;
But an it were this maiden, they had made an end of me."

It scarce needs to tell that Lord Gwesklèn hurried off to the Robber Castle, where, after jeering sarcastically at the Captain of Pestivien up in the Donjon Tower—

The first stroke that Lord Gwesklèn struck, the walls to ground were thrown,
That the strong castle shrunk and shook to its foundation-stone.

The second stroke Lord Gwesklèn struck, three towers were lying low,

And twice a hundred men went down, and well as many mo.

The third stroke that Lord Gwesklèn struck, the gates were beaten in,
And the Bretons they were masters, walls without and courts within.

"They've fired the hold, they've burnt the mould, and slackened it in blood,"

The ploughman sings as he ploughs o'er the ground where Pestien stood:

"John the Saxon, felon, traitor, and rank reiver though he be,
Long as the rocks of Maël shall stand, shall ne'er hold Brittanie."

Such are two of the spirited warlike ballads as translated by Mr. Tom Taylor. Space fails us to enter into the more romantic specimens, such as the tale of the Crusader's wife left in charge of her wicked brother-in-law, who sends her on to the mountains to keep his sheep, where she is found sitting by her husband on his return from the east; or the melancholy legend of the wedding girdle, which the Breton knight promised to bring his betrothed from Wales; or the sad ditty of the Lord Nann and the Fairy, which is perhaps the prettiest in all the volume.

It is a pity that so charming a book should be comparatively expensive; certainly quite inaccessible to the people's home—for its pages contain a wealth of weird wild poetry, of a kind whereof we possess little or none, unless we go to look for it amidst the mountains where Hugh Lloyd rides down the waterfalls on his white horse, and the coming of Arthur yet forms matter of affectionate expectation. But the Breton collection have their own peculiar flavour, differing from that of the *Mabinogion* of Wales, as the ancient province itself is intensely individual in its aspect, its architecture, and its peculiar people, who have hitherto resisted the influences overspreading the rest of the French empire.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

IV.—MEN-PLEASING.

SMILER is a singular creature. He is not what you would call obsequious; for obsequiousness is generally used of one who carries beyond due bounds the respect he is called upon to pay to others, who seems to ask his superiors to treat him with scorn, who being expected to touch his hat once, touches it a dozen times, to the danger of the brim, who having to eat dirt, not only does it cheerfully, but eats as much of it as he can, and whose conduct can be usually explained on the ground that he hopes to get some substantial benefit by it.

The obsequious waiter has evidently "spotted" a particular sixpence upon the tray on which he hands you your change; the obsequious groom, as he keeps his forefinger (till you might count a hundred) to his hat, regards you with a speaking eye (an eye that speaks of half-a-crown); the obsequious cabman expects more than his fare; the obsequious shopman hopes to make you buy; the obsequious friend is about to borrow; the obsequious courtier dreams of "gold sticks" and "silver sticks" and the like; the obsequious parson tries to impress his bishop for the sake of a possible living; and the obsequious workman hopes to gain from his employer some advantage over his fellow-workmen.

It is worth while to see the obsequious man when he has failed in his object, or when he is amongst those from whom he can get nothing. You will then believe that action and reaction are not always equal and opposite; but that the reaction from obsequiousness is a more than equal display of overbearingness. But Smiler is simply a men-pleaser. He has no guessable object in view beyond the desire to please everybody under all circumstances. He never appears to have

any views of his own. He is a Tory amongst Tories, a Whig amongst Whigs, and a Radical amongst Radicals; and when he is in a company composed of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals mingled the way in which he flounders about in his anxiety to agree with everybody would be enough to excite pity as well as laughter, if you did not know that Smiler is incurable, that no amount of lessons will do him any good, and that the only reason he feels and looks uncomfortable is because he must displease somebody, and may displease everybody. Smiler is just the sort of man to try his very best to serve God and Mammon, and we know how much chance such a man has of succeeding. Smiler very often appears to be a man of good sense as well as of good-nature; for when you meet him for the first time, and find that he agrees with you upon those points on which your friends nearly always differ from you, you cannot help thinking he is a man of great natural common sense. Perhaps the next time you have an argument with friends you go so far as to quote Smiler: you say, "I met a very clever sort of man the other day, and he gave some excellent facts in support of what I have been saying; you may know the man—his name is Smiler." And when the name is received with a shout of derisive laughter, and you inquire the meaning of the laughter, you hear that "nobody cares for what that fellow Smiler says; he was taking just the opposite view the other day; in fact, he makes a point of agreeing with everybody."

And not only does Smiler seem to have no opinions, but he also seems to have no principles. He will sympathize with anybody about anything. He will join Capital in denouncing the tyranny of Trades' Unions, and he will join Labour in denouncing the tyranny of Capital. He will lead religious men to suppose that his heart is set upon religion; and he will lead irreligious men to suppose that his heart is set upon irreligion. Smiler will listen with an approving smile to the conversation of the moral; and the very next half-hour will laugh heartily at the shameful stories of the immoral. Smiler says to the beetotaller, "I quite agree with you, sir; drink more than anything else leads to crime; and, therefore, it is right to abstain altogether from drink of an alcoholic and intoxicating nature." And a few days afterwards Smiler will applaud the advocate of stimulants, saying, "Yes, sir, certainly, sir; you are quite right, sir: as well might you expect the rusty wheel to do without oil, as the exhausted frame without a little alcohol; and as for taking the pledge of total abstinence, it is, as you say, a cowardly plan; it is as good as saying that you cannot trust yourself to walk alone. Besides, when the pledge is broken the breaker is goaded by remorse into greater excess. What we want to teach men is cheerful moderation, not surly abstinence. I quite agree with you, sir."

But Smiler most frequently tries to show how he agrees with everybody by his manner rather than by his words, by bland smiles, by grins, by deferential bows, by cordial nods, by an eager attitude of attention, and by the silence which proverbially gives consent. Smiler has been known in this way to arrive at honour and dignity which he had not in view. For Sir Sickly Smiler, Bart., being asked how he had gained his baronetcy, could give no other explanation than that he had "bowed and smiled, and bowed and smiled," and "was created a baronet." If Smiler have any object in view (beyond the indulgence of a morbid desire never to give offence) it is probably to be thought a "good fellow." It is more likely, however, that he is thought a contemptible fellow, and that he is considered (by those who know him well) always an ass, and generally a bore. Smiler is not a very common character, though he is occasionally to be met with, and a short notice of him will be sufficient.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"THE good old times." What visions rise at the words—visions of the days when England was "Merry England." When—

—the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.

When life was all real and true, and not the artificial system to which it has grown in these "degenerate modern days." When peace and plenty smiled upon virtue and simplicity. Ah! how bright those times must have been; and, as the picture rises in all its glowing colours, what wonder that we sigh and wish our happy fate had been to have been born, to have lived, and to have died in those good old times?

Yes, those must certainly have been golden days; but even while we gaze at the brilliant picture a shadow comes across it. That sceptical spirit of the day which will take nothing on trust, but must examine into the truth of everything coldly asks: "When did those good old times exist?" When?—Ah! . . . well! . . . it is very unpleasant to be so suddenly brought down to earth again, but really it is not very easy to say. Can it be possible that—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue?

No surely not—surely we shall find the good old times somewhere. But where shall we begin our search? Dare we hope to find them at so comparatively recent a period as the days of "good Queen Anne?" Alas! it was very near those days that Hogarth painted "The Rake's Progress" and "The Marriage à la Mode." There is not too much of virtue or simplicity there; and what must have been the state of the country when (as was the case then) its literature, even of the highest class, was polluted by a shameless indecency which banishes, now, many of its choicest treasures to the top shelves of libraries; and when the scenes often acted on the stage were such that "no woman with any pretensions to decorum" could venture to the theatre unmasked?

There must have been serious drawbacks to the comfort of every-day life too; when the streets of London were such that a heavy shower transformed them into a mass of liquid mud, which no foot passenger could have waded through, had he wished to cross to the opposite side; and with which mud he was covered from head to foot, did a hackney coach happen to come lumbering by; while from the numerous signs and water-spouts that overhung the streets showers of dirty water descended upon him. He was a bold man who ventured into the streets by night then, when lamps were few or none, and his link boy was probably in league with some of the bands of desperados who infested every part of the town, robbing, and often mercilessly mutilating the unfortunate victim who fell into their hands. Nor was the state of the country much better; when we read of a journey of nine miles occupying six hours, and only then accomplished by the desperate efforts of six or eight strong horses harnessed to the ponderous vehicle, and aided occasionally by a sturdy band of peasants, to dig the carriage out of the mud. No, we have not found the golden era yet.

It will be admitted there is but little chance of finding the good old times amid the flood of vice and profligacy which deluged England in the days of the restoration, or amid all the bloodshed and misery of the rebellion; but when we come to "Elizabeth of glorious memory," surely we are getting near them. The days of Bacon, of Cecil, of Walsingham, of such a host of illustrious names. Ah me! the stars shine brightest in the darkest sky. We read that "the 'merry England' of the days of Elizabeth was in some respects rather a ter-

rible country to live in." In her reign a year seldom passed without some *three or four hundred* robbers and vagabonds being sent to the gallows. Peace and plenty can hardly have smiled upon virtue and simplicity then. And what were the choice sports of the day? Bear or bull baiting and cock-fighting; and, oh, grand festival! when some poor harmless wretch was to be burnt alive as a witch, after being horribly ill-used. Then too we read of prisoners confessing, after *five hours of the rack*; what a volume does not that simple sentence contain! Ay, and the fires of Smithfield were hardly cold, and though the papal yoke was broken, men dared not worship God entirely according to their own consciences. If we look at the state of London we find the "prentices" in full force, keeping all the town in terror with their lawless riots, and even going so far as to stop the queen herself, while driving near London, and force her to send off a footman for help. We hear of ruffians brought before magistrates charged with cruel outrages on unoffending citizens, and dismissed with a *mild rebuke*, on pleading that they were *gentlemen*. Those can scarce have been halcyon days, even though Elizabeth's renowned father, the magnificent Henry VIII. had done his best to purify the land, as it is computed that, during his reign of thirty-eight years, he hanged not less than seventy-two thousand of his lawless subjects. That fact hardly encourages us to seek for our phantom vision in his days.

We must go further yet. Surely we shall be successful when we come to the very days of chivalry. The days when gallant knights were ready, at any moment, to arm in defence of oppressed or wronged beauty and virtue. Those gallant knights look all very well in romance and song; but how in cold prosaic history! Something very like semi-savages, who, in spite of their knightly chivalry, did strange things sometimes. In the way of cruelty and oppression; as did likewise their contemporaries, the "gentle robbers," who courteously entreated fair damsels lost in lonely woods; and whose "one virtue" has been remembered, while their "thousand crimes" have been forgotten. No; shorn of the bright halo thrown over them by romance, those days of chivalry were but days when a cruel, tyrannical, lawless nobility, and a profligate priesthood, oppressed at will a people sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and superstition; with but an occasional gleam of better things, when some firm determined king curbed their wild violence for a time, only, however, to break out with tenfold force the moment his strong grasp on the reins of government relaxed in the hands of some feeble successor. Alas! the further we go in our search, the further we seem from the object of it; and at last we are fain to admit that the good old times are sadly visionary, and very like that mine famed in song—

Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine;
But if, in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like love the bright ore is gone.

Our search will not have been in vain, however, if it bring us back to the nineteenth century with just a little prick of conscience, suggesting that there is, in these lamentations over the good old times, something rather like ingratitude for all the blessings that civil and religious liberty, and the advancement of science and learning, have brought our country; and a culpable thoughtlessness of how dearly some of those blessings have been bought. We might well, with all reverence, slightly change the words of a solemn warning, and say—"He that is ungrateful in that which is least is ungrateful also in much." The man who accepts as a right, without one grateful thought, all the personal comforts and advantages secured to him

by being born a member of a civilized and enlightened community, is little likely to be very grateful for all the more important blessings so liberally showered upon him. We recommend consideration of this subject to all those who are perpetually sighing for "the

good old times;" and if after such consideration their opinion remains unaltered, we can only wish they had been born in those "good old times," to which their mental and moral faculties are much better suited than to the nineteenth century.



THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

"Who is dis Hogart?" said George II. to the nobleman who had brought a print of the famous "March of the Guards to Finchley" for his Majesty's inspection and approval. "A painter, my liege," answered the courtier. "Bainter!" exclaimed the king. "I hate bainting, and boetry, doo! neider de one nor de oder ever did any good. Does de fellow mean to laugh at my Garte?" "The picture, an please your Majesty," meekly responded the nobleman, "must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What? a bainter purlesque a zoldier! He deserves to be picketed for his insolence! Dake his dromperly out of my sight."

Such were, in the year of grace 1750, the royal notions about those things which go so far in elevating the thought and purifying the taste of a people: and the anecdote, which is a true one, indicates, as fairly as any single circumstance which could be cited, the deplorable state into which everything pertaining to fine arts had fallen. Since the revival of letters, England, in poetry, had been able to hold her own against all comers; and Shakespeare had as much to do with the making of England as any king that could be named. But even in this favourite field the country was at its worst, and the school of Pope and Thomson was feebly represented by such dissipated poetasters as Charles Churchill and Robert Lloyd. The sensitive William Cowper was as yet

unknown as a writer. It is true that in the acted drama there had set in at Drury Lane, under the management of David Garrick, a very great reform; and the actor's former tutor, the great Dr. Johnson, rejoiced to see—

—the reign commence
Of rescued nature and reviving sense.

In architecture there was no such revival; and, if we except Sir William Chambers, who designed Somerset House, 1776, it required the lapse of at least a century before the country could furnish a worthy successor to Sir John Vanburgh, who died in 1726. But native poets, whether in written words or in chiselled stone, England was never long without; and, although the fire of genius which animated William of Wykeham or Geoffrey Chaucer may have repeatedly flickered during the last five hundred years, it never altogether expired, but on the contrary, blazed up again and again, to enlighten the soul and gladden the heart of man. Between one school of poetry or architecture and another there was, in short, simply a hiatus; but of painting there could be no history, for, as an art, in the modern sense, it had no existence. It was reserved for William Hogarth to redeem his country from the shame of being sensible to art only through the works of the alien. France and Spain, Holland, Germany, and Italy were long generations ahead of England, and had hitherto supplied her with all her art-wants; but henceforth she is to have a school of her own, and William

Hogarth is to be regarded through all future time as its founder.

Let us answer, then, the royal question with which this paper opens: Who is this Hogarth?

William Hogarth was born on the 10th of November, 1697, in Ship Court, Old Bailey, where his father, a reputable scholar, and come of a goodly yeoman family in Westmoreland, kept a school. All over the north the name is still pronounced Hogart, and in those days it would appear also to have been spelled so. About the usual age, the boy, having shown a disposition for drawing, was apprenticed to Mr. Ellis Gamble, the silversmith and engraver of arms, at the Golden Angel, in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields. He had completed his term of service in 1720, the year in which Law's Mississippi scheme exploded and our own great South Sea bubble burst; at all events, in that year he commenced business on his own account in Little Cranbourne Alley, and to his wonderful skill with the graver he very soon added the higher art of the pencil. "Owing," says Hogarth, "to my desire to qualify myself for engraving on copper, and to the loss which I sustained by piratical copies of some of my early and most popular prints, I could do little more than maintain myself until I was near thirty." This would make a second term of service to the arts: the first seven years, until he was about twenty-three, was his apprenticeship, and the second seven his probation. The peculiar bent of his genius began to show itself during the latter period, and the designs he executed for the booksellers, more especially those to illustrate "Apuleius" and "Hudibras," attracted the attention of those interested in art. He tried his hand, too, at portraits, going at his subjects with all the directness of his own nature, and painting the truth as he found it. From that time forth the allegorical vagaries of Verrio and his like fled the island, and English portraiture became complimentary to common sense.

Our readers could not have better examples of Hogarth's ability in this department of art than those in the Foundling Hospital and the National Collection. In the former will be found the glowing and benign Captain Coram, and in the latter Hogarth himself, with his dog. The execution in both is varied, yet firm and precise: the colouring modest, and at the same time clear and truthful.

Hogarth for some time attended the academy of Sir James Thornhill, serjeant-painter to the king; and if he did not acquire much practical knowledge of art there, his attendance would appear to have opened the way to something equally important, viz., a good wife. In his thirty-third year Hogarth married Jane Thornhill, aged twenty-one, and as the parents were not consulted, he was for some time, with Sir James, at least, in disgrace. Our artist now took a house in Leicester Fields, addressed himself with fresh vigour to his art, and determined to support his young wife in a position worthy her rank and education. Writing of this time, he says: "I married, and commenced painter of small conversation-pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high. This having novelty, succeeded for a few years. But though it gave somewhat more scope for the fancy, it was still but a less kind of drudgery; and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory to be carried on by the help of backgrounds, and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required." If money, however, did not come in very fast, and his price for portraits at this time was something very insignificant, his reputation, at least, was increasing. It was about this period that he designed and etched the first portion of "The Harlot's Progress," and Lady Thornhill was so pleased with it that she advised her daughter to place it in her father's way. "Accordingly, one morning," says Nichols, "Mrs. Hogarth conveyed it

secretly into his dining-room. When he rose, he inquired from whence it came, and by whom it was brought; and when told, he cried out, 'Very well! very well! The man who can make works like this can maintain a wife without a portion.' He designed this remark as an excuse for keeping his purse-strings close; but soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young people." From this time forward the fame and fortune of William Hogarth went on increasing, and the genius of the man was allowed on every hand.

"The reasons," says he, "which induced me to adopt this mode of designing were, that I thought both critics and painters had, in the historical style, quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further hope that they will be tried by the same test and criticised by the same criterion. . . . Let the decision be left to any unprejudiced eye; let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players, dressed either for the sublime—for genteel comedy or farce—for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show."

The brisk, lively, inquiring nature of William Hogarth, as well as his own art predilections, led him to mix with all sorts and classes of people; and the poorer orders, who appear to have been an altogether neglected and downtrodden section of the community, were peculiarly amenable to his pencil; but, unlike Morland, he never brought away with him any moral taint from the haunts of the vicious, and he managed to draw instruction and warning from the shortcomings of the high as well as of the low. The terrible scourge of his satire, and the genial outflow of his humour, were felt by all; and a more daringly outspoken man, or a more conscientious and original artist, England has not seen since his time.

The best of all Hogarth's works, his "Marriage à la Mode," is in the National Collection. Volumes might be written about any one of the many serial histories which he set forth upon the canvas, but our readers could not do better than go to the work we have named, and follow out in all its marvellous details the story for themselves. The "Enraged Musician," which is the subject of our engraving, shows with what happy invention he could work out a grotesque idea. It was intended as a companion to the print representing a "Distressed Poet." Hogarth was always happy and at home in the streets of London, and we see here with what fidelity he could utilize the sights, and even sounds, of ordinary every-day life.

When Hogarth became rich and a notability, he was not without his enemies; and although we cannot always agree with the manner of his retaliation, we never cease to admire his indomitable pluck. As an artist his drawing was not what is called academic and elegant; but so far as the truthful rendering of objects and their expression goes, he was unrivalled. His sarcasm reminds one of Swift, whom he greatly admired, and the furnishing of his interiors appropriately has only been equalled in our own day, and that by a master in the sister art of prose fiction. We allude to Charles Dickens. We find the best summing up of Hogarth's person and character in the pages of Allan Cunningham.

"He was rather below the middle size; his eye was peculiarly bright and piercing; his look shrewd, sarcastic, and intelligent; the forehead high and round. An accident in his youth had left a scar on his brow, and he liked to raise his hat so as to display it. He was active in person, bustling in manner, and fond of affecting a little state and importance. He was of a

tamper cheerful, joyous, and companionable; fond of mirth and good-fellowship; desirous of saying strong and pointed things; ardent in friendship and in resentment. His lively conversation—his knowledge of character—his readiness of speech and quickness of retort, made many court his company who were sometimes the objects of his satire; but he employed his wit on those who were present, and spared or defended the absent. As to licence of his tongue, he himself often said that he never uttered that sentence about a living man which he would not repeat gladly to his face. As to his works, he always felt conscious of their merit, and predicted with equal openness that his name would descend with no decrease of honour to posterity. He loved state in his dress, good order in his household, and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests. "In his relations of husband, brother, friend, and master," says Ireland, "he was kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent; in diet abstemious, but in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted; not parsimonious, yet frugal; but so comparatively small were the rewards then paid to artists, that after the labour of a long life he left a very inconsiderable sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a large portion."

After an active life of sixty-seven years, the great father of the English school of painting died on the 26th of October, 1764, at his residence in Leicester Square, and was buried in the churchyard of Chiswick. On his tombstone his friend David Garrick has inscribed the following lines:—

Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee—turn away;
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.

His sole surviving sister Ann followed him to the grave in 1771, and his wife, who loved him living, and honoured him dead, was laid beside him, in November, 1789, in the eightieth year of her age.

A WORD WITH THE TAILORS.

[We have much pleasure in stating that the following remarks are from the pen of a working man, and that the style and grammar are his own.]

If you put this question, "Why are many journeymen tailors and shoemakers badly off?" to the journeyman himself, he will be almost sure to reply: "Because masters pay such a low price for their work, and even at that low price they will not give us sufficient to keep us employed all the year round; for when the gentry are out of town we are not able to earn more than a few shillings a week, and very often nothing at all." No doubt more work brings more money, and higher wages enables them to live better; but why are they so badly off with the wages they have? Why is the inferior workman often no worse off in the slack time than the first-class workman? No tailor or shoemaker can deny this, and therefore his plea of not being paid sufficient for his work is not the right answer to my question, as we shall see more fully hereafter.

I shall therefore endeavour to state what I believe to be the true reason why so many journeymen tailors and shoemakers are so badly off directly the work becomes slack.

1st. They do not lay up for a rainy day when they have plenty of work and can earn a good sum of money. This is the case with tailors especially. Instead of saving then, they live as though they thought that

work would always be plentiful—that it would never be slack again.

But perhaps they answer, "We have enough to do, when work is plentiful, to pay off our debts and get our things out of pawn." True, but why pawn them? If a tailor earns enough to get his things out, he can earn enough to keep them from going in. It is as long as it is broad. If a man would only make up his mind to pull the reins a little tight just for one, or, if necessary, two seasons, he would then be able not only to get himself out of debt, but even to put something by for the evil time; and this might be accomplished much more easily than he thinks; as he would find if he looked the matter boldly in the face, and was thoroughly determined to conquer all the little difficulties that hinder his making the first step. To avoid pains we must take pains. One sharp pinch will save him being plagued for years. It is like having a tooth out to get rid of the toothache. One season's self-denial would generally draw the tooth, and cure the worry of pawning things and then straining to get them out again.

2nd. The tailor often rips his work to pieces as fast as he sews it. He may be on the board from five in the morning till nine at night; but what good does it do him if, as soon as he has finished his work, he hops off and goes straight to the public-house? Or he may work fourteen or sixteen hours a day for days or perhaps weeks together, and sometimes, in the very busy time, even sit up all night; but it does him no good if, as soon as work begins to get slack, and he is told by the master not to hurry over it, but that if he brings it in three or four days' time that will be quite soon enough, he allows himself then to be enticed away to have a glass, which leads on to another, and then another, until at last he becomes quite "muddled," and finds himself the next morning in his bed, without knowing how he got there, and his head aching so badly that he feels utterly unable to work at all. Then he goes out just to get a "reviver." This, of course, leads him into the same company in which he got drunk the night before. He finds a dozen men just reviving, then others. Then a shopmate comes in who has often stood treat to him when he was short; of course he must do the same for his mate, and so he finds himself fairly in the stream again, sailing along towards an empty pocket and another headache. It is seldom, when a man has got so far as this, that he leaves off as long as he has a penny in his pocket; nay, he will often run up a score with the landlord, and sometimes even pawn his coat in order to get drink. Meanwhile he is not only unripping in the public-house the work he did on the board—perhaps work which it took him days to do, or even weeks—but while he is out on the "fuddle" his wife and child, or apprentice, have been sitting idle, as they are quite unable to do without his assistance. The work may not have been very busy, it is true, but still there was something to be done. I saw the wife of a tailor some time ago, who told me that she and her children had not only no food, or any money to get it with, while her husband was out drinking, for which he had spent all his money, and pawned his waistcoat in addition; but what made it worse, was that there was work on the board to do, which a little help from him would have enabled her to finish.

3rd. Many men have no work in the slack time because they are so independent and uncertain when there is work that the master can never depend upon them; and therefore, of course, when the work falls off he gives the little he has to those men who oblige him in the busy time.

4th. Another great reason why so many journeymen are so badly off is because they do not belong to a sick club. They have no thought for the future. A man is, perhaps, healthy and strong one week, but may not

be so on the next; some accident or sickness lays him up, and then were is he? In bed, but not, as he should be, in a club. Many a one, though apparently healthy, has the seeds of some disease within him; and as he has nothing to depend on but his wages, he is a fool not to set aside part of them for a sick club, from which alone—unless he likes to beg or go to the parish—he can get support when ill or past his work.

But I would say also a few words to the *wives* of journeymen. It may seem difficult at the beginning, yet a good wife will try, out of the small amount of money her husband allows her for housekeeping, to lay by a little in some penny or other bank; for in the slack time he will give her still less, perhaps nothing at all; therefore she should put by something, if only a few pence a week. If she does this, she will not have occasion to go so often to that most expensive of all shops—the pawnshop. If she can only keep away from that just for one winter, she will then stand a good chance of keeping herself and her family straight for the future.

If she is extravagant when her husband is in full work, allowing her children to waste their food, they must want it afterwards. It is the custom with many mothers to let their children have as much as they ask for; they will sometimes do this to quiet them, and allow them to mess it about the floor till it becomes too dirty to be eaten. Then they give them a dozen halfpence to spend in a "sweet-stuff shop" for one to be put into the school bank. These are small matters, but not too small to be noticed; for if any one wishes to lay by, they must begin by taking care of the pence. Then the pounds, if ever he gets them, will take care of themselves; certainly the shillings will. But if you give your children any halfpence you can spare, you will find that they make poor bankers, and learn to waste their own money when they come to earn it, as well as yours which you give them.

Once more, no good housekeeper will lay out her money on the Sunday morning, whether she may think it wrong to do so or not; it is always foolish, for she pays more money for inferior articles. Of course those who do their marketing on Saturday have the first choice; and as there are only a few shops open on Sunday, and those usually not the best, the sluggish housekeepers must pay almost any price they are asked for the goods they require.

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

V.—THE MOTHER IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

The presence of the mother of a family should be felt from the kitchen to the attic, or the affairs of the house are sure to go wrong. The highest lady in the land does not think it beneath her to take an interest in the ordering of her domestic arrangements; and her anxious, watchful care over her children has been the theme of every tongue. If the whole management of a house is left to servants, however competent, there is something wanting which only the supervision of a mistress can supply. And if children are handed over entirely to the care of nurses and governesses, the best element of home life is wanting—the companionship of their mother.

The wealthy mother, who does not need to assist in any of the household operations, should nevertheless superintend them so far as to see that all is right; and she should also instruct her daughters in the proper method of regulating a house. Nay more, the mother in the middle class of society should see that her daughters learn to provide for the wants of a household; and for this purpose she should herself instruct them how to purchase the different articles required for home consumption. She should teach them to choose the various kinds of meat, fish, and poultry, taking pains to point out how each may be known to be good; and she should also take care that they know how the different dishes are properly cooked. Even should it not be their lot in after life to do it themselves, they may perhaps have to instruct an ignorant servant; and any one who has any experience of home-life

can judge how much its comfort is enhanced by a well-cooked dinner. The meat, fowl, or fish may be the best of their kind, but if sent to table badly cooked they are comparatively worthless.

The mother who is a good housewife will understand how the different tarts, puddings, &c., usually required are made; and as her daughters grow up she will give that department into their hands. It is a great saving of expense in a family when its members can manufacture their own confectionery; and so far from being detrimental to the dignity of either mother or daughter, it will tell greatly to their credit if the discovery should be made that the various sweet things which ornament the table at dinner or supper are their work.

The mother in a more humble sphere of life should make it her business to learn plain cooking. A little knowledge of the art will place many a palatable dish on the table, which, if she did not understand how to cook it, would have been disagreeable, and perhaps unwholesome, eaten only to relieve the feeling of hunger, but without any relish. Of all people, the working man requires to have nutritious food; and it cannot be nourishing if badly cooked. Beef, for instance, set on the fire, and permitted to boil until it becomes a hard solid mass, is quite unfit to be eaten, being both tasteless and indigestible; and yet how often is such a dish set before the working man and his children by the woman who does not know how it should be cooked. Half-boiled vegetables, and whole boiled meat are among other mistakes very frequent; but a little thought and care could easily set these matters right.

The mother of children destined to work their own way in the world should begin early to make her little ones useful. They want employment at a very early age, and tiny hands are glad to be employed in picking the vegetables, laying the table, or dusting the furniture; and the mother never should be too busy to give an approving word and smile to the little workers. A good mother will see that her daughters can *see* well. A woman may be a first-rate performer on the piano, but she should also be able to perform a good solo with the needle. No woman should be above learning to do plain work well. She may not need to work for her family, but she should be able to cut out, and make the various garments required, if necessary; and to a mother in the industrial class of society a good knowledge of plain work is invaluable. What pride her husband will take in wearing the shirts made by her busy fingers, and how neat her children look clothed in the work of her hands!

As we have said before, the mother should be everywhere in the house. She who can afford to keep servants to do her work will see that the rooms—the bed-rooms especially—are kept thoroughly ventilated; and she who cannot, should attend to it herself. Nothing is more injurious to health than breathing bad air; and many illnesses for which people cannot account might be traced to this cause. As soon as the sleeping-rooms are vacated the windows should be thrown open, and the beds uncovered, and left to get thoroughly cool before being remade. If children sleep in cribs, the beds should be taken out, so as to let the air go through them; and the bed-clothes should be well shaken, to free them from dust. The carpets should be well brushed if they are nailed down; and where there are not carpets the boards should be frequently washed. Done quickly with boiling water and soda, and exposed to a current of air, they dry rapidly. All articles in domestic use should be kept scrupulously clean. Untidy, careless mothers and servants have the habit of using the same jug from day to day to receive the milk in, without taking the trouble to wash it, and thus the particles of dried milk remaining form a crust, and become sour. Many infants are greatly injured by being given such milk to drink. Pots and saucepans should be thoroughly cleaned before being put away. And the kettle should be well rinsed out each time it has to be refilled, otherwise, water-tinning forms on the bottom and sides, and if allowed to remain becomes very prejudicial to health.

A mother should, above all things, establish order in her household. The children should be prepared to sit down to table all together; their clothes neatly put on, hands and faces clean, and hair properly arranged; and the table itself should be properly laid, no matter how humble the appointments. A neatly-arranged table, surrounded by a clean tidy family, is a pleasant sight, and the most homely food can be eaten at it with relish; but a table covered with a soiled cloth, the plates, knives and forks, &c., put on it without regard to order, and an untidy family crowding round it, struggling for particular places, would make the best dinner in the world unpalatable.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER VI.

AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS.

PENNIE'S autumnal visit to Mayfield came, prolonged itself to her perfect satisfaction, and passed. Mr. Tindal saw her often, but he did not, as might have been feared, find her monotonously sweet. She had caprices of shyness which she could not control; caprices that answered always to his cheerful

moods of self-possession. If he were melancholy, then she forgot herself, and comforted him with zealous affection; if he were gay, then she drew in, and was as reserved as with a stranger. She had heard or read somewhere that it is a grand mistake in women to let their lovers see how much they are loved. This mistake she had committed irretrievably, and now and then it disquieted her conscience. She was secretly vexed and ashamed that she was not more her own

mistress in his company, and she wondered why. Why she was one day at her ease, and another day sensitive, blushing and full of troubled discomfort. Did he observe the change, understand it, care for it? What did he think of it? She fancied that if she had seen such uncertain temper in another girl, she would have called it coquetry. But indeed, *indeed*, she pleaded to herself, she could not help it. She made the most beautiful, calm resolutions when he was not there, and when he came, it depended quite upon him—how he looked, how he spoke—whether they maintained her in cool dignity, or whether a fit of self-consciousness seized her, and they vanished like hoar-frost in sunshine.

Mr. Tindal was contented, however he found her. The variety added piquancy to their interview. She answered him sometimes, and puzzled him sometimes, but he liked deciphering the puzzle; for whatever queer humour took her, it was genuine for the moment, and it never caused him to doubt her love. He relied on her, in fact, and trusted her as implicitly as if she were his wife already—very dear and very true. In his unfortunate position with the world, a doubt would have been misery: would have destroyed the chief charm of her affection, which lay in its certainty, safety, and repose. To that trial Pennie never put him—never tried to put him. She would have thought it a cruelty, a wickedness not to be forgiven. The caprices she betrayed were masterful, not wilful, and she would fain not have been subject to them.

It was midway in October when she returned to Eastwold, and though her meetings with Mr. Tindal ceased, they exchanged as many letters as they pleased. The dreary days, while the leaves were falling, were not dreary any more to her since she was happy at heart; and the passage of each one brought her nearer to the time when she would be always where she wished to be. . . .

Soon December snows were on the ground again. The Wynyard children counted it three years since the memorable Christmas at Brackenfield when papa left Eastwold while they were all away. And one afternoon, towards four o'clock, lively expectations fluttered about the drawing-room, in the persons of Anna and Lois; for he was coming back; he was to arrive that day; he might appear at any moment. Mamma, Francis, and Uncle John Hutton had gone to Brighton to receive him and bring him home; and Geoffrey and Maurice had set off across the fell to Kirkgate Station to meet them all.

The two girls had sprung up like weeds in the three years' interval. Anna was now nearly sixteen; tall as her mother, and if not handsome, wanting only more brightness and lightness to become so. Lois was a slender slip of eleven, with wonderful dark eyes, and glorious masses of rippling golden hair, as difficult to keep in net or knot as she herself was to keep in the dull daily groove of the dull Eastwold life. She went dancing up and down the long room, singing and waving her arms to her song, like some sweet witch, courting the hour of inspiration. Anna was restless in another fashion. She stood a minute or two at the window that commanded the avenue and watched; then she replenished the fire; then she entreated Lois, for pity's sake, to cease her crazy manœuvres, then again she went to the window and watched.

She had repeated this monotonous round half-a-dozen times at least, when the quiet figure of Penelope

Croft rose from the writing-table in the great bay overlooking the terrace, and came forward into the fire-light. Pennie would strike her guardian as not much less changed than his own daughters. Hers was the same plain pathetic face in repose still, but cultivated, refined; youthful as ever in candour of expression, but with thought in it, and a serious wistfulness in her beautiful eyes, which the slightly sarcastic curve of her lips alone kept from being melancholy. She was grown, and her always shapely figure was easy and graceful. Her dress, of which Pennie was exquisitely careful, fitted and suited her to admiration, and had the modest charm of perfect neatness and niceness in every detail. The impression she made on casual observers now was always agreeable, and people had quite left off criticizing her as odd, queer, or ugly. Those who knew her best wondered how they had ever thought her so.

It was principally on his ward's account that Mr. Wynyard was returning to England. He was returning against Mr. Hargrove's warning and advice; for his own affairs were in no better plight than when he went away, and whatever danger menaced him then, menaced him still. Nevertheless, he had persisted in his intention, giving his wife to understand that the agent's recent letters were unsatisfactory on some important business to which he covertly alluded as concerning his ward's fortune. There was no doubt, he added, that the first use Penelope Croft would make of her liberty would be to fulfil her engagement to Mr. Tindal, and for his own peace of mind's sake, he should like to see her before she fixed her fate irrevocably. Under these circumstances he conceived it his duty to risk that coming back to Eskdale, which Mr. Hargrove declared to be most rash and unwise. Mrs. Wynyard had long before this come round to her brother John's opinion, that her husband's flight had been a fatal error, which it was now too late to mend.

It was dusk when the travellers arrived, all of them very quiet and weary. Mr. John Hutton had parted from them at Norminster to return to Brackenfield. Mr. Wynyard came in shivering and shuddering with cold; and Lois failed to recognize the father she most lovingly remembered, in the crouching, blue-lipped, despondent-visaged man, who made a nervous and hurried response to their welcome, and immediately shrunk into a chair by the drawing-room fire, and spread his lean white hands to the blaze.

"Are you there, Mary?" he asked a minute or two after, turning his face to the open door. Mrs. Wynyard appeared, Francis, Geoffrey, and Maurice following her, and old nurse bringing up the procession.

"I'm blithe to see you home again, master!" cried Jenny, loudly and shrilly, as if addressing a person hard of hearing. "I've looked forward to it, an' have allus said I should live to see it."

"There, there, my good soul, I am not deaf," replied Mr. Wynyard, testily. "It is Jenny, is it? Mary, if there is a fire in the library, I think I will go in there, and be quiet to-night."

The sight of so many observant faces about him, though they were his children's, disturbed him. Perhaps, also, his retirement was a relief to them. They did not talk much about him, and what they did say was in shy whispers—that they should not have known him; that he looked feeble and jaded; that he seemed not very clear which of them was which, except mamma. They did not consider that the change from

little children to tall boys and girls, which had advanced for them imperceptibly, was made at one spring for him, and that they were really strangers to their father at first sight. Penelope Croft, who had withdrawn herself until the meeting was past, came downstairs to tea at Lois's summons, and found the young people seated round the table in unwonted silence, with no signs of joy at his much-wished-for coming home. There was, in fact, a sense of pain and disappointment more or less present in the minds of all; and Lois could hardly swallow a morsel for her choking tears, that she tried to repress.

On the morrow Mr. Wynyard looked more like his former self again; and whatever his secret burthens, he was bodily at ease in the old library, of which he was put in sole and peaceable possession. He did not yet succeed in talking freely to his children; and after paying him a brief visit, they all left the library together, with the air of escaping. Penelope Croft went in afterwards alone to make her compliments, and was equally relieved when her duty was done. So also was he. A man of kind and honourable disposition cannot look comfortably on those who, he knows, must eat the fruits of his neglects, mistakes, and misdeeds.

His wife gave him her company all day. He did not dilate on his sordid shifts and mean privations abroad, but he said enough to let her infer them, and compassionate him for his tedious and degrading sufferings. It was not these, however, that set the look of heart-break on her face, which she wore when she came out to the children after Mr. Hargrove had been and gone—his first interview with his ruined client over. It was the dread he left behind him, menacing the future, that did that.

The news of such an event as Mr. Wynyard's return to Eastwold was soon bruited through the length and breadth of the dale, and a few of his old friends rode over to show their respect. But he refused to see them on the plea of ill-health, and more than a week elapsed before he was prevailed on to cross the threshold of his house.

There then ensued a spell of rare weather for December—weather soft, warm, and hazy, with occasional hours of sunshine in the morning. While the frost and snow endured, he hugged the library fireside closely; but Lois, prompted by her mother, told him one day how the air had changed, and invited him to come out with her and see. He was reluctant to move at first; but being over-persuaded, he consented, wrapped himself up in a warm plaid, and accompanied her in a languid stroll to and fro the sheltered terrace. The next day he ventured a little way into the park; and the next day after that again, Francis happening to mention Crabtree, as confined to his chair, Mr. Wynyard proposed walking down to the lodge to see him.

Old Crabtree's working times were now over, and he was declining fast into crusty senility. "I heerd yo had gotten home, Master Robert, thof I see'd no welcomes up, nor arches o' green, like there used to be. These is bad times, I doubt, bad times at the Ha'," was his puzzle-witted greeting.

"They might improve, Crabtree; but whether they do or no, you will soon have done with them."

"Maybe not so soon as yersel', Squire; maybe not so soon as yersel'. I see not so cranky but that I can hear an' see, an' tek my food, thof I cannot go as I did. Hargrove passes most days, an' I marks him.

Shifty dog, thot Hargrove; shifty dog, Squire. I niver could tackle him, try as I would; but I mistrust him for a' the mischiefs that's come upo' the Ha'. He is like what Parson Brown says of t' auld un—'a liar fra' the beginning.'"

Mr. Wynyard was disconcerted by this plain speaking before Francis, and he made his visit short. When he was gone, Crabtree called to his daughter, Farmer Dykes' dairy-woman, who lived at the lodge, to take care of him: "Molly, a blast o' death went out agen the Squire as he shut to the door. It is much if he lives to see New Year."

Molly was a practical body, with so many anxieties of milk and butter and eggs on her mind, that she gave very little heed at any time to her father's dark sayings. She gave none now, but went about her work of setting the cottage to rights all the more noisily and diligently for having had to rest while the Squire was there; and the old man presently sank back into the drowsy apathy from which he had been momentarily roused.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wynyard and Francis pursued their road up the avenue towards the house. When they had gone about half-way, two common men, evidently strangers there, met them, stared hard, passed by, and exchanged a few hasty words. They then turned quickly back, and overtook the father and son, just as they came within sight of their own door.

"Mr. Wynyard of Eastwold, I'm sure," said the elder of the two, laying one hand on the Squire's shoulder, and with the other presenting a slip of paper before his startled eyes.

"Oh, my God!" gasped he, clinging to his son's arm for support. "This is Hargrove's doing."

"Our orders is not from any Mr. Hargrove, sir. The name is Debenhan, iron-founder, Norminster. Three hundred and twenty-four pounds odd. If you can settle it, sir, so much the pleasanter for all parties."

"Francis, my boy, go on before, and tell your mother I am taken."

Francis, however, did not stir to leave him. "They see us from the drawing-room window, sir," said he.

They did see them—all the children—wondering what the parley meant; and Lois, alarmed she knew not why, sprang away to seek mamma. Mrs. Wynyard hurried to the front door, and opened it just as her husband was being half led, half carried, up the steps by Francis and one of the sheriff's officers.

"The game is up at last, Mary," said he, feebly; and as soon as they got him into the library he fainted.

Then came on the scene Jenny, and cleared the frightened children out of the room, and told the two men, who looked compassionate, yet suspicious of a trick, that they might take themselves off as quick as they pleased; "for," whispered she, "there's another writ out agen the master bigger nor yours, an' the bailiff that serves it is *Death*."

Her mistress overheard her, and said, "Yes, it was in his face." She could not weep or make her moan yet; she was stunned by the suddenness and magnitude of her calamity.

A doctor was sent for, as Jenny observed, "just for the name of the thing," and Mr. Buckhurst came; but what more could he tell them than they knew already? It was the break-down of a life, long undermined beneath the shock of a disaster too heavy to be borne. A few days, and the inevitable end must come.

That night the wind changed into the north again, and clouds of snow blew down upon the dale. Christmas-eve arrived, and found the world all white. The children were told that afternoon how papa was fast hastening away; and before they went to bed, they were all taken into his room to kiss him good-bye; for Mr. Buckhurst had said it would be a miracle if he saw the morning. In the still hours came the carol-singers upon the terrace below the windows, where lights were burning; and through the hush of the death-chamber sounded the solemn hymn—

Wake any, watch any,
Here in this dwelling?
Weep any, wait any,
Lonely hours telling?

Moan any, pray any,
Under heavy load?
Hope any, trust any,
Looking up to God?

Flies the snow, falls the snow, white upon the wold,
Shines the glow, warms the glow, through the midnight cold.
Light within, dark without, rich and poor together,
Bright within, wild without, kin in Christmas weather!

Wake any, watch any,
Watch the angels too!
Weep any, pray any,
Angels pray for you!

Moan any, wait any,
Wearied out of life?
Fall any, faint any,
Beaten in the strife?

By the star, by the star, see our footsteps led,
Some from near, some from far where our Saviour bled.
'Neath the cross, 'neath the cross, shelter seek we all,
One for us, one for you, Christ for one and all!

Wake any, watch any,
Ever wakes our Lord!
Weep any, fear any,
Take His faithful Word!

Moan any, strive any,
Breaking Satan's bands!
Watch and pray, hope and trust,
Ye are in God's hands!

Soon after the carol ceased, the dying Squire opened his eyes, and, looking at his wife, said, "You will do better without me than with me, Mary."

Imagine this sentence thrilling through the silent room, haunted by who shall say what late regrets, vain compunctions, sad forebodings, when the wan lips of a father dying could murmur farewell to the wife of his youth, and the mother of his children, in last words like those:—"You will do better without me than with me, Mary."

But did she think so? Oh, surely not! In that supreme hour vanished vexed thoughts of over-anxious days and wakeful nights, of impending trial, poverty, and shame. Death was triumphant then—Death, the all-healer of differences.

"Oh, my love, my love, depart in peace! Leave us to the care of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Friend of the widow." And with the sob of forgiveness the lamp of his life waned out.

CHAPTER VII.

EASTWOLD HOUSE IN RUIN.

WHEN Robert Wynyard died, he did not leave his wife and children a shilling they could call their own. There was the house at Eastwold mortgaged up to the chimney-pots, and the Chase—as the property was called—mortgaged to the last stone and weed upon it. There were the mines in Colsterdale and Arkindale working to as much loss as profit. There were the old sticks of furniture, not worth carrying away; the grimy old portraits on the stairs; the rusty old armour in the hall; the queer old cabinets and old china ware in the drawing-room; the old court cupboard, and high-backed chairs in the dining-room; the musty old books in the library, and the old, old guns, and whips, and rods, and foils in the master's study; all the old remnants and old relics of a good

old family, which had been declining and declining, and wearing hollower and more hollow for three generations, until when Robert Wynyard was laid with his fathers in front of the altar in Eastwold church, men said openly that it was all up with the old race at last, and they would have to go.

He was buried on New Year's Eve, in the afternoon, without any of the customary pomp and circumstance of a Squire's funeral. It was sleety, bitter weather, and few persons came except those who were bidden. The widow and children, John Hutton, and the dead man's two half-brothers walked after the coffin through the snow, and Mr. Hargrove followed with three or four servants and hangers-on of the broken household. That was all the show—not enough to draw even the cottage bairns a quarter of a mile from the fireside in the bleak January twilight. The air of desertion and loneliness in the church was complete. The friendly rector was laid up with gout, and a stranger from a distance read the burial service, through his nose and in haste, and with now and then a sidelong glance towards the porch, across which drifted broad white flakes, that thickened and thickened as they fell, boding him a perilous ride in the dark over the hills when he had done.

"It seemed as if nobody cared," whispered Lois to Geoffrey, as they struggled home against the storm.

"Nobody does care except ourselves," was the lad's response; and the two children felt sadder than ever without knowing why.

In the windy tops of the elms the rooks were cawing a dirge. Lois would stop to listen. "They are sorry; they know," said she. Geoffrey urged her to come on—how should the rooks know anything? The loiterers had to run to reach the house door before it closed on the others; when they gained it, they were out of breath, and almost laughing at a tumble Geoffrey had.

"It is over," said Mrs. Wynyard with a great sigh, as she re-entered the gloomy hall. "It is over, children," and then she looked round at her two girls, draped and hooded in snow, and at her three boys stamping their clogged feet on the steps. She had wept her heart dry long since, and to-day there were no tears seen on her cheeks—only the furrows of past floods, and the dimness of grief that is sick of grieving.

They all went into the library one after another, and nurse took off their cloaks; her withered lips quivering, and her withered hands benumbed. She was the longest retainer of the family. She had held Robert Wynyard in her arms, an infant, and she had streaked him for his grave. Nobody had known him so long, loved him so blindly, excused him so unwearyingly as she. While the coffin remained open, she watched by it unresting; and since the morning when it was closed, she had wandered to and fro the house, muttering her vain lamentation to any hearer or none. It was quite unconsciously that she moaned now, almost in the widow's ear: "He's gone—the last Wynyard o' Eastwold, where there ha' been Wynyards ever sin' the Flood. He's gone—he's gone! Oh, woe is me that I could ha' lived to see it!"

"Yes, Jenny, he is gone—dead and gone," said the widow, in low response; "and Eastwold must pass from his children. The time is fully come; no foot of it is theirs any more." The sound of her plaintive voice restored Jenny to a sense of where she was; and

when she spoke again it was in a less dreamy and abstracted tone.

"My heart's sore for them and for you, mistress. They don't favour much o' their father, but I love 'em as well as if they did. I've nursed you every one, bairns, an' now you'll go an' leave me."

At this touch the girls' tears overflowed. "You will come with us, Jenny," sobbed Anna.

"No, no, no; I sal never, never part from th' auld place!"

Mrs. Wynyard shut her aching eyes as Lois pressed up to her with tender caresses, and sweet whispers of, "Mamma, mamma," which broke soon into a loud cry of irrepressible childish anguish.

"Hush, hush," murmured the mother, fondling the fair head laid against her bosom; "oh, hush, my Lois, my darling! You were his pet, his treasure—he loved you best."

The boys stole one by one away. John Hutton, Squire Raymond, and Dr. Philip followed them, and the women-folk were left to ease their oppressed souls, and to wait their wail out in the deepening gloom of the New Year's Eve.

An hour or two later they all met again, except John Hutton and the widow. He was closeted with Mr. Hargrove in the library, and she was gone up with Jenny to the stillness of her own chamber. Squire Raymond took Squire Wynyard's seat, which he would never take more, and soon routed out the miserable chill air of the drawing-room, by heaping the fire with massive logs that threw a ruddy gleam into its furthest corners. His rubicund presence was a comfort to the forlorn children. Good cheer and kindness shone from his face as from the jovial fire. "It is what we must all come to," was his sole reference to the day's events, and then he began to talk to the boys of their future. Ah, what consolation, what store of splendid hope in the future of the very young! In ten minutes every countenance was clear, and every eye was bright and steadfast.

Robert Wynyard's blurred and anxious visage was not perpetuated in any of his children. They took after their mother's people. Maurice and Lois owned the beautiful Wynyard eyes, but boys and girls both, they had all the stout resolute Hutton temper. Dr. Philip Raymond, who had never seen all his young kinsfolk together until the day before, glanced from each to each as they sat grouped about the hearth, and silently thanked God that if He had set a hard fight before them in the battle of life, He had not left them without weapons. In countenance, air, and gesture, they all showed the same natural vigour. Even Maurice, the youngest boy, though slightly deformed, had a breadth of frame and a breadth of brow that determined him no weakling either in mind or body. He was less self-governed than Francis or Geoffrey, but he had their wit and their courage, and more. It was at Maurice that the learned doctor looked longest, saying to himself: "He shall be my boy." Indeed the others were already bespoken. Squire Raymond had given Francis his commission, and John Hutton had promised him his outfit; Geoffrey had been offered a start in the house of Forsyth and Company, American merchants at Liverpool. Mr. Forsyth, the head of the firm, was married to Tom Martineau's sister; and the proposal to take Geoffrey into his office was considered very handsome.

As the young people talked, they grew excited,

wild. Impossibilities put on the guise of quite likely things.

"Francis must win the glory, and Geoffrey the money, and we will get Eastwold again before we die!" shrieked Lois, the most sudden, enthusiastic, and glowing of them all.

"And what share shall mine be in the restoration?" asked Maurice.

"Oh, your share shall be to put it all into a song."

"You have lived too much to yourselves, and have had too exclusive a bringing-up amongst moors and books," said the Squire. "The discipline of the outside world will do some of you good."

"You cannot imagine the monotony of this house—the dulness and oppression of it for the last four years," Anna sighed. "If we had been Catholics and French, I should have taken the veil in some convent, and Lois would be growing up to the same fate; but we are Protestants and English, and there is not that refuge for us. I wish there were. I dread the change from the associations here which have kept us up so long. Our clothes are shabbier, and our meals homelier, than many yeomen's children are; but there remain about us a thousand signs of what we have been, and all the restraints of honour and good blood."

"Those restraints do not belong to place only, Anna."

"Francis may keep his name and his sword bright together, and wear his coat armour with an air; but Geoffrey—will he gather no sordid dust amongst his cotton bales? In a few years he will have learnt a new language. He will laugh our old notions down; he will think that money, and money only, makes the world to go."

"It is a great power, Anna."

"I know what the lack of it can do. The boys are escaping; but mamma, Lois, and I must still starve on as decently and discreetly as we may. We cannot work; to beg we are ashamed."

"Women want very little," said Francis, who had sat a long while silent with meditative gaze on the fire.

"And good women do not complain for themselves when their brothers and sons thrive and are honourable," added the Squire. "Don't gloom beforehand, Anna; this revolution will be all for the best. If it had taken place a generation ago, you Wynyards of the present day would be none the worse off. It is poor policy for the most part to keep up the shadow of rank and dignity when the substance is gone."

"I am not a good woman; I desire a career for myself," murmured Anna.

"An ambitious woman is, to my thinking, as much an anomaly as a winged heifer. She goes through the world a dramatic character, marvelled at, but always solitary. She has no home—only a circle of spectators. Be you patient, Anna; life and its possibilities are all before you. The most enviable career for you, and such as you, lies in the secure shelter of the fireside." This was Doctor Philip's opinion—himself a bachelor.

"And don't talk about starving," said the Squire. "Better work than starve, though pride be ever so much abased in the effort. Some prejudices are too costly to be kept alive in adversity, niece; they are hard to strangle, but they die of inanition—that's a comfort. A year or two hence you will be quite a calm little philosopher. You will have learnt a thousand things of which at this moment you have not

the faintest inkling—happy consolatory things, more than you would believe now, if I were to foretell them to you."

"Surely, surely. One advantage goes, and another comes. Life is a series of compensations—never quite a blank unless we cast God out of our thoughts, and choose to regard it as a mere muddle of accidents."

It was easy talking for these elders, Anna thought. They had never wearied through the livelong day for a taste of impossible pleasure, gaiety, variety; they had not grown up on the bread of shame-faced poverty; they had not been turned out of house and home in the sensitive time of youth, when the gaze of wondering pity scorches like burning glasses. She tried to smile, but the effort was not very successful—the present pain was more real than any possible compensation to come. They saw the effort and its failure, and respected both. She was not so young as to be easily diverted from her tearful thoughts.

At the first word of serious conversation Geoffrey and Maurice had disappeared, and Francis had more than once yawned undisguisedly. All her brothers were given to thinking Anna a prosy, weariful creature, very patient herself, but also the occasion of much patience in others. It was unfortunate, for she had some great virtues—the pre-eminent virtue of sticking hard and fast in the good old groove of practical duty, though her fancies and dreams and desires might stray ever so far afield. In positive experience she was still simple as a child, but in reflection and gravity of temper, mature as a woman who knows enough of the rough side of the world not to anticipate from it too much. She had been lately her mother's confidante, and the shadow of care had so permeated the sunshine of her youth, that its best atmosphere now was a silent gloom. Nothing more rare from her lips than a word of encouragement, promise, or hope. Her tone of meditation and feeling was always in the minor. She was distrustful of any good ever befalling her. If there appeared a little gleam and opening, she was the first to espy some cloud creeping athwart it. No joy was secure enough for her. If the sky was blue to-day, why it might rain to-morrow. An unhappy disposition truly, but one not uncommon amongst women early overweighed with petty cares, and wholly shut out from youthful joys.

"There is a great deal that is excellent in Anna, but she fatigues one," was the cheerful Squire's criticism on her, when he was left alone with Doctor Philip. "All the others are free, sanguine, natural young people. Not a boy of them but will do well. As for Lois, she's enchanting."

"A strange child, but she has a heart," was the Doctor's more moderate eulogy.

"Of course the girls must stay with their mother?"

"Yes. And I will charge myself with Maurice. He can live with me at Chassell's, and we will make a scholar of him; that is what he is most fit for. We must talk to Mary about it. Since nothing can be done towards a final settlement here for several years, I think they had better leave as soon as they conveniently can. Anna spoke to me yesterday of lodgings in some cheap sea-side village; but for many reasons I should recommend their moving no further than Norminster."

"Decidedly the best place in their circumstances, if they do not dislike it. Francis must be off to join his regiment next week, and the sooner Geoffrey goes to

Liverpool the better. I shall ask Mary to stay a month at Eskford before they leave the Dale altogether. It will be a sort of break for them, and it will please the girls. My wife suggested it."

"And for present means?"

"For present means, I must be their banker. Blood is thicker than water, Philip, and our mother was poor Robert's mother. It does not seem so very long ago since she was alive, and we were all lads together."

At this point of the brothers' conversation John Hutton joined them, the agent having just taken his departure.

"Well, Hutton, what do you make of Hargrove?" asked the Squire.

"Nothing. I suspect things are even worse than the worst we have any of us imagined. I am very much afraid that a great part of Penelope Croft's fortune has gone with the rest. I shall see him again in the morning, and learn the precise facts from his accounts."

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL CRUSADE.

ONE of the most provincial of provincial sights is the statute fair. There is nothing like it in London, or Dublin, or Edinburgh. It belongs particularly to the country districts of England, and has its favourite quarters in the midland counties. Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, and Sheffield, and many other smaller corporate towns between Birmingham and Belper, and York and Leicester, have from time out of mind held their statute fairs, the chief glories of which are no more.

The hiring institution is indeed rapidly losing its old picturesque features, and a general crusade is being preached against the remnant of the degrading custom. The system might have been well enough in its day, but progress and civilization have marked it down for annihilation, and the register office is gradually supplying the requirements of the ancient statute, although the hiring feast, or "mop," as it is called in Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, is still held in many districts.

The statute fair, where it still exists, is a holiday long looked for with delight, not only by the rural population, but also by the inhabitants of the town in which it is held. At an early hour young men and women,

dressed in showy attire, stream into the fair from all the adjacent villages, followed or accompanied by farmers and their wives, jogging along the highways upon all kinds of beasts of burthen, and in all manner of carts, gigs, and waggons. The agricultural servants, whose periods of hiring terminate upon that day, mostly desire to change their masters and mistresses, and the latter, in many cases, are on the look-out for fresh servants; and so they all congregate at certain known points of the market-place, and examine each other.

When an employer likes the appearance of a servant negotiations are opened. If the terms are agreeable a bargain is struck, and it is considered thoroughly binding by the acceptance, on the part of the servant, of what is called "the fastening penny," which is



presented and received on the principle of the recruiting shilling. The "fastening penny," however, is represented by any amount the hirer may think well to give: "a waggon wheel" (a five-shilling piece) is generally considered a liberal "fastening penny." As soon as the money is accepted the engagement between the contracting parties is as binding for a year as if a score of lawyers had been employed to set forth the contract on as many skins of parchment. And all this matter-of-fact business goes on in the open fair, amidst all the din and bustle; yet it is seldom that breaches of contract are made. Olumay as the system may appear in these boasted days of enlightenment, it has not been without its value and importance.

The day is usually given up to drink and debauchery. It is the country labourer's carnival; his one great day out. Brass bands, barrel organs, penny whistles, gigantic gongs, pictures of impossible lions and tigers, marvellous peep-shows, wonderful sweetmeats, cheap jacks, a crowd of people, gaily-dressed girls, and no end of temptations to eat, drink, and be merry, crowd upon the rural mind in such a flood of sensual delight, that he gives himself up heart and soul to everything, everybody, and generally succeeds, before nightfall, in placing himself a little lower than the beasts which perish. But this arises chiefly from the great facilities offered to him for imbibing unusual quantities of beer and bad spirits. The fair itself, looked at by the light of the noonday sun, presents to the eye a picture of old-fashioned English life which carries one back to the days of maypoles, and badger-baiting, and grand festivities at Christmas. The bells are ringing from the old parish church of the country town. The big square market-place is filled with tent-like stalls and gipsy encampments. There are wooden houses here and there with green doors and brass knockers; quack doctors in their ornamental costumes; roundabouts, recruiting sergeants, ballad singers, swinging boats, beggars, tumblers, vagabonds in all manner of picturesque garments, and a hundred other descriptions of men and things that Mr. Frith should study for a national picture which is becoming every year more difficult to paint. Edmonds' royal collection of wild beasts, the boxing booth of Ben Caunt, the home of the northern wizard, the giant, the learned pig, the dwarf, and the fortune-telling pony, with their pictorial proclamations, their flags, and banners, and heralds, which fringe the fair round about, are gradually decreasing in number; and Weyhill, Lincoln, and Sheffield, no longer present the quaint scenes of rural riot which the pleasure fairs of the past presented.

With all its showy and artistic incidents, like the work of an old Dutch master, we discover accessories on the canvas that may only be examined by reviving coats of varnish which have left them for years in doubt and obscurity. If we look more closely into the picture, we see men and women reeling through the streets in helpless drunkenness, and vice, with all her demoralising train, in muddy state, holding her court at the Market Cross. It is time the fair had an end. Will some modern Hogarth paint it for us as a memento of what must soon be a bygone custom?

The crusaders who are bent upon putting down the statute fair argue that this annual system of hiring is nothing better than an English slave-market, in which our fellow-creatures are bought and sold for certain periods to the highest bidders. Fancy the domestics of Belgravia having to turn out in St. James's Park once a year, and wait, in rows, for hire, like the cabs at Paddington, the donkeys at Malvern, or the chairmen at Bath! Fancy Jeames being turned about, and the reality of his calves tested in the open air before hundreds of people, including smart boys and vulgar street Arabs! And Monsieur le Chef de Cuisine, fancy him, amongst the rest, undergoing

public cross-examination about the mysteries of side dishes and soups! The servants' halls of Belgravia will be inclined to rebel at the mere suggestion of such a flight of imagination. The rural servitor is an inferior being to his brother of Belgravia; but he makes up for some of his ignorance by his honesty and hard work. He does not put on the airs of his master with his left-off clothes, nor bargain for one morning a week to attend his own Tattersall's. Keziah the cook tolerates the occasional appearance of her mistress in the kitchen; and nurse does not leave the dear children in the perambulator and the cold to flirt with guardsmen. There are no regular soldiers in the neighbourhood to lure her away from the infantry, or she might perhaps be no better than her metropolitan sister. Be that as it may, rural servants have many good qualities, and, to come to the closing point of this paper, they have few holidays. The statute fair is their Lord Mayor's Show, their Derby, their visit to the Crystal Palace, their great "day out;" and I want to say one word to the provincial crusaders in the holiday interests of the peasantry.

It is proposed to replace the system of statute hirings by a plan of general registration. Let this be accompanied with a good robust *fête* once or twice a year, and the servants will speedily fall into the arrangement. Will some good advocate of the abolition of statute fairs be good enough to rummage over the old calendars for a disused festival that may replace it? In nearly every village in England there is a place called The Butts, and it is pretty clear that the title has come down from the days when British bowmen exercised themselves with rigid perseverance in the national arm. The Butts is being revived in the shape of rifle targets. Could not some old precedent be found for the establishment of a rural festival which should combine some of the best features of the old English pleasure fair with old-fashioned games and prizes for rifle-shooting? It would be a grand consummation to press our national amusements into the service of national advancement. The man who invents a new and better holiday as a substitute for the statute fair will confer a boon upon the great rural population of England, and render an important service to his country.

MARY STUART AT CARBERRY.

No sovereign ever ascended a throne under more trying circumstances than Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, when, in her nineteenth year and the bloom of youth and beauty, she landed at Leith (the seaport of Edinburgh) on August 19th, 1561. She had left the pleasant land of France very sorrowfully, having her couch brought up on to the deck of the vessel, that she might see the coast she loved so well as long as ever it remained in sight. "Farewell, France, farewell! I shall never see thee more!" was her exclamation as the land died away in the distance; and although the loyal welcome of her Scottish subjects in some measure chased away her regrets, through all her eventful reign her heart was in France.

The change from the gaieties of the French court to the more sombre atmosphere of Scotland was very distasteful to her; and the people, who had been prohibited by an act passed during her minority from indulging in their popular sports, looked upon her attempts to render her court attractive with discontent, whilst the preachers, with Knox at their head, openly condemned her from their pulpits.

England and Scotland were at peace, and every week the two queens wrote each other the most affectionate and sisterly letters. But there were many circumstances which made Elizabeth very jealous of

Mary, the chief of which were the close connection of the latter with the house of Guise, and Mary's place in the succession to the throne of England. Some English nobleman was, according to Elizabeth's plan, to be found to marry Mary Stuart, and Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was at last selected. The proud and imperious favourite of Elizabeth disliked the match, nor was his royal mistress very anxious to part with him; and Mary finally chose for herself, espousing Lord Darnley, the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, who, after herself, was the next heir to the crown of England. Their son, James I. of England, and VI. of Scotland, united in his own person the claims of them both.

This marriage, which at first promised so well, turned out most unfortunately; and we will now briefly notice the succession of events, all more or less disastrous, and often disgraceful to Mary, which ended in her being taken captive by her own nobles on the field of Carberry, and afterwards imprisoned in Lochleven.

The murder of Rizzio, Mary's secretary for French despatches, owing to his conspiring with the Roman Catholics, and supposed intimacy with the queen, was an event which completely alienated her and her husband, who had before that time begun to regard each other with mutual distrust. Darnley resolved, soon after the birth of his son, to fly secretly either to France or Spain; but after his recovery from a severe illness, Mary was apparently reconciled to him, and he was allowed to live near her in a house near Edinburgh, called the Kirk of Field. At two o'clock in the morning, on the 9th of February, 1567, this house was blown up by gunpowder, and the king's body was found some distance off in an orchard: but no marks of fire or contusion were found upon it, and he had evidently been murdered before the explosion, and carried out to the place where he was discovered.

There is little doubt that James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, who had for some time previously been a special favourite of Mary's, was the principal agent in this shameful crime; and there is every reason to believe that the queen herself was a party to it. The Earl of Lennox was naturally eager for vengeance on his son's murderers; and Bothwell was arraigned at the Tolbooth, and acquitted, Lennox not daring to appear in Edinburgh without a strong muster of his followers. Soon afterwards the queen prepared for what Mr. Froude calls "the concluding passage of Bothwell's melodrama." "The first act of it," he says, "had been the king's murder, the second the trial at the Tolbooth; the scene of the third was Almond Bridge, two miles from Edinburgh, on the road to Linlithgow."

Bothwell, who was already one of the first men in the kingdom, being Lord High Admiral and Warden of the Marches, aspired to a still higher position, and, aided by some of the nobility, he sought the hand of his queen. There is evidence that Mary favoured his suit; and on her return from Stirling, where she had been to visit the infant prince (afterwards James I.), Bothwell, with his retainers, lay in wait on the road to Linlithgow; and the queen's escort making no resistance, she, with Bothwell and his men, rode to Dunbar.

The great nobles of Scotland were naturally most indignant at this, and promised the queen support if she would give up Bothwell. This she refused to do; and with a view to the royal alliance, the earl was divorced from his wife. The queen, on the 12th of May, made him Duke of Orkney, and at four in the morning of the 15th of May, 1567, they were married. From this ill-omened marriage all the nobles resolutely held aloof; and even her friend the French ambassador, du Croc, although earnestly entreated, was not present.

For once the Roman Catholic and Protestant lords

were going together, and they determined upon taking Bothwell prisoner, and would have done so at Borthwick Castle had he not accidentally escaped. The queen, who had also fled from Borthwick, after bandying angry words with the lords, joined him at Haddington, when they had both raised all the forces at their command; and after passing the night at Seton, they went on to Edinburgh, expecting to find the castle still held for them by Sir James Balfour.

Nor were the lords idle. On the same day their army of about two thousand men was on the road to Musselburgh. Their banner, spread between two spears, had on it a strange device, in allusion to the murder of Darnley. The figure of a dead man was lying under a tree, a shirt and a broken branch lay beside him; and a child on its knees was represented, crying, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!"

The two armies met between Edinburgh and Dalkeith, the lords taking up their position on the ridge of Cowaland, and the queen's lines covering the slopes and crest of the present park at Carberry. Neither side was willing to give up the advantage of the ground, and so from eleven till two they remained confronting each other. Bothwell's men, contrary to their usual habits, seemed unwilling to fight. The quarrel was supposed to be their leader's alone; and indeed he was not unwilling to make it so, and challenged any man of sufficient rank on the confederate side to meet him in single combat. Tullibardine, Morton, and Lindsay in turn accepted his challenge; but Mary, fearful for his safety, though not for her own, would not allow him to fight. At last, when the queen's forces were ordered to advance, not a man stirred; both sides had mingled together during the long delay, and it was well understood that there was no reason for fighting but the capture of Bothwell. Even his own immediate retainers deserted him; and at last the queen in despair sent a flag of truce to desire the presence of Kirkcaldy of Grange, and negotiate for her husband's safety. The late Professor Aytoun, in his poem of "Bothwell," makes his hero ask Kirkcaldy whether the challenge is to remain unanswered; and Kirkcaldy replies,—

Take this for answer—not for feud
Or chivalrous display
Shall any drop of Scottish blood
Be wagered here to-day!
Forego this dream of idle strife—
Black Death is hovering near;
Oh air, you dally with your life
By longer tarrying here!
I love you not; but loth were I,
Whate'er your deeds have been,
To see a Scottish noble die
A death of shame and infamy;
And more, because he stood so high—
The husband of my Queen!

With some difficulty the queen induced the lords to agree to Bothwell's departure unscathed, and bound herself to return with them to Edinburgh. And then she bid the duke farewell with a long, passionate kiss, and they parted for ever. He rode away unpursued with a few of his personal attendants; and Mary turned to Grange, and, scornful, proud, and defiant as ever, allowed him to lead her to the lines of the confederate noblemen.

She was received with some marks of respect by Morton and Hume; but as she passed between the ranks loud and angry cries rent the air. Mr. Froude says, "The pent-up passion of a whole people was bursting out. As she was borne along, the banner with Darnley's body on it was flaunted before her eyes. She had touched no food since the night before, and could scarce be held upon her saddle, for grief and faintness;" but like some fierce animal brought to bay, and in the clutch of the hounds, she still fought



MARY STUART LED TO EDINBURGH.

and struggled. 'I expected,' wrote du Croc, 'that the queen would have been gentle with the lords, and have tried to pacify them; but on her way from the field, she talked of nothing but hanging and crucifying them all.' They protested that their intention had been only to punish Bothwell for his crimes. She said they should never do it while she lived. Lindsay was the special object of her fury. "Give me your hand, my lord," she said to him, as he rode beside her. "By this hand," she swore as he gave it, "by this hand which is now in mine I will have your head for this, and thereof assure you."

The queen was taken to Edinburgh; but the populace were so infuriated that it was no safe place for her, even for a night, and she was accordingly hurried on over the Forth; and on the morning of the next day was lodged in the island castle of Lochleven.

It is not our purpose here to follow her fortunes further, until her eventful life ended so tragically in Fotheringhay Castle, where she was beheaded on the 8th of February, 1587. Few queens have had, even in later times, more bitter enemies or more enthusiastic defenders, and though,—

Fatal shade of sinning

Rests upon the fairest flow'ret that the White Rose gave to earth, it is impossible not to regard her chequered career with interest and commiseration.

THE SCARLET MITTENS.

"He is tall and dark, and you cannot fail to recognize him, as he always wears scarlet mittens."

"Well!" said Fanny, tossing the letter across the table to me, "I never *did* hear such a ridiculous description before; I think Sophy must be slightly demented."

"She thinks," laughed I, "that scarlet and black are a pleasing contrast. Never mind, Fan; there are not so many unclaimed children wandering up and down the world but you may easily discover your own nephew."

"Oh yes; I don't doubt that for a moment. But remember, he won't be able to speak a word of English, and we know as much Russ as—"

"As the man in the moon," added I.

Fanny sighed.

"It is really too bad, Tom, that having no children of our own, we should be tormented with other people's."

"But," said I, referring to the letter once more, "Sophy says he is the best child—'Just ten, and docile as an angel'; and 'ordered to England for his health'—we could not refuse to take him in, you know?"

"Of course not; besides, she gives us no chance; the St. Petersburg boat is due to-day."

This indeed proved to be the case. My sister's letter had been unaccountably delayed, and the very day which brought us the news of his intended advent would probably herald in the arrival of my nephew, Ivan Ivansky.

Sophy was my eldest sister. Twelve years before she had left England to undertake a situation as a governess in Russia. There she had received an eligible offer, married, and borne to her husband two children, a son and a daughter. The elder of these had, from the accounts which I from time to time received, suffered much from his infancy. For this reason he had been brought up in the country, away from his mother; and for this reason he was now to be sent to England, to try the effect of a sea-voyage and complete change of air. Of course I was anxious to do all I could for my sister's son; but the notice was short, and I was vexed about it on Fanny's account.

Fanny, I knew, had her little peculiarities—who has not? and a woman who has no children to tend,

and a husband necessarily much from home, is apt to think more than others do of the spotless purity and perfection of house, furniture, and garden, and make them the subject of more thought and attention than is perhaps altogether wise or comfortable.

It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be stopped on a wet day, on one's own door-mat, with the injunction—"Missis says, please change your boots, sir;" or to be roused from an after-dinner nap, that an open-work cloth may be placed under your head, "to save the chair." But every man must put up with something; and if my wife was a little bit of a fidget, she was the best housekeeper in Kensington, and No. 7 Victoria Villas, was as near perfection as hands and thought could make it.

"And now a child—a young child, a boy! was to be let loose amongst our china, glass, and numberless treasures. What would be the result?"

I read the question plainly in Fanny's face as she looked wistfully up and down our pretty room. I really felt for her, all the more that I was starting into the country on business which would take me some days to complete, and that she would be obliged to encounter the "coming child" alone.

But Fanny was a heroine in her way.

"Never mind me, Tom," she said, heroically. "I know you must go, and I shall manage very well. I will take one of the clerks with me to the docks, and I will bring Ivan up here."

"Scarlet mittens and all," laughed I.

Fanny laughed too, as she arranged my tie, and kissed me affectionately.

"Paper collars are a great invention, Tom, they look so clean and tidy; and, oh! do not lose any of your best handkerchiefs."

"My dear, I never do."

She shook her head incredulously. This was an oft-disputed point between us. The handkerchiefs vanished mysteriously. She said I lost them; while I maintained that they must be stolen by servants or laundress. How can a man lose his handkerchief? I appeal to the reader—unless, indeed, his pocket is picked.

There is one good point about Fanny; she does not, like some women, insist upon having the last word; and although she shook her head, she only entreated me to take care of myself, and "Do not trouble about Ivan; it will doubtless turn out better than we expect."

I felt so grateful for her forbearance, that I actually remembered to change my boots in the right place, and to shut the house-door and the garden-gate behind me, when I went out into the road.

My business detained me longer than I expected, and I did not return home until nearly a week had elapsed. I had not heard from my wife during that time, for knowing me to be safe, and that I was often detained in like manner, with an uncertain address, she did not care to write on an even chance that her letters might or might not reach me.

I was, therefore, not at all anxious; and yet when I came in sight of my home on the sixth evening, I felt a sudden sensation of doubt and alarm.

Could this by any possibility be No. 7, the abode of spotless purity, and unchanging regularity?

The handsome gate swung upon one hinge; a choice rhododendron, just bursting into bloom, was shorn of its blossoms, which lay scattered wildly on the lawn; footmarks crossed and recrossed the flower-beds in endless confusion; while dozens of rare plants were entirely destroyed. Two great breakages in the greenhouse showed that stones had found there an unhallowed entrance. I pushed the hall-door, which yielded at once, and upon examination I found that the catch was broken. Here the confusion was even greater than it had been outside. An alabaster vase, upon which I knew that Fanny set the greatest store, lay shattered into a thousand pieces upon the stone

pavement. Other fractures were visible on all sides. Amongst them, a beautiful gilt cage, which had contained some valued foreign birds, was reduced to a mere heap of ruins; and, of its unhappy little inmates, one fluttered helplessly against the plate-glass panes, while the green and gold feathers of the other strewed the ground beneath the feet of a quiet-looking tabby in the corner.

"Good heavens!" cried I, pausing in horror-struck alarm, "what has happened? Surely the French have besieged London during my absence, and sacked my house."

"Oh, sir!" cried Mary, the housemaid, suddenly appearing upon the scene, "come to Missis,—come,—come."

"Mary! what is the matter? what has happened?"

"Oh! that wicked boy! that horrid, ungrateful monkey! oh, oh!"

It was no time for ceremony; indeed, dirty boots seemed quite in harmony with the desolation around; and rushing past the excited girl, I entered the drawing-room, from which strange cries now proceeded.

The destruction here I had not time to notice, my attention was so riveted by the two living figures of its occupants.

Fanny—could it indeed be my Fanny—my neat, pretty, ever-tidy Fanny?—her hair flowing wildly over her shoulders, her muslin gown creased and torn, who with passionate resolution strove to restrain by her clenched grasp the wild antics of a boy, who, nearly as tall as his captor, and infinitely stronger, shrieked and struggled absurdly.

It was the work of an instant to seize the young rascal in my own stout grasp, and shaking him violently, to demand who he was, and whence he came.

A broad grin and some incomprehensible gibberish formed the only answer.

"He cannot understand you, Tom," gasped poor Fanny, sinking upon a chair. "Ivan cannot understand a word you say."

"That Ivan? that my sister's son?" No, no; I could not believe it. A monkey, or an escaped lunatic, were more to the purpose.

"You have made a mistake, Fanny. This cannot be our nephew."

"It is indeed, Tom. Look; he is tall and dark, as Sophy said, and he has scarlet mittens; moreover, he cannot talk a word of English, and he came by the Russian boat."

"But he was to be an invalid, quiet and gentle; a perfect angel, Sophy wrote."

"A perfect fiend, more likely," sobbed poor Fanny, now fairly overcome. "He has done more mischief in a week than I should have thought any human being capable of performing in a lifetime."

"Who broke the garden gate, and destroyed the flowers?" I inquired.

"He did. I sent him there to play, that the house might be at peace for a moment, and you have seen the result."

"And the alabaster vase—and the bird-cage—and the green-house—who injured them?"

"Ivan, Ivan, always Ivan."

Again I looked at the lad, who now stood motionless in my grasp.

A dark, handsome face, with sparkling black eyes, and an expression mischievous as his deeds had been. He was not in the least like Sophy, and to my mind appeared older than my sister's son should have been; but this was of course immaterial, as some children, like their seniors, look older, and some younger than their age. Certainly he had on a pair of scarlet mittens, but I did not think so much of that fact as my wife seemed to do.

"Is your name Ivan Ivansky?" I asked.

Again he grinned and chattered, but I fancied that

I beheld a faint gleam of comprehension in his dark eyes.

"Fanny," I said, with assumed sternness, "I believe that this boy understands English as well as we do. Whether he is my sister's son or not, he deserves a good thrashing, and he will get it soon. Which is the safest room in the house?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we may lock him in securely, while we talk the matter over."

"Put him in my room, then," said Fanny. "Monkey as he is, he cannot get out of that;" and it was done accordingly, and my wife and I sat down to discuss the affair.

The window of Fanny's room opened upon the lane, with an unbroken descent of some twenty feet.

Our prisoner was safe, or at least we thought so.

Our conversation was serious and earnest, but in the very midst of it Mary rushed in.

"Oh, sir! oh, mem! he's gone, he's killed."

"Who? what? who is gone? what has happened now?"

"Oh, that dreadful boy! Oh! oh!"

With a terrible presentiment I rushed to my wife's room, and threw the door widely open.

The apartment was empty.

"He must have thrown himself from the window. Oh, the poor child!" cried Fanny.

I flew to the window; I looked frantically down.

No body, living or dead, was visible. The boy could not have thrown himself from such a height and escaped unhurt; it was impossible.

I thrust my head as far out as I could, and by a strange impulse looked above. A leaden pipe run upward from the window to the roof; by this he must have climbed; for scudding quietly along the roof of No. 8, with his body closely bent toward the tiles, crept our truant guest.

The sight made my very blood run cold.

"Stop, stop," I cried. "Ivan, I will not beat you; come back."

The lad turned; I could distinctly see his red parted lips and white teeth. At the same instant it seemed to me that he tottered and fell.

Fanny shrieked and hid her face; my own heart seemed to stand still.

"He may not have fallen far," I whispered. "I will go for help and a ladder."

I ran through the house. Fanny followed me.

A carriage stood at our gate, and from it descended a tall and handsomely-dressed lady. I recognized my sister.

"Sophy!" I cried, aghast.

"Sophy! Sophy! come for her child;" and catching at my arm, poor Fanny trembled and stood still.

With smiling face and outstretched hands, Sophy advanced to meet me.

"Tom! my dear brother, Tom."

I kissed her mechanically. It seemed to me a very Judas kiss; for had she not come for her child, the child whom she had entrusted to me, and whom I—

"And this is Fanny, I suppose; my sister Fanny?"

Even at that moment, as the new-comer opened her arms affectionately, I could detect a glance of surprise at my wife's dishevelled hair and dress, and at the general confusion which prevailed.

But Fanny refused the embrace, and sank upon her knees.

"Sophy! Sophy! forgive, forgive me."

"Forgive you; what do, what can you mean, Fanny? Tom! what is the matter? what has happened?"

"Ivan!" I gasped.

"Ivan? what of him? he is safe and well; better than I have ever seen him in his life before, thank God."

"But he has fallen, fallen from the roof."

Madame Ivansky opened her eyes widely.

"Under what strange delusion are you labouring?" she said, at last. "Ivan, come here," and returning to the carriage she led forth a quiet puny child, with a delicate pale face and subdued manner, whom she introduced to us as her eldest and only son, Ivan.

I looked at Fanny, Fanny looked at me, and with a low cry of thankfulness fell into my arms.

The tale was soon told, the mistake explained.

Sophy had, at the last moment, feared to send Ivan alone, and she had accompanied him herself, delaying a week longer for the purpose. The letter which announced this change had not reached us, although we received it some days later.

Who then was the boy whom my wife had received? This did not remain a mystery long.

A youthful but well-known thief, travelling from St. Petersburg to London, was traced to my house by Detective Field, who laughed well when the story was told to him.

How the fellow ever formed the idea of personating Ivan we never knew; perhaps it was my wife's error in the first place, and he only skilfully took advantage of it. His wild conduct afterwards was more difficult to explain, save on the score of wanton mischief.

"And have you missed no articles of value?" asked the detective.

Fanny instantly ran to see. One glance into her boxes assured her that watches, chains, jewels, all were gone. She looked very blank.

"But you saw him fall from the house, Tom; and although he has escaped harmless, like a monkey or a wizard, some of my things may still be there. Do go and look."

We obeyed her commands, as in duty bound, but our search met with no reward. We found nought, save a tight red roll—the scarlet mittens.

"It is all Sophy's fault," said Fanny, when we showed her our trophy; "she should have described her son better. My pretty house is spoiled, my jewels lost; and all because I did not know how common were SCARLET MITTENS."

F. E. B.

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

FROM GOETHE.

To the brow of yonder mountain
A thousand times I go;
And there, with my staff to lean on,
I gaze on the vale below.

I follow the flock that pastures,
My dog keeps guard all day;
My thoughts are heavy within me,—
But wherefore I cannot say.

The meadow is full of flowers,—
Of beautiful flowers that bloom;
As of old I gather a handful,
But I do not know for whom.

The tempest and rain pass o'er me,
While I shelter under the tree;
Yon door is barred and deserted,
And my hopes like a vision flee.

Above the well-known cottage
I see a rainbow shine,
But she I love is departed
And can never more be mine.

Never!—until the sunrise
For which all creatures wait:—
Good Shepherd! Bring me to meet her then
At Heaven's open gate!

W. P. J.

OLD PARIS.

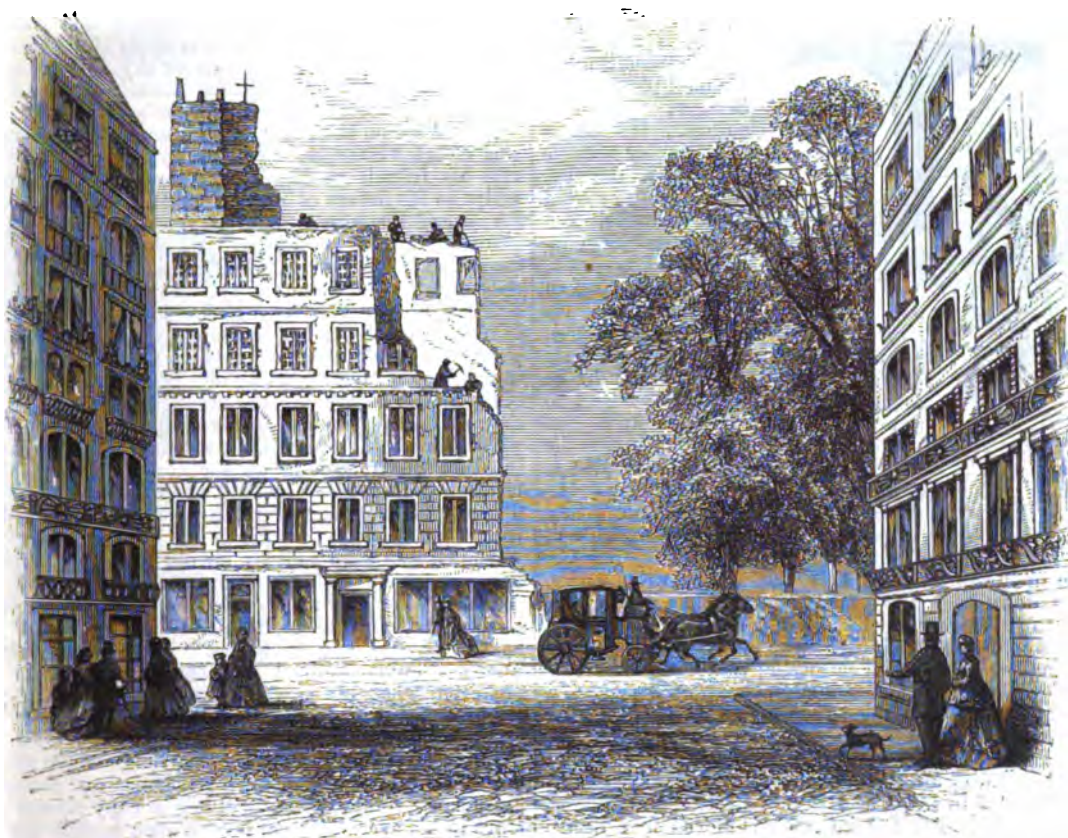
In our next number we propose to commence a series of "Sketches of Life and Character in Paris," illustrated by drawings from the pencil of the distinguished artist, Gustave Doré. No doubt the event of the year will be the grand International Exhibition in the Champ de Mars. We have already presented our readers with an authentic plan of the building, and with an original sketch map of Paris, carefully drawn and corrected to the date of publication. Before commencing the articles alluded to, it will not be amiss if we make a passing observation on the changes in progress—changes which have so transformed a great city that many of its historical sites are obliterated; and where, a few weeks ago, might be seen tortuous lanes and unwholesome courts, crowded with wretched dwellings, we now behold long lines of noble streets and attractive shops, which rise from the ground with a facility almost marvellous.

The tasteful architecture of the new streets; the artistic sculpture with which many of the houses are decorated, the rich lace-work carved or cast in iron, the beautiful drapery of artistically-designed hangings, which form a conspicuous part of their furniture, are not exceptional luxuries, but may be seen on every hand in the avenues of the renovated city. Acres of miserable abodes disappear in a few days, and give place to a succession of palatial residences fitted up with all the appliances of modern constructive art, and with all the elegancies dictated by a refined and severe taste. Here boulevards and avenues extend their long lines of foliage; and the ornamented masonry of fine façades, effective enough in itself, is still more effectively interrupted with sweet snatches of nature in well laid-out gardens, abounding with trees and flowers and birds, redolent of verdure, of perfume, and of song.

The Rue de Lafayette, for example, is making its way rapidly through almost half the city. Commencing in the very outskirts of Paris, it passes the terminus of the Northern Railway, where English visitors to the Exhibition will for the most part arrive, and has already penetrated as far as the Rue Lafitte, in its course to the Chaussée d'Antin; its vista rich with sculptured stone, with ivy-like iron, and wonderfully-worked wood, forming an *ensemble* which must be seen to be admired as it deserves. Yet this is by no means the most beautiful of the improvements recently effected or in progress. The Boulevard de Sebastopol, the Boulevard de Strasburg, and that called after the Prefect of the Seine, Baron Haussmann, and the beautiful Boulevard Malherbes, are all greatly superior to the Rue Lafayette. Our object is not to occupy our readers' time with an account of these changes and architectural adornments. We wish rather to speak of the historical memories associated with much that is doomed to disappear. At the present moment our interest is concentrated upon a spacious old house in the corner of a great garden filled with time-honoured, century-old trees. That house, of which our engraving presents a correct view, stood but a few weeks ago at the angle formed by the Rue Lafitte and the Rue Provence. Its very ruins will have disappeared by this time, and nothing but its history be left to us—a history, however, which will never cease to be instructive.

In the days of the first French Revolution a young man of modest mien and unpretending appearance entered the great courtyard of the banking-house and splendid residence of M. Perregaux, one of those financial magnates who then contrived to control the destinies of millions by his wealth, although his existence is well-nigh forgotten, and his name almost unknown at the present day.

Ushered into his presence, the youth presented a



HOUSE OF LAFITTE, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

letter of introduction to the great banker from some former friend, and tremblingly explained how desirous he was to earn an honest livelihood—to be useful in his day and generation—and no longer to continue a burden upon his family and friends; or, as Burns has it—

He begged a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil.

For this purpose he had abandoned a quiet home in a far-off province to work hard, if possible, in the busy beehive of the gay capital. He was poor, and had no profession; but he was ready to perform any kind of labour, if he could only gain thereby an independent and honourable existence; and with hope-inspired accents he manifested how anxious he was to procure employment, no matter in how humble a capacity, provided he might obtain even the scantiest living.

The man of money, who was accustomed to such applications from morning till night from one end of the year to the other, hastily read the letter—said he had no means of employing the lad at the time, and put off until some indefinite period even the faint prospect of requiring his services at all.

Dejected and sad, disconsolate and desponding, his bright hopes destroyed, and his only chance of occupation deferred—if not gone—he slowly retired, and descended the broad staircase with a heavy heart, with bowed head, and with averted eyes. While recrossing the spacious court, which he had entered only a few minutes before with elastic step and elated with high hope, a bright object caught his cast-down eye—he stooped and mechanically picked up a pin, which he carefully placed in the sleeve of his coat, to be

useful if on any occasion he might perchance require it, for he felt assured that it now behoved him to be careful of even the smallest expenses.

The stiff and stately banker had watched the departure of the young man, so ineffably sad, without relenting; but on witnessing that simple act, he thought he could read his whole character, and discovered in it a proof of attention, shrewd observation, strict economy, and a habit of descending to apparent trifles. Could this be the very man he might hereafter want to manage his business? He called him back, and bade him come early next morning, to undertake some work which he thought would suit him. On a better acquaintance he found he had judged correctly, and that he had read aright the character of the young man in that one act of picking up and taking care of an almost worthless article.

The young man continued in favour, was advanced from one position to another, and in time rejoiced in a salary of 500*l.* per annum, which M. Perregaux considered well bestowed. In about ten years afterwards he admitted him to a share in the business; and in another ten years the once despondent youth had risen to the high post of Governor of the Bank of France, possessing unbounded credit, esteem, and popularity.

The youth in question was no other than the well-known, and at one time powerful statesman and banker, James Lafitte, who had a considerable share in the downfall of Charles X. and the setting up of Louis Philippe. He built the house which but a few weeks ago we saw razed to the ground, and which we thought of sufficient interest to sketch as a memorial of Old Paris.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

V.—SYCOPHANCY.



gardless of more lasting advantages. Scrapper bends his back temporarily before everybody who is likely to be at the moment profitable or useful to him. Toady has his eye upon one

particular pair of boots, in the presence of which he always prostrates himself, before which he always grovels in the dust, and which he is always prepared to lick. In the presence of any other pair of boots Toady preserves as erect a position as ordinary men; indeed, you may often find him quite haughty until the appearance upon the scene of that particular pair of boots, when down goes the proud Toady upon his stomach, and, to your great surprise, if not delight (or disgust), begins to lick caressingly. The word sycophant was originally applied to an informer; and if there be any creature lower than a common informer, a specimen should be forthwith sent to the Entomological Society, whose aim in life it is to become acquainted with every insect which flies, or crawls, or creeps.

It is not difficult, then, to see how the word sycophant would come to mean the same as flatterer, spunger, and parasite. For the informer is moved by a desire of currying favour or of getting paid. The word informer implies a habit, and would not be justly used of a man who, without any personal advantage to himself, but solely from a wish to bring evil-doers to justice, had once and again given information. Such a man may even deserve praise; but your regular informer gets a dirty livelihood by his trade. And Toady bears no slight resemblance to this kind of informer. Toady, having fastened upon somebody out of whom he expects to suck advantage, whispers such tales about others as somebody will like to hear. Toady is to be found in all ranks, even the lowest; just as some parasite is to be discovered by the help of the microscope preying upon what you may before have considered the most insignificant of insects. Toady is no doubt to be seen amongst beggars in the streets, amongst casuals, and amongst residents in the workhouse. Toady, the beggar, attaches himself to some other beggar whose cleverness he openly admires, whose dodges he openly praises, and from whose success he openly derives some small profit; Toady, the casual, follows at the heels of some more powerful, or less miserable, or more wicked casual; and Toady, the resident, has soft speeches enough to touch the heart of the stern master, or win the favour of the virtuous matron. Foremen of works, one may venture to assert, know Toady well; skippers and mates could point out Toady amongst their crew; many a publican could show you Toady standing in the bar (with a little account chalked up against him); and Toady (anxious to be well with all authority) receives many a friendly nod and knowing wink from the policeman on his beat. Toady, however, comes out most, as is but natural, amongst the wealthy and the influential. And really Toady there shows some qualities which one cannot but admire. Toady seems

never to tire, but to lick boots as long as there are boots to be licked (and we all know how perseverance is rewarded). Toady never takes offence (from his patron); Toady never contradicts (his patron); Toady has a good word for everybody (for whom his patron has); Toady can laugh or cry, be serious or gay, be talkative or silent, be himself or somebody else (exactly according to his patron's humour).

In old Rome there was a good name for Toady; he was called "Shadow." A wealthy Roman would invite his friends to dinner, and would put as a postscript to his letters of invitation, "There will be room for several Shadows." And if you want to see a good game at "Follow my leader," you should see Toady at dinner with his patron, whether his patron be host or only guest. Whatever the patron recommends, Toady will try at any risk, though he knows it will make him ill. Whatever makes the patron smile will bring Toady to a state of convulsions; the patron may always count upon tickling one person with any poor old joke (for Toady is easily tickled—by his patron); and if the patron be involved in an argument in which he is being worsted, the watchful Toady will step in to his relief, making up for any ignorance (which is often a great deal) by loud assertion, brazen impudence, and contempt of truth (so that people will be compelled to admit that Toady can be independent).

The Greeks were said by an old Roman satirist to beat everybody else as sycophants; but our Toady seems to do exactly as the Greeks are represented to have done, and to gain his ultimate object just as the Greeks gained theirs. It matters little to Toady whether he can or cannot see, has or has not seen, what his patron seems to think worthy of admiration or condemnation: Toady is equal to the occasion, and praises or blames with eager zeal, and without a blush. If patron or patroness have written anything, prose or poetry, scientific or romantic, sacred or profane, Toady will beg a copy almost with tears in his eyes, will read it with open mouth, will fall a-laughing or a-sighing, a-thinking or a-frowning, will smite his thigh, and utter exclamations, will read certain passages aloud, and at the end will get up with a solemn air, and say, "My dear sir (or madam), excuse me if I confess that I never suspected your powers in this line; may I take it home with me, and read it carefully at my leisure?" You mustn't suppose Toady would burn it—Humbug would, but Toady has something substantial in view; so he reads carefully and learns diligently, that he may quote aptly. Toady finds every excuse for the wealthy patron who cannot speak correct English; Toady goes so far as to declare that he likes your "racy Saxon;" and Toady considers it "good, very good, upon my word, sir," when his uneducated patron remarks calmly, "I aint nothing in scholarship myself, I know; but I find I can buy up most o' them as are."

Let Toady's patron be ugly, or misshapen, or weak, with drooping shoulders, or a stutterer, and Toady will listen to the poor patron's complaints with a pitiful smile, and will prove (to the patron's satisfaction) that there is an ugliness which only gives distinction, there is a deformity which looks like condescension, there is a square breadth of shoulders which is always accompanied by shallowness of chest, and as for stuttering, why Demosthenes—the greatest of orators—stuttered. But, as it was with the Greek flatterer of old, so it is now with Toady. Toady's chief end is gained when he can get intrusted to him by his patron or patroness some disgraceful secret. After confession the patron (as Toady knows) will be particularly civil and kind to Toady, will advance Toady's interests, will keep open house for Toady, and will probably leave Toady a legacy. And if Toady be forgotten in the will, he has, if he be married, some little satisfaction—he will, probably, beat his wife.

MY GARDEN.

NO. II.



EVERY department of horticulture now there is the greatest possible facility given for carrying on the various tastes of its followers, whether they be lovers of flowers, fruits, or vegetables; information is widely and constantly distributed;

exhibitions are continually taking place in all parts of the country; the number of those interested in it is wonderfully on the increase; but all this is accompanied by one immense difficulty, and that is the enormous number of novelties which are being constantly introduced,

so that the task of selection becomes a "work and labour indeed." The possessor of a small garden, for instance, wishes to grow for his own use some of the best vegetables that are to be obtained: he thinks that if he exercises only a little liberality he can easily supply his wants. Or he wishes to make his garden gay: what easier than to select some varieties of a particular plant, the geranium for instance, and set to work? But then what is the best? Mr. A. says one thing, Mr. B. another, and so all through the letters of the alphabet, until the bewildered inquirer lays down his catalogues in despair.

It is not that either Mr. A., or Mr. B., or any of them are dishonest. When my neighbour, Mrs. C., tells me that she thinks her little girl the prettiest in the parish, I, notwithstanding that her judgment is very far out, and her child rather plain than otherwise, am far from thinking her insincere: she believes it because it is her own; and I, alas! cannot see with her eyes. And so it is with these introducers of novelties. They do not, I believe, mean to deceive,—but they are their own; they see with their own eyes, and sometimes the vision of their neighbours is keener than theirs. Hence it is that some people look on all these new things as mere spiders' webs to catch unwary flies—others are ready to catch at anything that is new.

The best advice I can give is to avoid extremes. Neither reject a thing because it is new, nor rush after it as if it must be good. A remarkable case in point occurred last year, in the introduction of a new vegetable of the radish tribe. It was called *raphanus caudatus*, or rat-tail radish, a native of India; and unlike the ordinary members of the tribe, the pods instead of the roots were to be eaten. These pods were said to grow sometimes three feet long, twisted like a snake, and at the rate of two or three inches in a night; that they were good when eaten in a salad, but better still when boiled and eaten as asparagus. When to this was added that it was sold at seven shillings and sixpence a seed, people imagined it to be a Baron Munchausen sort of story. Several plants of it were exhibited at the Great International Exhibition, and it was rather widely distributed. Some people praised it, others condemned it; but the latter were those who seemed not to have heeded the directions given with it. It is, I believe, a really valuable addition to our vegetables. The pods should be used when about one foot long. They are to be boiled (for I do not think much of it in a raw state) and eaten as asparagus, except that the whole of it may be used, and I think very few persons would be able to distinguish the difference. A

proof that it is really good is the demand that there is for it this season; and if some of the readers of the "People's Magazine," who live in out-of-the-way places, try it, they may astonish some of their neighbours.

When, some four or five years ago, Japan was opened to European enterprise, two very well-known men—Mr. Fortune, who had made several journeys in China, and Mr. Veitch—explored as they best could its treasures. They found the Japanese keen and accomplished gardeners; and strange to say, revelling in what had been but a recently-adopted taste here, large numbers of variegated plants. Amongst their treasures trove, it was announced that they had brought home a lily, twice as large as that known as the Japan lily (*lilium lancefolium*), very gorgeous in its colouring, and deliciously sweet-scented. This, too, sounded too good to be true; but as both the gentlemen were men to be relied on, the time was anxiously looked forward to when it would unfold its blossoms. This it did in good time, and the very moment the *lilium amatum* was seen, it was pronounced to be the queen of lilies, but it was looked upon as an unattainable object. Roots of it were sold at fifteen guineas, and people were told they must wait for years for it. However, the enterprise of the English horticulturists and the advantages of rapid communication were underrated; correspondents were soon found in Japan. Last year as many as thirty thousand bulbs were imported, and now this highly-prized and lovely plant can be purchased for five shillings; and I know nowhere, in the whole range of flower domain, where the same amount of money can be laid out to so good an advantage: it is very easily grown, and well deserves every word that has been said in its praise.

As I have mentioned Japan, another remarkable result of the visit of the two gentlemen named above was the introduction of the male *Aucuba Japonica*. Every one knows the spotted laurel, which endures, better than almost any other shrub, the smoke and confinement of our great cities. As it was one of those plants which are called, botanically, dioecious—that is, the male and female organs are produced on different plants—and as all the plants known in this country were females, no berries were ever produced, and the plant was increased simply by cuttings. But male plants were found in Japan, both plain and variegated laurel; and now, by placing one of them in the shrubbery, it will be possible to obtain out of doors—what has already been obtained by artificial means in the green-house—plants of the common spotted laurel covered with brilliant scarlet berries produced in clusters, and each berry as large as a good-sized filbert. And still more strange, at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, there was produced, by Mr. Standish of Ascot, a plant of *Aucuba*, raised from seeds, bearing hermaphrodite flowers, flowers with both the male and female organs.

Let me advise all who desire to succeed in filling their gardens with healthy and interesting plants, no matter what department they take up, to consider the character of the soil, the situation of their garden, and the climate of the neighbourhood, before they lay out their money. Soil and situation have a great deal more to say to success than many people imagine; and it is as useless to attempt to grow, say in some low situation and damp soil, some of those plants which flourish in drier soils and clearer atmospheres, as it would be to expect a person afflicted with ague to thrive in a marsh; nay, even plants of the same family are uncertain in this way. Some strawberries will flourish and bear well where others fail utterly. Only thought, experience, and common sense can determine that point; but they can determine them, and it is well for those who are contented to be so guided.

D. DEAL.

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.



NOW give the pattern for a man's nightshirt, not merely by way of assisting my readers to make one as it should be, but in the hope that seeing such a thing in the "People's Magazine" may suggest to many that it is an article which a civilized being ought really to wear; for, strange to say, it is not only the dwellers in York Wharf, Lambeth, and such like places, who dispense with it. They could hardly be expected to indulge in such a luxury. I think I may venture to say that a large number, if not the majority of labourers,

cottagers, mechanics, and domestic servants, are not in the habit of wearing nightshirts. It is not pleasant to think of men, earning at the rate of fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty shillings, and even more per week, and making a respectable appearance in the world, going for seven days and seven nights, at the least, in one under garment, and that from choice.

A friend of ours once engaged as a man-servant the son of a well-to-do cottager, and finding out by accident that he had no nightshirts, she, in her simplicity, made him a present of two good new ones. After a few days she inquired if they had been worn. "No." "Why not?" "Why! Missus could not expect a man to get into them cold things of a night." So the same shirt is worn day and night, and never taken off till "clean shirt day" comes round, at more or less lengthy inter-

yards of calico 36 inches wide are required. For the length, measure from the shoulder to a little below the knee; tear it off, and then tear off another piece the same length. Pin the two pieces together by the set edges; leave nine inches at the top for the arm-hole, and from the 9 inches sew together 20½ inches, leaving the rest open for the flaps; at the end of each seam a side gusset 2½ inches square is required. This measure allows for the turnings, as do all the other measurements that will be given.

For the sleeves, take a breadth of the calico: tear off 18½ inches in length, then divide it down the middle of the breadth: each half forms one sleeve; one third of the length of the sleeve will give the side of the square for the sleeve gusset. When the sleeve is put to the body of the shirt, seam the gusset in plain, gathering the other part of the sleeve only.

The linings for the arm-holes are straight pieces cut lengthwise of the material; cut them 10½ inches long, and if your calico will allow it, 4½ wide, then cut them in the centre of the width to the distance of 9 inches, leaving 1½ inches uncut. If you wish to economise calico, cut them 2½ inches by 10½ inches long for each side of the arm-hole, joining them 1½ inches at the bottom.

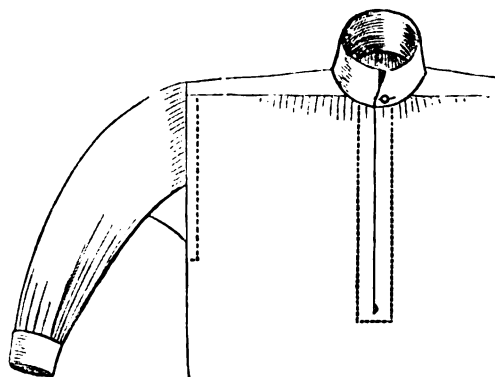
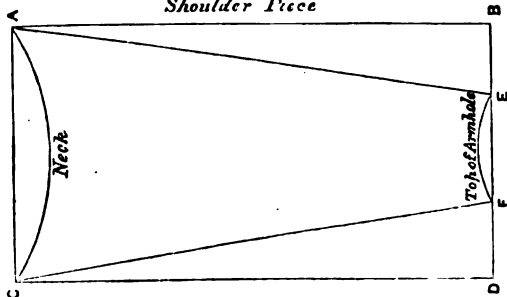
In the centre of the front of the shirt cut a slit 13½ inches long; at the bottom put a gusset 1 inch square, then line each side of the front with linings 16½ inches by 2½, cut lengthwise of the material.

The wristbands and collar are straight pieces also cut lengthwise of the material; the collar is 16½ inches by 7 inches wide, double the width exactly in half, seam the ends together, and backstitch all round on the right side. If the wristbands are to be made to button, you must cut them 9 inches by 6½ inches, double them and backstitch in the same manner as the collar. In this case, of course, a portion (3 inches) of the seam next the wristband must be left open. But the best way is to make the wristband slip over the hand; for this, having measured

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Scale. ¼ Inch to 1 Inch

Shoulder Piece



vals. If these men made a frequent practice of washing the skin that is under the shirt, the evil would not be so great, but this they seldom or never think of doing. A rinse at the pump after they have tumbled into their upper clothing is all the washing most working men are acquainted with as a rule. Public baths and cheap trips to the sea-side may have mended matters a little, but there is still vast room for improvement.

It appears to be a matter of principle not to take the shirt off more frequently than is absolutely necessary, and the difficulty of applying soap and water with the shirt on is obvious.

The two reforms in fact must be looked for together. It is to be hoped that if our friends could summon up courage to change their shirts night and morning, the discovery that the exposure to the cold consequent thereupon was attended with no fatal results, would lead them to venture on the application of a little fresh water, at least in the form of a good scrub with a wet towel, if anything more luxurious and more nearly approaching the nature of a bath be out of their reach.

If any object to the use of the nightshirt on the score of expense, let me assure them that, putting aside the consideration of the additional comfort and health it would induce if generally adopted, I can recommend it as a positive saving. By giving your day-shirts periodically a night's rest and a little fresh air, you will find them hold together so much longer, and suffer so much less in the wash, that the extra expense of the nightshirts will soon be saved.

For a full sized man's nightshirt, like the pattern, about 4

round the knuckles for the width, lay open the calico, then seam the two ends together, double it, and backstitch round. The shoulder-piece is cut on the cross, and is double; the drawing will show the shape. For cutting out, make a figure 10½ inches by 5½. Mark it as in the drawing, A B C D. From B to E, and from D to F, is 1½ inches; join A and E, also C and F; then hollow out between E and F to the depth of a quarter of an inch, and between A and C to the depth of three quarters of an inch. Four pieces will be required this size; tack them two and two together. In putting on the shoulder-piece remember the broad end goes into the neck. Put 6 inches plain from the arm-hole, both at the back and front of the body; there will now be 12 inches left on each side the opening in front; halve this, and gather the half (nearest the 6 inches that have been put in plain) into the remaining 4 inches of the shoulder-piece. Hollow out the other halves to the depth of three quarters of an inch at the point where they meet in front.

Divide the 24 inches at the back of the shirt into three, leave the centre third, and gather the 8 inches on each side into the shoulder-pieces; now commence at the left side of the opening in front, and with a double thread gather the 6 inches left there, the shoulder-piece, the centre 8 inch at the back, the other shoulder-piece, and part of front, stroke it down well. Divide the collar into four; put the centre of the collar to the centre of the calico between the two shoulder-pieces, the quarters to the middle of the shoulder-pieces, then set the neck into the collar, regulating the fulness carefully.

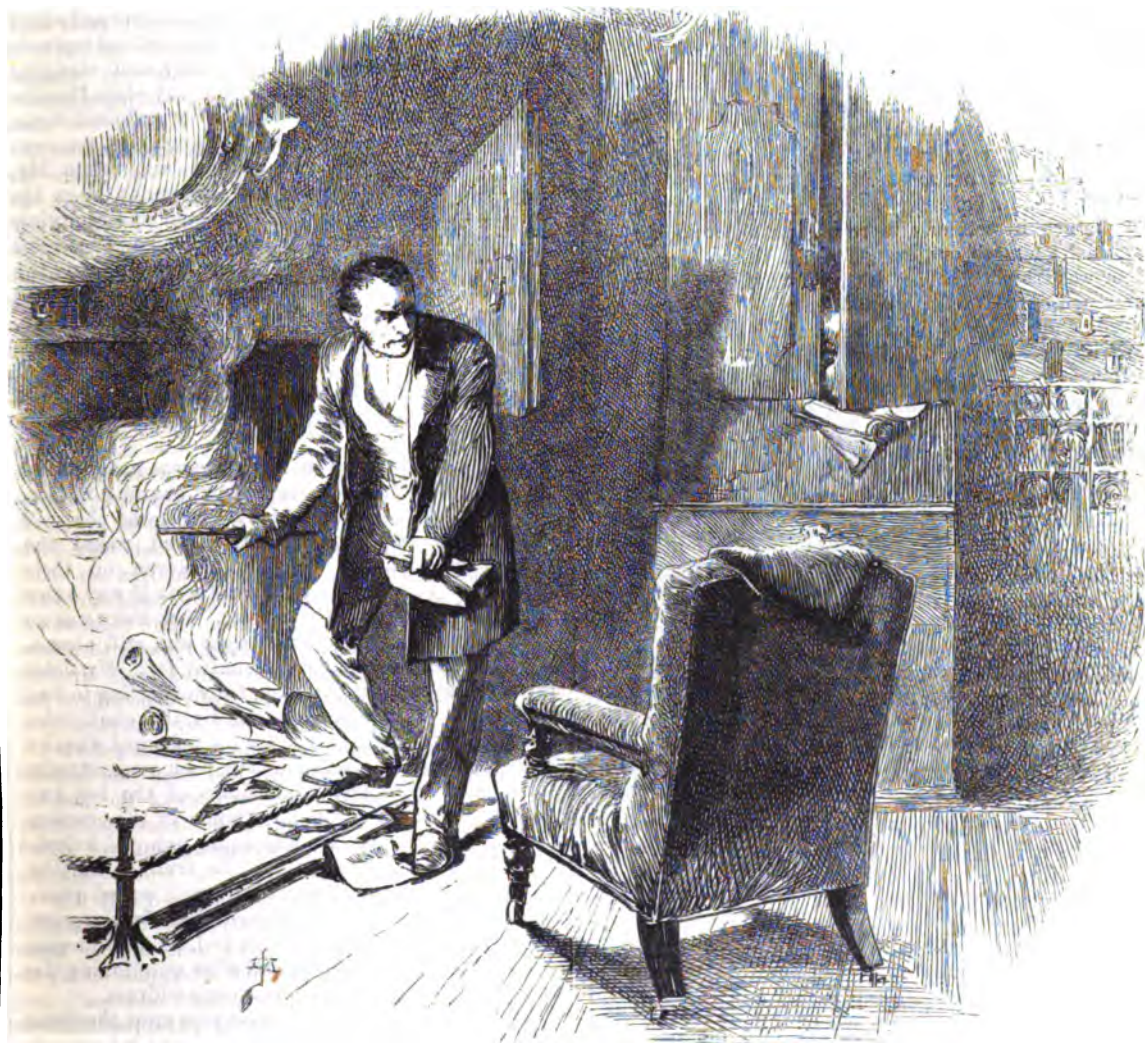
THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER VIII.

PENNIE PENNIELESS.

WHEN Mr. Hargrove left Eastwold that night, after his interview with Mr. John Hutton, he drove home to Allan Bridge as fast as his horse could lay legs to the ground. It was nearly ten o'clock when he got there. His clerk, who had been bidden to wait his return from Mr. Wynyard's funeral, was dozing

over a dusty fire in the office when he entered. He staggered up from his chair yawning, and holding out a telegraphic message, which had come in the lawyer's absence. Mr. Hargrove read it, and confounded it viciously. He could not go to Norminster on the morrow; he had an appointment to keep with Mr. John Hutton at eleven o'clock, he said, and tossed the envelope on the desk. He appeared to be out of humour, cold, and tired, for he stood a minute

or two staring absently at the dull fire; and when recalled to himself by a significant cough of the sleepy clerk, which inquired, as plainly as so many words, whether he was wanted or whether he was at liberty to go, he told him laconically that he could go. The next moment the lawyer was alone. His first act was to replenish the fire, his second to summon his house-keeper, who answered so promptly to his call that it was plain she had been waiting for it near at hand.

"Mrs. Jarvis," said he, "put a change of linen into my bag, and bring it down here before you go to bed. I must walk to Kirkgate, to catch the train that passes through at half-past three; perhaps I may not be back until to-morrow night, or it may even be Saturday."

"Walk, sir, and it such bitter bad weather?" remonstrated his old servant. "Won't you take some breakfast before you start?"

"No; I shall get breakfast at my journey's end. I'll walk, because the moon will be up, and it is both shorter and safer across the fell on foot, than it is driving by the road in this frost."

Mrs. Jarvis, only half satisfied by his explanation, retired to pack her master's bag. When she brought it in to him, he bade her good night, and told her not to disturb herself any more on his account; for he would let himself out, and take care the spring of the door was fastened behind him. Eskdale did not stand in much dread of burglars. As the woman left the office, she observed that her master threw himself wearily into his great leather chair, and disposed himself as for a nap. No sooner was she gone, however, than he arose alertly, shut and secured both the inner and outer doors, turned the gas higher, stirred up the fire, and set to work with the rapid energy of a workman whose time will hardly suffice for what he has to do. Any one watching his proceedings might have thought that he was preparing for a final quittance of Allan Bridge; preparing for flight rather than for an ordinary business journey; and this was indeed the case. He had got to the end of his tether; investigation of his affairs with Mr. Wynyard was become inevitable; and, thanking his stars that he had made provident arrangements for his comfort in another quarter of the world, he began to make away with the evidence of his peculations in this.

From his desk, from the drawers of a great bureau, from the boxes of his clients on the strong-room shelves, and lastly from an iron safe, sunk in the thickness of the wall, he selected a mass of documents, which he cast in portions on the fire, and turned over and stirred up to quicken their destruction, until his visage was scorched and crimsoned with the blaze. The pile of embers grew and grew; leaves here and there escaped the fire, and still he heaped on more. While they smouldered, he took other papers from the safe, and stowed them in a bulky red morocco case; and notes and gold, which he thrust into his pockets. When the house-clock struck one in the morning his work was approaching its completion. A few times again he poked the ashes about, and where a white fragment caught his eye, he took care to kindle it, and see it blacken into tinder. He had still an interval left to scrape up the light fluttering relics from the hearth, to lay coals on them, to relock and replace everything in order; and when this was done he went pryingly about the office, to see that he had dropped nothing, and that nothing had escaped him.

After that he washed his hands and face, which had contracted some grime at his work, and finally wrote a note of cautious explanation for his clerk, giving him the same notice when to expect him back as he had given to Mrs. Jarvis. This done, he put on his great-coat, wound a plaid about him, and taking his bag in his hand, left the house softly, and walked at speed across the moonlit market-place. A woman was knocking at the doctor's door as he passed, and from an upper window, noisily flung open, he heard Mr. Buckhurst calling out to know who wanted him; for Buckhurst was sole surgeon of Allan Bridge now—sole acting surgeon, that is. Dr. Grey still lived, but since his paralytic seizure he had given up practice. The lawyer remembered this old alienated friend's condition at that moment, and was thankful.

After passing the bridge, Mr. Hargrove turned short off into the fields, where the snow lay pure and untrodden in the moonlight. It was windy and stinging cold, but the air was clear, and the way plain that he had to go. He reached Kirkgate in sufficient time, and got into the train, which he left again at the next junction for Liverpool. About the hour when Mr. John Hutton walked into Allan Bridge to keep his appointment with the agent, the agent was studying the advertising boards at the landing stage with a view of taking his passage in the first vessel bound for the States. The Ariel, a swift screw-steamer, which was to sail on the following Wednesday for New Orleans, was the earliest; and having decided that he must risk the delay, he went to the shipping office, and engaged a first-class passage forthwith. Meanwhile he judged it advisable to keep himself close at his hotel.

On Sunday morning Mr. Hargrove was not as usual respectably punctual in his place at church; in fact, he was not there at all, and his clerk, who observed with surprise his place vacant, walked round the market-place with his wife and children on their homeward way, to inquire of Mrs. Jarvis if any letter from him had come to the office. No, there was no letter. On the Monday the lawyer was still absent, and his absence was still unaccounted for. Mr. John Hutton called at noon that day, fully expecting to find him returned, and when assured by the clerk (who felt bound to make an excuse for his principal when he had none) that Mr. Hargrove had been unexpectedly detained at Norminster by business of the last importance, but that he would be home in the evening, without doubt, he went his way again, annoyed indeed, but still far from suspecting the truth. On the morrow, however, when the clerk himself looked queer, and tried to suggest the explanation that Mr. Hargrove might have been obliged to go on to London, he began to see that all was not right, and after questioning the man sharply, he demanded the agent's address.

"He left no address, sir; but he puts up at the Swan in Norminster when he does not go to his brother's house," the clerk said, deprecatingly. He is not, however, at either place this time. When I found he did not come last night, I sent over a person to Kirkgate, to telegraph to Mr. Sam. Hargrove at the "Gazette" office, to ask if he knew where he was; and the answer that came back was that he hadn't seen him. I don't understand it, sir; I don't, really, any more than you do. There have been ever so many people inquiring for him, as it always happens when he has to go away on business."

"It is very odd behaviour, very odd indeed. Is it his custom to act in this way?"

"Never knew him do so before, sir. He is methodical in his habits, and most laborious. He never flags at work; his energy is wonderful, sir, and such a memory! Mrs. Jarvis fears he may have been taken ill; but he could hardly be taken so bad—unless he'd met with an accident—that he could not send word to me, for business' sake, where he was detained. I did hope to see him last night. It is very odd, sir, as you remarked just now."

Mr. John Hutton cast a glance round the office, and his eye lighting on the boxes that bore the names of Wynyard and Croft, he said,—“And it is very inconvenient, too. I wanted to return to Brackenfield to-morrow; but it is useless to leave Eastwold until I have seen Hargrove again. As sole executor of Mr. Wynyard's will, everything lies with me to do; and looking at the circumstances, I don't know what business can be of greater importance than my business.”

The clerk agreed with him, and muttered, “Exactly so, exactly so,” in a sympathetic, injured tone. He was an elderly man, and had seen a deal of worry consequent on wills and executorships; and he knew enough of the late Mr. Wynyard's private affairs to understand that the regulation of them would be no sinecure.

As Mr. John Hutton turned out into the marketplace, thoroughly puzzled and dissatisfied, Penelope Croft came riding by on her way to Eastwold. She had gone home by her mother's wish while Mr. Wynyard lay at death's door, and had remained at Mayfield until all was over. Mrs. Wynyard had sent Francis this morning to bring her back, that she might have some conversation with Mr. John Hutton before his return to Brackenfield, and close by Mr. Hargrove's office she met him. He immediately communicated to her the fact of the agent's mysterious absence, and Pennie replied, with the coolest little sarcastic air in the world, “I have no doubt he has run away. I quite anticipate that when you come to look into my affairs, you will find he has been cheating my trustees right and left for ever so long; and that, instead of being a great heiress, I am Pennie Pennieless.”

“Wait a minute,” said the perturbed executor, and hurried back into the lawyer's office. The clerk was mounted on a tall stool when he re-entered, with one of the japanned boxes—the Croft ward box—in his hands, and his face was of the colour of the leatheriest parchment.

“Sir, there is something wrong—I fear there is something wrong,” said he in a low voice, and with a shake of his grey head. “I don't know whether I should be justified in doing it—but, odd enough, I have just discovered that Mr. Hargrove, who was so particular always, left his private desk unlocked, and the safe key and other keys are in it.”

“Then unlock that box. I have a list Dr. Grey gave Miss Croft of what its contents should be.” It was opened, and was found to contain only two bundles of deeds.

“I'll take the responsibility of looking into the safe too, sir,” said the clerk, now all over tremulous with agitation. When the interior of that was revealed, it was found to be nearly empty, and the few documents that were left were in confusion.

“Mr. Hargrove never meant to come back when he

started last Friday morning,” was the clerk's verdict on this evidence.

“And he has had nearly five days to get clear,” added the startled executor. “*Five Days.*”

It was plain the clerk was not in his master's confidence, and that he was as much staggered by the disclosure of the keys as Mr. John Hutton. “The police ought to be telegraphed to, sir, in London, and at the seaports. He'll run for Hull or Liverpool—not an hour should be lost.”

“I'll borrow Francis Wynyard's horse, and go to Kirkgate at once.”

“And I will write off letters by post, sir, and send a description of the man. He was close, sir, was Mr. Hargrove, close as wax; but rogues trip always somewhere. Think of his leaving his desk unlocked! I have served him many years, and never knew him do that careless thing before.”

Mr. John Hutton's countenance saved many questions when he rejoined the young people. Francis gave up his horse at a word, and his companion, too, who was invited to ride to Kirkgate with the dismayed executor, that he might have some talk with her by the way. Pennie told him many significant details of the agent's behaviour towards herself since her resolution of adhering to her engagement with Mr. Tindal had been ascertained; and freely avowed her opinion that he had objects of his own to serve in interfering with her, which he could not have served had Mr. Wynyard been at home, or Dr. Grey capable of transacting business. Mr. John Hutton asked why she had not spoken out before.

“I have never done anything but speak out,” replied Pennie. “But those to whom I could speak were either like Mr. Wynyard, so possessed by a belief in Mr. Hargrove's cleverness and honesty, that they made no account of my speaking; or, like my Uncle Lister, who predicted mischief, but stood obstinately aloof from meddling to hinder it. He was mortified that my father's will excluded him from all interest in me and my affairs; and whatever wrath he may feel against my trustees and their agent, will, of course, be ameliorated by the reflection that they have only justified his doubts, and fulfilled his predictions.”

“It is no laughing matter, Pennie. The roguery of the agent is dishonour to the trustees.”

“For the money itself I am absolutely indifferent; but I hope Mr. Hargrove may be caught, and punished for his iniquities. I have no tenderness for knaves—none!”

Pennie's mouth closed firmly at the last word, and remained closed several minutes. Mr. John Hutton had only seen her once, at his sister's wedding, since the merry Christmas at Brackenfield, and he was rather surprised to find into what a practical little lady the Quixote of that memorable time had developed. He liked her none the less for the change. She waited outside the telegraph office at Kirkgate while her escort went in, and despatched his messages to the police at various points to be on the look-out for the fugitive lawyer; of whose person he sent a sufficient description to guide them in their pursuit, until the morrow's post brought the clerk's letters. This business accomplished, Pennie and he, talking of affairs all the way, rode back to Eastwold, whither Francis had already carried the intelligence of Mr. Hargrove's evasion.

The next day was dreary and winterly desolate

everywhere, but nowhere more dreary or winterly desolate than on the Liverpool landing stage, alongside which, about two o'clock of the afternoon, lay the *Ariel*, getting up her steam, to go down the river with the tide. The wind howled with a low, menacing monotony; the water heaved and plunged in heavy sullen waves, and the opposite shore was scarcely seen through the reeking fog.

Not a soul was on the landing stage but those who had business there, of whom one was a short, thick-set, broad-visaged police detective in plain clothes, who passed frequently with an air of zealous occupation between the vessel and the shipping office, a note-book and pencil in his hand. The heavy luggage of the passengers had been all got on board, and most of the passengers themselves; but a few lingerers came dropping in after the rest, execrated the abominable weather, and disappeared into their cabins to prepare for the miseries of the voyage. Almost at the last moment, when the *Ariel* was panting and throbbing for a start, a tall, stout man, with close-shaven, purple-red face, and a white muffler wrapt in numerous folds about his throat and chin, appeared hurrying down from the town. A policeman who had been pacing his icy beat, always within hail of his superior, at a signal from him turned and followed the last comer, and just as he was about to set foot on the deck of the *Ariel*, the detective laid a firm hand on his breast, and said, "Mr. Hargrove of Allan Bridge?"

"No; Mr. Conyers of Gateshead," replied the tardy passenger, with well-simulated astonishment.

The detective, however, politely persisted in detaining him, and in reiterating his first interrogatory, until there emerged from some furtive watch-post on board the *Ariel*, that bane of the lawyer's existence, Jacques the grazier, who joyously identified him as Mr. Hargrove, with his black whiskers shaved off; and asked him if it was not a queer coincidence that he should happen to be in Liverpool, and that his cousin in the police should know it, just when an honest Eskdale man was wanted to help catch an Eskdale rogue. Jacques was not a person of delicate mind, and had no sympathy for genius in misfortune. He insisted on telling the agent, who submitted to inexorable fate without a murmur, how he happened to be there, doing a stroke of business in Irish pigs, when his cousin let him know that he could do a service to his country. "An' proud am I to ha' done it," concluded he, making Hargrove a bow; "thof it is at your expense, sir. It has been a'most as exciting as a rat-hunt."

Mr. Hargrove did not sail in the *Ariel* that afternoon, and before night it was known at Allan Bridge and at Eastwold that he was in safe custody. After three or four embarrassing interviews with the magistrates, first in Liverpool and then in his own neighbourhood, he was committed to take his trial on the charge of forging signatures to a power of attorney, by which he had sold out and appropriated various moneys in the public funds, trust-moneys invested in the names of Robert Wynyard, esquire, of Eastwold, and George Grey, surgeon, of Allan Bridge, for the use of Penelope Croft, their ward. There were a multitude of minor frauds and peculations laid to his account, from which others amongst his clients suffered; and the wholesale destruction of documents he had made before his flight caused the investigation to be very tedious. It was not probable that a complete clearance of his affairs would ever be accomplished;

but it was early ascertained that nothing of her splendid fortune remained to Penelope Croft but Haggerston Mills, and a small farm which her father had owned before the railway mania floated him into sudden opulence. What the fraudulent agent had done with his spoils could not be discovered, but it was conjectured that he had placed them in American securities, and that when he had undergone the term of seclusion which the law might assign to his crimes, he would retire to the States, and enjoy the fruits of his labours. The case was very complicated and very bad, and as bail was utterly refused, Mr. Hargrove had to take up his involuntary cold lodging in Norminster jail, to await the coming on of the spring assizes.

While the exposure of Mr. Hargrove's fraudulent transactions was in progress, the extent of the Eastwold liabilities was also revealed. Money had been raised in Mr. Wynyard's name, for which his estate was now indebted, that had never been applied to his service. In two or three instances, where the lenders were not people of business, the securities pledged had never existed. On one fabulous property, a mortgage of five thousand pounds had been effected. There were some doubts whether Mr. Wynyard had not been his agent's confederate before he became his victim. Those who suffered loss by him judged him severely. As the trustee of Penelope Croft, his condemnation was both loud and deep. The ancient house of Wynyard was declared to have fallen, not only with a great ruin, but also with foul dishonour. Before this fiat was promulgated, the unfortunate family had already begun to break up. Francis had joined his regiment, which was under sailing orders for India, when he heard it; and the ardent young soldier's passionate outpouring of indignation and sorrow, in his last letter to his mother before embarking, was most pathetic. She read it to Geoffrey and Maurice, who were still with her, and their way of receiving it shadowed out a good deal in the latent character of each.

Maurice exclaimed fervently, "Let him be a second Warren Hastings, and rebuild a second Daylesford!"

Geoffrey said he did not see the sense of that. It did not touch the worst wound. It seemed to him that they had inherited a vast debt, the payment of which ought to be their chief consideration. "And," added he quietly, "were there no debt due to others, I am sure it would be small joy to any of us to see Eastwold flourishing again, if a second Burke should be able to denounce the one that re-edified the old place as a common enemy and oppressor, a man that had betrayed the trust, and sullied the ancient honour, of England."

"No," agreed Maurice. "I had forgotten Hastings' crooked ways to his ends. Francis would rather die a Chelsea pensioner than pay the price he paid for fortune."

A few days after this brief, significant conversation, Geoffrey Wynyard was seated at a desk in the office of Forsyth and Co., in the unfragrant atmosphere of Wolstenholme Square, Liverpool; and Maurice had taken his place in the upper form at Chassell's school in Norminster.

(To be continued.)

THE brave unfortunate are our best acquaintance;
They show us virtue may be much distress'd,
And give us their example how to suffer.

Francis

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

I HAVE related what I saw in one or two of the houses and in some of the streets on my visit to Ratcliff, but so far from one picture of distress being an adequate representation of the state of the poor in the East End of London, a thousand might be drawn, each distinct in the wretchedness of its details and its local colouring. Let us hear what the Rev. Isaac Taylor has to say of the poor parish of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green. The account which he gave of the scene of his labours, in a sermon preached at St. Anne's, Highgate Rise, on the Sunday before Christmas last, has been printed for private circulation, and is now before me. The facts related are most interesting, and a few unimportant verbal alterations are all that is needed for its reproduction in these pages.

aspect of wretchedness which this neighbourhood presents. The passenger by the Great Eastern Railway, during the first five hundred yards which he traverses after leaving the Shoreditch Terminus, is carried through the very centre of the parish of St. Matthias. Leaning back in the well-cushioned carriage, he gazes on either side into wretched attics: he sees the broken, rag-stuffed panes—the black, fetid plaster peeling from the mouldy walls—the cumbrous looms blocking up the small rooms—the pale, wan faces of young children bending over their weary labour—and the gaunt, unshorn, famine-stricken men, plying the endless shuttle.

"This portion of Bethnal Green is the head-quarters of what is known as the Spitalfields silk trade. The silk weavers, by whom the parish of St. Matthias is mainly populated, are descendants of those Huguenot exiles, who, for the cause of God, and truth, and



BIRD EXCHANGE, BETHNAL GREEN.

"The parish of St. Matthias, one of the twelve parishes into which the vast district was divided by the scheme of the late Bishop of London, occupies the most wretched and poverty-stricken corner of Bethnal Green. Into a space some 400 yards in length by 200 in breadth—an area considerably less than that of Russell or of Belgrave Square—between 6000 and 7000 human beings are thickly crowded together in poverty and squalor. Few of our readers residing in London can be altogether ignorant of the general

liberty, and life, fled from the sunny plains of their native France in the years which succeeded the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and who were encouraged by Queen Elizabeth and her advisers to bring their valuable industry to this country, and to settle on the lands adjacent to the Hospital of St. Mary—the Hospital or 'Spital-fields,' as they were called, which were then just outside the walls of London. The descendants of these emigrants continue to inhabit the district. Many of them still cherish proud traditions of

their ancestry; many of them, though now perhaps only clad in rags, bear the old historic names of France—names of distinguished generals, and statesmen, and poets, and historians—names such as Vendome, Ney, Racine, Defoe, La Fontaine, Dupin, Blois, Le Beau, Auvache, Fontaineau, and Montier.

"In addition to their surnames and their traditions, the only relic which these exiles retain of their former prosperity and gentle nurture is a traditional love of birds and flowers. Few rooms, however wretched, are destitute either of a sickly plant, struggling, like its sickly owner, for bare life; or a caged bird warbling the songs of heaven to the poor imprisoned weaver as he plies his weary labour." Praiseworthy as this taste and love of nature must be deemed, it has its drawbacks. "On Sunday morning, from ten o'clock till one, the street in which the church stands is blocked up by the great bird-exchange of all London. In the spring and summer, more especially, access to the church doors is impeded by a crowd, consisting of hundreds of men, standing in groups on the pavements, and eagerly discussing the rival merits of the songsters which they carry in cages, each covered with a handkerchief. The services of two policemen are required to preserve order, and to keep open a pathway to the church; and if their backs are turned, it is no unusual occurrence for a stone to come crashing through the windows, or against the door.

"In the neighbouring locality of Whitechapel there are colonies of thieves and degraded women, but these evils are sharply localized. It might almost be said that in the parish of St. Matthias there is no venal vice and no professional crime. The evils to be dealt with are those of excessive indigence, and that prevailing spirit of irreligion which indigence so often entails." Look at the hard facts. "A skilful workman, making costly velvets or rich silks, and labouring from twelve to sixteen hours a day, will only earn, on an average, about twelve shillings a week. There are many who do not earn above seven or eight shillings, and the labour required to gain these miserable wages is great and excessive. To make a single inch of velvet, the shuttle has to be thrown 180 times, 180 times the treadles have to be worked, 60 times the wire has to be inserted, 60 times to be withdrawn, 60 times the knife has to be guided along the whole breadth of the work, and 60 times the pressure of the chest has to be exerted on a heavy beam, which is used to compress the work. Six hundred distinct operations are thus required to make one single inch of velvet, the average payment for making which is one penny. The women, whose strength does not enable them to move so heavy a beam with the chest, are employed in making velveteens, chenilles, silk and cotton trimmings, and bead trimmings. They earn about one third the wages of the men. For fancy braid the payment is one halfpenny a yard. Even at these starvation wages work is very scarce; the men are often for weeks together out of employ, or, as it is termed, by a wretched mockery, 'at play.'

"The parents frequently find it quite impossible to send their children to school, even when they have clothes and shoes in which to go. The poor little creatures have to be retained at home, to earn a few miserable pence by means of some of the numerous 'children's trades' which, unhappily, flourish in Bethnal Green. Among the principal of these is the manufacture of lucifer boxes. For this work the payment is twopence farthing per gross, or thirty-two boxes for one halfpenny, out of which sum the little labourers have to find their own paste. The other day (says Mr. Taylor) I took upon my knees a little girl who is employed in this manner. She told me she was four years old. Her mother said the child had earned her own living ever since she was *three years of age*. This infant now makes several hundred

boxes every day of her life, and her earnings suffice to pay the rent of the miserable room which the family inhabits. The poor little woman, as might be expected, is grave and sad beyond her years. She has none of a child's vivacity. She does not seem to know what play means. Her whole thoughts are centred in the eternal round of lucifer-box making, in which her whole life is passed. She has never been beyond the dingy street in which she was born; she has never so much as seen a tree or a daisy, or a blade of grass. A poor sickly little thing, and yet a sweet obedient child—the deadly pallor of her face proclaiming unmistakably that she will soon be mercifully taken away to a better world, where, at last, the little weary fingers shall be at rest. And this is only one case out of scores and hundreds. Truly an extension of the Children's Factory Act is urgently required to meet cases such as these, and to put a stop to the terrible massacres of the innocents which now go on from year to year in their parents' homes.

"The mortality among young children is something frightful. I do not know (Mr. Taylor goes on to observe) anything more terrible than the statements which one continually hears. It is a common thing for a mother to say that she has buried six or eight, and reared one or two. This mortality is chiefly owing to the deadly overcrowding, and to insufficiency of food and clothing. Last summer we found a family of eight children living with their father and mother in a room some ten feet square, and almost in a state of starvation. All the children had the smallpox out upon them; they had had no medical care or nursing; the only medicament that had been used was a little oil rubbed over their faces; this the father said he had heard was good for the smallpox. The man was engaged, meanwhile, in the delicate work of making white chenille, to be sold in the fashionable West End shops. Hardly a family in the parish possesses more than a single room, in which all the members live, and work, and sleep. For this one room from 3s. to 4s., weekly, is commonly paid out of the scanty earnings, leaving a sum quite insufficient to provide the most necessary food. Last week my colleague went into a room where the father lay seriously ill, and asked the wife some question about the nourishment she was giving him. 'I will show you, sir, what we have,' was the reply. She opened a cupboard door. One slice of dry bread lay carefully treasured on the shelf, all that was left for the support of the sick man and the whole family, and not a halfpenny did they possess wherewith to procure more." As for clothing, Mr. Taylor made the following sad statement, and it must be remembered that he was speaking of the state of things in the depth of winter: "I believe that I am under the mark when I affirm that not one family in twenty has a blanket of their own, and not more than one in twelve has a sheet. At the time of the cholera visitation in August and September last, I do not think we found a single case in which a woman possessed a second shift, in addition to that which she had on her back, if, indeed, she possessed that one.

"These poor people, with all the burden of their poverty, are wonderfully uncomplaining and self-reliant. Only last week a case came under my notice in which three young children, together with the father and a grown-up son, were prostrated with famine typhus, the Irish fever of 1847. The man, a chenille maker, had been out of work for weeks: every disposable article of furniture and clothing had disappeared. The man strictly forbade his wife from seeking for relief; he would die rather than be degraded into the rank of a pauper. At last the poor woman could bear it no longer: to see her whole family dying before her eyes was too much for her conjugal obedience, and she came to our Mission House. We in-

stantly sent a nurse with stimulants and nourishments suited to the case. At the sight of the wine and food the man's iron resolution fairly gave way, the strong proud man burst into a flood of tears, and acknowledged that the disobedient wife had acted rightly; that though she had sacrificed their pride, yet she had saved their lives.

"Working men are often accused of being brutal to their wives and children. There are some such cases, and such cases, when they occur, are brought prominently before the public in the newspaper police reports, and are supposed to be typical cases; while the thousand instances of an opposite kind are never heard of. There are, thank God, horny-handed men, rough fellows to look upon, who in their brawny chests have hearts as tender and gentle as any woman's. I recall the case of a man whose wife is now in the last stage of consumption. He works in a factory, and has to be at his work at six o'clock every morning. That man rises every day at four, to clean the room, and beautifully clean it is; the fender and the fire-irons bright as silver: he then performs neatly all those domestic offices which so rarely fall to a man's lot. He prepares all the food required for his wife's use throughout the day, and places it within her reach; he makes every tender preparation for her wants, and then with a bright smile he leaves her to a care beyond his own till he returns from his work at a late hour in the evening."

It is of course impossible to give all the details included in Mr. Taylor's eloquent description, but one interesting statement must yet be added. The trade of the silk weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green is rapidly dying out, and departing to other places. Under these circumstances it does no less credit to his judgment than to his benevolent feelings, that he has endeavoured to relieve their sufferings by facilitating the emigration of weavers and their families to Lancashire and Yorkshire, where, in ordinary times, there is an abundant demand for the labour of skilled weavers. During last year he succeeded in removing several families to the cotton districts, where they are almost all fairly prosperous, and some are earning large wages, far beyond anything that they could have hoped for if they had remained in Bethnal Green. The cost of the removal has been almost wholly borne by the weavers themselves, who have refunded from their subsequent earnings the sums advanced to them for the expenses of the journey—a fact which it is highly gratifying to record.

ABOUT SEWING MACHINES.



T would be easy to show that science and inventive genius have done more for the good of mankind during the last fifty years than throughout man's entire previous history; and this is most evident in the construction of machines which almost dispense with

the aid of the human hand—up to a recent period the chief producer, the only reliable worker. But in no department is this result more striking than in the contrivance and introduction of the sewing machine.

It would almost seem that this immense alleviation of woman's labour was the result of the thrill which was sent throughout society by "The Song of the

Shirt," so painfully describing the condition of the poor sempstress, toiling "from seam to gusset, and from gusset to seam," during the livelong day, and far into the dreary night, with scanty food, shivering with cold, eyes strained by defective light, and, finally, earning a paltry pittance totally inadequate to keep body and soul together. We are told, however, on the high authority of a distinguished French physician, that the sewing machine is itself injurious. The statement is made by Dr. Guibout, of the hospital of St. Louis at Paris, and if the facts stated by him are literally true, the matter is a very serious one indeed. What he alleges in detail, we will endeavour to present to our readers in a condensed summary.

It is well known that sewing machines are generally set in action by means of treadles simultaneously or alternately moved by the two feet of the workwomen. Sometimes the legs rise and fall at the same time, imparting a cadenced swing to the whole body; at others their movement is alternate, and these produce a succession of extremely fatiguing shocks. Such is the source of the evil to which Dr. Guibout emphatically directs public attention. His observations extend as far back as the year 1863. During that year a woman, who up to the time had enjoyed vigorous health, appeared before him weak and meagre, and exhibiting all the symptoms of deep-seated organic disorder. On being interrogated as to the cause of this serious change in her health, the patient declared that during seven or eight months she had worked from morning to night at a sewing machine. The movements of the occupation produced in her a peculiar excitement (with flushing, headache, giddiness), which frequently compelled her to suspend her labours. To the frequency of this excitement she attributed a local affection with which she was afflicted, besides her reduced condition and debility. This fact made a great impression on Dr. Guibout. The nature of the necessary movements caused by the play of the machine perfectly accounted for the disorders complained of by the workwoman; but the case being isolated, there was reason to doubt the generality of the alarming effects. The doctor resolved to suspend his judgment until other observations should confirm it: these very soon presented themselves in abundance. In 1865 three more cases of the kind appeared at the hospital, followed by six in the first half of last year. In April, two women, employed in different factories, applied on the same day for advice and treatment. The first was characterized by pale and sunken cheeks, an emaciated body, vaulted back, and suffering from violent epigastric pains, difficult digestion, and other functional disorders—in a word, general debility and exhaustion. She attributed all these evils to the sewing machine, for they came upon her ever since she entered the workshop; before that she had been vigorous, fresh, fat, and in good health. "Besides," she added, "I am not the only sufferer; many of the other workwomen are ill like myself, and from the same cause—the continual movement of the lower limbs; the swaying of the whole body exhausts them, and gives them pains in the stomach." On being questioned as to the peculiar excitement caused by the movement, before alluded to, she said she did not experience it herself, but that many of her companions suffered from it to such a degree, that they were obliged to interrupt their work from time to time. The other patient had enjoyed good health until she entered the workshop, where she remained a year, but was obliged to leave it on account of the consequences to her health. She declared that of five hundred women employed in that factory—one of the largest in Paris—at least two hundred were suffering from the same effects. Thus, the population of this factory is perpetually renewed; a continual succession of women who enter it in health, and women who leave it emaciated, debilitated, and broken in constitution.

On the following Saturday Dr. Guibout met with a similar case, and fifteen days afterwards a young woman appeared in whom the disastrous effects of the sewing machine had settled in the chest. She had no appetite, was greatly reduced, and suffered from a very serious and distressing cough. She declared that many other workwomen were also great sufferers.

Certainly, if one wished to know what the sewing machine has done for the poor sempstress, it would be a mistake to inquire in the French clothing establishments. Indeed, these facts were so startling that we resolved to inquire nearer home, and with this object in view, paid a visit to the extensive GOVERNMENT STORES at Pimlico.

Pleasantly situated on the banks of the Thames is this palace of female industry. It has not much the appearance of a workshop. We first enter an extensive quadrangular hall, with a gallery on each side, supported by pillars, and with some pretensions to ornamental finish. The hall is so vast, the proportions of the building are so correct, that the sound of the machinery in full work did not grate harshly on the ear. There was no unpleasant smell. Light poured down from above luxuriantly. The air was fresh, the temperature comfortable.

"But where are the workwomen?" we asked. "Behind the screen, sir,—in there—" was the reply. Thereupon we were led to the gallery, and there beheld about *one thousand* women (as we were assured) sitting at the machines, on apparently very comfortable seats, all of them plying their trade in the best possible humour, exhibiting every sign of good, sound, joyous health.

The workwomen consist of two classes. Some are paid by the week, fixed wages of eleven shillings; these wear a blue jacket: others, more skilled, are paid by the piece, and earn twenty shillings and upwards a-week. These are in their ordinary dress. The hours of labour are from half-past seven in the morning to half-past four in the afternoon. One steam-engine of fifty-horse power supplies all the motive force of the establishment, whilst its steam heats the irons of the "pressers," whose department is separated from the machinists by a glazed partition.

In one of the galleries are the *cutters*. Those who have seen a tailor cutting out any of a man's outer garments must have been struck with the apparent difficulties of the operation, and may be able to form some idea of "the time the thing takes to do." A clever machine, contrived, or, at all events, constructed by Greenwood and Battley of Leeds, does all the cutting of the establishment "in no time." To all appearance this machine is simplicity itself; a long vertical knife, about half an inch in diameter, is endowed with the usual "up and down" motion of cutting, and it works through a slit in a thick, smooth slab of steel or iron. The machine cuts out twenty pairs of trousers in about five minutes, or less, cleaving through forty folds of cloth as though it were a solid piece.

This government establishment makes one incontrovertible exception to the allegations of Dr. Guibout. We have also been assured, on inquiry at many establishments where sewing machines are used, that no evil consequences whatever have ensued after many years of labour with the treadles. Of course, in the great majority of establishments, the machines are worked by treadles moved by the feet of the workwomen, for the simple reason that it would not answer to employ a steam-engine for the comparatively small number of machines required. Whether the consideration of the above facts should direct the efforts of manufacturers to the prevention of the possible evil, is another question, which may be important. We fear that sufficient solicitude is not shown for the supply of pure air to the workwomen; at all events by "small masters," who sometimes have twenty machines at work in one small apartment.

The danger may mainly consist in the *continued labour*, and the want of proper ventilation; in other words, it may exist in the proportion that establishments deviate from the admirable model at Pimlico. Ladies who use sewing machines will of course not experience the evils denounced; but we must remember that they work only when they like, and but a short time during the day, and in the midst of every comfort—which are very different circumstances to those which surround the poor workwomen.

IZAACK WALTON.

THERE are some old books which, despite the wear of time and the multiplication of modern rivals, retain an undiminished popularity. They were the delight of our forefathers, they afford us equal pleasure, and in all likelihood they will charm our successors also. One of these books is good Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," a volume which was written two hundred years ago, which passed through several editions in the author's life-time, and of which countless editions have been published since. It is a prose pastoral, full of pleasant rural thoughts, of sweet country pictures, of pithy sayings and quaint allusions, of mirth intermixed with gravity; and all expressed in such a homely unaffected style, that the reader is lured on from chapter to chapter, from one pleasant spot to another, as though he were wandering with the old man himself, by quiet stream and green meadow, and resting with him on sunny bank, or beneath the fitful shade of the forest tree.

Every page of this book is redolent of country life, and exhibits that knowledge which can only be acquired by a careful, loving observation of the sights and sounds of Nature. Walton has been justly called "the common father of all anglers," but his book charms those who care nothing for angling.* "Dear Izaak," as a great modern poet calls him, wins us by his warm human heart, by his cheerful piety, and simple country tastes. One would think, in turning over the volume, that its author had been all his life long a country liver; but Walton was, on the contrary, a London tradesman, and kept a shop as sempster or hosier, first of all in Fleet Street, and then in Chancery Lane. He was born at Stafford in the year 1593, ten years before the death of Elizabeth, and died in 1683, two years before the death of Charles II. Thus it will be seen that his long life comprised one of the most eventful and troubled periods of English history. Yet, though a sincere churchman and stanch Royalist, Walton took no part in the civil strife which agitated his countrymen. His tastes led him away from the political arena into peaceful haunts; but while many of his contemporaries were "making history," he also, a simple, reverend, God-fearing man, was doing a work, less noticeable indeed, but perhaps more permanent. Of the angler's early life no record remains. When he was settled in Fleet Street, Dr. Donne was the rector of St. Dunstan's, and a warm and sincere friendship sprang up between the learned divine and the then humble tradesman, who afterwards wrote his life. In December, 1626, Walton married Rachel Floud, a distant relation of Archbishop Cranmer. Her uncle had been a pupil of Hooker, and by his means papers came into Izaak's hands, which were turned to good account in future years. Rachel proved faithful and affectionate, but the union brought with it many and

* The book so fascinated Washington Irving, that he immediately tried his hand at the gentle craft. Here is his experience as an angler. "I hooked myself instead of the fish, tangled my line in every tree, lost my bait and broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees reading old Izaak, satisfied that it was his vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me."



IZAAK WALTON, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

great sorrows, for before his wife died, in 1640, he had buried seven children. Six years afterwards Walton married again, his second choice being a sister of Bishop Ken. Long before this time he appears to have retired from business, but so little is known of his life, that it is impossible to form out of the events recorded a consecutive biography. This is the more strange, as Walton numbered among his friends some of the best-known and wisest men of the age. Thus there was a close friendship between him and Sir Henry Wotton, Archbishop Ussher, Chillingworth, Fuller, and other illustrious men with whom in the present day we are less familiar, such as Dr. Morley, Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury. In the houses of these prelates we are told, that after the death of his second wife, apartments were always reserved for the use of Walton and his daughter.

We have spoken already of the fine rural flavour of the "Complete Angler," but there is another volume from Walton's pen, which, if not quite so popular, has a high and justly-merited reputation. We allude to the "Lives of Donne, Hooker, Wotton, Herbert, and Sanderson." This was one of Dr. Johnson's favourite books; indeed it has been a favourite with most good men since the time it was written. If we may hint a fault, it is that Walton is not always discriminative in his criticism. He praises, perhaps too lavishly, men who nevertheless were worthy of high praise. This, however, is a trifling blemish, and scarcely detracts from the value of a work which contains almost all the

information we possess respecting these five English worthies.

At an extremely venerable age, for he had passed his ninetieth birthday, Walton was called to his rest. He must have retained his faculties to the close of life, for he was eighty-five years old when he wrote the life of Bishop Sanderson, and it seems that he had not then renounced the sport he loved so well in earlier years. His will, written a few months before his death, remains also to attest the perfect clearness of his faculties.

The poet Wordsworth has celebrated "meek Walton's heavenly memory" in a beautiful sonnet on his "Book of Lives." He has also dedicated another sonnet to the "Complete Angler," and with it we may fitly close this brief notice.

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—
He found the longest summer day too short
For his loved pastime, given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—
Fairer than life itself is this sweet Book,
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

VI.—UNPRINCIPLED MONEY-GETTING.



THE old Greek, to whom allusion has been more than once made in these sketches, had an advantage over us in his language, though we may beat him and his friends hollow in the practice of what he could express by a single compound word, whilst we are obliged to use at least two words to explain what we mean. The old Greek's word might be rendered into English by "low-gainery;" and if anybody understands and likes the ex-

pression, by all means let him use it. There is a very old saying to this effect: make money—honestly, if you can, but if not—well, make money. To make money honestly, uprightly, and with clean hands and clean conscience, is confessed to be a very difficult thing. Some people go so far as to say that it is impossible; that no man ever made a great deal of money without doing something nasty, without wading through a quantity of dirt, without outwitting his simple neighbour, without taking his debtor by the throat and saying, "Pay me that thou owest," without giving a stone when he is asked for bread, without shutting up his bowels of compassion against a brother whom he sees have need. But it is not necessary to go so far as that; indeed, to go so far would make every kind of money-getting "low-gainery," and the names of Peabody and others should prevent that.

"Low-gainery" is to be applied to the proceedings of such persons as, finding that they cannot at all, or with sufficient haste make money honestly, nevertheless make, or try to make, money in some other way. Instances of such persons it is very easy to find without looking amongst burglars, thieves, receivers of stolen goods, and the like, who, it is pleasant to reflect, do not in the long run make money, but for the most part (to use slang which is appropriate to the case) "come to grief." But there are unfortunately many cases of persons who, having made money by low practices, do not "come to grief," but enjoy a good reputation amongst their fellow-citizens, and when they die have over their graves expensive tombstones bearing the story of their many virtues. They themselves, moreover, during their lives, chuckle at their own deeds, and their behaviour reminds one of a certain Roman emperor. The emperor was one of those who regard not the means by which they make money, and he increased his income by becoming a sort of master-nightman, for which his high-minded son upbraided him. But the emperor, holding out a new coin from the heaps he had earned by his filthy office, said, gurgling with delight, "Doth it stink, my son?"

Greatrex is a dealer in iron, and has a prosperous business. But as his money increases, so his love of money increases. Greatrex, therefore, manages to become a man of great influence with a railway company, and he manages to sell the company his iron at his own price, and in fact practises "low-gainery."

Discount lends money on "personal security." Discount writes letters to young gentlemen in the army, the navy, the government offices, and at the universi-

ties, and professes more than a fatherly interest in the lads. He says he knows very well how young gentlemen in their position are situated; how impossible it is for them to live as they are expected to live without some increase of their salaries or allowances; how necessary for them is ready money; and how well worth their while it is to draw a little *now* upon the future, to incur a little present debt, which they may calculate almost with certainty upon being able to repay out of the larger means which they will soon possess in consequence of promotion, or success in life, or even the death of relatives. He is perfectly willing to furnish them, at a reasonable rate of interest, with what they want, and they may pay him when they can. So he tempts them to ruin, and believes, not without good ground, that he will always be a gainer, whether they can pay or not; for either each debtor will pay, or some will pay at such a rate of interest that he can afford the loss occasioned by the others, or the friends of the debtors will pay rather than that the poor young fools should be exposed or ruined. Discount sometimes makes a mistake about the matter, but usually he flourishes by "low-gainery."

Smiffle is a "general dealer," and keeps a "leaving shop." Smiffle practises one of the lowest forms of "low-gainery." Smiffle grinds down the poorest of the poor, who deal with him to gain his favour, whom he can put off with any stuff he chooses to give them, whose property he sneers at and grumbles over, though he makes out of it a profit of a hundred per cent. "I don't know that it's worth having at a gift," says Smiffle, and grudgingly lends three halfpence on what he sells for perhaps more than double.

Dr. Quack is a very clever hand at "low-gainery." He will take men in by means of their best and holiest feelings. He will not stop short at hypocritical profanity. He will commence an advertisement with such a sentence as "The deaf may hear the glorious gospel;" and he will go on to recommend his ear-trumpet or his mode of treatment. He will give the poor patient who goes to him phial after phial of his "peculiar preparation," and when the patience of the patient is exhausted, when a quarrel between patient and "physician" arises, and a law-suit is the consequence, it will be proclaimed publicly in a court of justice that the "peculiar preparation" is but discoloured water, or something equally powerless to effect a cure, but more shameful for Dr. Quack to palm off upon his patients.

Pettifog, the lawyer, who undertakes cases "on spec," Scribble, the public writer, who is paid for writing an article in which he makes accusations (without taking care to satisfy himself of their truth) against persons whom he names; Dirty, the novelist, who causes works to sell by pandering to evil passions, and giving to vice the appearance of virtue, and to crime the appearance of heroism; and Worthless, who opens a place of vicious amusement, lend themselves to "low-gainery."

Brazen, the notorious showman, devoted himself to "low-gainery." He held that "the people like to be deceived," and so it is quite fair to deceive them. He delivered a lecture (and, if memory may be trusted, wrote a book) in which he described his deeds of "low-gainery," and an English audience laughed and clapped their hands. He would have been equal to a trick recorded in a story said to have been told by the late president of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. According to that story (told, however, with changes and additions) it was announced in a large town that on a certain night there would be exhibited a new monster, of frightful appearance, of ferocious nature, and of man-eating habits. The exhibition-hall was crowded, and the crowd sat expectant, and even fearful, whilst a clanking of chains and the most hideous roars from time to time smote on their ears. At last the exhibitor appeared—alone. He had just begun with, "Ladies and gentlemen, the monster I shall have the

pleasure of introducing to your notice is called the Tis Cutis," when an awful shriek was heard (accompanied by a sound as of heavy tramping and the dragging of a chain along the ground) from behind the curtain in front of which the exhibitor stood. He disappeared for a moment behind the curtain, returned, looking pale as death, and with a streak of blood on his right hand, and in a tone of horror exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, pray don't be alarmed, but—the Tis Cutis has broken loose." A terrific yell now came from behind the curtain; the speaker fled; and the whole multitude, led probably by one or two who were in the secret, yielded to panic and made for the doors, forgetting, or at any rate not staying, to ask for their money back. Nobody has seen the Tis Cutis to this day, and his existence is generally doubted. At any rate, the person who in the case just mentioned was to have exhibited him was not to be found the day after the alarm, and the money which had been paid was no doubt where he was. Was not this an instance of "low-gainery?" Or is "smartness" to be considered sufficient apology? And does a fraudulent trick, if it raise a laugh, cease to be low? However, take another instance.

Peppercorn was a man of average honesty when he first took a grocer's shop in that neighbourhood where the newspapers tell us no less than eighty-two shopkeepers were, within a very short time, fined various sums for using false weights and measures. Nobody knew better than Peppercorn that "a false balance is an abomination unto the Lord;" but he had never read in the Scriptures anything about "sanding sugar" and other devices of "low-gainery," and therefore he had no hesitation in using them. Besides he heard (and firmly believed) that the people about him had grown so accustomed to have their food and drink adulterated, that they would object to the flavour of the genuine article; and he could mention the case of a man who, having been served with a glass of pure porter, had been seized with fits after drinking it, and had threatened to "take the law" of the honest beer-seller. But Peppercorn found that in his new neighbourhood he could not compete with his fellow tradesmen by merely mixing sand with his sugar, sloe leaves with his tea, and so on. They evidently had some trick of which he was ignorant. His scales had an aggravating way of showing no favour; but theirs, it struck him once or twice, showed ever so slight an inclination to favour the seller. He therefore sent to a rival grocer's for a pound of sugar, weighed it in his own scales, and found that it was short by just one forty-eighth part. It was very little, certainly, and the mistake might have arisen from sheer carelessness. So he sent to several rival grocers for several pounds of sugar, and he found them all short by just one forty-eighth. Supposing the price of a pound of sugar to be sixpence, a gain of one forty-eighth on each pound would be but half a farthing, which seems hardly worth having. But the fact of every pound of sugar having been short by exactly the same quantity, set Peppercorn thinking, and he reflected that one forty-eighth of a pound is one third of an ounce, and that the new penny piece weighs just one third of an ounce. If, therefore, he were to put a penny piece under the scale which held the weight, the buyer of an ounce of anything would lose one third of his due, the buyer of two ounces one sixth, and so on; and as buyers in Peppercorn's new neighbourhood were mostly poor people, who bought only an ounce or two ounces at a time, he, by the simple trick of putting a penny piece under one scale, could make a gain of one third or one sixth of the price over and above his fair profit. This was clearly what his rivals did, and he must be on equal terms with them. If he couldn't put a penny piece under a scale, he would be as helpless as the man who tried to get on at Rome and couldn't lie. Peppercorn struck the penny piece on, and quieted his conscience by supposing that the trick was perfectly well under-

stood and allowed in his neighbourhood, and was only a quiet way of charging "paying prices." If his neighbours would have things at a cheaper rate than the state of the market would justify, they must have short measure; and he knew that there are people with whom cheapness is the one thing needful, who shut their eyes to everything else, and will take blindly what they can get if only it seems cheap. Peppercorn may get fined occasionally ten shillings, or even forty, but he soon makes it up by his redoubled energy in his course of "low-gainery."

We might easily go on to describe many other forms of this vice. There is, for example, the case of Suffrage, who sells his vote, and Suffrage has been rather prominent lately. There is the case of the unjust steward, old Slyboots, who being entrusted with the control of an estate, exchanges the produce of his master's game preserves for so many dozens of wine, or so many dainties for his own table; and this is but typical of many instances of speculation on the part of servants, from those of princes with great handles to their names, to little Betty Slattern, who sells for her own advantage her mistress's dripping and candle-ends. All such cases serve to show that Englishmen of to-day diligently practise what the old Greek long ago condemned as "low-gainery!"

THE UNICORN.



AMBO," said one negro to another, "you educated man; you know cow um quadruped becos him four leg; you an me um biped becos we two leg: now dat nassy ugly black cook wid him timber toe, him only one leg, what call

he?" "Ah, Quashee," replied Sambo, scratching his woolly poll, "dat um perplexity question, but I guess him unicorn!" Absurd as this may sound, the blunder of the poor negro is not more ridiculous than the

fancy of those mediæval writers who have identified the gigantic creature described in holy writ by the Hebrew word "reem," with the elegant impossibility which supports the royal arms of Great Britain on the opposite side to the lion of England; placed there originally in the reign of James I. as an emblem of the union in that monarch of the two separate and often hostile kingdoms of South and North Britain. It may be not altogether uninteresting to know a little more about this addition to our heraldic menagerie.

At the time when armorial bearings were first becoming an indispensable part of the equipment of a knight, the attention of the soldiers who were fighting under the banner of the cross upon the shores of Syria and Palestine was very likely to be attracted by some of those antelopes, whose arms of offence consist of a pair of long straight spiral horns set rather close together, and in a side view blending into one. Horns of such a make had long been considered an article of curiosity; and, taken from the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, had adorned the rude majesty of half-civilized kings. When the crusader then saw, as he supposed, the reality of the tales he had heard of horned horses, his imagination on the one hand, and his want of pictorial skill on the other, caused him to vary not a little from

the pattern before him, in endeavouring to depict the marvel; each successive stage of the figure, as one pencil transmitted it to another, becoming more unlike the fact, and approaching nearer to that conventional form with which we are familiar. The confusion of ideas became complete when the translators of the Bible used the word unicorn, by that time thoroughly identified with the fabulous creature which the heralds had taken under their patronage, to describe the huge monster (probably the rhinoceros) spoken of by Moses and by Job as an emblem of untamable strength.

The heraldic books of the seventeenth century are most amusing in their explanatory details of the natural history of the fabulous horned horse, of whose reality a lurking suspicion appears to have possessed them. One of them owning that some have made doubt whether there be any such beast or no, satisfies himself thus: "But the great esteem of his horn (in many places to be seen) may take away that needless scruple." Again, he accounts for the unicorn never being brought to sight alive in this way: "The greatness of his mind is such that he chooseth rather to die than be taken alive." But another author disposes of this theory by a receipt for catching a unicorn. "A maid is set where he haunteth, and she openeth her lap, to whom the unicorn, as seeking rescue from the force of the hunter, yieldeth his head, and leaveth all his fierceness, and resting himself under her protection, sleepeth until he is taken and slain." Ridiculous fables of this sort, and equally incredible tales of the marvellous qualities of the animal's horn, are the substance of the information which we obtain from the industrious authors of the very many curious heraldic books published two or three centuries ago. Here and there we meet with a hint of the true origin of their fables; as, for instance, that the unicorn, though represented white or silvery, is properly of a bay colour, a tradition evidently of the russet coat of the antelope: generally speaking, however, each author takes up the tale of some preceding victim of credulity, and adds to it such embellishments as a fertile imagination may suggest; as, that the horn of the unicorn is an infallible antidote against poison, and similar absurdities.

The unicorn does not figure in Scottish heraldry before the introduction of supporters to shields in the fifteenth century. In the valuable book of arms compiled by the herald and poet, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount (introduced by Scott into his poem of "Marmion"), the old escutcheon or shield of Scotland, which bore upon a gold ground a red lion in a preying or rampant attitude, is supported on either side by two silver unicorns; and these, the supporters of his great-grandfather, James IV., were used by the sixth James of Scotland prior to his succession to the throne of his cousin Elizabeth. According to the practice of that day, it was necessary, on his assumption of the English crown, to unite the arms of England with his own, which was done, so far as the shield was concerned, by dividing it into four parts (called in heraldry quarterings), as we see it now; while one of the unicorns gave place to the golden English lion, and the other was retained in the stead of the red dragon of Cadwallader, which the Tudors, mindful of their Welsh origin, had associated with the lion in flanking the national emblems. Thus the unicorn was considered to be the Scottish or Stuart symbol, and as such was sent to the right about when Cromwell adopted a great seal for the Commonwealth. At the Restoration it was of course reinstated, and whether the well-known rhyme, which describes the lion and the unicorn as fighting for the crown, took its rise from, or gave the idea of a certain medal of William III., it is evident that it may be referred to that date: the device of the particular die being the lion of Nassau, the hereditary arms of William of Orange, tearing to pieces the unicorn of the Stuart supporters.

The figure of the imaginary quadruped is a graceful and elegant one, and well adapted for its heraldic purpose. Its lineaments tell us at once that it has no kin to the rhinoceros, or any large animal indicated in such a passage as "The Lord is to Jacob as the strength of an unicorn." The facts are as we have stated. Modern science, like the crucible of a refiner, has resolved the odd compound into its original elements, and given us the real unicorn in the Greek rhinoceros or noschorn, singularly contrasted, in its clumsy strength, with the slender proportions of the fanciful invention of the herald, as impossible in nature as griffins, cockatrices, and all the other brood of strange creatures

Which nature never formed, nor madman dreamed.

PARISIAN SKETCHES,

With Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

I.—TERMINUS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY OF FRANCE.

OF the many magnificent edifices to be found in Paris, there is perhaps not one whose beauties attract less notice from the traveller than that of the terminus of the Chemin de fer du Nord, or the Great Northern Railway of France. And yet it is well worthy of remark, both for the grandeur of its architectural elevation, and its admirable internal arrangements. These are in every respect consistent with the vastness of an undertaking which not only supplies the means of locomotion to all the principal towns in France which lie to the north and north-east of Paris, connecting that capital with Belgium, Holland, and Prussia, but which stretches on to St. Petersburg as well.

In England we have no terminus to compare with that of the French Great Northern Railway—at least as far as grandeur of design and beauty of architecture is concerned. Our two most remarkable metropolitan stations—or, at least, those which have most pretensions to artistic design—are those at Euston Square and King's Cross. The style of the former, however, is singularly ill-adapted, in an artistic point of view, to a building of the kind; and to what order of architecture the massive King's Cross terminus belongs, it would be difficult indeed to determine. Possibly it may be urged, that the utilitarian tendencies of the English nation induce them to pay more attention to the accommodation of travellers than to the terminal buildings of their lines. But even in this respect, the terminus of the Great Northern Railway of France is at least equal, if not superior, to anything we possess: although perhaps some of the regulations connected with the departure of passengers by the different trains might be made more to imitate our own, without any loss to the railway company, and much to the satisfaction of travellers. To be shut up in a waiting room—no matter how large and commodious it may be, or how splendid its furniture and appointments—till all the passengers by the train are congregated together is hardly in accordance with our English views of the matter.

Such an arrangement must necessarily give rise to scenes of confusion occasionally. Several hundred passengers are frequently collected together in the room, and as soon as the signal bell rings—to notify that the train is in readiness—the doors are thrown open, and the liberated crowd rush through them to secure their seats, with the impetuosity of a flock of sheep. Here a singular difference may be noted in the behaviour of French and English travellers; the former hurrying rapidly onwards in a state of great excitement to enter the carriages, while the latter walk forward, as a rule, in the leisurely and unconcerned manner they are accustomed to show on the platforms of the English railway stations. French wags go so



THE ENGLISHMAN'S MANIA FOR RAILWAY LITERATURE.

far as to state, that on the departure of the trains for England there is certain to be, at least, one passenger almost too late—and he invariably an Englishman—and that this is most frequently caused by a mania, said to be indigenous in our countrymen, for purchasing railway literature. The artist has chosen this dilatory individual as the hero of the sketch which heads this article. Our eccentric countryman may there be seen purchasing all sorts of papers and pamphlets—possibly not one in ten will ever be read—utterly disregarding the remonstrances of the railway inspector at his delay, and assuring him that he must hurry to the train or he will be too late. How far this is a caricature of our beloved fellow-countryman we will leave the reader to determine; though, at the same time, we are bound to admit, that if we have not seen the individual whom Monsieur Gustave Doré has drawn, we have occasionally seen at that railway station more than one of our countrymen, who, in his mania for purchasing railway literature, very strongly resembled him.

With the magnificence and artistic proportions of the Paris terminus of the Great Northern of France the advantage of the French portion of the railway journey from London to Paris over the English portion ceases, with the exception of the refreshment accommodation provided for the passengers, in which—as indeed on most of the French lines—our English caterers fall miserably behind them. All that readiness and civility which the traveller meets with from officials connected with the passenger traffic departments on the English lines of railway are singularly wanting in the French. In this respect they seem to form a marked exception to the habitual politeness of the

French nation. As to the French railway officials, their national tone of courtesy seems to be totally lost; and the guards and inspectors give their orders and notices to passengers much with the same accent of authority that a drill sergeant uses when instructing a body of recruits. Nor is this only an Anglican view of the subject; for all Frenchmen we have met with, who have travelled in England, readily admit the great superiority in courtesy and attention of our English railway officials over those of their own country.

It would be singular to draw a contrast between the means of transit from London to Paris in the present day with what it was some thirty years since. Let us imagine that a man, about fifty years of age, had made a journey to the latter capital on attaining his majority, and had not since visited it; and then trace the difference, both in expense and time, which he would find in the journey in the present day. In the former, if he wished to travel comfortably and economically, he must have provided himself with at least five pounds in ready money, to defray the expenses of the single journey from London to Paris. The first step towards the actual business of his journey would have been to present himself at the office of the French ambassador, in Poland Street, Oxford Street, at least two days before leaving London. He was then shown into a room, in which he was requested to fill up a form of application for a passport, and this being done, he was asked to call the following day. On his second attendance he was ushered into an office, where perhaps he found a score of other applicants, among whom he would have to wait his turn till it was convenient for the sub-secretary to attend to them. That official having notified his readiness to commence operations

the applicants for passports were, one by one, ushered into his room. At last our traveller, having heard his name called, went into the inner office, where he was asked his age, his height, his occupation, and what business called him to France. These questions having been answered satisfactorily, a more minute description of his person was taken, and noted in the passport—even to the colour of his eyes and hair; whether his complexion was dark, sallow, or fair; the expression of his countenance, as well as the length of his nose and form of mouth. The description having been completed, the applicant was requested to ~~add~~ his signature to the passport; and that being done, the document was placed in his hands, and he was politely ushered out of the room, carrying with him full authority to travel in France wherever he might please; and in case of need "to call upon all the authorities for protection."

All being in readiness, he left the Regent Circus, Piccadilly, by the nine o'clock coach, on which, we will assume, he had taken an outside place. In the evening he arrived at Dover, and descended at the Ship Hotel, where he remained till the Calais boat was ready to start with the tide the next morning. After breakfast the next day he received exact intelligence of the hour the boat was to leave, and his luggage being ready, he quitted the hotel to proceed on board; having on the way been subjected to a series of petty extortions, such as would hardly be believed in the present day, from laddersmen, porters, and other cormorants, whose generic names have now, by the lapse of time, fortunately become obsolete. At last he was safely on board the boat, which, although under the protection of the British flag, and commanded by an officer in the royal navy, was a very different affair in those days from the magnificent ones to be found on that station at the present time. The best among them would not now be used as a cargo boat.

After a passage more or less tedious, our traveller arrived safely at Calais. Here he was conducted under an escort of soldiers to the custom-house, where he was obliged to undergo a personal examination for smuggled goods, his luggage afterwards being submitted to an equally severe inspection. The custom-house having been passed, he was taken to the police-office, where his passport was demanded, and minutely examined, to see that the details of his person corresponded with those described on it. All being pronounced satisfactory, he was allowed to amuse himself that night about the streets of Calais in any way he thought best, having first booked his place in the diligence which was to start for Paris the next morning. The extortions practised at Dover were fully equalled in point of number—though to a smaller pecuniary amount—in Calais; and in common with the rest of his companions, he gave a sigh of relief as the cumbersome vehicle in which he was seated rolled across the drawbridge and took the road to Boulogne. Here he arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon, where he found a good dinner awaiting him at the hotel, with ample time to enjoy it.

The meal being over, the passengers again mounted the diligence, which drove steadily on the high road to Paris, through Montreuil on to Abbeville, where it arrived about eleven o'clock in the evening, and where the passengers found supper prepared for them. About midnight they started again, and proceeded without stopping till they arrived at Beauvais, where the passengers again alighted for breakfast, and afterwards continued their journey onwards through Beaumont and St. Denis, reaching Paris about six o'clock in the evening, where, after another inspection of the luggage, our friend was allowed to proceed unmolested to Maurice's, or any other hotel he might have selected to remain at during his stay. On examining his list of expenses for the journey from London to Paris,

he found he had not a shilling remaining of the five pounds he had placed in his purse before starting from London.

Let us now imagine that the same traveller, tempted by the attraction of the Universal Exhibition, determines this year to make his second trip to Paris, and we will note some of the changes he will meet with on the road. In the first place, the tedious and useless ceremony of obtaining a passport is abolished. There are now no more preliminary formalities of that description to be undergone before starting for Paris than before taking a trip by a Brighton excursion train. Assuming the traveller starts from the Victoria Station, about the same time he would have left the Spread Eagle by the coach on his former trip, he will arrive at Dover in a couple of hours; and on stepping out of the train will embark at once on board a magnificent first-class steamer, instead of remaining, as formerly, for the night in Dover, and leaving by the boat the next day. All the impositions and extortions formerly practised with such perfect impunity on the traveller in that port have been done away with, much to the credit of the management of the South Eastern Railway directors, who—whatever their faults may be—deserve great gratitude from the public for the reformations, which, through their agency, have been effected in the port of Dover.

After a sea passage of little more than half the time required for its performance some thirty years since, the traveller arrives at Calais, where a change—possibly greater than that which he experienced in Dover—awaits him. No *gens d'armes* or custom-house soldiers now attend to conduct him to the custom-house and police-office. No one asks for his passport, or places more impediments in his way than he would receive at Dover or Folkestone—not unfrequently even less, as far as the custom-house authorities are concerned. He will reach the railway station without even passing into the town, where, in a splendid and well-organized refreshment room, he may recruit the inner man after the sea voyage; and then entering the train, he will arrive comfortably in Paris, having completed the journey in eleven hours, instead of the three days he had formerly occupied on the road. All this he has performed, not only with greater comfort to himself, but at a far more moderate expenditure. The five sovereigns, which he previously had taken with him for the cost of the journey, he will now find not only sufficient to pay his expenses to Paris, but to return home by the same route as well, assuming that he has provided himself with a return ticket, and his stay in that capital does not exceed one month; and he will have a balance over, sufficient to pay cab hire and refreshments for the double journey. About the expenses of lodging and boarding in Paris, while the Exhibition lasts, we will not venture to express an opinion.

One word more about the Paris terminus. Its proportions are vast, covering an area of at least thirty-seven thousand square yards. Its façade is of great grandeur of design. Some splendid iron railings separate the front court from the high road. The approaches to it are broad and commodious, forming a singular contrast to those of many of our metropolitan lines. In all respects the building and its appurtenances are far more worthy of remark than they generally obtain from the traveller, who being on his arrival fatigued by his journey, hurries on to his hotel as rapidly as possible; and when he returns, is generally little in the humour to notice anything more than what is immediately passing around him.

ALL travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

MY FERNERY.



OW do I manage to have my fernery fresh and green all the year round? Well, by finding out what ferns want to make them grow vigorously, and by providing for

their wants accordingly. These are, suitable soil, sandstone for their roots to creep over, abundance of moisture with good drainage, appliances for keeping their leaves clean, and shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. I will, however, tell you more in detail how I set to work.

My little greenhouse is built in a corner against two walls, one of which faces the north-west, the other the south-west. Along a little border which looks towards the south-west I have planted a heliotrope, some scarlet geraniums, and a climbing rose. These get plenty of sun, and give me flowers nearly all the year round. The north-western wall is lighted by the evening sun only, when its rays have lost most of their scorching power. Now, as the majority of the ferns love shade, I selected the north-western aspect. North or north-east would have done just as well.

Having no fit soil at command, I was obliged to have recourse to an artificial one. So I purchased a bushel of cocoa fibre, half a bushel of silver sand, and half a bushel of sweepings from a charcoal store, and mixed them well together. Leaf mould from an old wood, gritty road-scrappings, and ashes from a heap of burnt rubbish, would have been quite as good.

My soil being ready, I went to the yard of a stone-cutter hard by, and asked him to sell me a cart-load of the large rubbishy lumps of sandstone which were encumbering his premises. These cost me, including cartage, six shillings. Some of them were so heavy that I could hardly lift them; others were smaller.

I began my structure by laying, as close as possible to the wall, a course of the heaviest stones, some with their faces downwards, others edgewise, in fact, studying irregularity. All interstices and cavities were filled with soil, a considerable quantity of which was also laid on the first course of stones. I then proceeded to lay a second course of large and small stones at irregular intervals, occasionally choosing a long flat one, which could be only made to stay in its place by weighting it close to the wall by a heavy stone which formed part of the third course. The stones thus placed formed projecting ledges intended for the smaller ferns, which require but little soil and a minimum of moisture. The whole was now watered through the rose of a garden watering-pot, in order to settle the soil and to discern channels through which the

water would be likely to flow too rapidly and carry soil away with it. The openings of these were at once plugged with moss provided for the purpose. To this second course of stones succeeded another, composed of stones smaller, but of unequal sizes, and so on till my rude wall had attained a height varying from four to five feet. I have used the words "courses of stones," but in reality after the first there was no appearance of their having been systematically arranged; for those in the second course frequently rose through the third, and those in the third descended into the second. The whole was then watered again, all the apertures were plugged with moss, and wherever soil had been washed down into the cavities, more was added.

My rough wall was not made to end abruptly at the corner, but was gradually sloped off to a single course of stones; this part consequently faced the south-west.

I had thus provided three of my requisites, soil, sandstone, and shelter. I had yet to make provision for supplying my ferns with water.

My greenhouse is heated in winter with water supplied from above. The pipes used for conveying this and returning it to the boiler come close to my rough wall. As these were continually filled with water, I had nothing to do but to bore a hole in the return pipe, and I should be able to get as much as I wanted. The water would be warm, indeed, but this I looked on as an advantage, knowing that all plants thrive best when thus watered. I selected the return pipe, because the water in the other was often hot enough to destroy vegetable life. Accordingly I directed the plumber to bore in the lower pipe a circular hole, half an inch in diameter, and to solder on a small zinc pipe long enough to run along the top of my wall, and to close the end. The metal being conspicuous from its brightness, I daubed it with green and brown paint. Just above the junction of the zinc pipe with the main I had a stop-cock inserted, which enabled me to turn the water on and off whenever I pleased. I then got a darning-needle, and having made a head to it, with sealing-wax, about the size of a pea, I turned on the water, and drilled a hole in the zinc pipe. As I withdrew my instrument a jet of water rose to the height of a foot or more, and fell in a shower of small drops. I then drilled another, and another hole, varying the angle at which I held the needle, according to the direction which I wished the jets to take; my object being to keep my wall constantly moist, and to have a shower falling on the leaves of my ferns when they began to grow, as well as on their roots.

I had previously made several expeditions in quest of the common ferns, and had gathered together a considerable number of tufts of the smaller kinds, and young plants of the larger. I had also begged for contributions from all my friends who grew ferns, and had obtained specimens of some of the rarer and more delicate kinds. All these I now proceeded to plant. The general rule which I observed was to plant the larger ones on or near the top of my wall, those of a moderate size about the middle, and the smaller ones below. When I had three or four of a sort, I planted them near each other, so as to form a group; calculating that if I scattered the specimens of each sort indiscriminately over the wall, I should have all parts of my fernery alike; whereas, if I planted them in masses, I should secure variety. In planting my rare and delicate species, I took care, as far as I could, that each should be planted in deep or shallow soil, in accordance with its natural habit; and some, which naturally grow on walls or rocks, I simply placed on a projecting ledge. Wherever I thought that one of the smaller kinds would fill up a gap among the larger, or a large one would produce a good effect rising through the smaller, I did not hesitate to plant; knowing, that if they all grew as I hoped they would, I could easily destroy any that seemed out of place. I inserted also

wherever there was room cuttings of lycopodium, tufts of moss of various kinds, and small plants of ivy.

I then turned on a shower-bath, and waited the result. As a matter of course, I found it desirable to make many alterations and additions. Little accidents occurred; some of the stems fell down, and had to be wedged into their places; the soil subsided in some places, and I added more; slugs and woodlice ate off the young fronds; whereupon I caught some toads and frogs and turned them loose in the fernery. They did me good service; but as this nuisance continued, I had recourse to traps. Slugs will not eat ferns unless they can get nothing more to their taste; but they have a decided preference for cabbage-leaves, lettuce-leaves, chrysanthemums, and other cultivated plants, as the practical gardener must have discovered. My traps, then, were simply leaves of any of these plants laid among the ferns, and examined late in the evening by candle-light, when whatever slugs were found feeding were shaken off into a saucer containing a little salt. But in spite of all misadventures, my fernery was, in the course of a few months, in a most promising condition. The stems, kept constantly damp by daily waterings of fifteen or twenty minutes, were green with seedling mosses; the roots of the larger ferns had bound the constituent parts of the wall firmly together, assisted, as they were, by the creeping roots of some of the others, and by the ivy bands, which seemed to understand instinctively my object in planting them. The winter being a mild one, the fronds of several ferns, which in the open air are deciduous, remained fresh and green, and the more delicate ones received no check. In the second year the wall was a mass of verdure, and the ivy had not only overtopped the fernery, but had begun to climb up the wall of the house. In a few months more I was able to gather fronds for bouquets and indoor decorations, without making any perceptible difference in the appearance of my fern-bank.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.



BOOKS may justly be called the most wonderful of all human productions. "Read, and you will know," is said to have been the invariable reply which Sir William Jones, when a boy, was accustomed to receive from his mother in answer to his inquiries for information. And no better answer could be given. As Bacon observes, "Reading maketh a full man;" and though he adds, "Writing maketh an exact man," it is certain that those who read, even though they do not

write, will possess more exact information than others who only talk about things.

There has been no age in which the inestimable value of books was not recognized by civilised nations, and vast store-houses have been erected to preserve this kind of national wealth for the use of future generations. Thus we find that libraries existed among the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and throughout the dark ages these lamps of the human mind were preserved, though perhaps too much hidden, in the monastic libraries of Europe. In our own country we have now the British Museum, with its library of 700,000 volumes; the Bodleian Library at Oxford, containing about 280,000 volumes; the University Libraries of Cambridge and Dublin, and the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, each containing a noble collection of books and manuscripts. But from these libraries no books can be lent out, and the hours during which they are open to readers are such as to prevent the possibility of their being used by artisans or men of business.

This state of things suggested the establishment of free local libraries, where books could be lent out as well as be used for purposes of reference. In 1850, and again in 1855, Acts of Parliament were passed empowering any municipal corporation, in a borough of more than 5000 inhabitants, to levy a rate not exceeding one penny in the pound, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining public libraries, museums, and galleries of

art. The same powers were also conferred upon local boards of management in parishes, or local improvement districts having a similar population. In Scotland and Ireland the Act applies only to boroughs or districts of more than 10,000 inhabitants.

Manchester, which has long been remarkable for its public spirit and enlightened philanthropy, as well as for its vast commercial energy, almost immediately availed itself of the powers entrusted to it by the former of these Acts. A free public library had been established by the munificence of Sir John Potter, and in 1852 this institution was handed over to the management of the town council, and since that time four branch lending libraries and reading rooms have been opened in the different outlying districts of the city.

During the year 1865-6 the parent institution and three of the branches were in operation. The fourth branch was opened in October last. In that year 80,852 volumes were made use of in the reference library, whose shelves contain 38,426 volumes; and during the same period the lending libraries, which contain 39,318 volumes, were the means of circulating 286,116 volumes among the families of artisans and others. The visitors to the newsrooms in connection with these libraries, the tables of which are amply supplied with daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications on science, literature, and politics, appear to have averaged about 3404 per day.

In Liverpool a free public library was also opened in 1852. In 1857 Sir W. Brown subscribed the princely sum of 30,000*l.* to be used for the purposes of the library, and the very handsome and commodious building in which the library is at present located owes its origin entirely to his generosity. The reference library contains 41,185 volumes, and during the year 1864-5 no fewer than 420,127 volumes were consulted, which gives an average of 1547 per day. There are now in operation two lending libraries, containing together 36,642 volumes, and during the same year 8569 persons borrowed from these libraries 444,242 volumes.

In connection with the library there is a good museum, and lectures and classes for instruction in science have been set on foot. It is also proposed to open a gallery for works of art.

The penny rate in this borough yields about 7000*l.* a year.

The free library of Birmingham is of more recent origin, but it appears to be working equally well. It has two establishments in different parts of the town, which contain 12,963 volumes, and they are classified as follows:—

Theology and Philosophy, 315; History, Biography, Voyages, and Travels, 2848; Law, Politics, and Commerce, 155; Arts and Sciences, 1005; Literature, including Poetry and the Drama, Periodicals, and Fiction, 8660.

The returns for the year 1864-5 show that during that time 130,908 volumes were lent for home perusal; while the average number of visitors to the library and newsrooms was 1995 per day. The number of persons who have been admitted to the benefits of the library since its foundation in 1861 is 11,146.

Attached to the library there is a museum, of which the people of Birmingham appear to make good use.

The rules for the Manchester and Birmingham libraries are very similar, and appear to be judiciously devised. Their principal provision is that those who wish to become borrowers shall find two burgesses who will testify to their general character, and who will be responsible for any book that may be lost or seriously damaged.

With regard to the loss or damage of books, the returns reflect very great credit upon the general care and integrity of the borrowers. For out of the 417,024 volumes lent at Manchester and Birmingham during the years 1865-6 and 1864-5 respectively, only 90 were lost or irreparably injured, of which 52 were made good by the borrowers and 27 by the guarantors, thus leaving only 11 really lost to the libraries.

The character of the works demanded by the readers indicates upon the whole a very healthy taste. The classified returns are:—

Manchester: Theology and Philosophy, 2296; History, Biography, Voyages, and Travels, 17,648; Politics and Commerce, 1238; Science and Arts, 5229; other Literature, 75,318.

Birmingham: Theology and Philosophy, 1171; History, Biography, Voyages, and Travels, 29,253; Law, Politics, and Commerce, 588; Arts and Sciences, 6278; Literature, including Poetry and the Drama, Fiction and Periodical Literature, 93,581.

Liverpool: higher classes of Literature, eleven-twelfths of the volumes issued; Fiction, the remaining one-twelfth.

These results would, we believe, if compared with those of Mudie's or any other subscription library, be greatly in favour of the substantial taste of the borrowers from the free public libraries, who are for the most part artisans, small tradesmen, clerks, and warehousemen.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER IX.

LOVED FOR HER OWN SAKE ONLY.

PENELOPE CROFT took her descent from the dignity of heiress-ship with admirable courage. Mr. Tindal said to her, "My dear child, I do not care if you have not so much as the price of a pair of shoes; I am glad your money is gone. Now it will be seen that you are loved for your own sake only."

Pennie had learnt to like, and even to require, the refinements of life, and it would have been undeniably hard lines for her had she possessed no prospect but a home at Mayfield. Her mother told her she would keep her a horse to ride, which she would miss more than any other appendage of her lost fortune; and the warm-hearted woman indulged herself for a day or two in a dream that perhaps a breach might happen at last between her daughter and the master of Rood, and

that she might ultimately see her married to her Cousin Dick, or some other fine young yeoman of their own kind. This hope, however, was soon dissipated. Pennie gave her to understand that Mr. Tindal waited only her consent to welcome her to his home, and that she waited only until the early months of mourning for her guardian were past, before she accepted his welcome. Fortune was gone, but love was left, and that, said Pennie, was better than gold. Mrs. Croft, secretly humiliated and perplexed by the disastrous fulfilment of her daughter's previous predictions, thereupon gave in, and declared that she would have nothing more to say either for or against her marriage. She would not hinder it, but neither would she help it on, or formally consent to it. Pennie was her own mistress; and as she made her bed, so she must lie on it.

Mrs. Wynyard remained at Eastwold with her girls for several weeks after the boys left, and Pennie remained with them. Her affairs were at this time the talk of the whole valley. Some people marvelled how she could keep on amicable terms with her guardian's family; others marvelled how her guardian's family could endure before their eyes a girl who had been so shamefully despoiled. But what had happened made, in fact, little or no difference amongst them. Pennie was too just to blame the innocent; too generous not to screen them. Mrs. Featherstone ventured on some indignant moral commonplaces before her, and Pennie cut them short.

"Pray, do not talk as if Mr. Wynyard's children were to be condemned!" exclaimed she. "I have heard that a lady in our neighbourhood declares that no notice ought to be taken of his wife and family on his account. I wish she had said it to me, that I might have preached her a *sermonette* on worldly piety as contrasted with Christianity."

Mrs. Featherstone was the delinquent, and with a nervous, frightened laugh, she changed the subject.

Mrs. Wynyard was not so considerate for Pennie as Pennie was for her. Sorrow is always more or less self-absorbed. Pennie thought that perhaps now, since she had lost the importance of a great heiress, she might be less jealously guarded; and that Mr. Tindal, who was only impatient to prove his disinterested fidelity, might have been permitted to come occasionally to Eastwold. But Mrs. Wynyard did not propose it, and Pennie would not ask the grace; and in consequence she saw very little of her lover for some time after her change of fortune. She was regretful though patient, but Mr. Tindal was rather angry, and had to be kept in good humour by mere frequent letters.

Without effort, without any guide but the generous impulses of her own heart, Pennie had acted on him as a sound, revivifying tonic since his return from the East. While in Mrs. Wynyard's house she never sought a meeting with him, but neither did she ever avoid one; and when they did meet, she availed herself with quiet determination of the opportunity of continuing her good work. Under this chance sunshine he insensibly recovered his spirits. Perfect health and comfort of body it was impossible that he could recover with the bullet still in his shoulder; and after much urging, Pennie persuaded him to go to London to consult some skilful surgeon. After a brief absence he returned to Eskdale, leaving his tormentor behind him, and looking a dozen years younger and stronger.

He was soon almost his best self again, and his journal-letters from Rood, to Pennie at Eastwold, became the most entertaining pieces of periodical literature that reached her hands, quite apart from their intrinsic value as a lover's letters.

The gossips of Eskdale, while concerning themselves with the adversity of Mr. Wynyard's ward, did not forget her extraordinary tenacity in maintaining her engagement to Mr. Tindal in defiance of all authority. Up to this date there had been no reversal of the popular verdict against him. His wounds in the war brought him no special honour. What distinction was his bit of glory, where all were brave, all decorated? But now began in many quarters a vacillation of sentiment. It was not Pennie's fortune that had involved her with him; apparently he cared nothing for her fortune, but was attached to her little insignificant self. It was certain they were to be married in the spring, for the Abbey was undergoing a complete renovation, and both he and she looked as happy as two people in their circumstances were bound to look.

The Featherstones contemplated the period of this union with some anxiety. They had never retrieved their lost ground with Mr. Tindal, and it was an annoyance when the clergyman of the parish was not on easy terms with the squire. The round, rosy wife dropped her acrid moralities, and wrote to Pennie, expressing a hope that when they were near neighbours they might also be friends — neighbours at Mayfield, or neighbours at Rood it might mean, for the phrase was not precisely worded. Pennie understood it to signify a reference to her marriage, and replied that she could have no friends who were not also friends of Mr. Tindal; adding that she trusted yet to see him judged fairly and favourably by the world, even though the secrets of that dark day in his early life should never be completely unveiled.

This letter of hers, which reproached none, but which expressed her own invincible faith in Mr. Tindal's innocence, was quietly handed about in Eskdale, and produced a salutary effect. All the ladies who knew Pennie personally avowed their intention of keeping up their intimacy with her in every event.

"I shall certainly call upon her at Rood," said worthy Mrs. Brown of Eastwold. "And, of course, if I call on her, the doctor must call on Mr. Tindal. The Gilbert and Michael Forresters, the Raymonds and the Huttons will never drop Penelope Groft, they are all so fond of her. One would think she must know the man she means to marry. She is a shrewd little body enough, by no means wanting in sense. I should never be astonished to hear it certified that she had judged him justly, and that the rest of the world had been all in the wrong. She is bold to risk tying herself to him, but she is young, self-confident, and in love; and all I wish is, that God may bless her, and give her good luck with him."

Mrs. Brown was a venerable authority in Eskdale, and when her declaration of indulgence towards Mr. Tindal became known, there arose a general feminine conspiracy to support Pennie, and a general feminine repudiation of the story which had made the master of Rood so long an outcast from society. The masculine prejudice did not succumb so readily or so universally; but it began to waver, and one soft day in March, Mr. Tindal appearing in the hunting field when the meet was at Eskford, Squire Raymond greeted him with a grave "Good morning, sir."

which his eldest son, who was riding with him, seconded. The blood darkened in Mr. Tindal's face as he returned the courtesy, and thought, "Dear little Pennie, it is for her sake."

If the kindness was for her sake, for her sake he accepted it, and was thankful. The thought that in taking her to himself, he might be cutting her off from all other companionship, had recurred to him often with a pang. She knew it had, and had soothed it in her own way.

"I have not made my friends amongst those who will idly turn their backs on me," she said. "If any do, I shall not break my heart. I propose to be perfectly happy and contented; and swear fealty to you, to live and die against all manner of folks! If I were to forsake you, would not the Dale cry out on me for shame? My own mother, much as she has opposed us, would be the first to call me faithless and cowardly. I owe a duty to you before any—and if I needed any other plea——"

"You love me. Verily, Pennie, I believe it."

That was the whole truth. She loved him fervently, and without fear; and he loved her again with manly tenderness, with perfect reliance and peace. And this satisfied her; for she was more bountiful than exacting. She gave without grudging, as mothers and sisters do, unselfishly, and was content to feel that he rested in her affection. So that she might comfort him, be a friend to him, a companion of his solitude, she cared for nothing else. Thought of sacrifice there was none in her mind; for she had as much expectation of permanent happiness as the brides of more fortunate men.

But many natural girlish pleasures of her position she had to forego. Nobody enjoyed talking with her of that approaching time when she was to be Mr. Tindal's wife. When the thing was done, kinsfolk and friends were agreed to support her; but, beforehand, it seemed as if it were impossible for any one of them to let the light of their countenance shine upon it cordially. The nearer the time grew on, the more averse did her mother become to speak of it. None of the widow's gossips, not even Mrs. Jones of Beckby, offered her congratulations. Mrs. Lister was austere silent on the subject; Mrs. Wynyard sadly silent."

Pennie felt that she was living in an atmosphere of suppressed disapproval, but she kept up her courage marvellously. She had soon the opportunity of comparing her own circumstances with those of another bride-elect, of her Cousin Joanna, who was to be married in April to Mr. Gaskill, with the full approval of the friends and connections on both sides. Somebody was always wishing Joanna happiness, giving her presents and giving her advice. There were open consultations about the furnishing of the best parlour at the new farm which Mr. Gaskill had entered on at Michaelmas, and a world of tattle over the choosing and making of bride-clothes. All these innocent delights Pennie missed. Mr. Tindal gave over the Abbey, except his mother's room, for entire redecoration, to a man from London. Pennie paid no visits to her future home, as Joanna did, to give an opinion, express a preference, or decide a difficulty in choice or arrangement. Perhaps she might have done so had she been at Mayfield; but she was still at Eastwold, and her mother desired her to stay there until Mrs. Wynyard and her daughters quitted it. Whether

she was to have new clothes or not was a matter left entirely to herself and her maid—a quiet, middle-aged woman, who was much attached to her without showing it, except by diligent service. Morrison had married out of the Goodwin family, and after a few years, being left a childless widow, she returned to her former way of life, and had been Penelope Croft's maid since her coming out. She had consented to remain with her after her marriage, and as soon as the time of that was determined on, she set to work to do for her young mistress what, under brighter auspices, would have been the topic of many a zealous feminine conclave, and the paramount interest of her mother.

Anna and Lois used sometimes to come into the room where Morrison was sewing all day long; but seeing the matter of Pennie's wedding avoided by their mother, they were shy of it too, though they liked to look at her pretty things. One afternoon Lois ventured to ask if the dress would be silk or satin, and if it would come from town.

"It is to be only a morning dress of white piqué, Miss Lois, which I shall make," replied Morrison.

"And no wreath and no veil!" exclaimed the little girl, under her breath.

"No, Miss Lois, a Leghorn hat—that's all."

"I should like to see the wedding, and so would Anna; but we shall not," and Lois, after a few minutes' serious contemplation of the fine linen, cambric, and lace which Morrison was busy upon, retreated, feeling as if Pennie's love story were being brought to a climax in a rather dull, tame, unsatisfactory style. Lois liked good endings, with a flourish of trumpets to all her stories; and she thought Pennie faithful enough to deserve a really perfect and triumphant conclusion to hers. Like many another romantic young heart whose experience lies all in tales of fancy, Lois looked at a happy marriage as the wind-up of life, just as it is the wind-up of the pleasantest story books.

CHAPTER X.

A LONG FAREWELL TO EASTWOLD.

THE last day in the old home was a melancholy day to Mrs. Wynyard and her girls. They were to carry nothing away but their personal belongings. No servant was to go with them. Everything that was a part of their past state was to be left behind. Jenny, the nurse, was to stay at the lodge with Crabtree; and Farmer Dykes and his wife were put in sole charge of the deserted house. Mrs. Wynyard had very little voice in these arrangements. Her brother, John Hutton, directed all. He had, by consent, undertaken the management of the property for the benefit of the creditors, until the coming of age of his nephew Francis. The mines in Colsterdale and Arkindale had been let at a rental on short leases, and the Chase had been let out to farm—with no very brilliant prospects of redemption from debt certainly, but with the acquiescence of all concerned that nothing better could be done at present.

The widow was patient and quiet now; but as the inexorable necessity for their departure pressed closer and closer, Anna grew coldly resentful, and Lois wept often and passionately. And yet, beyond the joy that is natural to youth and health, they had never been joyous at Eastwold. Anna especially had chafed against the dulness of her impoverished home, but her heart ached miserably at leaving it. She shrank

rom taking that long step down in the world, that the involuntary exile from the ancient place implied. She did not murmur aloud, but she speculated much within herself what manner of dwelling they should find at Norminster, and what manner of friends; whether they should be looked on coldly or kindly; whether their narrow means would shut them out from the companionship of cultivated minds, and compel them to fall back on a lower class of society, if they wished for society at all. Her private resolution thereanent was to live a recluse, rather than consort with inferior people.

The anticipated visit to Eskford was very welcome to Anna and Lois; but their mother would far rather have carried her griefs at once to Norminster and the furnished lodgings which Dr. Philip Raymond had secured for them to enter on at the beginning of May! Not to spare herself, however, would she deprive her children of the least relief to their sorrow; and on a sunny April morning they mounted all three into the carriage that had been sent over by Squire Raymond to fetch them, and bade a long farewell to Eastwold. Penelope Croft, who had stayed to the end, rode with them to Allan Bridge, where their ways divided, she going home to her mother at Mayfield, and they striking across the river to the other side of the valley, where, some seven miles higher up the Esk than Rood Abbey, lay the ford which gave Squire Raymond's house its name.

As the carriage drove up the avenue, the old Squire and the young Squire, his eldest son, came out and stood on the steps to welcome their guests, who, clad in sombre crape and cloth, and closely veiled, looked like funeral figures in the glorious sunshine. Mrs. Raymond waited within the door to receive the widow, her three young daughters by her, longing to be kind to their cousins who had lost their papa. The first few moments were speechlessly painful, but they got over; and Mrs. Wynyard revived to find herself with Mrs. Raymond and Anna alone in the room that was to be hers. Missing Lois, she inquired for her, and was told that Louy and Mary and Bab had carried her off already to see their gardens. The governess had given them holiday from their lessons, that they might make her at home amongst them forthwith, by introducing her to their play-work and their pets.

When three or four days had passed from their arrival, Anna and Lois began to think Eskford a very pleasant house to stay at. The neighbourhood was rich in young people, who were always coming and going, getting up some diversion for before lunch or after lunch, bringing club-books to exchange, or initiating each other into the mysteries of the then novel garden-game of croquet. Philip Raymond was exceedingly good-humoured, and gave himself up to making his cousin Anna's visit agreeable to her. He was a gay, auburn-haired, blue-eyed young man, of four or five and twenty, generously disposed, and well liked by all his many friends. He charmed Anna without an effort; and once he had seen her handsome eyes droop softly beneath his, he was charmed too. "My father said she was a wearisome girl—I don't find her wearisome at all," thought he.

And Anna really was not wearisome when she brightened. Sometimes of an evening her mother watched her with wistful, pleased surprise, marvelling whence came the change. Her countenance would

kindle as with hidden fire, then her mouth grew tender, and her eyes gloriously dark and brilliant. When the excitement passed, it left her sweetly placid and pretty. Her dress, that she had always hitherto worn with negligent neatness, was now more carefully put on, and she discovered that the dead black of her evening dress threw out the creamy delicacy of her smooth neck and arms. One night she put a string of jet beads, suspending a cross, round her throat, and the effect was resplendent. When she appeared in the drawing-room, the old Squire professed to be quite dazzled, and asked if it was Anna. The next afternoon, being in the greenhouse with Philip, he cut some lovely sprays from a favourite white heath of his mother's, and gave them to his cousin to wear in her hair. She wore them, and afterwards carefully dried and preserved them amongst the most precious of her treasures.

This was the brightest episode of Anna's life. Notwithstanding all that was so lately passed, and all that was so soon to come, she was happy—beautifully, graciously, unsuspectingly happy. Philip would have been more than mortal if, having accidentally awakened the music in her nature, he had not gone on touching and trying its chords of sweetness. He began without design, and he went on because it was delightful to them both.

How much is loss to a girl, and how much is gain, in such a guileless experience? Her Cousin Philip gave Anna a few days worth living and worth remembering; a little idle love, a little lazy compassion, and a spray of white heath. The dead flower survived his other offerings, short lived as it was—perhaps because she watered it with a shower or two of April tears.

Mrs. Wynyard saw without seeing, and heard without understanding. The weather continued fine and genial, and Philip and Anna were much out and about together, both on foot and on horseback. The head of the dale was very beautiful with hanging woods, deep rocky streams, and heathery hills, delightful to explore. It was a strange country to Anna as well as a strange life. One radiant day, from the ridge of the moor, she espied smoke drifting along the opposite hill-side, and Philip told her the narrow glen between was Arkindale, and that the smoke came from the blast-furnace at the lead-works. Neither Anna nor Lois had been told all the truth of the family misfortunes, and she only said,—"Those works where papa wasted so much money," and sighed, but without any peculiar sense of shame.

When they returned to the house she found her mother spending the afternoon hour of recreation with the governess, to whose quiet company in the schoolroom she also often betook herself of an evening, when the drawing-room society was too lively and cheerful for her. Miss Hinton had won her grateful regard by proposing that Lois should share her cousins' studies as well as their amusements, and the plan had worked admirably. Lois ceased grieving, and was diligent, docile, and happy in her new sphere.

Anna came in blooming with fresh air and exercise, still wearing her hat and habit, and dropping on the sofa by her mother, she gave a glowing account of her ride. That ended, she inquired what *they* had been talking about, shut in over the fire. "About you, Anna, and about the cares and toils of a governess's life, which may, perhaps, be your life, dear, by and by," replied Mrs. Wynyard, in a tone of languid regret.

Anna did not answer. She gazed straight before her out of the window at the sunny blue sky; her brows rose, and her mouth fell, and she looked like Anna at Eastwold again. After dinner she vanished from the drawing-room for all the rest of the evening, and was understood to have gone to spend it upstairs with Miss Hinton.

The visit to Eskford came to a close with the month of April, and on a sumptuous May day Mrs. Wynyard and her girls took their leave of the hospitable house

that had served to break their fall from Eastwold to Norminster. Dr. Philip Raymond and Maurice met them at the station, and conveyed them to their lodgings in the quiet green suburb beyond Aldgate, where stood Chassell's school. The assizes were proceeding at the time of their arrival, and the doctor informed his sister-in-law that Mr. Hargrove's trial was to come on the following day. She sighed grievously, and wished they had stayed at Eskford until it was over.

(To be continued.)



SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INCIDENTS OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

LIKE every other great conflict, the Civil War in America was distinguished by acts of heroism and touching incidents on both sides of the struggle, which appeal to the sympathies alike of friends and foes. One or two such may be related by way of introducing the exquisite little poem which our artist has so feelingly illustrated.

An officer of General Sedgwick's corps relates the following incident, which occurred when his troop was halted on a hill which commanded a view of the field of battle at Gettysburgh. For many miles during their forced march the men had heard the roar of battle, and had grown more and more excited as they approached within striking distance of the foe. As the head of the column drew up to receive its final orders, a poor fellow, who looked the image of death, hobbled out of the ambulance in which he had been lying, and, shouldering his musket, was just starting forward, when the surgeon in charge stopped him.

"Where are you going, sir?"

"To the front, Doctor," and the brave fellow tried hard to stand firm, and speak boldly as he saluted the surgeon.

"To the front! What! a man in your condition! Why, sir, you can't march half a mile; you haven't the strength to carry yourself, let alone your knapsack, musket, and equipments. You must be crazy, surely."

"But, Doctor, my division are in the fight"—here he grasped the wheel of an ambulance to support himself—"and I have a young brother in my company. I must go."

"But I am your surgeon, and I forbid you. You have every symptom of typhoid fever; a little over-exertion will kill you."

"Well, Doctor, if I *must* die, I would rather die in the field than in an ambulance." And so he did. He marched to the front, and his right arm having been blown away at the elbow, he was laid low by a Minié ball which pierced his forehead.

The same officer was looking wistfully at a soldier whose two feet had been shot away, when his attention was attracted by a little drummer-boy, who held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed, while he still held his drum with the other.

"Will *you* do as much as that for the Union?" he asked.

"Yes, my little fellow, if I must."

"Well, I'd do more;" and he held up his right hand; "but then I'd have no hands at all to work fer mother,

and father was killed at Antietam." The little fellow was about twelve or thirteen years of age.

Here is another striking incident.

"Look there!"

"I looked," says the narrator, "in the direction indicated, and beheld a sight at once so horrible and sublime, that it will ever form a living picture in my memory. A strong, stalwart fellow, with the *chevrons* of a serjeant on his arm, ragged and torn, was limping slowly towards us. The shoe on his right foot was covered with blood, and a large rent in his pantaloons, just above the knee, from which the blood was also trickling, solved the question of the location of his wound. He was hatless, his hair was disordered, his face and hands were begrimed with smoke and powder, and he looked altogether maniac-like and exhausted. *But he had his Colours with him!* His regiment, or the greater part of it, had been either killed or captured; he had lost his colours once, and was afterwards captured himself. He watched his opportunity, killed the rebel who held his flag, and escaped with it safely into our lines."

Many touching incidents are related by burial parties, such as that of a young soldier in whose pocket was found a golden locket containing the likeness of a fair young woman. Some of these we may relate at another opportunity. At present we close the subject by quoting the pathetic verses, alluded to above, which are from the pen of a Southern lady, Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah; and which commemorate an incident of but too frequent occurrence in both armies. They were first published we believe by the "Southern Press," but a poem so tenderly written well deserves to be widely known, and to find a more permanent record than is likely to be afforded by the columns of a newspaper.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for *Somebody's* sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there:
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in these waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"*Somebody's darling lies buried here!*"

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

II.—A FLAKE OF SNOW.



URING the cold weather in January last a country clergyman wrote to the "Times" to say that a labouring man in his parish had brought him a

shovelful of snow, consisting of delicate six-sided plates, so remarkable and beautiful, that he wished to know whether the like had ever been seen before. We are not aware that any answer was given to the brief inquiry; but it is really astonishing to find what a large variety of forms may be assumed by a flake of snow, under slightly varying condi-

tions of temperature and moisture. Hundreds, nay thousands, of these delicate crystals have been figured, and they show an exhaustless variety of configuration, though limited to one single primary form, which, as in the case of ice, is six-sided, or six-limbed.

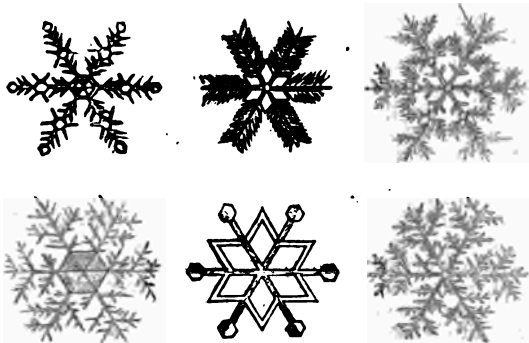
The writer has sometimes found on his coat sleeve, just as it was beginning to snow in a dry cold air, little wheels with six spokes, or stars with six rays. This is no novelty; for an old writer, Dr. Grew, remarked about two hundred years ago, that "he who will go abroad with his eyes well fixed, and with good caution, and this in a thin, calm, and still snow, may by degrees observe that many parts hereof are of a regular figure, for the most part as it were so many little rowels, or stars of six points, and upon each of these six points are set other points."

These figures are to be seen in the greatest beauty in very cold countries, and so numerous are they, that our Arctic travellers have classified them in various ways. Scoresby arranges them in five classes: 1. The lamellar, or six-sided plates. These are of most delicate structure, some being stars of six points, some six-sided transparent plates quite plain, others beautifully variegated by white lines, forming smaller hexagons or other regular figures. Others are an accumulation of hexagons in great variety, some of which have spines and projecting angles. In class No. 2 there is a little plate or sphere in the centre, from which proceed a number of branches. Class No. 3. consists of six-sided prisms; No. 4. of six-sided pyramids; No. 5. of prisms, with one or both ends inserted in the centre of a six-sided plate.

When Admiral Belcher was wintering in the Arctic regions, he arranged the snow crystals into three classes, and attached to each a name that he thought his crew would best understand. Class No. 1 he called *stars and garters*, from their resemblance to the emblem of that order of knighthood. He compares a shower of these crystals to the light passing showers of rain frequently met with in spring, and he thinks they are due to the sudden formation and condensation of vapour. In this he is probably right, for any sudden burst of very cold air into warm moist air will produce condensation of the vapour. Thus, during a Russian winter, the window of a ball-room was broken, the intensely cold air rushing in produced a sudden fall of snow in the room among the dancers. Captain Parry noticed that any very cold article suddenly brought into the warm cabin was instantly surrounded by a

halo of light, due to the formation of minute icy crystals from the vapour of the room. Belcher named Class No. 2 *ruin*, and applied it to the heavy flocculent description of snow, not distinguished by beauty of form. No. 3 he named *bad omened*, or fine spicular snow, the result of the first variety being broken up by the wind. It forms the bulk of the heaviest and longest storms, and may be so fine as to resemble smoke. Such snow forms the *snow-fog* of the north, and the *tourmente* of the Swiss Alps.

In 1855 there was a severe frost in England, and many of the crystals supposed to belong to Polar regions were seen here. Mr. Glaisher collected a large number of forms, and published them in a good-sized volume. A sight of these figures is worth a volume of description, so we shall not refer to his classification, but merely remark that the figures seem to undergo change with every variation in temperature. The combined observations of various inquirers give us the singular fact that water in the form of snow marks many of its lovely forms not only on every degree of the thermometer, from 32°, the freezing point of water, downwards, but probably has a separate form for every tenth, or even for every hundredth, of a degree. Professor Tyndall in climbing among the Swiss mountains was frequently struck with the extreme beauty of these "frozen flowers," as he calls them. He fancies one can see the solid nucleus formed and floating in the air, drawing towards it its allied atoms, and these "arranging themselves as if they moved to music, and ended by rendering that music soncrete."



TREASURES OF THE SNOW.

Snow not only constantly changes in character while falling, but after it has fallen. In our climate the snow is generally moist, and cakes together, as every one knows who ever made a snowball. At lower temperatures than are common in this country the snow is fine and dry as a powder. In Lapland it is often like sand, crisp to the tread, and suitable for skating on with those long narrow pieces of wood attached to the feet, and called *snow skates*. Should very cold weather ensue, the snow beneath the surface forms into irregular hexagonal lumps, which the Laplanders prize, and will dig out from under the recent snow to fill their kettles, as it yields more water than fresh snow. The Laps prefer the dry or sand snow for lying upon, as it does not yield so much to the weight, nor get into the folds of the dress, nor melt in the fur. It does not become sloppy before a fire, but seems to disappear by evaporation. Fresh flakes of snow contain a great deal of air, so that a depth of twenty-seven inches of snow will not give more than three inches of water. It is to this entanglement of air with minutely divided water that the snow owes its whiteness. White foam is similarly produced, as when the top of a wave is broken up, and the air rushes in between the drops. But where the sun strikes upon the snow and melts a portion of it upon the surface, the water sinks through and forms ice with the lower portions, and as this

process is constantly going on, in the Swiss Alps for example, we get that peculiar kind of snow called *névé*, which is ice of a whitish colour, containing a large number of air-bubbles. As this ice becomes compressed by the over-lying mass of snow, the air-bubbles are squeezed out, and we get the ordinary ice of the glacier.

The snow that forms the caps of high mountains is permanent all the year round. In ascending mountains we come to a point called the *snow-line*, beyond which the snow does not melt. This line varies in height, according to the climate, from many thousand feet to the level of the sea. The accumulation of the mountain snow is got rid of by the caps becoming top-heavy, as it were, and slipping off form the *avalanche*, "the thunderbolt of snow." The snow thus shot down fills up the valleys with *glaciers*, which, like a river, move slowly on to the lower valleys under the pressure of the accumulating snow in the upper valleys. The waste of snow and ice in melting forms the sources of many noble rivers.

The snow of the Alps at different altitudes is of various colours, or rather the colour of the light in cavities in the snow varies, a common tint being a lovely blue.

Snow of a red colour has been seen even when falling, although the red colour is usually seen on old snow. In the celebrated "Crimson Cliffs" of the Arctic regions, the red colour was found to extend to the depth of about a foot. The colour seems to be due to minute vegetable and animal life.

Lastly, *luminous snow* has been observed. A party on Loch Awe, in Argyshire, overtaken by a snow shower, were astonished to find the flakes luminous, and that they continued to be so after settling on the sides of the boat and on persons' dresses. The effect was probably due to electricity.

We have already referred to the disappearance of snow by evaporation. One hundred grains of light snow have been found to lose sixty grains in weight in one night, when the temperature was below 25°.

The use of snow in affording a warm covering to the surface of the earth is well known. The air may be 30° or 40° below the freezing point of water while the ground below the snow will be only at the freezing point. Mr. Glaisher placed a thermometer on long grass one cloudless night in February, and found the temperature to be -6°, or 38° below the freezing point; while a thermometer on grass covered only by three inches of snow marked 28°, or only 4° below the freezing point. Some time after a thermometer on the snow gave -12°; so that there was actually a difference of 40° between the surface of the snow and the grass three inches below it. Facts like these are as wonderful, and prove *design in creation* quite as much, as the astonishing conditions connected with the freezing of water described in the former article. It is to this circumstance, that the ground is kept warm by snow, that we have the fine healthy colour of young wheat and grass after the snow has melted in the spring. So also in the Alps there are numerous beautiful and somewhat delicate plants, such as auriculas, saxifrages, &c., which delight the eye when the snow has disappeared, but which would have perished but for the white winter coverlid.

Snow, like ice, makes good roads in countries where the winter is long and severe, and where people ride about in *sleighs*, or carriages without wheels. As the road is noiseless the sleigh-horses are hung with merry jingling bells. Snow shoes and snow skates are worn by the pedestrians, and these presenting flat surfaces to the snow, enable them to get over the ground quickly. The Esquimaux build their houses of snow, and in the Apennines there is a harvest of snow sufficient to supply all classes in Naples with the means of cooling their summer drinks.

A POET OF THE OLDEN TIME

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the father of English poetry," was born in London in 1328, and after studying at Cambridge, and perhaps at Oxford also, went to the court of King Edward III., and was employed in the public service. He married the sister-in-law of John of Gaunt, the king's son. In the latter part of his life he retired to Woodstock, where he wrote his great work, "The Canterbury Tales." He died in London in 1400, and is buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey. In consequence, poets and men of letters have ever since been buried, or monuments erected to them, there, and the transept is called Poets' Corner.

The "Canterbury Tales" is one of the greatest poems in our language, but as it was written in the earliest stage of the mother-tongue, it is very difficult to ordinary readers, both on account of its grammar and spelling. We have modernized portions of the prologue, in the belief that they will form a pleasant and interesting reading. The poem contains one of the best accounts which exist of the manners and customs of England in the fourteenth century.

The poem opens thus:—

When gentle April with his showers sweet,
(The winter past) the cold dry earth does greet,
And bathes in genial moisture every root,
That in its season each may bring forth fruit;
When southern gales fan with their loving breath
Pasture and field, and forest-grove and heath,
Bringing back life—the while the spring-tide sun,
In joyous strength, his giant course doth run;
When woods re-echo birds' sweet melody,
As day and night they carol happily;
And all rejoice, light youth and hoary age,
Then is the time men go on pilgrimage.
Palmer go forth, to seek on distant strands
The shrines of holy saints in foreign lands.
But specially, from Berwick to Land's End,
The English folk to Canterbury wend,
The holy martyr Thomas* for to seek,
Because he helped them when they were sick.

Chaucer himself, he goes on to say, started at the proper season, and reached, on his way, the Tabard Inn at Southwark. Here he found twenty-nine pilgrims like himself, and being much pleased with them, determined to go in their company. In order to lighten the weariness of the journey, mine host of the Tabard proposed that each pilgrim should tell a tale on the way, and that on the return of the party, he who had told the best should be entertained by the rest at a supper. This was agreed to. This is the machinery, the "plot" of the "Canterbury Tales." "But first," says the poet, "I must tell you something about these pilgrims. I will describe them to you one by one."

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
Who from the period that he first began
To ride on horseback, loved chivalry,
Honour and truth, freedom and courtesy.
Full well approv'd had he been in war,
Fierce battles had he fought in, no man more,
In Christendom as well as Heathenness,
And still was honoured for his worthiness.
In peaceful times he gained rich meed of praise,
Harmless as dove, and yet as serpent wise.
Brave as a lion, gentle as a maid,
He never evil word to any said;
Never for self, but always strong for right,
He was a very perfect gentle knight.

He wore a fustian frock under his armour, all soiled

with the rust of it, for he had but just landed from foreign wars.

His son was with him, acting as his SQUIRE, who is accordingly described next; a young, good-looking fellow, in love, of course, and therefore very particular of his personal appearance.

His locks were curl'd as though they had been in press. Of twenty years of age he was, I guess.

In stature somewhat more than common length,
Of wonderful activity and strength.

He too, though young, had warlike service seen,

In France and Flanders, Italy and Spain;

And borne him bravely for so little space,

In hope to gain in his young lady's grace.

With brodered coat, he looked like meadow bright.

Which spring has decked with flow'rets red and white;

He sang or fluted all the livelong day,

Joyous and merry as the month of May.

Short was his gown, with sleeves full long and wide,

Well could he sit on horse, and well could ride;

Could sing good songs, could even well indite,

Could joust and dance, could paint,—could even write.

So deep in love, I'en must tell the tale,

He slept at night no more than nightingale.

Courteous he was, lowly, and serviceable,

And waited on his father at the table.

The next is a Nun, a Prioress.

In manner very simple, modest, coy,
The strongest oath she used was "Saint Eloy,"
And she was called Madame Eglantine.

Full well she sang the services divine,

Accompanied with tuneful twang of nose.

For finer speech, French words she sometimes chose,

That is to say, the French of Stratford-Bow,

For nought of French of Paris did she know.

So nice and proper when that she did eat,

She never dropp'd a morsel of her meat;

Nor in the gravy dipp'd her fingers deep,

And as she rais'd it to her mouth, could keep

The drops from falling on her breast; in short,

She long'd to show the manners of the court.

Her upper lip she always wiped so clean,

That on her cup-edge there was never seen,

Whenever she did drink, a spot of grease;

Of meat she always took "a little piece."

So stately, so complacent was she, hence

She deemed that all should give her reverence.

And then so tender-hearted! She would cry

At sight of mouse entrapp'd, and doom'd to die.

She had of dogs great number, which she fed

With meat, and chickens, milk, and fine wheat-bread.

Her head was cover'd with a kerchief white,

Her nose was straight, her eyes were large and bright

Her mouth was small, her lips were cherry red,

And smooth as marble was her broad forehead.

A MONK there was, right stout and burly he,

A daring rider, loving venery.*

To be an Abbot fully was he able—

Full many a dainty horse had he in stable.

When out he rode, men could his bridle hear

In th' whistling wind jingling along so clear,

And loud and cheerful as the chapel bell,

When prime or vesper-hour its tongue doth tell.

Little cared he for rules of Benedict,

He held them all too barbarous and strict;

With ancient fashions what had he to do?

Let them be buried—he lived in the new.

Nor cared he aught for any empty prate

Of those who called a hunter reprobate,

Nor those who thought a monk should stay in cloister

Such fancies, quoth he, are not worth an oyster.

Why should he read, and study day and night

O'er musty books?—why should he spend his might

* i. e., Thomas à Becket, whose shrine was the most popular object of pilgrimage at that period.

* Hunting.



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

O'er spade or hammer? If that Benedict
Saw good in labour, let none interdict
Good Benedict from labouring all the day;
Meanwhile our monk would ride, and hunt, and play.

Nor stinted he in dress—I saw his hand
Border'd with finest ermine of the land;
His hood was fasten'd underneath his chin
With curious wrought and massive golden pin,
And at the end a love-knot met my sight.
His head was bald, and shone like mirror bright;
So did his face, as if it were anointed,—
A well-condition'd man, and well-appointed.
His eyes deep sunk, and rolling in his head,
Which steam'd and smoked like pot of melted lead.

The FRIAR is described next, and is drawn in very dark colours, much the same, indeed, as in the prose descriptions of the poet's friend, Wiclif. The Friar is thoroughly venal and corrupt; a smooth-tongued, cringing hypocrite, who will talk of the most sacred things with his tongue in his cheek, to wheedle money from the simple-hearted, but who especially prides himself in robbing the poor and widows. With this, he is also profligate in life. Passing him by, we come to the Merchant.

A MERCHANT next among the throng appear'd,
In motley coat, wearing a forked beard;
With shining boots and Flanders beaver hat;
And as he solemnly on horseback sat,
He spoke of trade and gains, and thought the sen
From Middleburgh to Orwell wall'd should be,
To guard from foes. Right well he bargains made,
And used his eyes and ears in foreign trade;
And none could ever to his secrets get,
Whether he rich had got, or were in debt.

A CLERK was next, come up from Oxford town,
Who had in logic gotten great renown.
His horse as lean and thin as any rake,
Himself no fatter, I my oath will take.
His cheeks were hollow, and his coat threadbare,
He had no living yet, you might be ware;
Nor cared he for such things, or worldly gain,
Yet there were things which he desired again.
To have a score of books at his bed's head,
This was his pleasure, and he truly said
That he found Aristotle's logic sweet
Beyond all music which our ear doth greet.
He had but little gold, but sometimes friends
Would make him presents, which he straightway spends
In buying books, and as he does so, prays
That God will bless the givers all their days.
And as he gave to study earnest heed,
He spoke not single word more than was need;
And this he spoke with formal reverence,
Quietly, calmly, but with all good sense;
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

A FRANKLIN was there in the company,
With snow-white beard, right comely for to see;
And broad red cheeks, which plainly told the tale
That in the morn he loved a sup of ale.
Own son of Epicurus sure was he,
And held good living true felicity;
In his large household, every one could tell,
His patron saint, Saint Julian,* serv'd he well.
His bread, his ale, were always of the best,
A better fill'd cellar few possess'd;
Fish, flesh, and fowl, in larder, one might think
It snowed in his house of meat and drink.
And as the quarters of the year came round,
Sure was each dish in season to abound.
Full many a partridge fat had he in mew,
And many a bream and many a pike in stew.

* St. Julian was the patron saint of hospitality.

Woe to his cook, unless the sauces were
Poignant and sharp, and ready all his gear.
His board, which stood fix'd in the hall alway,
Was ready cover'd all the livelong day.
At quarter sessions he was lord and sire,
And many times was chosen knight o' th' shire.

A WIFE came next, of ancient Bath's fair city,
But she was somewhat deaf, which was a pity.
In making cloth much labour had she spent,
And far surpass'd those of Ypres and Ghent.
Whene'er she went to church none must be seen
Approach the offering till that she had been;
And if they did, so very wroth was she,
It took her clean out of all charity.
Her dainty head-dress was so fair of ground,
I could be sworn it weigh'd full a pound.
At least on Sundays; then her scarlet hose,
So smartly bound, match'd with her fresh new shoes.
She was a buxom woman all her life,
Husbands at church door had she married five;
Not to make mention of her friends in youth,
Which should but little edify in truth.
Thrice had she visited Jerusalem,
And she had cross'd many a foreign stream;
Had seen great Rome, and Cologne by the Rhine,
And in Galicia, Saint James's shrine;
And so had knowledge good of pilgrim lore.
A front tooth had she lost long time before;
Upon an amble easily she sat,
Her shoulders mantled, on her head a hat
Broad as a target, while a flowing skirt
Her broad and comely hips around engirt.
Sharp spurs upon her feet, yet sharper still
The jest and laughter which her mouth doth fill.
A well-skilled adept in the tender passion,
Of charms and philtres knew she all the fashion.

(To be continued.)

THE CUCKOO.

SOME ADDITIONAL ENIGMATICAL.



THE Cuckoo has always been regarded with special interest. Its note, sounding so like the human voice; its habits, which have been much investigated, and some of which remain inexplicable, leave no doubt that the cuckoo is unlike any other bird that alights upon our hedges. From the various and ever varying accounts given of this bird by writers on natural history, from Aristotle down to a period comparatively recent, it is obvious there has been much misunderstanding. The cuckoo's life is not sufficiently well known to

enable one to write his biography with that completeness required for other subjects. Living near the haunts of the cuckoo, where I could observe his movements, I had an opportunity of proving or disproving some of the characteristics given by other historians of this curious bird; and after my observations, which extended over several years, I am not able to confirm all that has been said by the cuckoo's numerous biographers. My remarks, however, will be confined to the strange and apparently unnatural propensity, peculiar to this bird, of leaving to others the care of its young.

May 25th, 1862.—In the nest of a meadow-pipit I found a cuckoo about three or four days old. The young stranger was the sole occupant of the nest, near to which three of the meadow-pipit's eggs were strewn, and lay at about equal distances from each other and the nest. At the second inspection, made about a week after, the cuckoo seemed half feathered, and nearly filled the nest; in another week it was well feathered, and completely filled the nest. It was much annoyed, and snapped at my fingers, and fought hard for its place when I attempted to raise it up. I left it till the end of another week, when the nest was empty, and appeared to have been so for some days.

About four hundred yards from this place I found the nest of another meadow-pipit. Three eggs were in the nest; and two—one of which was a cuckoo's—were lying near, apparently cast out. How they had been thrown out is not easy to explain; but I am inclined to believe that the small bird herself had dragged them out after her in leaving the nest. By this accident the cuckoo's egg was not included among those of the meadow-pipit, who in this case attended only to her own.

This instance, though curious, did not furnish evidence either to confirm or disprove the statements of modern naturalists. The author of "British Birds in their Haunts" says: "It is pretty clear from other evidence that the egg (cuckoo's) is in all cases laid at a distance from the nest, and carried by the bird in her bill to its destination." If this be true, which nothing short of a reliable eye-witness could make conclusive, it may account for the cuckoo's egg being at the side instead of in the nest.

On the 22nd of June I found another meadow-pipit's nest, thirteen yards or so from the first; in it were four eggs, one of them a cuckoo's. When, three days after, I visited the nest, the young cuckoo was newly-hatched, and the remaining three eggs were cast out of the nest. I replaced the eggs, and laid one on the shoulders of the cuckoo, but it seemed quite unable to eject from the nest anything whatever. Every way that my ingenuity could suggest, I tried if the young cuckoo could throw anything out of the nest. So strongly was I convinced, that I would have given large odds against the young cuckoo's reputed ability of casting either eggs or birds from the nest. The growth was very rapid. At my next visit, after three days, it was thrice as large as when I first saw it.

I found an instance in the following year, which is at variance with all the accounts given by former writers. In a meadow-pipit's nest which I discovered, on the 14th June, 1863, there was, besides a young cuckoo, a young meadow-pipit. Both appeared to be about four days old, and were living together amicably. Whilst I handled them, about the eighth day afterwards, the young cuckoo pecked fiercely, and the meadow-pipit crept close in under the wing of the cuckoo. Four days later they were still enjoying each other's company, the meadow-pipit being on the eve of leaving the nest, which it did on the 28th, when the cuckoo was impatient to be on the wing. This is decisive against the belief that the nest is always cleared of everything but the cuckoo.

On the 28th of June, in the same year, I saw another curious instance. In a meadow-pipit's nest I found a young cuckoo, black, blind, bare, and alone in the nest. When I looked for outcasts I was surprised at finding, lying beside the nest, the egg of a cuckoo. In another meadow-pipit's nest, on the same day, I found two cuckoo's eggs, one a little lighter-spotted than the other. This season, the nests of meadow-pipits being unusually scarce, it is probable that one nest was used by two different cuckoos. At my next visit, on the 6th, the young cuckoo and the nest, with two meadow-pipit's eggs, were forsaken.

On the 12th of this month I found two meadow-pipit's nests, each containing four eggs; and as one of the four in each case was a cuckoo's, I resolved upon another experiment, to test my impression that the cuckoo's egg required a shorter time to be hatched than the egg of the meadow-pipit. Breaking one, to ascertain that the eggs were fresh, I placed the other two meadow-pipit's and one cuckoo's under a hen canary. In size and colour the eggs are very different, so that a mistake in identity might easily be guarded against. This experiment proved that nearly two days less brought out the cuckoo than was sufficient for the incubation of the meadow-pipit—a fact to which it may be necessary to refer again.

Remembering that all writers, whose descriptions I have read, affirm that the cuckoo deposits her egg in the nests of several small birds, I was disappointed at not meeting with a cuckoo's egg in the nest of any bird but the meadow-pipit. Mr. Gosse says: "In this country the hedge-sparrow, the pied-wagtail, pipit, and the robin are the species most frequently chosen by the cuckoo to be the nurses of her offspring; and it must be confessed, that, notwithstanding the destruction of their own callow brood, the charge is responded to with the utmost assiduity and tenderness."

Bishop Stanley, in his excellent "History of British Birds," is very reserved upon this point. He names only the hedge-sparrow. These are his words: "We know nothing of the strange ways by which Providence brings about some of the apparently singular contradictions in its established rules; but knowing for a certainty, that by some strange delusion, a small hedge-sparrow is persuaded to look upon an enormous cuckoo as its own beloved young one, may we not suspect that the cuckoo has some instinctive mode of gaining the affections, or attracting the attention of those birds from whom it requires assistance?"

Edward Blyth, the editor of one of the editions of "White's Natural History of Selborne," says: "I have ascertained, either from direct observation, or from the testimony of respectable eye-witnesses, the fact of its (cuckoo's) egg occurring in the nests of the following numerous species, namely the blackbird, song-thrush, skylark, green grosbeak, chaffinch, hedge buncock, different pipits and wagtails, yellow and reed bunting, and sedge-reedling; and there are instances recorded of its having been found also in those of the red-backed shrike, linnet, fen-reedling, song pettychaps and locust-tile."

In a beautiful book, "British Birds in their Haunts," recently published, the author has this sentence. "The nests in which the egg of a cuckoo has been found in this country are those of the hedge-sparrow, robin, red-start, white-throat, willow-warbler, sedge-warbler, wagtail, pipit, skylark, yellow bunting, chaffinch, linnet, blackbird, and wren; the pipit being the most frequent."

As my observations of this curious bird have extended over several years, in which I have hunted, watched, and waited, without even once discovering a cuckoo's egg in the nest of any bird but the meadow-pipit, I read these statements with some surprise. Nor can I hear that any of my neighbours' boys, who know thoroughly the haunts of the cuckoo, have been more successful.

In reference to the other disputed question, whether the cuckoo's egg is laid in the nest or at a distance off, and carried by the bird in its bill and placed there, my own experience warrants me in saying that I have never found a cuckoo's egg in a nest in which the cuckoo would have any particular difficulty in laying it. The meadow-pipit's nest being invariably placed in a concealed spot, where the rising ground forms a bulwark round the edge of the nest, it may easily be supposed, that upon a small nest so situated, a cuckoo would have no difficulty in dropping its egg; and that the same instinct which guides her in other matters will lead the cuckoo to select a nest which will serve as a safe habitation for her young. Besides that I have never found the cuckoo's egg in any but the meadow-pipit's nest, there are other reasons why I would not expect to find them elsewhere. The time, place, and other circumstances which surround the nests of other small birds, render it improbable that one would meet with the cuckoo's egg in any nest but the meadow-pipit's. The hedge-sparrow and some other small birds build theirs before the arrival of the cuckoo; the wagtail and others on places rendered dangerous, either by the near proximity of man or by the unsafe position of the nest itself.

Whoever saw the cuckoo accompanied by any small bird but the meadow-pipit? "There does not appear to be any intimacy or any hostility between the ill-matched pair. The larger bird flies first, the lesser one, as if spell-bound, follows it: if the cuckoo perches in a tree, the pipit posts itself on another hard by, or on another branch of the same: if the cuckoo alights on the ground, the pipit is by its side."*

From the early part of May to the latter end of June, while the cuckoo is depositing her eggs, the pipit, who is her constant companion, seems to say, "Honour me with your favours; I will take charge of your young, and fit them out in time to depart with you."

Gilbert White says: "A countryman told me he had found a young fern-owl in the nest of a small bird on the ground; and that it was fed by the little bird. I went to see this extraordinary phenomenon, and found that it was a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a tit-lark (meadow-pipit); it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing:—

— in tenui re
Majores pennas nido extendisso—

and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it, for many feet from the nest, and sparring and buffeting with its wings like a gamecock. The dupe of a dame appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in its mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude."

As an instance in direct opposition to my own knowledge and experience, I may quote the following from Bishop Stanley. "A young cuckoo was taken from the nest of a hedge-sparrow, and a few days afterwards a young thrush, scarcely fledged, was put into the same cage. The latter could feed itself, but the cuckoo, its companion, was obliged to be fed with a quill; in a short time, however, the thrush took upon itself the task of feeding its fellow-prisoner, and continued so to do with the utmost care, bestowing every possible attention, and manifesting the greatest anxiety to satisfy its continual craving for food."

The following is a still more extraordinary instance, corroborating the above, and for the truth of which I can vouch in every particular.

A young thrush, just able to feed itself, had been placed in a cage; a short time afterwards a young cuckoo, which could not feed itself, was introduced into the same cage, a large wicker one, and for some time it was fed with much difficulty. At length, how-

ever, it was observed that the young thrush was employed in feeding it, the cuckoo opening its mouth and sitting on the upper perch, and making the thrush hop down to fetch food up. One day, when it was thus expecting its food in this way, the thrush, seeing a worm put into the cage, could not resist the temptation of eating it; upon which the cuckoo immediately descended from its perch, and attacking the thrush, literally tore one of its eyes quite out, and then hopped back: the poor thrush, lacerated as it was, felt itself obliged to take up some food. The eye healed in course of time, and the thrush continued its occupation as before, till the cuckoo was full grown.

This instance would hardly form a good exception to the rule of my experience, as the two birds were placed in a confined and probably unnatural position. But I cannot say the same of the following instance, which Mr. Johns quotes from Mr. W. F. Thomas, in the 97th page of the "Zoologist." "At the latter end of July, 1829, while reading in my garden, I was agreeably surprised to see a young cuckoo, nearly full grown, alight on the railings between the two, not more than a dozen yards from where I was sitting. Anxious to see what bird had reared this cuckoo, I silently watched his movements, and had not waited more than a minute when a reed-warbler flew to the cuckoo, who, crouching down with his breast close to the rail, and fluttering his wings, opened wide his orange-coloured mouth to receive the insects his foster-mother had brought him. This done, the reed-warbler flew away for a fresh supply of food. The difference in the size of the two birds was great; it was like a pigmy feeding a giant. While the reed-warbler was absent, the cuckoo shuffled along the rail, and hopped upon a slender post to which it was nailed, and which projected about eight inches above the rail. The reed-warbler soon returned with more food, and alighted close to the cuckoo, but on the rail beneath him. She then began to stretch herself to the utmost, to give him the food, but was unable to reach the cuckoo's mouth, who, like a simpleton, threw his head back, with his mouth wide open, as before. The reed-warbler, by no means at a loss, perched upon the cuckoo's broad back, who, still holding back his head, received in this singular way the morsel brought for him."

"The young cuckoo," say most of this bird's biographers, "is provided with a depression between the shoulders, by which it ejects its young companions or remaining eggs;" and this it is supposed to do immediately after it is hatched. But is this a reasonable supposition? On the 22nd of June, 1862, when I replaced the eggs I found cast out of a nest in which there was a young cuckoo, I had, as far as my knowledge could suggest, a practical illustration of the young bird's utter helplessness. After waiting near the nest in which I replaced the eggs, and observing that the young cuckoo never even attempted to displace the eggs, I placed one upon its broad back, but I could not induce it to make the least effort to "hurl the egg overboard." Indeed, so little had it the appearance of being able, that, had I seen the young cuckoo throw the egg from the nest, I would have placed the action in the category of the miraculous. That the eggs are cast out by something there is no reason to doubt. How they are cast out is a question which hitherto has been answered only by conjecture. I was never myself lucky enough to catch any bird in the very act. I will add a conjecture to those already on record, in reference to the life of this curious bird; and say that, in my opinion, the eggs are cast out by the meadow-pipit herself; that the period of incubation required for the cuckoo being less—as I have proved by trial—by two days than that required for the meadow-pipit; that the presence of the young cuckoo charms the meadow-pipit, which immediately clears the nest of her own eggs.

* Johns' "British Birds in their Haunts."



PARISIAN SKETCHES.

II.—HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

WHATEVER faults may be observable in the character of the French people, a want of respect or gratitude for their infirm or aged soldiers cannot certainly be ranked among them. So far to the contrary, there is no country where the disabled warrior is more liberally or carefully tended than in France. The French also have the honour of being the first nation in Europe which made provision for its invalid soldiers. Even in the feudal times, when military service was part of the government system, and the tenants of the nobles were obliged, in return for the land they held, to bring forward their labourers or serfs in the wars of the crown, those of the soldiers who were wounded in battle were entitled to relief from the conventual institutions of royal endowment; and this too at a time when in all other nations the disabled soldier, the wars being over, was thrown upon the casual charity of private individuals for support. Indeed, the French kings from a very early period appear to have held it as a great moral duty to succour in their old age and infirmities those, no matter in how low a rank, who had fought and bled to defend them on their thrones.

Although the establishment of the Hôtel des Invalides is not anterior to that of Chelsea College (the first provision made in our own country for disabled veterans), in France even at as early a date as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the nucleus of institutions of the kind were to be found.

It was not, however, until the reign of Henry IV. that a separate asylum was set apart and adapted for their reception. In the year 1596, that king fitted up an old convent in the Faubourg St. Marcel for the

reception and maintenance of infirm and wounded soldiers. Here they continued until the reign of Louis XIII., when the convent being found too small, they were removed to the chapel of the Bicetre, where, although they had more space, it is doubtful whether they did not, to a certain degree, suffer to an equal extent by the reduction in their provisions and other appointments; for although their numbers had greatly increased, there is no record extant of any addition having been made to the funds of the institution. In consequence of the wars in which the French nation was engaged in the reign of Louis XIV., the number of invalid and wounded soldiers increased to such an extent, that a far larger building was required for their reception; and that monarch then determined on founding the present magnificent establishment of the Hôtel des Invalides, which he resolved should be on a scale of such magnitude, as should provide a home and provision for every wounded soldier in his kingdom. A convenient site having been determined upon, the foundation of the present building was laid in 1670, although the main building and church were not finished till more than forty years afterwards. Louis XIV. died before its completion, but the subject interested him to the last. In his will he speaks of it in a manner which does his memory great credit, and in some degree counterbalances the reputation for selfishness and consideration for his own glory alone which was otherwise so prominent in his character.

It is but justice to state that all succeeding governments—whether royal or republican—have zealously exerted themselves to carry out the wishes of the Grand Monarch, and the three thousand Invalides who now inhabit the Hôtel are treated in every respect with the kindness, honour, and attention they deserve. It is true, that in the different wards and apartments de-

tinged for their use, not the slightest trace of luxury or ornament can be seen; but the cubic space allowed for each soldier is ample, the whole building is admirably ventilated, and the strictest order and cleanliness reign throughout. Beside every bedstead is a small cupboard, and where occasion requires it, a convenience for placing the wooden leg of the occupant. Although in winter the dormitories are not warmed, the number of blankets, or coverlets, allowed to each bed is regulated by the state of the temperature—from one, when the season is mild, to three in hard frost; while in the day wards, ample fires are kept up, round which the old soldiers congregate.

Each private soldier is allowed two francs a month for pocket-money, each corporal three, and every sergeant four; under the condition, however, that they shall pay five centimes or a halfpenny a time to the barber who shaves them. They are allowed two meals a day, breakfast at ten o'clock, and dinner at four, at both of which they have excellent soup and well-cooked meat. Generally the meal for the soldiers consists of two dishes, and that of the officers of three. The bill of fare for each month, drawn up by the Hôtel authorities, and signed by the governor—who is always a marshal of France—is placed in the refectory. As soon as the drum announces that the dinner is in readiness, certain individuals are told off, who hurry to the kitchen, where the meals of their different messes are given them, and they are carried to their respective destinations. The most favourable time for a stranger to see the Hôtel is during the meals of the inmates, as he will then not only have an opportunity of noticing the excellence of their food, but the great order and cleanliness of all the arrangements. It should also be stated that each soldier has his bottle of wine, and a pound and a half of bread daily; the quality of each being the same as that supplied to the officers.

The military discipline of the Hôtel is of the easiest description. Every soldier must report himself at nine o'clock in the evening, unless he has received permission to sleep out. He must also be present at a monthly inspection parade, and each must be armed with his sabre during his turn of duty, which occurs but very rarely. Beyond these regulations the most perfect liberty is allowed the invalids. They go out when they like, and return when they please, without a question being asked them as to the manner they have employed their time in the interim. It is singular to note the variety of tastes and different idiosyncrasies to be found among these men. Some few seem to have a perfect mania for fishing, and day after day pursue the same occupation, undismayed or discouraged by the total want of success which attended their efforts on the previous day. Others accept some petty appointments, by which they contrive to pick up a trifle to supplement their very modest pocket-money. Of this, a considerable portion will frequently go towards relieving the necessities of some friend or relative in distress; but alas! still more frequently to furnish the means of gratifying their drinking propensities in the wine-shop. It has frequently been urged against our military, that their intemperance is greater than in the French army. While on active service this accusation may possibly be a just one; but we doubt very much whether our Chelsea pensioners are more to be blamed for their indulgence in that vice than are the French Invalides. On the contrary, we are almost tempted to give the palm of superior sobriety—small as it may be—to our own veterans. Punishments for intoxication are by no means infrequent in the registers of the Hôtel des Invalides. Nor is this solely with respect to those in good health. Even among the sick—and especially the convalescent—are to be found those who set prudences at defiance, and indulge in their love for drink. Entries similar to the following are frequently to be found in the infirmary register.—

"Number so and so returned in a state of intoxication."

Under which is written the order of the doctor—

"Stop his allowance of wine till further orders, and allow him to wear no dress but the infirmary great-coat."

This order is tantamount to that of confinement to the barracks for an indefinite period—a strict order existing in the establishment that no pensioner should be allowed to leave the building except in uniform. As kindness, however, is a ruling attribute among the authorities, the order is soon cancelled, and the man receives his liberty; unfortunately but too frequently to be deprived of it soon again.

Among the most characteristic, as well as favourite, occupations of the French Invalides, is flower-gardening, and this amusement their military authorities, if they do not directly encourage it, at least give the soldiers—even when on active service—great latitude to indulge in, which they profit by on every occasion. Hardly is a camp established, than a number of little flower-gardens, tilled with extraordinary skill and attention, appear to spring up with it. On the establishment of the Hôtel des Invalides, every soldier resident in it had his own little garden set apart for him; but as the magnitude of the wars which were carried on during the Republic and the French Empire immensely increased the number of disabled soldiers, the space allotted for the gardens was not only encroached upon by the erection and extension of the Hôtel buildings, but the number of applicants for them becoming greater in proportion, it was at last found impossible to set apart a separate space for each; and now they are given as marks of special favour or reward to the most deserving applicants. Each proprietor of a garden holds it during his life, or during his good behaviour, nor can he be deprived of it unless under very extraordinary circumstances. The care and attention these veterans occasionally give to their gardens prove that the innocent love which a young girl shows to her flower-garden, and which we all consider as emblematical of the purity of her nature, the veteran soldier may frequently possess, to at least an equal extent. A celebrated physician attached to one of our metropolitan hospitals, one day when driving with a friend, stopped his carriage at the entrance of a very disreputable-looking locality, for the purpose of visiting a patient whom he had been requested to see as an act of charity. The doctor entered the court, and for a moment seemed staggered at the aspect of demoralization around him. At last he stopped opposite to the house of the patient, and having cast a glance at the first floor window, he entered the door without hesitation, and after having prescribed for the sick person, he left it again and entered his carriage.

"I wonder," said his friend, "you are not afraid to enter a dwelling of the kind. Why, the value of your watch alone would be a little fortune to any pickpocket who might live in the court."

"I had some little compunction," said the doctor, "but it vanished on seeing there were flower-pots at the first floor windows."

"Why should that have encouraged you to enter?" said his friend.

"Because, when visiting in poor localities, I have found that wherever the inmates of a house are fond of flowers, they are always respectable people."

And so it is with the owners of the gardens in the Hôtel des Invalides; and the more care which will be found bestowed upon them, the greater will be both the respectability and amiability of their proprietors.

But there is among the Invalides another class, separate from all the others, men who take no pleasure either in the wine-shops, the flower-garden, or in fishing. These form a society by themselves, and generally associate together. They are easily known, not only

by the superior respectability of their appearance, but also by the intellectual expression of their countenances. The French army being recruited by conscription, it frequently happens that the sons of most respectable persons (many even honoured members of different learned professions), whose pecuniary means will not allow them to purchase substitutes for their children, are drafted into the French army. Although ability, in the French ranks, has a better chance of promotion than in our own, the number of men of good education among them is too great to allow all to become officers, and from this number the class to which we are alluding is formed. In the *Hôtel des Invalides* is an excellent library, well supplied with books and periodicals, where these men generally assemble. Even when they quit the building they are frequently seen associating together, and form a happy and intelligent little community, respected and honoured by all.

When prostrated by sickness, the French Invalides receive the greatest kindness and attention. Not only is there attached to the infirmary a very efficient staff of medical men; but the nursing is performed by a body of twenty-six Sisters of Charity, in a manner we in England should find it difficult to equal in any of our hospitals, whether civil or military, and certainly impossible to surpass. Every morning any veteran requiring surgical or medical assistance presents himself at the infirmary, and is immediately attended to. On Sunday mornings the medical officers assemble in council, and then receive applications from the men for such little extra indulgences as would not necessitate their being placed on the infirmary roll; as, for example, flannel waistcoats, spectacles, hernial bandages, &c. This would appear, at first sight, a duty easy to be accomplished by the medical men, possessing, as they do, *carte blanche* to accord whatever request they may consider necessary for the comfort of the applicants. The supposition would, however, be an erroneous one; this duty being one of the most difficult to accomplish satisfactorily which the medical officers have thrown upon them. The infirmities of temper weigh heavily on the Invalides, especially as regards envy and jealousy. A favour granted to one who may fully require it, another considers himself unjustly treated if he has not the same allowed to him, although there may not be the least real reason why he should obtain it. The inflexibility of military law, however, tempered as it is in the *Hôtel des Invalides* by mercy and kindness, rules absolutely. The medical authorities know full well that if they have a duty to perform to the veteran soldier, they have also another to perform to the state, and the strictest justness in the end is meted out to all.

As the infirmities of the Invalides increase, so do the care and attention bestowed on them increase in proportion. Nothing is wanting for their comfort and well-being, both in a temporal and spiritual point of view. A staff of priests is attached to the *Hôtel*, so that, besides receiving all the comforts that medical science can bestow, they have the consolations of religion as well.

At their burial they are attended to the grave by a body of their immediate associates, who appear in full uniform, with their sabres; and it is with some difficulty the bystanders can realise the fact that the decrepit old men they see following their comrade to the grave were formerly among the hardy heroes who, on many a well-fought battle-field, have contributed so much to the honour and welfare of their country.

The reconciling grave

Swallows distinction first, that made us foes:
There all lie down in peace together.—Southern.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

VII.—CHATTERING.



HAT animals chatter most? Let every one speak according to experience; but here the answer will be, the monkey and the cockatoo. That is, of course, not counting human beings, of whom those who take most

pleasure in chattering seem to bear most resemblance to monkeys and cockatoos. And the resemblance, especially to the former, is often by no means small; which is a pity, as it tells in favour of those who will have it that there is kin-

ship between man and the ape. Nobody, so far as I know, ever held that there is kinship between man and the cockatoo; but you may frequently see people (especially of the chattering sort) whose manner is like that of cockatoos. Whether the person who called man a "featherless biped" had in his eye certain human beings whose behaviour had reminded him of the cockatoo, I cannot say; but it would seem that he must have been thinking of some kind of bird, possibly of the parrot tribe; and of that tribe the cockatoo is, in my opinion, most like Mrs. Gossip. I have seen Mrs. Gossip, during a chattering bout, turn her beak (if I may say so) from side to side, and twist her head about, and roll her eyes, and chuckle, and make guttural noises, and jerk her head backwards and forwards, and throw up the curtain (I think it is called) of her bonnet just as a cockatoo throws up its crest; and I have been at such times forcibly reminded of a cockatoo of my acquaintance that used to go on just in that way whenever I stood before its perch, and evidently had an idea that it was making itself very agreeable, and saying something good, though all its chatter consisted of "kuk-kuk-kuk, pretty cocky, pretty cocky-too-oo-oo," accompanied by such a sound as is made when you cut a nutshell with a knife, and by shrieks of idiotic laughter.

When, as often happens, several members of the Gossip family meet together at their favourite spots, which are generally situated on doorsteps, or at the corners of streets, or at the entrances of courts and alleys, or in passages and corridors and halls, or at garden-gates, or at the point where several garden-walks join, or somewhere else of the kind where a thoroughfare is likely to be obstructed, one is reminded not so much of the chatter of cockatoos as of the quack of ducks or the cackle of geese. For, though the language they speak is probably understood by Mrs. Gossip and her friends, the mere passer-by catches no sound more intelligible than a series of quacks. The discomforts Mrs. Gossip will put up with for the sake of chattering, would, in a better cause, give her a claim to be considered a martyr. You may see Mrs. Gossip suffering dreadfully from cold, or cough, or toothache, or earache, or face-ache, or rheumatism, and she will tell you (if you are foolish enough to give her an opportunity) how (in her opinion) she came by her ailment; and she will tell you a great deal more besides, which has nothing to do with her ailment, or with anything else under the sun that is of the slightest importance. Whereas you could probably, if you chose, trace each

of her ailments to a certain occasion when she insisted upon sitting or standing in some draughty or damp place whilst she indulged her taste for chattering. You may, perhaps, have heard of a hard-working woman of the family of Gossip, of a weak constitution, of asthmatic tendencies, and of tender feet, who, being a letter of lodgings, misses no opportunity which a lodger will give her of chattering. She will keep the door of his room ajar, whilst she "chatters, chatters," like any industrious "brook," which Mr. Tennyson or any other man declares to "go on for ever;" she will support her exhausted frame by leaning upon the door-handle; and she will not cease until either her tongue refuses its office, her asthma threatens to choke her, or the exasperated lodger uses rude language, or expresses an intention of finding some other lodgings. She may then be overheard lamenting to anybody who will listen, or even to herself, that "time goes so fast she can't get through her day's work," that her "poor breath" gets worse and worse, and that she "do suffer awful with her poor feet."

And woe be to that man who gives tongue to his pity for the ailments of Mrs. Gossip. It will be like the letting out of water; the bung will have been taken out of Mrs. Gossip's talk-barrel, and she will run on till either the sympathiser has fled or the barrel has run dry—generally the former, as Mrs. Gossip's talk-barrel seems to resemble the conjuror's "inexhaustible bottle." It matters not to Mrs. Gossip what subject may be proposed; she can chatter and will chatter about anything and nothing. She can chatter about the weather (with which, indeed, she usually begins) until "Patience on a monument" would leave off "smiling," come down hastily, and take to rapid flight. She chatters at equal length about dry weather and wet, fine and dull, warm and cold; about births and deaths, weddings and funerals; about her own affairs and her neighbours'; about the people over the way, the people next door, and the people in the Cannibal Islands. And the worst of it is, that however long Mrs. Gossip may chatter, she seldom says anything you care to hear; if she tells you anything new, it is not worth hearing; and if anything old, she might just as well have held her tongue.

Mrs. Gossip has some young relatives of the name of Chatterbox; and the Chatterboxes take after their relative. The young ones have, in some respects, the advantage over the old one; they, of course, have not had so much practice or so much experience, but they have generally better lungs, more vivacity, more independence (not having yet undergone the discipline of life), better eyesight, better memories, and altogether fresher faculties. The young Chatterboxes are often considered (especially by their affectionate parents) wonderfully clever, whereas the truth is that what they say is probably only a literal translation into human language of the chattering of monkeys. Of course the monkeys' chattering may contain a great deal of sense, and many original and wise remarks; but, to judge from the looks and manner of the monkeys, it is a "noise, and nothing beyond." And so it is with the young Chatterboxes; they string together a number of words and exclamations, which to "papa" and "mamma" may seem very wonderful, and to promise future greatness, but which to the common hearer seem sheer nonsense, and to threaten future idiocy. Indeed, even a doting mamma is sometimes wearied, and may be heard to rebuke an "infant phenomenon" with the words, "Do not chatter so, my dear, you are enough to stun one." On the whole, Mrs. Gossip and the young Chatterboxes may be considered, perhaps, *harmless* nuisances, but still nuisances. The Tatlers are a degenerate branch of the Gossips and the Chatterboxes; they not only prate and chatter in a silly manner, but they tell tales and carry reports which are likely to make mischief.



* * Communications of a confidential character which are unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer cannot be noticed.

T.R.—The following statement will, we think, answer your question. Some of Shakspeare's plays were published in his life-time, whether with his sanction or not is uncertain. These were separately published in 4to, and are called "the quartos." The whole works were published, for the first time, in 1623 (seven years after Shakspeare's death), in a volume which is called the first folio. It is a very scarce volume—780l. was recently given for a copy. In 1632 appeared a second edition, a third in 1665, and a fourth in 1685. These are called the second, third, and fourth folios respectively.

F.S.R.—The lines you quote are in Milton's "Comus," lines 221-2.

HENRY S.—The expression, "sending a man to Coventry," had its origin in the times of the Great Rebellion. Coventry was the great stronghold of the Parliamentarians, and when any man was seized by them as a suspected person, he was sent there to be under surveillance.

FICUM FACUM.—Your question, if we understand it rightly, amounts to this. You and A agreed to cheat B, and divide the profits. B having been duly cheated, A will not pay his share. Can you sue him? We advise you to do so by all means. You will get some useful and wholesome advice from one of her Majesty's judges, and some polite attentions from B.

M. CALVERT.—Metcalfe's "History of German Literature" will answer your purpose.

WM. HOWARD.—Basil Hall's "Fragments of Voyages and Travels" is published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy of London.

H. T. B.—Get Carpenter's "Vegetable Physiology and Systematic Botany," in Bohn's "Scientific Library."

X.X.—Yours is a question which has puzzled wiser heads than ours. We hope legislation will soon do something to solve it.

J. FIELD.—Bookbinding is as old as the existence of books, and how long they have existed we know not. Printing is supposed by many to have been brought from China by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. The earliest specimens of printing are in block type; the use of movable type dates from the middle of the fifteenth century.

BOATMAN.—The business belongs to the parish.

C.S.—The annual revenue of British India is about 45,000,000l.

TYRO.—Mr. Disraeli has been in office three times, viz., in 1852, 1858-9, and 1866. He is about sixty-two years old.

CARBONATE OF SODA.—There can be no doubt it is injurious when taken in the large quantities you mention.

ZENOBI.—You ask for a candid opinion of your lines. We recognize in them a good intention, but not poetic feeling, not even melody. We do not mean to affirm that you are yourself deficient in the power of appreciating poetry—probably it is far otherwise—but the power of *appreciation* and the power of *expression* are distinct things. Thanks for the offer.

BRANDY FOR BABES.—The following communication has not altered our opinion of the pernicious habit of giving brandy to infants, but we print it as received. Will the eminent medical man alluded to, or any other practitioner who considers brandy necessary for infants, oblige us with his reasons?

SIR,—In the March number of the "People's Magazine" I see the following sentence. "Never be tempted to give your children stimulants. We know of a mother who lost, one after the other, seven children, from the pernicious, awful habit of putting brandy in their food. She might as well have given them poison at once." Does not this require a little modification? for, though doubtless giving stimulants to children indiscriminately is a most "pernicious and awful habit," there are often cases where it is not only advisable, but necessary to do so. I have known several infants of a few months old, who were gradually losing health and strength, improve rapidly after the judicious use of brandy in their food, and I have the authority of an eminent medical man for saying that, in some cases, the use of brandy is absolutely necessary.—S. P. VEITCH.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER XI.

THE EVENTS OF A DAY.

THE weather seemed as if it were generously resolved to put the best face on the Wynyards' changed fortunes, to begin with. Where is May not lovely? Even in the tiny palisaded garden, upon which looked the drawing-room of their lodgings, the spring put on its garb of blossom and green with an air of delight.

The house was detached, but it was one of many like it, bordering the open suburb of Briggate, on the great south road of the coaching days. There was a wide expanse of level ground opposite, where the annual races were held, where the yeomanry paraded when they were up for a week's training after harvest, and where the cavalry regiment stationed in the barracks had an occasional field-day. It was quite the pleasantest suburb of Norminster, for it lay high and dry on a

gravelly soil, and almost in the country, combining the conveniences of a cathedral town with the freshness of a rural village.

Dr. Philip Raymond had catered for his kinswomen to the best of his ability, and had secured for them a lodging in this cheerful neighbourhood at a moderate rent. It seemed to the girls very confined at first, but they kept this feeling to themselves, and after their few books, pictures, and other ornamental belongings were unpacked and dispersed about the place, the rooms put on almost a look of home. The drawing-room proved very manageable. It was on the first floor, and had one large window with pale chintz draperies, to correspond with the covers of the furniture. For lightness, brightness, and cleanliness, it was all that could be desired, and the little dining parlour behind it served every purpose which might have thrown it into disarray. Above these rooms were two others, the larger of which Lois shared with her mother, while the smaller was appropriated to Anna's sole use; this by her own desire. There could be no day-dreaming where her mother was; and the sunniest hours of Anna's present life were destined to be spent in the pleasant wilderness of fancy.

She took some pains after breakfast to arrange a few flowers which the mistress of the house gave her leave to gather, and when that was finished, the day was all before her—what to do? Lois chose a shelf for her lesson-books, and then she was idle; and after Mrs. Wynyard had written a few letters she also could fold her hands. No household to govern here, no servants to rule, no orders to give but such as were given in five minutes, while the responsibility of seeing them executed was laid on other shoulders. Mrs. Wynyard, ruefully smiling, said her occupation was gone.

At noon Maurice came running up from Chassells' to see how they were, and proposed to escort his sisters into the town; but his mother demurred to this, and they took a walk country-wards instead, leaving her indoors alone. If they had gone into the streets then, while the courts were sitting, they would have found them empty and silent enough; but soon after three o'clock, when the criminal business of the assizes was concluded by the conviction of Mr. Hargrove, and his sentence to ten years' penal servitude, they might have lost themselves in the stream of people coming down from the castle in the wake of the sheriff's carriage, and of the decrepid halberdmen who professed to clear its way.

The trial had excited a profound interest, though its result could hardly be doubtful. Nearly all Allan Bridge was present, and nearly all Eskdale, either as witness or audience. When the verdict had been pronounced, and sentence given, a curious little scene ensued. The prisoner, who had borne himself through a harassing day with cool bravado, resisted the motion of the jailors to remove him, saying—"I have a word to speak." The court, which had begun to rise, waited, the crowd hushed, and the jury became attentive. "It has been implied in evidence that Robert Wynyard, of Eastwold, aided and abetted my frauds. That is not true. He was my victim long before he knew it, and to a much greater extent than is suspected. He was a credulous, indolent man, but no rogue. I frightened him abroad to make his spoliation the easier, and the more complete. I caused his arrest on his return to gain time for escape before the discovery that was

then become inevitable overtook me. I avow all this publicly for his children's sake—that a dishonoured name may not be entailed on them with their other misfortunes." A low murmur followed this *amende*, during which a pin might have been heard to drop in the breathless stillness of the court. The prisoner then left the dock, and vanished by a gloomy underground passage from the eyes of the respectable world.

Amongst those who had listened with mingled surprise and satisfaction to the dishonest agent's confession was one of the chief witnesses against him—Mr. John Hutton—who immediately disengaged himself from the throng, called a cab, and drove to Briggate, to communicate it to his sister. When he reached the lodgings, he found that Penelope Croft was with her, and that she was already aware of the event. Pennie had come to Norminster for the day with Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone; had heard the trial, the condemnation, and the speech that followed them: she had, moreover, received from Mr. Sam. Hargrove a paper, which his brother had intrusted to him after his conviction to be handed to her. This paper, on which were scrawled a few lines in pencil, Pennie now gave to Mr. John Hutton.

He read and asked, what did it mean?

"The former part of your prayer I can grant. As for any act of restitution, a convicted felon can make no will.' Was this what he wrote in the dock just after the verdict was delivered? Had you made some appeal to him then, Pennie?"

"Yes. I don't believe in anybody being altogether bad; and as he could hardly have any malice against those living whom he has wronged, I sent him a letter through his brother, begging him to do what in him lay to clear off the cruel imputations that had been cast on Mr. Wynyard, and to make some deed by which his stolen property, hidden nobody knows where, might be restored to the rightful owners in the event of his not surviving until his servitude expires."

"You are as queer as ever, Pennie. Who but you would have dreamed of preferring such a petition to such a man? You seem, however, to have touched the scoundrel where he was capable of feeling, and his confession is certainly valuable as far as it goes. These few words, too, prove that his ill-gotten gains do exist somewhere."

"I trust that his avowal, exonerating poor Robert, may be printed at length in the newspapers," said Mrs. Wynyard, to whom it had given an inexpressible sense of relief. "It must be sent to Francis and Geoffrey—dear Francis, it will console him as much as it comforts me."

"Let all be lost so honour bide," was the ardent young soldier's first principle, more deeply and dearly felt now than ever, and his mother sympathised with him in it. Her children were not quite impoverished so long as the name they bore was held in good repute; and that night she lay down to rest in greater peace than she had experienced since the heavy day when the law and death together presented their writs of summons to her ruined, unhappy husband.

Mr. Featherstone called for Penelope Croft in Briggate at five o'clock, and they joined his wife at the railway station ten minutes after. The train by which they were to leave for Kirkgate did not start until half-past, and the interval they spent in a stroll on the walls which enclose the ancient city of Norminster. On their return to the station, when they had taken

their seats in a carriage by themselves, there came to the window, with magazines and papers to sell, a shabby, lean old man, whom Pennie recognized as Pierce, Mr. Tindal's former servant. He knew her too, and looking a little disconcerted, was moving away, when she bade him stop, took a paper, gave him a sovereign, and said—"That will do." He touched his hat humbly, thankfully, hesitated, and then said: "Is the master at the Abbey, Miss, and is he well?"

"Yes, Pierce, he is both. Does your daughter still live?"

"She does, and just the same. She'll never be any better in this world."

The guard sounded his whistle, the train began to move, and Pennie leant back in her corner reflective. This unexpected rencounter had called up troublesome memories, and given her much that was painful to think about. Nor was there anything around her attractive enough to hold her mind back from its desultory speculations.

"Will the truth ever be revealed? I would it were! I would it were!" she thought to herself sometimes.

Mr. Featherstone's carriage was waiting at the station when they reached Kirkgate, and Pennie was conveyed in it to her mother's door. The Mayfield garden looked soft and bowery in the May twilight, and there walked Mr. Tindal watching for her return. She communicated to him briefly the issue of Mr. Hargrove's trial, and then mentioned her meeting with Pierce, describing the old man's poverty-stricken forlorn appearance.

"Oh, my darling! I wish you had not seen him," replied he. "Let us keep out of that shadow, and live in the sunshine now. I must not have a haunted wife." He had detected the slight tone of despondency in her voice, and embraced the unusual office of cheerer and consoler.

"I am rather tired, but we will walk up and down here for a little while," said she, and slipped her hand round his arm.

It was a broad grassed path, between two rows of espaliers at the end of the garden, where they walked, and Mrs. Croft, from the parlour window, watched them impatiently as they went to and fro. She wanted to hear the news from Norminster, but she did not care to interrupt their colloquy, though something in the pose of Pennie's head, and the air altogether, caused her to conjecture that it was sad. And to herself, with a woeful sigh, she said that it would not be the last time the poor lass would have a heart-ache because of him, let her love him ever so.

The evening gloomed in fast, and when the widow could hardly discern the two figures in the distance, she went into the porch, and called to Pennie to come in-doors. The respect of tenant for landlord made Mrs. Croft formally civil to Mr. Tindal, but she could not bring herself to treat him with cordiality. The more certain it became that she must have him for her son-in-law, the more dreadful seemed the disgrace that might some day accrue to her respectable family thereby. Many a long mournful talk over it had she held with Mrs. Jones of Beckby, and Mrs. Lister at the Grange; and abundant condolence and pity had she found in both quarters, but no encouragement to put her fears by and hope for the best. Often had she watched her daughter's countenance, and studied her moods for signs of doubt and repentance; but none appeared, and while, in spite of herself, admiring

Pennie's stanchness, she would thankfully have seen her change her mind. Pennie was not a great fortune now, as her mother remarked to Mrs. Jones; but she would have a pretty bit of money at her death, and Haggerston Mill and the little farm were more than most lasses had of their own to marry on. She need not have despaired of getting a decent husband yet; for she was clever and handy, though she had not been brought up to work.

These thoughts worked in the widow's mind as Mr. Tindal and her daughter approached the garden door. There they stood several minutes, facing each other, Pennie's hands held fast in his. He was asking her to tell him when his probation was finally to cease. "My heart and soul weary for you, and there is no reason now for delay," said he.

"May is not counted a fortunate month—my Cousin Joanna said so," responded Pennie.

"It is the most fortunate of months, but she wished to be married in April. You almost promised, and Rhineland is lovely in May."

Pennie had no valid plea further to allege. Her preparations, such as they were, were completed, and when she went in to her mother, she told her that Tuesday in the following week was to be their marriage day.

"If it is to be, I shall be glad when it is done," replied the widow. "I hope, Pennie, you'll not live to repent it."

"I pray God not," said Pennie; and after standing a few minutes looking out at the gloomy sky, she retreated to the quiet of her own room.

CHAPTER XII.

A MORNING IN MAY.

THE few days' interval was not very happy for poor Pennie. She had never one moment's temptation to draw back from her pledge to Mr. Tindal, but many a time suddenly her heart sank as she thought of her marriage so near, and still so obnoxious to her friends. Mrs. Wynyard heard with relief that it was to be private, thankful to escape the pain of refusing to let her girls officiate as bridesmaids to their almost sister, which, from the first, she was resolved they should not do. Mrs. Lister showed the same regard for her Lucy; and Pennie understood, before the day came, that nobody would stand by her, during the few minutes in church, except him to whom she was plighted till death should them part. Not one of her kinsfolk would be present, and not one of her friends.

Her Uncle Lister alone spoke her kindly. "I should like to give thee away, lass; but the wife has a bad opinion o' the match, an' she won't hear of it," said he.

Pennie called pride to her aid, and replied, "I shall soon be in need of none of you."

But she shed some hot tears that night alone. There was an obtrusive resolution amongst her own people to have neither act nor part in her marriage, and if she would carry it through, to let her carry it through on her own sole responsibility. Having acquitted their consciences by this strong protest, it was possible that they might make it a duty to rally round her afterwards; but she had the wisdom not to expect much from friendliness based on that foundation. Her heart was wrung, but her love, her pride, and her invincible sense of justice kept her up; and whatever

pain she felt, she betrayed none to him whom it would have stabbed much more cruelly than any wound they could inflict on her.

The night before her marriage Pennie kissed her mother at bed-time more tenderly than usual, and the widow understanding it, said, "Thou doesn't mean to see me in the morning, then, Pennie?"

"No, mother; this is good-night and good-bye. It will be rather lonesome walking across the field to church by myself; but there are harder things happening every day—girls going with troops of friends to be married to men they don't love—but I shall be going to be married to one I love heartily, and who loves me. I have no fear of not being happy, though nobody wishes me God speed."

"I do wish thee God speed, go where thou wilt, and do what thou wilt," replied her mother, and began to cry. She was not deceived by Pennie's confident words, true though they were: a look in her eyes and a tone in her voice cut deeper than any reproach. As the widow would have expressed it, Pennie always got over her by her patience; and the tears she now copiously shed promised relenting. "Won't Morrison walk with you, Pennie?" asked she, sobbing. "Surely never went daughter from her mother's house as you'll go. It's heart-breaking to think of. And such a pretty wedding as your Cousin Joanna had, too. I call it downright mortifying, that I do."

"It is not too late now to reverse your own intentions, mother. I am sure you will feel more comfortable when I am gone, if you have it to remember that you saw me off," said Pennie.

"There's no comfort in it any way. Money's not everything in the world, and it isn't the main thing, as you'll find to your cost. It is in Mr. Tindal's favour that he's stuck to you since you lost your fine fortune; but I'd rather ha' kept you at home, though you'd never married at all."

Pennie made no answer—what answer could she make? It was only the old argument over again. She kissed her mother once more, and then escaped to her room. But she thought to herself, and she even said so to Morrison, whom she found finishing her packing, that she hoped, after all, her mother would accompany her to church. And the expectation was not deceived. When Pennie went downstairs early in the morning, dressed in the white piqué dress, that might have served more appropriately for a hay-making party than for her wedding, she found her mother making breakfast in her Sunday ruby satinette gown. The best china was on the table, and the old silver service, the widow's most precious possession.

Mrs. Croft looked round half shyly, half curiously, at her daughter as she entered, and said, in a voice where affected sharpness struggled with real feeling: "Sit thee down, lass, and let us get it over. I carried thee to thy christening, and if it was thy burying, I should follow; so I suppose I must go to thy marrying, though I don't like it."

Pennie smiling, kissed her, and said she knew she would.

"Your Aunt Lister 'ull tell me I never know my own mind two minutes together. Now, Pennie, you'll oblige me by eating a good breakfast; that's what you'll do. What are you going to wear on your head?"

"My Leghorn hat."

"Hum—I can't say but I think you look as nice as

your Cousin Joanna in all her finery. That's pretty white stuff your frock's made of; but you'll not travel by rail like that?"

"We are not going to travel by rail to-day."

"You don't mean to say you're stopping at the Abbey?"

"No; we are going to Kirkfell." Kirkfell was, as Mrs. Croft knew, a small moorland estate belonging to Mr. Tindal, about twenty miles north-west of Eskdale—in the Lake country, in fact.

"It is a sweet spot, Kirkfell," said she; "not a long ways off Ambleside, where I went to school. You won't forget me with letters, Pennie, every week. Nobody but a mother knows what a mother's anxiousness is. And I think you'll grant me this, love, that I have more cause than most to feel it."

"I will write to you twice or thrice a week, if it will be any consolation."

"Nay, there's no call for that; when folks is moving about, they can't always have a pen in their hands. Only let me hear as reg'lar as you can. I should like you to drink another cup o' coffee. Oh! Pennie, there's Mr. Tindal himself. What business has he coming here now—did you bid him?"

"No; but I daresay he did not like the idea of my walking across the fields alone." She coloured with pleasure; and when Betsy demurely ushered him into the parlour, he saw her with the pretty, improving blush unfaded. Mrs. Croft reddened also, and was not at her ease, though she suffered Mr. Tindal to take her hand.

"I think no better of it than ever I did," said she, in self-assertion.

"I hope some day you will think better of it," was his reply; and he turned to Pennie with a kind protective air.

"My mother was coming to church with me," said she.

"I am glad of it; she will come to church with both of us; it will not feel so much like running away, will it, Pennie, though the witnesses will be few? As soon as you are ready, let us go. I told Featherstone nine o'clock."

It is not half-past eight yet—there's no hurry," said the widow.

"There are the settlements to sign first. As nobody looked after Pennie's interest, I have seen to them myself, and the lawyer is waiting at the lodge now for the completion of the deeds. I have ordered the names of her Uncle Lister and her Cousin Richard to be inserted as her trustees, and they have promised me that they will act if ever they are called upon."

"I never gave no thought to settlements; but, of course, it is right. I've no doubt, Mr. Tindal, you mean to do your duty by the lass, and you'd need, for she's trusting you as ne'er another woman in Eskdale would."

Mr. Tindal looked at Pennie, and she looked at him, and there was no necessity for asseverations. Between them her mother saw there was perfect understanding and perfect confidence.

The walk across the fields was rather silent, but it was not sad. Pennie had plucked up her spirits, and May never shone more auspiciously than on her marriage morning. A little hand-gate, nearly opposite to the Abbey, brought them out into the road, and a minute after they were in the lodge, where waited Mr. Tindal's lawyer from Norminster, Mr. Roberts, Mr.

Lister, and his son Dick, with the deeds on the deal table that furnished the rustic abode. The signing was not an affair of many minutes, and immediately it was accomplished the little party crossed to the church, where Mr. Featherstone and the clerk were in attendance. Mr. Lister and Dick stayed near the door to witness the ceremony, and to the surprise of both, and of herself perhaps also, when the clergyman asked who gave Penelope Croft to be married to Arthur Tindal, her mother, in a voice exalted by agitation, said she did. The service went on smoothly to the end, the register was signed, and as they went down the aisle together, Mr. Tindal established Pennie's hand more firmly on his arm, and whispered, "*Mine, at last; mine until death us do part.*"

At the churchyard gate was drawn up a travelling carriage, in the rumble of which sat Morrison, side by side with Pierce's successor at the Abbey. Before

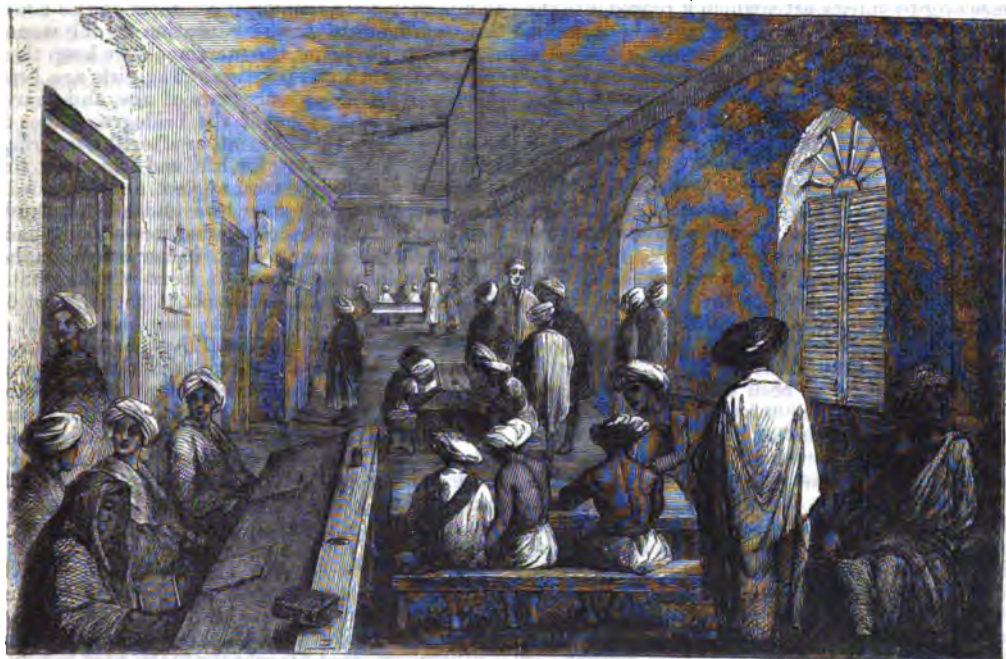
getting in, Pennie kissed her mother long and closely, and was bidden to go her way for a wilful, wilful lass, but not in a tone to grieve her. The natural excitement of the event had lifted the widow out of herself, and for the moment everything but the event was forgotten.

"I shall go back to the Grange with your Uncle Lister and Dick, to talk it over," added she; and Pennie encouraged her to do so, and to spend the day there, knowing what a comfort *talking over* always was to her mother.

Then the carriage door was closed, some one said all was right, and the horses began to move. Mr. Tindal drew Pennie close to him. "Now," said he, in a tone of exultant tenderness, "I shall never again be alone in the world!"

END OF PART II.

(To be continued.)



NATIVE SCHOOL AT MASULIPATAM.

ENGLAND'S WORK AMONG THE HEATHEN.

It is Mr. Kaye, we believe, who sums up one of his histories with an elaborate condemnation of the policy we have pursued in India; and who accounts for the calamities which have at times overtaken us in that magnificent dependency by alleging our neglect of a great duty. We are not prepared to say whether he is right or wrong; but we may surely affirm that if it be a hard task to rule, with a firm and unflinching hand, the mighty destinies of one hundred and fifty millions of the human race, it were harder still for that ruler, or government, to wield the rod of empire, and at the same time, by a stroke of policy, to seek to change the religious convictions—which, in other words, is the same thing as the very life and spirit—of so large a population.

What the governments of India and our other dependencies have never attempted to do, individuals and voluntary associations have spent their lives and devoted vast resources to accomplish. It is not usual for secular papers to speak of missionary enterprise in an age remarkable for its intellectual bias in other

directions. Yet missionary enterprise has its toils and perils, of the hard reality of which we are but too frequently reminded by some story of disaster or death. It has also its glorious calendar of victories, won by bloodless swords in heathen lands; its stories of heroism and self-denial; and its record of the wearisome but unrelenting endeavours of self-sacrificing men to serve their fellow creatures under the most discouraging circumstances. These devoted men, whether labouring singly or in bands, are as truly an army as their brethren who uphold the honour of the British flag and the cause of law and order in all parts of the world by force of arms. They work, too, with the courage and obedience of British soldiers. If one falls in the too unequal warfare, ten are ready to take his place; and thus, in the midst of scenes of savage warfare, amidst the abominations of human sacrifices, where the most disgusting Fetish rites are observed, and under the burning sun of India, struggling against the prejudices of caste, and the immolation of children, trying to save the victims of the suttee, and rescuing the aged from the encroaching waters, in heat and in cold, by day and by night, the soldiers of civilization have pressed on

bearing the banner of the Cross bravely in the midst of the opposing elements which surrounded them.

A well-known book, "The Night of Toil," gives a deeply interesting account of the labours of a body of missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society, in the ship *Duff*, on the 10th of August, 1796. On the 7th day of March, 1797, the ship reached the island of Tahiti, the scene of Captain Cook's murder, where the natives received their visitors in the most friendly manner, offering them a large house in which to live, and showing the greatest delight at their arrival. But our countrymen soon discovered, that with all the apparent friendliness of the natives of this beautiful place, perpetual sunshine was not to be their lot. The people were living in the gross darkness of heathenism, and indulged in the most revolting practices; human sacrifices were offered to the hideous idols they worshipped, and infants were killed by their parents. Although apparently so regardless of human life, the natives had a great horror of death, believing that the moment the soul left the body it was eaten three times over by spirits, after which it passed into the body of some animal or man to live again upon earth. From the first Sunday the missionaries established public worship, at which the king attended, and for years afterwards they continued to be the faithful teachers of the Tahitians, until Christianity began to spread there and in the surrounding islands, and idolatry fell gradually before it.

From Tahiti the good news spread to the Sandwich Islands, where the king burned his idols even before he became a Christian. In 1822 the first Christian church was established there. In 1866, forty-four years later, how many were interested in the visit of Queen Emma to this country, for the express purpose of having an Anglican bishop appointed to rule that church, planted in a germ so feeble, and yet grown to be of such magnitude and promise!

The "night of toil" has been succeeded by a dawn of the brightest promise in many distant lands. In our island home the torch has been kindled, and its light has spread to the remotest parts of the earth—north, south, east, and west. In Madagascar a marvellous work is going on, for Christianity is spreading and taking root, as it did in our own land when the standard of the Cross was planted first among the ancient Britons. Mr. Ellis's book, just published, gives a deeply interesting report of the Christian communities in that great island; and his account of the open-hearted friendliness of the people, and their straightforward dealings, will be read with delight.

But although much has been done, much more remains to be accomplished. The closed doors of China have indeed rolled back a little on their hinges, and admitted through the chink a ray of light, no greater comparatively than the beam of a little candle in the darkness of illimitable night. In India, among a population of nearly one hundred and fifty millions of people, how little has been yet effected. It is true, that where the British rule and influences extend, the burning of widows and the horrors of infanticide have been partly suppressed; but the want of female education and the prevalence of caste are serious hindrances to the advance of Christianity. These facts are brought home to us by an interesting book on mission work in India, written by the Rev. John Noble, which gives a vivid description of the labours of his deceased brother, the Rev. Robert Noble, among the Telegu people in South India.

Mr. Noble describes the Telegu country as an extensive tract of South India, stretching along the eastern side of the Madras Presidency for nearly seven hundred miles; and the people living there are represented as "speaking a soft and flowing language, and possessing a character and disposition superior to many others of that great peninsula; having greater

energy, more manliness and independence, stronger natural affection, less of deceit and dishonesty, and thirsting after knowledge." He adds: "The reflection that these twelve millions of immortal beings should, under our own government, have been passing into eternity year after year, during two generations, without any effort on our part to enlighten them, and to communicate to them our superior cultivation and science, and, above all, the knowledge of Christian truth, was so distressing to good Bishop Corrie, that his last prayer was for the speedy removal of this 'disgrace and apathy.'" Since then much has been accomplished in the Telegu country, the record of which will be found in Mr. Noble's book. It will surprise none who are at all acquainted with the people of India to be told that when the Telegu mission was commenced, amongst all the millions of the people there was not one woman (except among the dancing girls, the most degraded of the female sex), taught to read by the natives themselves. Their intellectual powers were uncultivated, and they lived for nothing but to minister to the material comforts of the household. An improvement in the education of the women has now taken place, but the marriage laws keep them in a false and dangerous position. The girls are betrothed when only three or four years of age, and married at twelve or thirteen; but if the bridegroom dies during the time of the betrothment, or after the marriage, the bride becomes a widow for life, and from that time she is treated with the greatest neglect, and degraded to the most menial offices by her own and her late husband's family. She must even take her meals alone, and without the hope of any change in her condition, her life becomes a burden to her. It is no wonder that under these circumstances, and without the support of religion, she not only falls into vice herself, but makes others wicked also. In the Telegu country Mr. Noble estimates there are about two million women and girls thus restricted from marriage; and who, in other respects, are in a wretched condition. Another formidable barrier exists in the institution of caste, by which the natives are divided into distinct classes, between which there is of necessity but little intercourse, and that of a nature to gall and oppress the one, and to exalt and puff up the other with inordinate vanity and pride.

Mr. Noble was of opinion that this state of things could only be remedied by a knowledge of Christianity; and acting on this conviction, he worked hard to instruct the natives without attacking their prejudices. The result was that his school was attended by a superior class of young men and boys, chiefly Brahmans; and with them, and for them, he daily read the Bible, hearing their questions and objections, and replying to them, thus eliciting the state of their feelings, and obtaining the means of teaching the doctrines of Christianity. In 1863 he had two hundred and fifty boys in his school, but his efforts to benefit them were greatly hindered by their female relatives, who remained in ignorance and idolatry. There was a school for the lower classes of girls, which was well attended, but the higher classes would not send their daughters; therefore they grew up in all the prejudices of their caste, and exerted a most baneful influence over their sons and brothers in the school. In one of Mr. Noble's letters to his brother he greatly deplores this state of things, and as the only remedy, suggests that some pious lady should, after acquiring the language, go to the house of a respectable native gentleman, who would call together the girls of other respectable families, by which means an opportunity would be made to give them the needful instruction. Thus, he thought, a bond of sympathy would be established, and the boys and girls having a fellow interest in the truth, would be gradually prepared to forsake the idolatrous practices and degrading customs of their people.

The author of this suggestion has gone to his reward, but the want he so often deplored is being met by the efforts of the Society for Promoting Female Knowledge in the East, which has now been working for some years with much success; and more recently by the *Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Female Education among the Heathen*. This Association is not only the latest formed for that special object, but is also the widest in its scope, for it embraces not only India, but the whole world in its operations. The parent Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and its sister the Church Missionary Society, have stretched out their hands to the remotest corners of the earth, giving the grasp of Christian fellowship to hundreds of thousands, and conveying the glad tidings of the Gospel of peace to the most distant nations. In the East and West Indies, in America, North and South, the Canadas, Palestine, Australia, and numerous other places, their missions are established; and it is in connection with this wide-spread system of Christian philanthropy and benevolence—this vast machinery so ably planned for good to all mankind—that the Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Female Education among the Heathen is also seeking its peculiar field of usefulness. On the 11th of May, 1866, a meeting was held at the house of the Bishop of London, when the subject was fully discussed; and its members were unanimously of the opinion that an additional agency was required for the furtherance of female education among the heathen. The result of this meeting and expressed opinion was that the Ladies' Society was called into being, and in six months from that date the report gave a favourable account of its doings. The subscriptions and donations received up to the 30th of November amounted to 161l. 14s.; and five boxes of work for sale in India had been received, the value of which was estimated at 38l. 18s. 9d. In addition to this, nine valuable parcels of clothing for use in the native schools and missions abroad had been received, twenty branch associations formed, and it is believed that many others are in process of formation. Arrangements have also been made for the support of two native girls at mission boarding schools in Madras, from the contributions of branch associations in England; and a correspondence has been opened with several persons abroad, by whose advice and suggestions the committee expect much assistance in selecting the most promising fields for the operations of the association.

It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the mother is more especially the guide and trainer of the child; and it has been shown by experience that the moral results obtained by the education of women are greater than those which result from the education of men. It follows that even greater attention should be paid to the early education of girls than of boys; and if any suppose we have enough of this work remaining to be done at home, they may be reminded that we no longer live in days when each little state and nation is wrapped up in itself, except for the purposes of aggression and warfare. The whole human family is by the force of circumstances brought into more immediate union; the rapid means of transit from one country to another, and the magic speed of the electric wire, conveying our thoughts on lightning wings, bring us in contact with our brethren of distant lands in a way not dreamed of a century ago. Even selfish motives would suggest that we cannot serve ourselves better than by helping on the great work of civilization. It will enable the scholar to increase his store of learning, and the merchant to facilitate his speculations in the commercial world. The benefit to be derived from it is as widely extended as the earth itself; and the plan of providing for the education of women and girls in heathen lands is one which will not only open the way for Christianity to themselves, but to generations yet to come.

TAPPING THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

THE application of modern inventions to the science and uses of war may probably be only in its infancy: Until the great American struggle had extended its ravages over a theatre larger than Europe can furnish, the power of railways as instruments of warfare, and the use of the telegraph wire in controlling military operations had never previously been developed. During that war not only were the existing lines of wire devoted to military purposes, but, as the armies moved forward, the chain of communication was prolonged, and a connection, which extended its ramifications through the camps, and even to the more advanced outposts, established with the base of operations.

Three methods of telegraphy were in use in the American armies. The first, simple in its plan and easy of execution, was but the forerunner of its more scientific companions. A corps named the signal corps, consisting of picked officers and men, accompanied the advanced pickets, carrying with them flags and lanterns. They selected prominent heights, and using the flags as a species of semaphore by day, and the lanterns for the same purposes by night, in a manner similar to that employed by the instructors of musketry in our army, transmitted messages to the general in command in rear, or from the army on land to the gunboats co-operating on the sea or the large navigable rivers. This system, although useful, was slow in its work and liable to mistakes in execution, but it possessed some advantages which the telegraph wire did not afford. The chain of communication could not be severed, and instances occurred where the living semaphore, signalling from hill to hill, was capable of employment when the telegraph wire had already succumbed to the enemy's knife.

Next in succession to the signal corps was the field telegraph, conveyed in two carts, which laid the wire down as the leading cart was drawn forward. This could be worked instantaneously, and before the whole coil had been unwound. It was available for keeping open rapid communication between the shifting headquarters and the most advanced post of the more permanent telegraph. The wire was either carried along the ground, enclosed in gutta-percha, or was suspended from the bushes and trees. It was liable to injury, both from accident and from the ignorance of the soldiery, who have been known to cut it in pieces, unwitting of its use and importance, for the purpose of making stoppers for their pipes.

Immediately following the march of the armies, the regular telegraph posts were set up, and the wire stretched with marvellous rapidity. A corps of workmen, set apart for the purpose, accompanied the forces. Trees and straight poles were selected, and firmly let into the ground, whilst the wires were fixed by men provided with climbing irons, who in this manner finished their work without the cumbrous machinery of ladders.

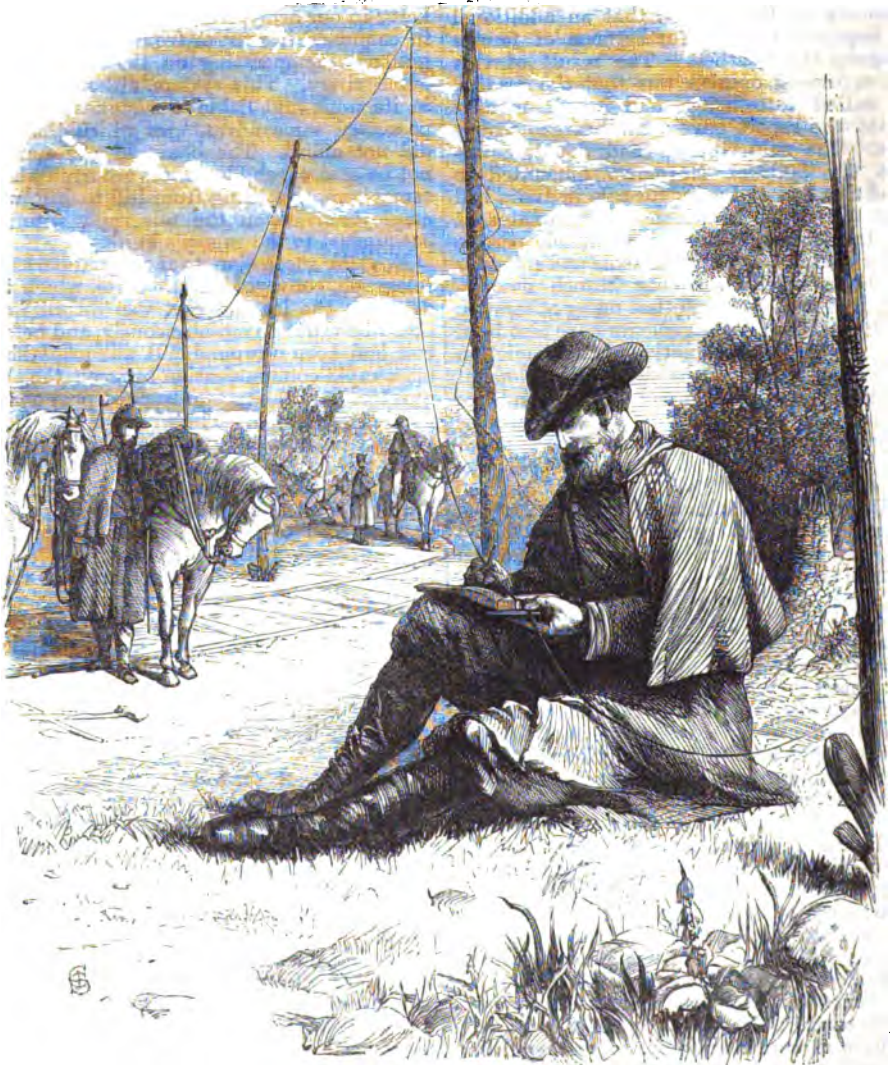
Thus, through the forests and across the vast prairies of America, the electric wire carried its messages of war; but as in former days, the aide-de-camp and the courier were frequently interrupted and despoiled of their despatches, so, by the acute American, was the telegraph wire forced to yield up its messages to those from whom, at all hazards, they should have been kept secret.

Tapping the telegraph was a trick of not unfrequent occurrence. In rear of the main armies such bold raiders as Morgan, Stuart, and others, both Federal and Confederate, would make incursions, facilitated in the concealment of their operations by the identity of the combatants in language and general appearance. They would seize suddenly on telegraph offices, possess

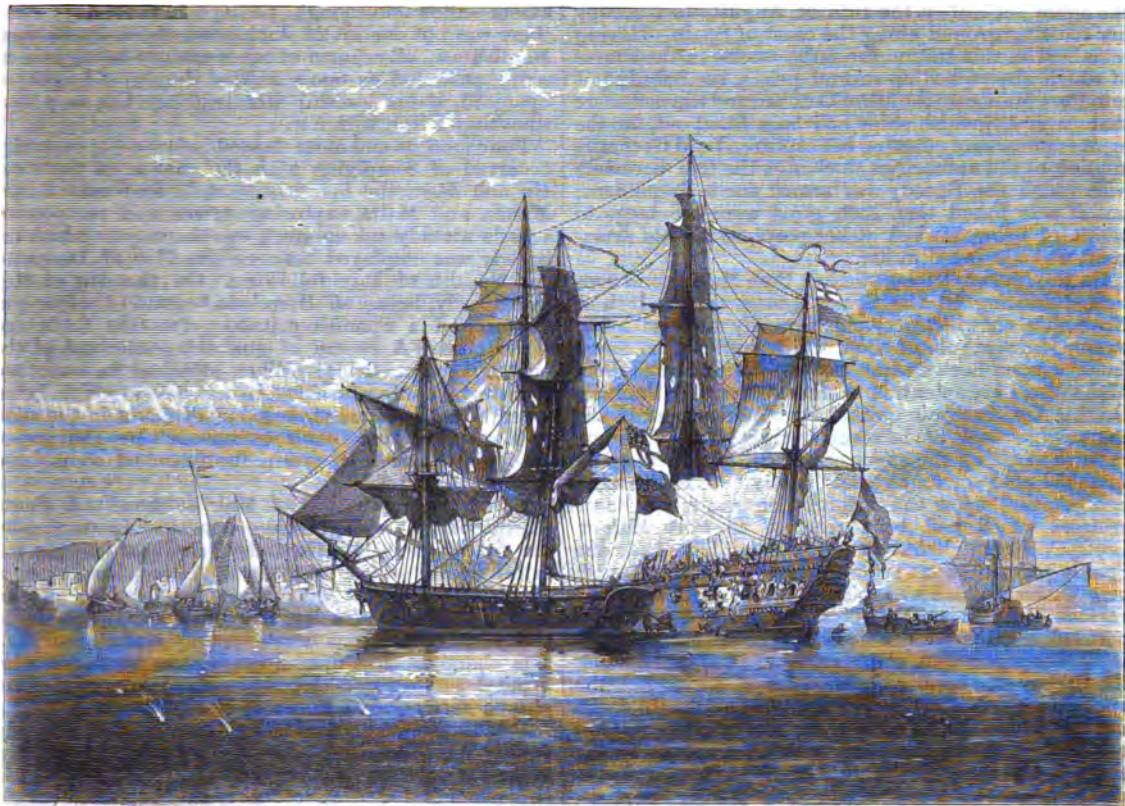
themselves of the instruments, and transmit messages under false names, with the intention of misleading the enemy; or, severing the connections between the stations, would read off, by means of a pocket instrument, the orders which the opposing generals were sending to the detached posts.

An incident of this description occurred during Morgan's raid into Kentucky in the summer of 1863. An officer of the staff, well informed of matters connected with the telegraph, had accompanied the expedition, provided with a pocket instrument, to which, having severed the connection between Nashville and Louisville, he joined the wire. Then, seated on a heap of stones by the wayside, the general and the impromptu telegraph operator received the various messages from the Federal officers in command of those posts. It was exciting as well as amusing work, and the hours passed rapidly; whilst Morgan, personating the Federal officers, ordered and counterordered the various detachments as it suited his purpose. He received many warnings of his own presence in the country, and messages not always complimentary relative to himself; whilst he was often obliged to have recourse to stratagems to discover some clue, his ignorance of which would have betrayed the trick. Thus, wishing to ascertain the station from which a particular

message had been despatched, without exciting suspicion, he telegraphed to this effect. "A gentleman in the office bets me two cigars that you cannot spell the name of your station correctly."—Answer: "Take the bet. Lebanon Junction. Is this not right? How do you think I would spell it?"—"He gives it up. He thought you would put two bs in Lebanon."—Answer: "Ha, ha, he is a green one." And then follow inquiries respecting a train full of soldiers, which had already fallen into Morgan's clutches. Frequently, after serious work, and after all the information necessary had been acquired, some irritating, and what may be termed chaffing message, would be sent through the wires to the unfortunate officer, who, the victim of the stratagem, had been communicating freely the secrets of the army to the enemy's general. Thus Morgan telegraphs his farewell to a Federal general, who unwittingly had betrayed to him the disposition of his forces: "Good morning, Jerry. This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend has all the despatches since the 12th of July on file; do you wish for copies?" Such were some of the curious combinations of war and science, which, if often practised, would necessitate in a general's aide-de-camp other qualifications than those of riding well and carrying a message correctly.



TAPPING THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SPEEDY AND THE GAMO.

BRITISH PLUCK.

LORD COCHRANE was a lieutenant in the Queen Charlotte, flag of Admiral Lord Keith, when he was ordered to take charge of the *Généreux*, seventy-four, which had been captured by Lord Nelson's squadron in the Mediterranean. The Queen Charlotte was in the straits of Messina when Lord Cochrane joined the prize and received his orders to make the best of his way to Port Mahon.

With a crew made up of invalids from the different ships of the fleet, and with the *Généreux* in a weakened and almost unseaworthy condition, Lord Cochrane set sail, shaping his course for Port Mahon. A gale of wind took him within a few hours of starting, and well nigh proved fatal to his ship and all her company; but by dint of perseverance, such as it was no effort for him to make, he managed to avoid both "the dangers of the sea and the violence of the enemy," and to bring the prize safely into port.

After his arrival he had the satisfaction to find his previous good service, and his skill recently displayed in the management of the *Généreux*, rewarded with a separate command for which Lord Keith had sent him a commission. Some disappointment he felt, as he confesses in his autobiography, at finding the admiral's intentions to give him the command of the *Bonne Citoyenne*, a fine corvette of eighteen guns, changed so far as to give him only the command of the *Speedy*, a small fourteen-gun brig.

He was, however, determined to make the best of a bad job, and to see what laurels could be won even by so small a cruiser. The *Speedy* was a brig of one hundred and fifty-eight tons burden; her armament consisted of fourteen four-pounders, and her crew numbered eighty-four men and six officers, including the captain and one lieutenant. We, who are

familiar with one hundred-pounders, and even bigger guns than that, and who look upon sixty-eights as mere trifles, may wonder at the temerity which would arm any vessel with guns of so small a calibre as those in the *Speedy*. Even in her time they were considered small, and Lord Cochrane obtained a brace of twelve-pounders, hoping to make his vessel somewhat more a subject of dread than she was when he first saw her. But finding the decks too small to work these guns, he returned them into store, and had to put up with the little popguns originally sent to the ship.

To give some idea of the size and capacity of the *Speedy*, it may be observed, that when having carried away her mainyard she had to be supplied with another, it was ordered that the fore-topgallant yard of the *Généreux* should be appropriated for the service. Her cabin was so small and low that it was not possible to stand upright in it, and Lord Cochrane says he had to put his head through the open skylight, his feet being on the floor of the cabin, whenever he wanted to shave himself.

As soon as the *Speedy* was victualled and stored she put to sea, and at once began her predatory attacks on the enemy's ships, sometimes also being ordered to undertake the charge of a convoy from one of the Mediterranean ports to another. Her performances in this capacity were both numerous and effectual, and she soon became known to both the French and Spanish navies as the most venturesome and annoying light craft afloat. On the 14th of June, 1800, the *Speedy*, which had rejoined Lord Keith's squadron at Genoa, was again detached with orders to cruise off the coast of Spain. Whilst doing this her watchfulness and activity were rewarded by no less than six prizes, including two vessels of war, captured between the 16th of June, and the 31st of July. Early in August the *Speedy* rejoined Lord Keith in Leghorn Roads, whence, having filled up with water and provisions,

she again set sail on the 16th of August, to reoccupy her cruising ground along the coast of Spain. Having remained on this station for seven weeks, in the course of which she picked up several prizes, the *Speedy* put into Port Mahon on the 5th of October, and learned there that several Spanish ships had been fitted out for the express purpose of effecting her capture. Lord Cochrane applied to the authorities to change the four-pounders with which the *Speedy* was armed for six-pounders; but it was found that such guns were too large to admit of being worked at her ports, so her old armament was continued in her.

On the 12th of October she left Port Mahon, and continued cruising off the Spanish coast till the 18th of November, on which day she narrowly escaped being swamped in a gale of wind, which inflicted so much damage upon her as to necessitate her return to Port Mahon, and her detention there till December the 12th. On this day she again quitted Port Mahon, and in the course of a week made several prizes, each additional capture whetting the anger of the Spaniards, who had detached three or four vessels specially to cruise after her. Acting upon the information respecting these cruisers which had been received at Port Mahon, Lord Cochrane, before leaving port, had had the *Speedy* painted so as exactly to represent the Danish brig *Clomer*, which was well known as a trader in the various Spanish ports. This ruse proved to be of particular value within a week of its being prepared. It so happened that, while cruising off Plane Island, the *Speedy* saw in shore a large vessel, which had the appearance of a heavily-laden merchantman. All sail was immediately made in chase, and nothing occurred to alter the opinion entertained as to the character of the stranger until the *Speedy* was almost within gunshot. The stranger then opening her ports, which had hitherto been purposely kept closed, discovered the jaws and formidable teeth of a large Spanish frigate crowded with men. To attempt to escape would have been useless; the frigate would have out-sailed the brig, and from where she was could have blown her out of the water. Deceit was the only means by which Lord Cochrane could hope to save his ship. So putting a bold face upon the matter, he ran up the Danish colours, the *Speedy* being already painted so as to represent the well-known Danish brig *Clomer*, and stood towards the Spaniard as if desirous of speaking her. At the same time the yellow quarantine flag was run up at the brig's foremast, so as to assist in repressing any inquisitorial ideas which the Spaniards might wish to carry out by boarding. A petty officer was also placed at the gangway in Danish uniform, with instructions to give a Danish account of the *Speedy* in the event of her being hailed.

The frigate lowered a boat, but the quarantine flag effectually checked all desire to come on board. When the boat was within hail the sham Dane gave her occupants to understand that the *Speedy* was two days from Algiers, where it was well known that the plague was raging violently at the time. Spanish curiosity was satisfied without further inquiry, the boat returned to the frigate, which immediately filled, and bore away.

Scarcely had the *Speedy* got on her way out of the jaws of destruction, when complaints were made by several of the officers, reflecting the sentiments of the crew, that they had not been allowed to attack the frigate. The complaints fell upon ears not disposed to rebuke them. Lord Cochrane mustered the crew, explained to them the disparity of force both in guns and men between the frigate and the brig, reminded them that many of their own complement were away in prizes, and that, even if all who belonged to them were on board, the fight would be considered in every case most unequal. He added, however, that, if all hands were agreed, he certainly would not hold back.

The crew, who based their calculations upon the

axiom—allowable enough, perhaps, in those days—that there was but one set of Jacks, and those Jacks were Englishmen, all seamen of other nations being held in scorn, answered as one man that they would fight the Spaniard, if his lordship were willing, the very next time they fell in with her.

Four months and more elapsed before an opportunity occurred of complying with the wishes of the crew. Up and down the Spanish coast, in and out of Port Mahon and Malta, capturing prizes and recapturing vessels already taken—such was the way in which the *Speedy* was employed between the 21st of December and the 6th of May following. On the 4th of May the *Speedy*, being off Barcelona, captured a four-gun tartan, and a Spanish privateer, the *San Carlos*, of seven guns. A swarm of gunboats came out of the port and began firing. When attacked in turn they retreated, running in shore, a manoeuvre which, being repeated several times, induced a suspicion in the mind of Lord Cochrane that they were acting the part of decoys to draw him within the reach of some large cruiser.

At 9 P.M. on the 5th of May he stood off shore, after repairing some damage done to his rigging by the fire of the gunboats, and at daylight on the 6th ran in again towards Barcelona. There, sure enough, he saw the trap into which it was proposed to let him fall, in the shape of a large Spanishxebec frigate, of thirty-two guns, that was running under the land. The character and disposition of the stranger were evinced as soon as she perceived the *Speedy*, for she altered her course and bore down in chase.

Prize crews had reduced the strength of the *Speedy* to fifty-four, including officers and boys, and the crew of the frigate, as it afterwards appeared, numbered three hundred and nineteen men. Lord Cochrane determined there should be no complaint this time about not having a fair fight. He ordered the crew to be mustered at general quarters, and the ship to be cleared for action—orders which were obeyed with an alacrity worthy of the crew of so gallant a commander. The odds were great—twenty-two long twelve-pounders, eight long eight-pounders, and two twenty-four-pounder carronades, throwing a broadside weight of shot of one hundred and ninety pounds, against fourteen four-pounders, throwing a broadside weight of shot of twenty-eight pounds; but Lord Cochrane was bent upon a fight, and, if possible, upon victory.

At 9.30 A.M. the frigate fired a gun and hoisted Spanish colours, in answer to which the *Speedy* ran up the American ensign. This was in order to deceive the enemy till the *Speedy* got on the other tack, when the British flag was hoisted, and was immediately saluted with a broadside from the Spaniard. This broadside, however, did no harm, neither did that which followed it. The *Speedy* reserved her fire under Lord Cochrane's orders, it being rightly considered useless to throw away an ounce of ammunition until the ships were close enough for the small four-pounders to make themselves felt. Following the directions of Lieutenant Parker, whose ideas and those of the seamen on gunnery ran on all fours, the men treble-shotted the *Speedy's* guns, elevated them, and when the order came to fire, which was not until the brig had run close under the lee of the Spaniard and locked her yards in his rigging, a telling discharge was sent into the main deck of the enemy, killing the captain, Don Francisco de Torres, and the boatswain.

The *Speedy*, having entangled herself with the rigging of the frigate, few of the latter's guns could do her any harm, their shot passing over the *Speedy's* deck, cutting up her rigging fore and aft, but not causing any slaughter or inconvenience to her crew. On the other hand, every shot fired from the *Speedy* told: the guns were elevated, and by their discharges threatened to blow up the frigate's main deck. The

loss on board the frigate was great, and the officer who had assumed the command on the death of Don Francisco de Torres thought to end the combat by boarding his assailant. Twice a determined attempt was made to do this, and was twice prevented by the Speedy sheering off to an unboardable distance, pouring in at the same time volleys of musketry and a broadside.

For more than an hour the fight went on. The Speedy had suffered severely in sails, spars, and rigging, and was getting perfectly riddled with shot. Her loss of men was no more than two killed and four wounded; but all hands were growing tired, and it was evident to Lord Cochrane that the unequal fight could not be much longer continued. The only hope of saving his ship and crew lay in capturing the Spanish frigate—an object which clearly could not be attained by simply hammering away at her with his twenty-eight pounds of broadside, even though that were increased by the process of double and treble shotting the guns. Boarding was the only way to do what was wanted. In spite of the confusion and noise of the fight, Lord Cochrane managed to make his meaning apparent to the men, who gladly jumped at the notion of trying conclusions with their enemy at close quarters, where they could put in practice their theory, already alluded to, respecting the relative value of British and foreign seamen.

In order to give a more terrific appearance to the boarders, Lord Cochrane bade the men smear their faces with grease, and rub gunpowder into it, and to board, some of them by the head, the remainder, under his own guidance, by the waist. Lieutenant Parker had charge of the first party of boarders. Two men being killed and four wounded, the total of all hands available for boarding was forty-eight, including the surgeon. The latter, Mr. Guthrie, was ordered to take the helm, being the only man who was to be left in the Speedy. He willingly undertook the office, and, as cleverly as it was possible to be done, laid the little brig close alongside of her antagonist. In a minute every man of the Speedy's crew was on the deck of the frigate, the boarders by the head with their blackened faces having slightly the advantage of their brethren in point of time. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, and a desperate struggle for the possession of the deck; the boarders in the forepart were having hard work of it, in spite of the terror which their appearance inspired in the superstitious minds of the Spanish seamen, when Lord Cochrane's party, pouring in over the waist, took the enemy in flank and rear, and so doubled them up between two sets of assailants. For some minutes the hand-to-hand struggle continued in the waist, when Lord Cochrane bade one of his men haul down the Spanish colours; and the Spaniards, either because they supposed this to be the act of one of their own officers, or because they had had enough of the fight, ceased to resist, and the Speedys found themselves in possession of the frigate *El Gamo*, of thirty-two guns and three hundred and nineteen men. Out of this number of men the captain, the boatswain, and thirteen seamen, were killed, and forty-one were wounded, leaving no less than two hundred and sixty-three unhurt prisoners in the hands of the captors, whose loss during the entire action had been three men killed and seven wounded, including Lieutenant Parker, who was severely wounded in several places while boarding at the head of his men.

The difficulty now was to know what to do with the prisoners. Two hundred and sixty-three unhurt men in charge of forty-four unhurt men, who had just taken them, was no trifle; and unless stringent measures had been taken it is possible the glorious work of capture had been undone by a rescue, when the Spaniards should have recovered from their fright. An attempt would almost certainly have been made

if the gunboats from Barcelona, which had witnessed the combat, had come up to the help of the *Gamo*. But they were deterred no doubt by an unwillingness to interfere in what they reasonably looked upon as a sure and easy victory for the frigate, and when she was taken they were too much confounded to make any efforts in her behalf. The method pursued by Lord Cochrane to secure his prize was to drive every man of her crew down into the hold, and when they were there, to point some of the main-deck guns, loaded with canister, down the hatchway, giving the prisoners to understand that on the first sign of renewed resistance the gunners, who stood to the guns with lighted matches, would discharge their pieces amongst them, repeating the operation till order should be restored. A midshipman, the Hon. Archibald Cochrane, and a prize crew of thirty men, took charge of the *Gamo*; and the Speedy keeping in company for fear of accident, the two vessels made the best of their way to Port Mahon, where the prisoners were duly handed over, and the brig remained for some time to repair and refit.

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

VIII.—SPOUTING.



HERE is no more pleasant companion, no more delightful person to eat with, drink with, smoke with, sit with, than one who can not only talk, but also be silent and listen. Spouter is not such a person. "Let no dog bark" when Spouter deigns to open his mouth. Wherever Spouter may be, he evidently considers himself an injured man if he does not have all the talk to himself. He will not take it amiss if other poor creatures ask him a question or two, or address to him (to nobody else, mind) an observation or two; for they are to his flow of speech what notes of interrogation, commas, semicolons, and colons (his system does not include a full stop), are to printed discourses. They suggest to him fresh subjects, and they give him a few pauses for the recovery of his breath. But if any two or three, ignoring Spouter, are audacious enough to enter into conversation amongst themselves, he will swell with such indignation that spectators will be anxious for the buttons on his waistcoat. He will raise his voice to a frightful pitch, he will glare ferociously in the direction of the offending parties, and he will display on the tip of his nose an expression of as much scorn as Nature has rendered his organ capable of expressing. Sometimes Nature has given him a very niggardly allowance, and the efforts he then makes are very gratifying to a lover of the laughable. Spouter is often called a "brilliant talker;" his brilliancy consists in his eclipsing others; and he eclipses others either by preventing them from speaking at all or by talking them down. And he talks them down, either by taking no notice whatever of what anybody else says, and by simply getting louder and louder, or by assuming a hectoring and bullying tone and manner, which can only be met by contemptuous (for which he doesn't care) silence, or by a protest or a rejoinder of such a kind as will make the whole company feel awkward, and possibly disturb the harmony of the meeting. Spouter's notion of a conversation is where he talks and everybody else listens, or at any rate lets him talk without interruption. If jokes are to be

made, Spouter must make them; if anecdotes are to be related, Spouter must relate them; if stories are to be told, Spouter must tell them; if the question of Reform is to be discussed, Spouter must discuss it all to himself. Spouter differs from the really "brilliant talker" in that the latter has so much confidence in himself, and is so careful of what he says that he seeks rather than shuns opposition; smiles instead of frowning upon an adversary or a rival; and is glad to show how, by curious fact, or ingenious argument, or ready wit, or pat illustration, or happy allusion, or apt quotation, he can refute or turn aside the arguments of an opponent, or transfer to himself the applause and admiration which had been but a moment before won by the rival whom he "caps." Spouter seldom misses an opportunity of "getting upon his legs." Then he feels he has his audience at his mercy. You may see him sitting upon a platform, fidgeting about, and trying vainly to appear as if he took an interest in what the speakers who precede him are saying; but, so soon as his turn arrives, he jumps up with pleasure beaming in his eye, he licks his lips with an air of satisfaction, he smiles benignantly upon his audience, and no cries of "sit down," "we've had enough of that," "who is he?" "does your mother know you're out?" "take him away," "give him in charge," and "turn him out," will move him from his dire purpose of at any rate hearing himself talk. So long as two or three victims remain he will have no compassion upon them; and when at last he finds himself alone with the empty benches, he will rush forth into the street, seize the first of his friends (if he have any) whom he happens to meet by the button-hole, and will proceed to give him "a few ideas upon the subject under discussion," until friendship can stand it no longer. Spouter is a sort of distant relation of the Gossips, the Chatterboxes, and the Tattlers; but he has great points of difference from them. He is not so aimless as the Gossips; he is not so young and so frivolous as the Chatterboxes; and he is not so mean as the Tattlers. The Gossips and the Chatterboxes seem to be naturally afflicted, just as some persons are born deaf and dumb, and to be under an impression that their chattering is as likely as not to be agreeable to their fellow-creatures; they have no selfish ideas on the subject; the Tattlers add to their natural affliction a malicious spirit of mischief; and Spouter, with just a little of the natural affliction which is the lot of the Gossips, the Chatterboxes, and the Tattlers, but without any of the malicious spirit of the Tattlers, is more pretentious and more selfish than the others; he likes best to talk to or at a large assembly, and he likes to have the talk all to himself. He may be ambitious, but he is a decided bore.

CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

TAKE of the Spirit of "Resolution" 1 oz.; mix properly with 1 oz. of Oil of Good Conscience; infuse a spoonful of Salt of Patience. (In order to procure the latter, distil carefully the flowers of a composing plant called "Otherwoes," which grows freely in almost every part of the garden of life.) Having mingled these ingredients, take a handful of Blossoms of Hope. Sweeten the whole with Balm of Trust in Providence. And if further you can procure a little of the rare cordial of "True-friendship," you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered.

(N.B. Beware of a counterfeit and spurious kind of the latter cordial, which, while much commoner, and entirely different in nature from the true, appears like it. Its proper name is "Self Interest," and a small quantity of this poisonous herb is sufficient to spoil the whole composition.)

Make these ingredients into Pills of Comfort. Take one every night when you go to bed, and one when you wake in the morning.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

III.—NAPOLEON'S TOMB.—COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

ALTHOUGH there is not an arrondissement of any importance in Paris that has not a street or monument named after some victory gained by the French armies, they create no more enthusiasm in the passers-by or beholders than does our Waterloo Place or Trafalgar Square in the minds of the population of London. Even the rampant and exaggerated statues, in bronze and marble, of French heroes which meet the eye so frequently in Paris, fail to excite the admiration or even a passing remark from the military, for whose edification and emulation they were especially intended. Anything in worse taste than the generality of these statues cannot possibly be imagined. In this respect, at any rate, the French have no superiority to claim over the English, much in advance as they may be in the other branches of the fine arts. That we are open to criticism—and severe criticism too—for our monuments raised to the memory of our departed great men is true; at the same time there is generally an unobtrusiveness to be found in them, which to a considerable extent neutralizes—or at any rate conceals—their defects. The statue of the Duke of Wellington in Piccadilly—of George III. in Pall Mall—and of his son George IV., with wig and truncheon, in Trafalgar Square—are objectionable in many points of view, whether of proportion or good taste; but still there is no exaggeration of action to particularly attract the eye of the spectator to them. In the French capital, on the contrary, most of their statues—especially those erected to the memory of their military heroes—are obtrusive in the extreme. To use a French phrase—they appear always to have the footlights before them—in other words, there is about them an air of theatrical display, which occasionally approaches very closely to the grotesque, frequently giving us the idea that the artists must have chosen their models from Franconi's theatre, during the run of some favourite military spectacle or melodrama.

It is singular to remark how little attention these monuments to the memory of the military heroes of the last generation appear to have paid to them by the soldiery of the present day. They seem to look upon them simply as a kind of landmark—nothing more. Nor is this much to be wondered at. The names of a vast proportion of the heroes of the Republic and First Empire are unknown to the modern soldiery. All the great actions they may have done are now absorbed in the hero-worship they offer to Napoleon and one or two of his principal generals. A few of the veterans of the *grande armée* still exist who knew, and, possibly, may have served under the hero to whose memory a particular statue may have been erected. But the number of these is now but small, and in a few years they will, in the ordinary course of nature, become extinct. Two military monuments alone, of the immense number to be found in Paris, seem to be at present regarded with anything like enthusiasm, and these are the tomb of Napoleon I., and the column in the Place Vendôme, the latter forming the subject of the woodcut which illustrates our present sketch.

We will first notice the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon. As the reader is aware, his body remained in its grave in St. Helena for many years after his death; and although the removal of it to Paris was often mooted by the French people, the Bourbon government would not move in the matter. It was not until after the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, in 1830, that the question was seriously entertained by the French legislature, and even then it seemed to have excited much less interest than might have been expected; for it was not until the year 1840 that formal application was



PLACE VENDÔME.

made to the British government for permission to exhume the body of Napoleon and transport it to Paris. The application was immediately granted; and the sum of a million of francs having been voted by the French Chamber to pay the expenses of the transport, the Prince de Joinville was despatched to St. Helena in the *Belle Poule* frigate, and in due time returned to France, bringing with him the body of the Emperor. On its arrival in the capital it was received by the Parisians with an immense display of military pomp, and conducted, through long files of soldiery lining the way, to the chapel of St. Jerome, where it remained for many years, till the present magnificent mausoleum was prepared to receive it.

If questionable as a work of art, certainly immense care, attention, and study have been bestowed on the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I. It is in a crypt situated in the chapel of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and is approached through a bronze door, over which two colossal bronze figures keep guard. These are worthy of great attention, being admirable specimens of the highest class of French monumental sculpture, and among the best productions of the eminent artist Duret. One, crowned with laurels, carries with it the emblems of military power—the other, those of civil authority. After descending a staircase of twenty-five steps, the visitor enters a subterranean corridor, lighted by a number of lamps, of a form adapted to the funereal character of the place. This corridor is ornamented by ten bass-reliefs, the work of the artist M. Limart. They represent, in an allegorical form—more or less intelligible, after the fashion of allegorical sculpture in general—the principal institutions and

benefits conferred by the Emperor on the French nation. Among these, the creation of the Legion of Honour, the University, the Code Napoleon, and the creation of the Conseil d'Etat, are the most worthy of observation.

From the corridor the visitor enters a circular enclosure, walled round with coloured marble, in the centre of which is the sarcophagus of Napoleon I. This enclosure has no roof, but a bronze balustrade—of a convenient height to allow persons visiting the chapel to see the tomb of the Emperor below—completely encircles the opening. Around the crypt are placed twelve colossal caryatides, sculptured by the celebrated artist Pradier, and his pupils Legnesne, Guillaume, and Fêrot. They are intended to be symbolical of the first and second campaigns in Italy, that of Egypt, the two campaigns of Austria, and those of Prussia, Poland, Spain, Russia, Saxony, France, and Belgium. Little can be said in praise of the taste shown in these caryatides, without, however, the slightest blame being attributable to M. Pradier on that account. It had been the wish of the artist to characterise each of these figures by the costume worn by the military at the time, with their arms and accoutrements; but the architect, Visconti, imagined that so much difference of detail would act prejudicially on the effect of the whole, and Pradier was obliged to give way to his opinion. Which of the two artists was correct in his judgment it would be difficult to determine. Certainly the figures have in no way tended to establish the high and just reputation for ability and correctness of idea which so eminently distinguish the works of M. Pradier. Over the door, which is of

bronze, is a black marble slab, on which is engraved the following words from the Emperor's will:—"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français, que j'ai tant aimé."—(I desire that my ashes rest near the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I so much loved.)

Although the amount of money and care expended upon a tomb is generally but little indicative of the amount of respect really bestowed upon the memory of the deceased, this can hardly be said to be the case with that of the Emperor Napoleon. The selection of the Hôtel des Invalides for his resting place was in excellent taste. There, of all other spots, his memory was likely to be treated with affection and respect. Since his interment there it would be curious to ascertain how many of his old soldiers—those who fought under him at the fields of Leipsic and Waterloo—have died within a few yards of the body of the hero whose memory was so dear to them. The few of his old companions in arms who now remain, make annually, on the 5th May, a pilgrimage to his tomb. Their numbers each year become fewer, and it is said they are even now speculating among themselves who will be the last man left to pay to the departed hero this annual tribute of respect.

The column in the Place Vendôme is perhaps a greater favourite with the veterans of the Republican and Imperial armies than the tomb of Napoleon itself. Certainly more open reverence is shown to it by them. How far the national love of display may be mixed up in the matter it is impossible to say; and even if we could hazard an opinion, it might, after all, be an uncharitable one. The monument, erected as it is, in memory of the campaign of Austerlitz, must naturally excite feelings of respect—and even of affection—in the minds of the few veterans left who so devotedly served their country on the occasion. As a work of art, the column of the Place Vendôme has little to recommend it. It is built on a spot where formerly stood, on a pedestal of white marble, an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., designed by Girardon, and cast in bronze by Jean Balthazar Prellar. It was destroyed at the first French revolution, and nothing appears to have been erected in its place until after the campaign of Austerlitz, when the Emperor Napoleon resolved on erecting the present column in commemoration of the Austrian campaign. The column is forty-three metres in height. It is built of stone, incased with bronze castings, representing the different events of the campaign—the metal for which was furnished by melting down two thousand pieces of artillery taken from the enemy. The relieves themselves are more curious than beautiful. They ascend in a spiral form, winding round the column from the pedestal to the summit, and represent different episodes in the campaign. They are principally interesting as showing the uniforms of the period, and the differences which exist in the military equipments of the present day and those in use some sixty years ago. The statue which at present crowns the column is not the one which was originally placed on it, the former having been a magnificent figure of Napoleon I., in his imperial robes, after the design of Claudet. After the abdication of the Emperor, the people, as a mark of respect to the Bourbons, attempted to pull the statue from the summit by means of cords, but were unsuccessful. A few years afterwards, however, it was removed by order of Louis XVIII., and the white flag of the Bourbon dynasty supplied its place till the year 1830, when a statue of Napoleon in the absurd cocked-hat and little grey redingote, which have become almost historic, were placed on it by order of Louis Philippe. About four years ago this undignified figure was in its turn removed, and the figure in Roman costume which now surmounts the column substituted for it.

It may be interesting to state that the monument was inaugurated with great pomp and ceremony by King Louis Philippe. "The army, the national guard, and a large proportion of the population of Paris, assisted at this ceremony, which was performed with great magnificence. The cries of *Vive l'Empereur* mixing with those of *Vive le Roi*! *Vive la liberté*! arose from the troops as they defiled before the column. Certainly some cries of *a bas les forts détachés*! were also occasionally heard, but they were lost in the universal acclamations which arose on all sides when the statue was unveiled. At that moment the military bands struck up martial airs, the sound of the cannon of the Invalides vibrated through the air, and Louis Philippe on horseback, in the midst of his brilliant *état major*, appeared happy and proud that under his reign so heartfelt a homage was offered to the warrior who had done so much for the honour of France."

On the 5th of May in each year a pilgrimage of the warriors who fought under Napoleon is made to the column as well as to the tomb. Crowns of immortality are then placed by them on the iron railings which surround the base of the monument. The few warriors who yet survive on that day brush up their old uniforms worn by them during the campaign, and now only donned on these occasions. They consider it their duty to visit the column, as a mark of respect to the general whom, in a few months, possibly day, they may follow to the grave. There is something exceedingly painful in the sight of a group of these old warriors in their antiquated uniforms, formerly considered so splendid, and which would now be thought ludicrous (were it not for the respect due to the wearers), so absolute are conventionalities of taste in military costume. Too frequently they totter from the column to the wine-shop, there to fight their battle over again. I was once present at a curious scene which took place on one of these anniversaries. While in conversation with a French physician, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, a group of these veterans advanced towards us. From their gesticulations, they appeared to be highly excited with the subject of the conversation, and were evidently endeavouring to impress upon one of their comrades (a tall, thin, pale-faced old man, in the uniform of the Imperial Guard) some argument which he would not admit. Stimulated by curiosity, we advanced towards them, and found the cause of their excitement to be the refusal of the grenadier to enter a wine-shop with them; the accusing him of the want of due respect to the memory of the Emperor, and he pleaded in excuse his inferior state of health; adding, that he had left his bed that morning solely because he considered it his duty to be present at the column on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon. His friends, finding all their arguments of no avail, left him, and he continued his path alone, towards the gardens of the Tuileries, my friend, the doctor, watching him attentively. Presently we saw the old man stagger, and immediately afterwards fall. My friend rushed up to him and found that he had fainted. The old man presently recovered himself sufficiently to state his address, and a fiacre passing at the moment, the doctor hailed it, and drove off with his patient. On meeting my friend the next day, I asked after his poor man. "He is gone, poor fellow," was his reply; "he died about two hours after he had reached his home. His death was in every way worthy of the gallant old fellow he was. When he arrived at his lodging he wished him to be undressed and placed in his bed. 'No, doctor,' said he. 'I know I have but a few hours to live, and I should like to die in my uniform, though I die on a bed.' He then requested that a priest might be sent for, who immediately attended, and administered to him the last offices of religion. Half an hour afterwards the poor old fellow was no more."





W. D. H. S. J.

LOND

KITTIE'S BREAKFAST

AFTER AN ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

MRS. SOPHIE ANDERSON.

SWORD AND PLOUGH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFGANG MÜLLER.

THREE once was a Count,* so I've heard it said,—
Who felt that his end drew near;
And he call'd his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.

He call'd for his PLOUGH, he call'd for his SWORD,—
That gallant, good and brave;
They brought him both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave:

"My first-born son, my pride and might,
Do thou my SWORD retain;
My castle on the lordly height,
And all my broad domain.

"On thee, my well-lov'd younger boy,
My PLOUGH I here bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy,
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
E'en to their dying day.

"Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight;
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight."

O, ask not of me what the end may be!
Ask of the country round!
The castle is dust, the SWORD is rust,
The height is but desert ground:

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honour abides with the PLOUGH!

H. T.

A RARE WIFE.

The following incident is related of the Shropshire "black country," in connection with the great snowstorm of last January. At Mount Pleasant, a little village between Shifnal and Wellington, there lived an aged couple named Shepherd, the husband being seventy-one years of age, and the wife one year younger. Shepherd was engaged as a furnace-tender at the Old Park Company's works, and on the night which proved to be that of the storm he went on duty as usual, his time being up at six on the following morning. The old woman, on awaking early in the morning, perceived that the snow had formed deep drifts in exposed places, and became anxious for the safety of her husband, who would have to cross two or three fields on his way home. She got up, kindled the fire, and prepared everything for her husband's breakfast, and when all was done found there was yet more than an hour before he would be home. She thereupon lighted a lantern, and, taking with her a shovel, set to work, and cleared a path through the snow all the way to the foundry where her husband was at work, a distance of a mile, completing her task in time to enable the old man to "walk home comfortable," as she said.

WHY, here's a lass! why, here's a burst of sunshine,—
Summer eternal 'mid the winter snow!—
A summer of the heart, a warmth of feeling
Which glorifies our nature, high and low.
O thine's a brave, a youthful heart, old dame!
Years pass, times change—but love is still the same.

"He'll lose his way, he's not so strong as I be,
The drifts are heavy on his roadway home;
I cannot rest whilst he's perchance in danger;
I'll take my rest when I am left alone,
If such shall be my lot. But now to cheer him,
A pathway through the snow I'll go and clear him."

* Count of Neuenahr.

So went she forth, and swept the pathway homeward,
For safety to her aged husband's feet;
And in so doing, surely she was leading
To a yet brighter home where both shall meet.
For when the things of earth are seen no longer,
In God's own light such love shall aye grow stronger.

J. W. ROE.

AT PLAY.

SUGGESTED BY MRS. ANDERSON'S CHARMING PICTURE OF "KITTY'S BREAKFAST."

AH! little maiden with the eyes
That look with childhood's merry glances
On all things, with what fair surprise
You'll haply read my wayward fancies,
Of what the rolling years may bring
Of earthly happiness or sorrow,
For you, who now so gaily sing,
With ne'er a thought about to-morrow.

And there's the little kitten, too,—
A blithesome-hearted kitten surely!
As on the floor it romps with you,
Or sips its milk and bread demurely.
Ah, will you think of what I say,
Or, laughing, look at what I've written,
When you have done with idle play
And think no longer of your kitten?

Will April suns be bright as now,
In all the unknown years before you?—
So smooth and fair your childish brow,
And never sorrow's shade hang o'er you?
But keep a heart as good and true,
And faithful to all earnest duty,
As beats within you now, so new
To life, in childhood's freshest beauty.

Will pussy change in years to come,
And grow an old cat, sage and wary?
You, too, may seek another home,
No longer lightsome as a fairy.
For life is not all childish play,
And you will tenderly remember
How merrily you spent your May,
When years have brought your life's December.

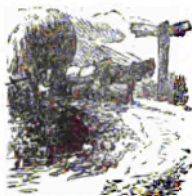
As pussy keeps her little face
So clean, with soft paws, night and morning;
Let cleanliness to maiden grace
Give added charms; and ever scorning
Harsh thoughts, keep clear the heart within,
Untainted by all evil leaven;
That you may one day haply win
A cleaner, purer heart in heaven.

They say, that Kitty in the dark,
Rubbed gently with a tender finger,
Will shine with an electric spark,
That o'er her back will gleam and linger.
And so should maiden wit be keen,
And maiden fancies gently lighten,
Illumining the darkest scene,
Nor burn, nor scathe, but only brighten.

And still play on, with heart elate,
The kitten by your side caressing;
And may you have the fairest fate
That heaven can send, with every blessing.
And may a happy day be thine,
With marriage bells above you chiming;
And with good wishes then, take mine
Beforehand, with my random rhyming.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.



HE memoir, with portrait and autograph, of pure, genial-hearted, Robert Bloomfield, so well given in the opening number of THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, will not be without its effect on the large class for which it was written. But even to that fair *resumé* it is possible to add a few particulars which will render the poet's history somewhat more complete. In the sketch alluded to, no mention is made of his later, and most beautiful volume, "May Day with the Muses,"—a series of poems in one, not un-akin in design to the Ettrick Shepherd's "Queen's Wake." An old country baronet, with a warm soul and a liberal hand, retires from senatorial life, gathers his tenantry round him in the celebration of a rural jubilee in front of his mansion, and calls upon all of his neighbours, who have ventured a hand at rhyme, to recite some portions of what they have written. This fancied plot affords an opportunity for the finest possible display of the poet's varied powers, and enables him to give in character "The Invitation," "The Drunken Father," "The Forster," "The Shepherd's Dream, or Fairies' Masquerade," "The Soldier's Home," "Rosamond's Song of Hope," and—most piquant, beautiful, and telling, perhaps, of them all—the story of a blind lover and his sweetheart, "Alfred and Janet." I record this index of that charming literary treasury with the more care, to aid in preserving it from forgetfulness, if not from extinction.

With due deference to the critics, I am one of those who doubt if the writings or the character of Robert Bloomfield have yet been appreciated as they ought. There can be little doubt that his reputation, in the first flush of his literary success, being mistaken for material prosperity by all who fancied they had claims on his sympathy, he was very soon impoverished by helping them. Hence, a consciousness of debt, when he owed about twenty pounds (which must have pressed as heavily upon his sensitive soul as upon men of tougher natures would twenty thousand), was one powerful element in the malady that slowly destroyed him. None are pained by the sorrows born of debts they cannot pay so keenly as men of deep religious feeling; and that feeling those who thoroughly realise Bloomfield's true life and character will not be disposed to deny him; whilst with it was blended a peculiar moral sensitiveness, which imparts a refreshing and refining charm to nearly all the sweet legacy of poetry he has left behind him. We have only to look at his portrait to understand the gentleness and susceptibility of his nature. That tapering under-jaw, and small, but well-rounded chin, bespeaking at once affection and purity; that mouth, which even in its silence seems to be uttering kind and sensible things; that regular and "peaceful nose" of a man who could seldom give or take offence; the finely-developed brows overshadowing those observant and loving eyes; the forehead expanding up towards reason's throne, and out towards the realms of wit, ideality, wonder, and awe; the indications of warm and amiable social feelings behind, and of benevolence, aspiration, justice, and devotion, surmounting all, in the coronal region! The very figure of the man is itself a beautiful poem, of which none but God could have been the Author!

It was in the spring of 1853 that, being on a visit in the neighbourhood of Bedford, the friend I was with, knowing my love for the poet's memory, drove me to Campton to see his grave. In passing through Shefford, we saw a large board upon the shop-front of a mercer, "Bloomfield House." Well, thought I, there is at any rate a touch of sentiment in the person who owns this; I will go in and speak to him. Mr. West, the mercer, was not at home; but his assistant, a civil man, told us that the reason for calling the house by Bloomfield's name, was simply his having lodged and died in it; and freely showed us the rooms he had occupied. Buying a bunch of

artificial flowers for a keepsake, I asked the shopman (who had known them well) to give me his own and the town's memory and estimate of the poet and his family.

"Why, sir," he replied, "they were *very poor*; and he now and then made a dulcimer to sell, till he got too ill for it."

"Is that," I inquired, "with little or nothing more, what the people of Shefford generally remember of Robert Bloomfield?"

"Just so," the mercer answered. "He rambled a good deal in the fields: they were very poor, and he died in debt."

"Did he die in debt?" I rejoined, probably looking rather wistfully at the speaker.

"Yes," said he, speaking very slowly; "he died in debt—but—some time afterwards the family raised a little money, and paid every halfpenny!"

"Yes," said I; "and perhaps I know how it was done: those poor but honourable people collected and published all his left scraps of writing—good or trifling—published them under the title of his 'Literary Remains,' and instead of using it themselves, poor as they were, they paid the debts he died of with the money. It was very praiseworthy of them; but you see, after all, Bloomfield's debts were paid by his own productions. Why has the world never been told this before?"

From the place where Bloomfield died I went to the place where he is buried, in the quiet little country churchyard of Campton. A plain head-stone records the simple tale of his birth and death, adding—

Let his wild native wood-notes tell the rest.

In his sweet lyric, "Love of the Country," written long before the poet had said—

O heaven, permit that I may lie,
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumult fly,
With kindred feelings press my grave.

Well, there the ashes that lovable songster had once animated certainly lay, where o'er them green branches, according to his wish, did wave; but our conductor said, though he had held his office many years, *I was the only stranger who, in all that time, had visited that grave!*

For myself, I could but think of Professor Wilson, who once said—"England never had a Burns. We cannot know how she would have treated him had he 'walked in glory and in joy' upon her mountain side. But we know how she treated her Bloomfield. She let him starve. . . . There was some talk of a subscription for him, and Southey, with hand 'open as day to melting charity,' was foremost among the poets. But somehow or other it fell through, and was never more heard of—and, meanwhile, Bloomfield died. Hush, then, about Burns." This was said by Wilson when all Scotland was rushing to do honour to the memory of her Ploughman at his birth-place and tomb, having already provided well for his surviving family; whilst I was the sole humble pilgrim in all that sexton's time to the grave of England's "Farmer's Boy!" Scotchmen, throughout the world, roused a most telling demonstration of the centenary of Burns's birthday, and none joined in it more vociferously than many Englishmen. This I mention, not from want of love for the memory of Scotia's favourite bard, but merely as a reproachful contrast to the fact that, on the centenary of the birthday of Robert Bloomfield, which was the 3rd of December, 1866, just past, all England went about her usual business as indifferently as if no such son had ever been born to her.

And two of his daughters, we are told, are still living in poverty, in the metropolitan district of Hoxton! But is it possible that our country, knowing this fact, can longer remain in utter apathy to it? Can hearts that Bloomfield's poetry has so often cheered and warmed fail to yearn with sympathy for the too long neglected and now aged children of such a man? Is there no successor of Capel Lofft to rise in their behalf? Have we no "Literary Fund" available for such a purpose?

Bowness, Windermere.

SPENCER T. HALL.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

'MR. WYNWARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



PART III.

CHAPTER I.

NORMINSTER SOCIETY.

SOCIETY at Norminster was full of delicate gradations. Not many rich people lived there, and not many distinguished; but there existed a considerable permanent population of gentry, ascending by visible steps from the municipal dignities, who were chiefly

dissenters, and in ~~addition~~ to his grace the bishop, and his eccentric honours the Earl of Eden, who occupied a dingy mansion in the Minster-yard. The community was strong in dowagers of the church and army, in spinsters of means, and spinsters of youth and beauty, but ~~in men~~ to marry them it was weak and decidedly wanting. The young divines, who looked so nice at evening parties, had nearly all nothing; the young officers, who set off the ball-room so charmingly, had nearly all less than nothing. It was gravely remarked

during the past winter, when the garland of pretty girls was even more than usually gay, that there was only one eligible match in society—only *one*—a tall, dapper brewer, still young at five-and-thirty, who had succeeded to the business which had enriched his family for three generations, and was reaping to his sole harvest the gains that had hitherto been divided by three partners. It was the many-daughtered matrons who admired Mr. Clarkson—not the daughters themselves, unless they were roses that had bloomed and blushed through several fruitless seasons.

Mr. Clarkson lived in a handsome house which his father had built, about five minutes' walk beyond the villa where Mrs. Wynyard lodged with her girls. It was his custom to go down to his office in the town about twelve o'clock, when Anna and Lois were usually setting forth for a walk, accompanied by an elderly governess, who came to give them lessons during the day. A small terrier, delightfully ugly and queer, which answered to the name of Snap, invariably attended him, and after a few meetings the dog and Lois formed a speaking acquaintance. Anna carried her head in the air, and never condescended to notice the grave, insignificant gentleman, who treated himself to a stare of respectful admiration whenever they encountered. She knew all their immediate neighbours by their landlady's report to her mother; and he had been pointed out as "Clarkson, the fish brewer;" a description far too prosaic to awaken in her the very slightest interest.

Next door to them, on the right, dwelt Mr. Bingley, a well-to-do, well-looking hosiery, of the independent persuasion; the possessor of an exceedingly fair wife, and of three of the neatest, rosiest little boys in Norminster. Next door to them, on the left, dwelt the childless widow of a deceased minor canon, with whom lived her nephew, the very handsome, able, popular, poor parish curate of St. Jude's, of which Dr. Philip Raymond was rector.

Fifty paces lower down, on the opposite side of the way, in a large, old-fashioned, bow-windowed house, resided Mr. Ferguson, a barrister and a widower, with his daughters—commonly called the Ferguson girls. They were four, all nearly of a height, and all dressed alike; and as they walked abroad in pairs only—one pair going out when the other pair went in—they had the effect of parading Norminster streets a good deal. They were nice girls and clever—one sang, one etched, one read, and one was domestic and pretty. They called on Mrs. Wynyard with an introduction from Mrs. Featherstone, who was their eldest sister, and attempted to get up a friendship with Anna; but Anna was reserved, and they did not make very promising progress. The Martin girls—the two dashing daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Martin—had no better success, and in talking her over with the Ferguson girls, she was pronounced dull and excessively proud. The colonel's dandy son said she was a fine figure of a girl, but deuced cold; and before she had been many weeks in Briggate she was perfectly well known by sight and name to the idle strollers of an afternoon between her home and the Minster, whither she established a practice of going to evening prayers with Lois three or four times a week—for the sake of the music.

Before midsummer Anna had settled into her new groove quite contentedly. She even liked it. It was much more cheerful than Eastwold. Pressing anxieties were past: no misfortune to come menaced them.

Her mother's means were small, but luxury had long been too strange to be left as a need. Nobody around them was ostentatiously splendid, and Anna discovered that she had only to wish for a agreeable society to have it. Dr. Philip Raymond made his housewifely acquaintance with friends of his own; and by-and-by, when Anna marched stately down Bleak Street—the Pall Mall of Norminster—with Lois beside her, many hats were lifted in acknowledgment of her serene bow, and many ladies smiled on her a formal recognition. But at present it was not Anna's whim—or policy—to be intimate with any; and no one got beyond the respectful sort of criticism which defined her as handsome, haughty, and hard to know. No one professed to have any familiar idea of her whatever. She might have lived to be thirty in Briggate, and the most free-and-easy of men would never have presumed to class her in the same category with the popular Ferguson girls, or the fashionable Martin girls.

Wishing Anna to marry, Mrs. Wynyard, as she became at home in Norminster, naturally endeavoured to make her drawing-room pleasant to a few select friends. The sociable custom of kettle-drum did not then prevail, but she set the fashion. Tea and coffee in old silver and old china were cheap and choice there any day from five to half-past six in summer; and often, when Anna and Lois returned from the Minster service, they found mamma holding conversation with the exquisite Captain Martin and a sister, with a Ferguson girl or two, with the reverend young Mr. Scrope, and by-and-by with higher dignities from the rarefied atmosphere of the Minster-yard, introduced by Dr. Philip Raymond.

It was understood that no evening invitations could be accepted for Anna until the first year of her mourning for her father had expired, though her mother did not object to her joining occasional garden parties for croquet or archery in the mornings, if she liked. But Anna did not often like. Indeed, she was so calmly indifferent to the amusements and company suited to her age, that other girls began shrewdly to suspect that she must be in love with somebody who was not to be met with in Norminster gardens and parlours. It may be admitted that this idea was not altogether without foundation. Anna liked to dream of Eskford better than to play at any game, or to engage in any diversion in any company.

Early in July Bleak Street grew annually desolate, and everybody in Norminster who could afford it fled to the sea-side—to Filey, Burlington, Redcar, Scarborough, or Whitby. Dr. Philip Raymond went to Whitby, and carried Maurice with him. He invited his sister-in-law and the girls to accompany them; but Mrs. Wynyard knew his income, and the tax she was on it already, and firmly declined. Lois was severely disappointed, for she had looked forward to being with Maurice in the holidays. Anna, who knew such self-denial must be practised, saw the prospect vanish without a murmur, though not without mortification, when she had to reply to Bella Martin's question—where they were going for sea air?—that they were going nowhere. Soon after the Martins, Mr. Clarkson, Mrs. Bingley and her boys, and all the Fergusons disappeared from Briggate; and when Anna took her usual way of an afternoon through the sultry streets to Minster, she missed the gossiping groups that were wont to assemble about the door of Liversedge's library, and encountered instead vacant captains

loungeing companionless from dreary barrack to deserted club, and back again; and dusty, unbeneficed clerics, of the laborious type, left to do the work of rectors and canons gone into breezy retreat.

During the first week of August all the world began to return for the two days' races, and the ball which preceded a second but lesser exodus to the moors. The Ferguson girls would on no account have missed the race ball, which was invariably charming—only one degree less charming than the hunt ball, which befel in October. They drove up to their own door one evening just as Mrs. Wynyard, Anna, and Lois were passing on their return from a walk; and of course there was a greeting, and a rapid gush of questions and answers. Had the Martins come back? had poor Mr. Scrope been able to get away? had Anna seen Mr. Clarkson yet? *They* had enjoyed themselves so much; Scarborough was so gay; the esplanade was so delightful; and there was a concert or a ball every week at least. They did not, however, look any the fresher for their sea-breezes, and the pretty domestic one said, Scarborough might be very nice, but for her part she was glad to be at home, where they had space to move indoors as well as out. She did not like lodgings.

Minnie Ferguson meant no harm by saying she did not like lodgings, but Anna felt her colour rise, and fancied it was a spit at her, whose home was in lodgings. She went to her own room, which was as pretty as any girl's own room need to be, and threw off her hat in a pettish mood, sighing audibly for a richer and freer lot than seemed ever likely to fall to her share. Then her thoughts turned to Eskford, to Philip Raymond, and the spray of white heather, which she always looked at when she was a little melancholy. O, those pleasant days! those pleasant nights! Would they come again? Would they ever come again, or were they of those joys which have no renewal?

CHAPTER II.

THE VANISHING OF A DREAM.

DURING the next few days Anna speculated much within her own mind whether the races would bring her Cousin Philip to Norminster; but conscious of feeling more interest in the possibility than she was supposed to feel in anything concerning him, she did not inquire, lest she should betray it. She endured—or enjoyed—in consequence, a long uncertainty, which a word to the doctor would have done away. Philip was, in fact, gone to Paris for the August fêtes, and while she watched from the window every comer to the gate during those two noisy dusty days in Briggate, he was taking his ease at the Hôtel du Louvre, or sauntering and broiling in the white heat of the Place de Concorde, the Champ de Mars, or the Rue Rivoli. She had no share in the festivities of the time, and was therefore relieved when the bustle was over, and the suburb restored to its normal drowsy quiet. She had done with expectation then, and disappointment likes to be still.

But before the end of the month hope revived again. The yeomanry cavalry were to muster for their annual week's training on Saturday, the third of September; and as Philip Raymond was captain of the Eskdale troop, he was sure to come to Norminster with his men. On that memorable Saturday both Anna and Lois stayed at home, and found entertainment enough

in watching the jovial pairs and trios and little calvacades that came riding in from the country districts south of the town; all in glittering, clinking, hussar array, moustached and bronzed like veritable men of war. There were veterans, who had grown grey in forty years of peaceful drill, sitting square and solid on chargers fresh from the harvest-wain; and sons of such veterans, broad-shouldered Strongthearms, men like those who drew, of old, the best bow in Europe, and won the most famous fields of mediæval story.

About noon the whole regiment, headed by its colonel, the Earl of Marchmont, rode out of the town in good order, with music playing, to the race-ground, Anna did not fail to recognize her Cousin Philip at a glance, mounted on his gallant Sorrel. In the ranks of his troop were Lister of Rood, and Dick his son; Bobby Clough, a vainer beau-bachelor than ever when he put on his uniform; Mr. Gaskill, grown portentously big and burly, and many familiar Eskdale faces besides. Then Lois cried out that she saw her uncle, John Hutton, and dear old Uncle Christopher; and presently after Anna discerned the stalwart figure of Michael Forrester, and next Sir Andrew Goodwin. Briggate was like a fair until they had all gone by, when for an hour or two it became quiet and deserted. But at three o'clock they came back again, breaking their ranks, and dropping off to "The White Horse," or "The Black Horse," or "The Falcon," or "The Rising Sun," where they were billeted in parties; and Anna, again on the watch, saw Uncle John and Uncle Christopher give their horses to hold to men of their troop—grooms at Brackenfield—and cross the road towards the gate. In a few seconds they were in the drawing-room, dusty and dry, congratulating the girls on having such a gay glimpse of the world from their window, and hearing and telling the family news.

Uncle John announced that the Squire and the Dame were coming into Norminster on Monday, and that his wife Theodora, Lady Goodwin, and Mrs. Forrester had already arrived, and were in lodgings here and there, intending to stay the week over. Uncle Christopher, who was still given to teasing young folks, soon saw that Anna, while professing to share in the family talk, had more than half her attention disengaged and directed to the street, where the men who had their quarters in the town, or in other suburbs of it, were still riding by. "What knight is my lady watching for?" said he, in a half whisper, leaning his fine old grey head forward, and peering past her down at the throng.

Just at that moment Philip Raymond came in sight, looked up, and waved his hand to Lois, who was perched in the balcony. He did not appear to see those beyond, within the room, and rode forward in earnest conversation with another officer, whom Anna recognized as Mr. Dent, an opulent young country gentleman who had married, during the previous spring, the second daughter of Mrs. Lefevre, a widow lady of distinguished rank, residing in the Minster-yard—married her, as the censorious and envious were pleased to say, out of the nursery. She was lovely, as all her mother's daughters were, but had not sixpence; and in making this excellent and early match, she had only followed the example of her elder sister, who had appeared at her first ball two years ago as a bride—Lady Stapylton, of Harby Park.

"Did you see Cousin Philip, Anna?" Lois asked.

when he had gone by. Anna smiled, and said Yes, she had seen him; and in spite of her efforts at indifference, her colour rose and fell, and there was a flutter of feeling about her lips.

Uncle Christopher, meaning to be very kind, inquired if she would like to take a walk into the town to see the stir. No, she said, she did not care about it—she would rather not; and the old man in his own mind thought her dull and uninteresting, as did so many others amongst her friends and acquaintance. Her Uncle John had heard the proposal and the reply, and turning round from his sister, who had been giving him some account of her boys, he said: "Nonsense, Anna—what does don't care mean? I came in on purpose—your Aunt Theodora told me to be sure and take you to her this afternoon, and your Aunt Millicent will look for you too."

"May I go?" cried Lois. Uncle Christopher said of course she might; and when they set forth from the lodgings, he let Anna walk on first with her Uncle John, and took Lois for his own little companion.

Norminster was never so gay, so merry, or so bright as in the week when the yeomanry were up. The men had such joyous, unsophisticated ways of going about, shouting their jokes one to another across the streets, and standing round the doors of their quarters in picturesque groups, looking quite martial and splendid. But the scene of all was the guard-room opposite the colonel's lodging in Bleak Street. Every half-hour a dozen men would turn out, stand in a row at the edge of the flags, draw their swords, face up the street, face down the street, and then turn in again, leaving one behind to play sentry by trudging up and down with his weapon over his shoulder. The fattest and shyest seemed usually to be put on this conspicuous duty, a gaze to little derisive boys, and a wonder to unaccustomed nursemaids.

Anna was not talkative by the way, but her Uncle John took a furtive observation of her, and found that if she was rather heavy in hand—conversationally speaking—her appearance, at least, was satisfactory to his taste. So also was it to her Aunt Theodora's, to whose care he made her over, alleging that he had some business at the saddler's and elsewhere, not amusing to ladies, and they had therefore better take their own way under Uncle Christopher's escort. This being agreed to, Aunt Millicent was called for at the next house but one, and they made a party to go to Liversedge's library, on the pretence of buying envelopes; for everybody bought something on going into Liversedge's, though they went really to see the company that was sure to assemble there at and after four o'clock. Anna would fain have escaped, but her Aunt Theodora refused to understand her hints about going to Minster prayers. "My dear child, you can go to Minster prayers every day," said she; "but you cannot see me every day. I want to tell you all about Brackenfield, and I want to hear all about yourself. How do you like living in Norminster? Have you many nice friends?" Anna replied in her listless, provoking way, that they knew plenty of people, but none that she cared much about.

"You should try to care about them, dear. It seems like affectation in a girl to profess indifference about everybody and everything." No sooner had the words passed Aunt Theodora's lips than she perceived that she had overshot the mark, and that her quiet, passive companion, was by no means indifferent to everybody

and everything. She regretted having spoken so hastily; for a wave of emotion came and went painfully over Anna's face, and she swerved as if to turn another way, evidently to avoid a second large party who emerging from Eastgate, were about to cross the square at the same moment as themselves.

Foremost of this party was a lady neither young nor old, beautiful in a soft, faded style, and beautifully dressed in black and grey—Mrs. Lefevre. Attending on her, with visible self-satisfaction, was Philip Raymond, looking exceedingly handsome and happy. It was when Anna caught sight of him that Aunt Theodora had been struck by her attempt at digression, which she very properly frustrated. Close behind followed Lady Stapylton and Mrs. Dent, two youthful matrons, Mrs. Lefevre's daughters, fat, plump, sunny-eyed women, copies of their mother's brighter tints. Behind them again were two young sisters, in the simple attire of girls uncome-out—lingham dresses and capes, and Leghorn hats with straw-coloured ribbons—pictures of freshness and purity.

There was a pause at the corner of the square, and a general, lively exchange of greetings, in which her Cousin Philip shook hands with Anna, and made inquiries after Mrs. Wynyard. Anna was rather confused, and short in her replies, and after a word with Lois, the gallant hussar stood back, and spoke to Mabel Lefevre, the taller and elder of the two girls not introduced. As he looked down at her, she looked up at him, and both smiling, blushed. Anna saw it. Mabel had a face as lovely as ever inspired a poet's song, and eyes large, limpid, and childlike, that in every glance pleaded for tenderness. Anna could hardly withdraw her gaze from this countenance, as angelic in expression as it was perfect in feature and colouring.

The conversation of the young matrons turned to flower-shows, concerts, and balls that were to be in the course of the week; and after a minute or two, somebody having discovered that they were all going the same road to Liversedge's library, they proceeded pairing off now so as to let Philip Raymond walk with Mabel. Anna was left last in the file, and alone as happened, for Lois had joined hands with Mabel's little sister Jean, and Uncle Christopher was marching on in advance with Lady Stapylton—a charming woman in his mind, charming as the women of his youth.

Anna felt herself outside of all this cheerful, graceful company. Philip, preoccupied, had only spoken to her like anybody else—coolly, kindly, carelessly, and was lost to her now in the contemplation of that divine face under the Leghorn hat. This was all that had come of her long looking forward to a meeting with him again. Those happy days at Eskford, so dearly treasured by her, for any remembrance that he kept them, might as well never have been. It was like a sudden awaking out of sleep, and the vanishing of a pleasant dream.

Her Aunt Theodora looked back once, and thought "Poor Anna!" and when they reached the library, she found more and more acquaintances to talk to, and contrived to whisper to her that if she liked to come away, and bring Lois, they would go and do some shopping at the draper's. Anna was only too glad, and they went off together unobserved. The draper brought them half the distance back to Briggate, and when Aunt Theodora had done her purchases, Anna suggested returning home. She was tired, and longed

to give way to her weakness and weariness. Aunt Theodora consented.

When Anna and Lois reached home, they found on the parlour-table a light chip box, full of the most exquisite flowers. It had come in a hamper of good things from Eskford, and was evidence that some one there had not forgotten her love for flowers. Was it Cousin Philip? Catching at this straw, Anna's spirits revived. The sight and scent of their beauty and fragrance exhilarated her, and she began at once to please herself in dressing the drawing-room vases, while she answered her mother's inquiries about her aunts whom she had seen in the town. On the morrow in the afternoon, Lady Goodwin and Mrs. Forrester walked out to Briggate with Sir Andrew, sent him on for further exercise, and stayed themselves with the widowed sister until nearly the hour of Minster prayers, when he returned to escort them thither. Before they left, Anna was promised a concert on the following evening, and a flower-show on Tuesday, to which one or another of her aunts was to take her. She was afraid of the ordeal she might be put through in encountering her Cousin Philip again, yet she could not bear to deny herself the chance of his being kind as he was at Eskford.

Philip Raymond did not make time to come up to Briggate in the interval, but he appeared at the concert, and asked somebody else to move that he might sit by Anna. She was looking very handsome in her dignified style, and having no present fascination to distract his eyes or his thoughts, he made the evening very pleasant to her. She asked herself pathetically, could she be to blame for liking him when he was so kind?

Squire Hutton and the Dame had arrived at the Station Hotel that morning, and had taken up their quarters in a spacious room, whither flocked to luncheon, before the flower-show on Tuesday, all their sons and daughters and grandchildren who were in Norminster. Family reunions were less frequent at Brackenfield now that each branch of the family was increasing, and, as in the case of the young Wynyards, scattering abroad. But Maurice came from Chassell's, and his mother and sisters showed their deep mourning for an hour or two amongst their kinsfolks, dressed all splendidly for the gaudy day in the gardens where the flower-show was to be held. The eldest boy from Brackenfield and Lady Goodwin's little girl were both there; but Millicent left her nursery at home, and Mrs. Blake was residing with hers in the neighbourhood of Southampton during the Captain's absence in China.

Anna had never seen some of these her relations since that famous Christmas at Brackenfield from which she and her brother dated the beginning of the troubles at Eastwold. The recollection of all that had come and gone between then and now kept her silent, but her Aunt Theodora screened her from question or rebuke, and when the party set out for the gardens, she took her kindly under her own wing.

In the crowded tent where the flowers were arranged for inspection, Anna clung close to her protectress, until, overpowered by the heat and the heavy perfumes, she was obliged to seek relief in the open gardens, where the youth and fashion of the town and county were disporting themselves, and making a gayer show than that they came to see. Most brilliant, where all were brilliant, was the group surrounding Mrs. Lefevre

and her daughters. Anna saw them from the distance approaching, her Cousin Philip, and three or four other gentlemen in uniform, in attendance. Her Aunt Theodora saw them too, and, without any apparent design, proposed resting a while under the shade of a clump of trees, where seats had been placed, a little withdrawn from the favourite promenade. Anna acquiesced, and from this post of vantage she watched the party pass and repass several times; observing, herself unobserved, that Philip was in constant conversation with Mabel, whose sweet face looked no whit less sweet for its shy smiles and happy blushes.

Presently Aunt Theodora began a little speech, not without double meaning. "What a fortunate woman with her daughters is Mrs. Lefevre! One married to Sir Edmund Stapylton, another to Robert Dent, and now a third, Mabel, engaged to Mr. Philip Raymond. I should call that the best match of the three. He stayed a week with her in the house at Harby, and fell in love past praying for. She is as sweet as she is pretty—indeed; they are all nice girls."

Anna perfectly understood that this was spoken with intention. She answered discreetly: "Is that Mabel with whom Cousin Philip is walking? It is the loveliest face I ever beheld, and it looks good."

"Yes. She will be seventeen in a few weeks, and they are to be married before Christmas. Mrs. Lefevre says she has never enjoyed the pleasure of introducing a daughter; one after the other, they have all come out as brides. Of course, when she complains so, she feels proud too. She has only little Jean left now, who pretends to the distinction of being the ugly sister; but, indeed, she is prettier than nine girls out of every ten one meets in the world."

The sudden striking up of the band relieved Anna from the necessity of reply. She was known in her own family not to care for talk when there was music to listen to. The piece played was a fantasia on airs in the opera of *Robert le Diable*, and that sad appeal, "Oh! Robert, toi que j'aime!" echoed in Anna's ears and Anna's heart long and long after, with the thrill of real pain. She did not leave her retired seat until her Cousin Philip and his friends had vanished from the gardens, and Aunt Theodora stayed by her patiently, helping her to "get over" it, as she said to herself.

Anna would never tell her grief, she knew, but she knew also that it was cruel to let her nurse a secret false hope; so she had spoken and killed it. When the poor girl went home in the evening, she laid her dead out, and looked at it; loved it for its pale beauty; in the night wept over it, and in the morning buried it out of her sight. No one but her Aunt Theodora ever suspected how fond Anna had been of her Cousin Philip.

(To be continued.)

It ought always to be remembered that fiction, if truly a work of imaginative art, is not falsehood. It becomes false when abstract virtues are set upon stilts, and ideals are created to gratify class prejudices and to suit the measure of narrow minds. The noblest fiction is the noblest presentation of truth, and the "modesty of nature" (to borrow Shakespeare's fine phrase) is always one of its most distinguishing characteristics. Even if a writer be true to his own little ideal, he may be false to nature, and his work, however it may be glossed over, will be false likewise.

ON THE USE OF SMALL TELESCOPES.

I.—THE SUN SPOTS.

EVER since Galileo directed the first imperfect telescope to the heavens, and astonished the wise men of his time with the announcement of his wonderful discoveries, the progress of observational astronomy has been both rapid and instructive; until, in our own day, the appearance of several high class periodicals and beautifully illustrated volumes on the science of astronomy sufficiently proves the existence of a numerous and zealous band of searchers in the celestial regions. There are, however, many whose means and situation in life make it impossible for them to acquire large telescopes or spacious observatories, but who have possessed themselves of a small telescope adapted to their means. It is to these possessors of small telescopes the present paper is addressed; for it is quite possible, and indeed very probable, that they are unaware of what even a small telescope will accomplish if judiciously handled; and in my experience as an observer I have frequently found the remark very true—that many things deemed invisible with secondary instruments, are plain enough to one who knows how to use them.

I have one of those small telescopes, which are now become both cheap and common. It is an achromatic of thirty-six inch focus and two inch aperture. I have diligently employed it for more than four years in celestial observations, the result of which will be best seen in the following papers, which are intended to give a brief but detailed account of the phenomena of the various celestial bodies, showing all that the amateur may expect to see with so small an instrument; and as all that I state will be compiled from my own observations, I can be answerable for its correctness. In treating of such an extensive subject, it will be best to notice the sun and planets successively and separately, and afterwards the vastly distant regions of the sidereal heavens; by so doing we shall present the amateur with a tolerably extensive collection of objects on which to test his eye and instrument, and also furnish him with materials for many an hour's study in the contemplation of the wonderful architecture of the heavens.

THE SUN.—The solar phenomena are within easy reach of the amateur; for since the dark spots are occasionally visible to the naked eye, it is obvious that the application of slight optical assistance will render them generally visible; but owing to the superior splendour of the solar orb, the observer will take care to use a screen glass of sufficiently deep shade to render the inspection both pleasant and profitable, and he will find a deep shade and full aperture preferable to a light screen and reduced aperture. It may be as well also to take precautions to screen the unemploy eye from the blinding glare, which is simply done by a piece of stout cardboard, about twelve inches wide by fifteen in length, with a central hole just large enough to slip on the object end of the telescope; with this placed lengthwise on the end of his telescope, the observer will find his comfort considerably increased.

A wide field for speculation is opened by an inspection of the solar spots. A moderate power, say fifty, by including the whole disc, will give the best general view of their disposition on the disc, and the observer will soon notice that they are generally confined to a zone north and south of the solar equator, though occasionally seen considerably distant from it; and if he watch any particular spot as it enters on the sun's disc, and is gradually carried by the sun's rotation across its face, he will not only see that it occupies about twelve and a half days in the transit, thereby giving the sun's period of rotation roughly about twenty-five days, but he will see how strikingly the

appearance of the spots is altered from a filmy insignificant line near the limb to a large and conspicuous spot as it nears the centre, gradually dwindling to a line again on reaching the opposite side. This is the effect of perspective arising from the sun's globular figure, and it shows how cautious the observer should be to avoid mistaking appearances which are merely apparent for real changes.

A tendency to congregate in groups, in which one spot of conspicuous size is usually succeeded by a number of minute followers, is conspicuous (and but rarely do the minute attendants precede the principal spot), also a disposition of a number of small spots to collapse together, thus forming a large one, or a large spot will crumble into a number of small ones. If the observer apply larger powers, of eighty or one hundred, he will see that every spot is enclosed within a penumbra or lighter border, the outline of which, though partaking of the general outline of the enclosed spot, is less angular and more regular, thus quite distinct from the sun's general surface. This penumbra is common to all solar spots; but in the more minute specks a two inch aperture fails to show it distinctly. The curious shape and ceaselessly rapid change of figure which the generality of solar spots undergo are extremely wonderful; for a correct drawing of a spot one day will altogether fail in the least resemblance to it on the morrow, and often after the lapse of but a few hours. This is strikingly shown in figures 1, 2, 3, and 4, which



show the successively changing appearance of a very compact specimen on July 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 1862, and illustrate their changeability better than any written description. The solar spots are generally intensely black, but it is not uncommon to see the black central spot crossed by a bridge of luminous

matter, more especially in the case of large spots. Before leaving this subject, we must refer to the fact that the spots are not always equally numerous. Sometimes the sun, viewed through small telescopes, appears quite free from them, as I found it on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of December, 1862, and though very numerous in 1861-2, they are now much diminished in number.

That the sun is a globe and not a flat disc, is proved by the apparent change which the spots are seen to undergo from a narrow filmy line at the margin to the perfectly seen form as they near the centre (see fig. 9),



appearances which can only be satisfactorily explained by supposing the sun to be a globe, surrounded by a self-luminous atmosphere, the displacement of which shows us the comparatively dark globe beneath, corresponding to the nucleus of the spots, partial displacement causing the penumbra around them.

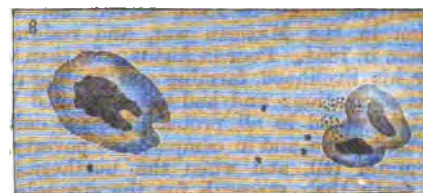
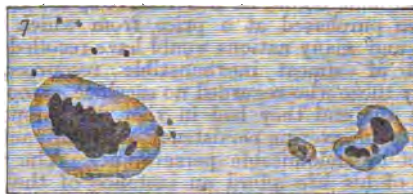
The globular figure of the sun is also strikingly obvious with powers of thirty or forty, standing out in strong relief, the circumference being much less bright than the centre; and if this less bright border be carefully examined with powers of sixty-five or eighty, it will be found covered with minute streaks and veins of light, most conspicuous about his equatorial margin, gradually becoming invisible as they recede from this line, and quite invisible at either pole.



FIG. 5.

The appearance of these faculae (as they are termed) fully accords with the generally received opinion that they are waves or ridges of luminous matter considerably elevated above the sun's general surface; for careful scrutiny shows that, from conspicuous streaks near the limb, they are gradually foreshortened till, in approaching the centre, they appear as a multitude of light and dark (not black) specks, with which the surface of the sun, especially his equatorial regions, appear covered, the streaks near the limb and the mottling of the centre being both most conspicuous in the vicinity of the spots. On a fine day, a power of eighty or one hundred will show the mottled surface beautifully. A general view of the sun is given at figure 5, showing the faculae and spots as seen with a power of forty, July 30th, 1862; and in figures 6, 7,

and 8 are depicted the marvellous changes occurring in a numerous group of spots on October 9th, 10th, and 11th, 1862. These figures will clearly illustrate many of the foregoing remarks.



AMERICAN GENERALS.

GRANT, SHERMAN, AND THOMAS.

Two out of the three generals whose portraits we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers are men whose fame has extended far beyond the Western Continent, and whose names are as well known in Europe as among their own countrymen. The third, although not occupying so prominent a position as his comrades, has achieved a renown which has spread widely through the American armies, especially among those formidable columns whose march from the Cumberland to the Tennessee, and from the Tennessee to the Atlantic, did so much towards breaking the power of the Confederacy.

During the long continuance of the great war there had been many changes of commanders. Men, who at its commencement had led the vast hosts of the northern states, were found at its termination occupying inferior positions, or living in retirement; whilst others, whose names during the first two years of the war were scarcely known beyond the brigade or division to which they belonged, had gradually worked their way to pre-eminence; and when the final triumph had been achieved, were found in command of some among the many armies and corps d'armée which the irresistible energy of the northern states had placed in the field.

But amidst all the vicissitudes of the great struggle, and among the many changes of the generals, the officers of the old regular army, i.e., those who had been educated at West Point, preserved the pre-eminence which their education, when hostilities commenced, had given them. On both sides this fact is noticeable; as, if the list of the leading generals, Confederate as well as Federal, be studied, the graduates at West Point will be found to have held the greater number of the higher commands, and consequently to have exercised a preponderating influence on the fortunes of the war. The three generals, Grant, Sherman, and

Thomas, are no exception to this rule. All had received the education for which West Point is so deservedly famous, and of which the excellence has been proved by the disciples she has sent to the war; all had served in the schools for American generals, the Mexican campaign or the Indian wars; and all were well versed in the discipline of the old army.

First among the northern generals, measured by the opinion of his fellow-countrymen and his government, stands General Grant. His career, although not characterized by the brilliancy of that of Sherman, has been one of steady and almost continuous success. Checks, without doubt, he has received; his victories have been purchased at a price from which many generals and many nations would have recoiled; but, possessed of almost inexhaustible resources, and backed by those who regarded no sacrifice as too great to attain the end they had in view, he pursued his course with unwavering persistency, and finally achieved his object by indomitable perseverance. The varied fortunes of his life afford an instance of the unexpected changes which await men. A native of Ohio, he entered the army in 1843, served not without distinction in the Mexican war, and resigned his commission in 1854. Poor in fortune, he then worked hard for his livelihood, farming and dealing in wood being his occupation; and had war not called him to the front, he would in all probability have ended his days without fame, and in comparative poverty. But when Sumter fell, and when the northern states, putting forth their strength for the struggle which was now inevitable, required officers trained in war to command the volunteer force, Grant re-entered the army. He quickly attained the rank of colonel, and as general broke through—by the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and consequently of Nashville—the first line of defence which the Confederates had taken up to cover Tennessee. Marching onwards, he fought the terrible and indecisive battle of Pittsburg Landing, where his opponent, the gallant Sydney Johnston, fell as he was leading his troops to victory. Then for a short period Grant was not employed in any of the greater operations of the war. He held command of the army of the Mississippi, but the fighting at the front was principally done by his lieutenants. After Sherman's failure to capture Vicksburg, Grant in person took the command, and showed through the long and weary siege the same tenacity and resolution which subsequently enabled him to break through the defences of Petersburg. Perhaps the campaign which preceded the investment of Vicksburg forms the most brilliant episode of his career. The transfer of the army from above to below the town, the march on Jackson, the action fought at the Big Black River, and finally the vigorous siege, crowned by the surrender of the Confederate garrison, evince the qualities of a great general, and the success which attends well conceived and well executed operations.

The conqueror of Vicksburg received the applause of his countrymen and the command of the west; and in the autumn of 1863 retrieved the disaster of Chickamauga by the victory of Missionary Ridge. At this time the want was felt of a commander-in-chief to control the numerous generals, and to give the force of concentration to the vast power of the northern states. As General Grant expressed himself, in homely language, "The armies of the east and west had been acting independently and without concert, like a balky team;" and it required a single head to remedy this defect, and to direct to a concerted aim the converging forces. General Grant received the appointment; and whilst superintending in person the campaign of Virginia, directed the operations of the armies which from other bases were yet advancing with a common object. The sanguinary battles of the Wilderness, the

refusal to acknowledge repulse or to submit to disaster, afford renewed proof of the persistency of purpose which forms the chief feature in General Grant's character. He used his resources without stint, and his troops without scruple. The nation, hardened to the sufferings of war, and admiring his obstinacy, responded to the call for reinforcements to fill the gaps in his ranks. The final result is well known. The South, fighting with numbers marvellously feeble as compared with those of her antagonist, yielded to successive blows; and in the last sad days of the retreat of Lee's noble army may be found the conclusion of the narrative of Grant's successful career. As a soldier he had shown himself brave and loyal; as a general he had proved himself capable in action, and possessed of the essential quality of acquiring the support and confidence of his subordinates; and when the enemy had laid down his arms he checked the avenging spirit of the northern states, and, together with General Sherman, stood between the victims and their would-be destroyers. Subsequently, by abstaining from politics, and keeping to the straight path of duty, he has evaded the many rocks and shoals which have shipwrecked the fortunes of other distinguished men; and having acquired the respect of his fellow-countrymen by his deeds in war, has preserved it during the but little less tumultuous times of political strife.

Second in rank among the Federal generals, but not second in military qualities, stands General Sherman, a very thunderbolt of war. Highly educated, inheriting talent from his father, who was a judge in the Supreme Court, Sherman possessed at the same time true military genius. Like his comrade in arms and commander-in-chief, he was born in Ohio (in 1820) and entered the army from West Point in 1840. He served in Florida and in other frontier stations until 1860; when, with the versatility common among Americans, he left the army and undertook the management of a bank in San Francisco. From thence he became president of the military academy of Louisiana, thus resembling in his career, as he did in his genius for war, his great contemporary, General Jackson. When the question of secession occupied the people of the southern states, Sherman was still residing in Louisiana; but when that state seceded he resigned his position at the military academy, declaring his intention of sticking to the constitution as long as a rag of it remained. His sojourn in the South had taught him much, both as regarded the character of the people and the magnitude of the struggle which he foresaw was about to commence. As is frequently the case with men of genius, he was in advance of his time; and the warnings he addressed to the government, as well as the statement he subsequently made of the force that would be required to carry on the war in the west, were received with ridicule, and regarded as the delusions of a maniac. Nevertheless, his military experience could not be disregarded. He was appointed colonel of a regiment of volunteers, and subsequently commanded a brigade at the battle of Bull's Run. He was then transferred to the west, where he was brought into connection with General Grant, earning his gratitude for the zeal he showed in forwarding men and supplies for the campaign of Fort Donelson, and exciting his admiration by the magnificent manner in which he commanded his division at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. His appearance and conduct during that terrible day are thus described by an eye-witness: "I found General Sherman dismounted, his arm in a sling, his hand bleeding, his horse dead, himself covered with dust, his face beamed with powder and blood. He was giving directions, at the moment, to Major Taylor, his chief of artillery, who had just brought a battery into position. Mounted orderlies were coming and



GENERAL SHERMAN.

GENERAL GRANT.

GENERAL THOMAS.

going in haste; staff-officers were making anxious inquiries; everybody but himself seemed excited.*

From this time his fortunes became intimately connected with those of his future commander-in-chief. It was in conjunction with that general's operations in Mississippi that he attacked Vicksburg, incurring repulse, but not losing honour; and it was when acting under Grant at the subsequent siege that he achieved the renown which led to his appointment to the command of the district of Tennessee. Then followed his famous march, terminating in his grand attack on Bragg's right flank, posted on the heights of Missionary Ridge. He infused his own energy into the troops he commanded, and when Grant sought for a man to carry out his plan for the relief of Knoxville, he turned to Sherman, knowing that no difficulties would daunt him, and that he would act whilst others hesitated and complained. Knoxville relieved, Sherman fell like a scourge on unhappy Mississippi; and many ruined families and desolated homes lament the presence of his brave but cruel legions. It was then that he satisfied himself of the correctness of his former supposition, that the resources of the South were exhausted; and that, could the outer barrier of her still formidable armies be broken through, nothing would remain to resist the onward progress of the foe. This lesson he soon afterwards reduced to practice. The campaign between Chattanooga and Atlanta is too well known to require more than a passing allusion. All remember how, step by step, Sherman bore back, by a series of masterly operations, and by the judicious employment of superior force, his obstinate opponent, General Johnston; how he forced him to yield the

mountain crest of Buzzard Roost and the rocky ridges of Allatoona, and finally to withdraw behind the defence of Atlanta; how he wrested from the brave but rash Hood the fair city, and taking advantage of that fatal mistake, when the Confederate general led the last army of the west into Tennessee, how he executed the brilliant march from Atlanta to the sea. Then fell Savannah, and then, putting into practice the scheme he had already traced out among the mountains of Georgia, Sherman carried fire and sword through the Carolinas, tarnishing his escutcheon by the burning of Columbia; but at length, having compelled the surrender of the remnants of the Confederate hosts, arousing the unworthy clamours of men, who, watching from afar the incidents of the war, were ignorant of the generosity with which a true soldier regards a conquered foe. But Sherman cared little for popularity or the applause of the vulgar. At the commencement of his career he had incurred the animosity of the press by the expulsion from his lines of newspaper correspondents; subsequently he set his face against political intriguers and mercenary traders, and only by his brilliant success silenced the horde of enemies he had consequently raised.

He is a man of clear ideas and firm resolution, uniting brilliancy of conception with the fiery energy of action. He fought for the Union and for peace, and with those objects before him disregarded the sufferings which the fierce invading army he commanded inflicted on the unhappy country through which it marched. Alas for Georgia and the Carolinas! Long will the name of Sherman be mentioned with horror in those devastated states, whilst amongst his own troops his memory will be guarded with admiration and respect. Sherman has shown himself to be a consummate general and a true soldier. He also knew how to

* See a Memoir of General Sherman, published in the 'American United Service Magazine,' of August, 1864.

choose his officers, and among these officers, Thomas, the third of the group of great men which heads this page, stands forward as one of the most remarkable.

From the very commencement of the war Thomas had held high command. The earlier battles fought in much-enduring Kentucky were witnessed by General Thomas. Zollicoffer had been slain, and his troops routed by his yet untrained troops at Mill Springs. At Stone River he had played no undistinguished part; but the fatal battle of Chickamauga, which brought defeat and disgrace on others, was a monument to the fame of Thomas, and a lasting record of his courage and his skill.

It was during the second day's battle, when Longstreet had brought his Virginians from the far-off valley of the Rappahannock, and when the whole strength of the Confederate army of the west was concentrated to drive the invader from the mountain barriers of the seaboard states, that Thomas commanded the right wing of Rosecranz's army. He had resisted persistently, during the earlier portion of the day, the successive waves of attack with which Breckenridge, Cleburne, and Walker had sought to break through his line of entrenchments; he had held his ground tenaciously, and success, on that flank, had inclined towards the Federals. But against the right of Rosecranz's army, Longstreet in person, assisted by Hood, scarce recovered from the terrible wound he had received at Gettysburg, was leading forward his Virginians, gallantly supported by the western men. He had driven all before him; the Federal right and centre were in rout and confusion; the commander-in-chief had quitted the field. All depended on Thomas, and nobly did he rise to the occasion. He withstood the attack of the onward pressing enemy; he covered the retreat of the disorganized troops; and occupying strong positions, guarded the road to Chattanooga, and prevented a defeat from becoming an irretrievable disaster. He received the reward of his prowess, and succeeded Rosecranz in command of the army of the Cumberland.

When Grant avenged the defeat of Chickamauga, Thomas, in command of the centre, stormed Missionary Ridge; and when Sherman marched forward on his conquering career against Atlanta, he led the army of the Cumberland, which, together with those of the Tennessee and Ohio, formed the great Federal host. He continued with Sherman until after the capture of Atlanta, when he was selected to undertake the defence of the Federal conquests in Tennessee, and the task of checking Hood in his last attempt to retrieve the waning fortunes of the Confederacy. The battles before Nashville, Hood's army defeated, demoralized, and driven back from the borders of Kentucky to the frontiers of Mississippi, and the final cessation of all opposition in the west, attest the success of his combinations, and form a fitting climax to his career.

Very briefly have the careers of these three great men, Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, been summed up; very rapidly have been sketched the events of those four years of war, of suffering, and of heroism, in which they played so conspicuous a part; but enough has been said to show that their glory has not been lightly won, and that their deeds will take a lasting place in the history of their country.

It is natural to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession; and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or desired, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promise of something greater than themselves than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by the fancy pictured, or pursued.

THE SONGSTER IN THE CHIMNEY.



at times when silence would be more welcome—is that of the cricket, who, in one respect at least, surpasses all the singing birds of the forest, inasmuch as he sings all the year round. But in truth we ought not to say that he sings at all, if we

are to speak by the card—for the cricket's note is not vocal but instrumental, and the instrument he performs on is different in principle from any and all that are found in our concerted bands and orchestras. They are all either wind instruments or stringed ones, or such as are made to yield their tones by the vibration of tongues of metal, or discs of metal or parchment. There is no analogy, as to mechanism, between any of these and the musical organ of the cricket, which may be compared, though the comparison is not at all flattering to the saw and the file when the former is undergoing the process of sharpening. The small shrill notes incessant but for the short, regular, instantaneous pauses, are produced by the attrition of the insect's elytra, or wing-cases, against each other, as they are rubbed backwards and forwards. The surfaces brought into contact are ribbed or striated in a peculiar way, not easily described, and as they are passed over each other with great velocity, the bright piercing sound which is the result.

House crickets are much more partial to some dwellings than to others. In many large houses the note of the cricket is scarcely heard from one end of the year to another, and the arrival of a single specimen is hailed as an event of interest. In other dwellings the swarm continuously, multiplying in countless numbers, leaping into dishes and teacups, and becoming quite a pest until the traps are set, and the poisons sprinkle about for them, and their numbers reduced. Ordinarily they begin to breed in the spring, but according to Gilbert White they would seem, in favourable circumstances, to breed all the year through—for he tells us that he found swarms of them no bigger than fleas in his kitchen in the month of November; and he inferred that, when cherished by a large and constant fire, they multiply without regard to the season of the year. One might suppose that old houses would be preferred by these merry domestics to new ones; but such is not the case, rather the reverse, as they rarely fail to visit new houses soon after they become inhabited, while there are many old houses which they never visit, and where they will not remain when imported. Their preference is doubtless determined by the presence or absence of moisture. Living, as they always choose to live, in a very torrid temperature, they are naturally thirsty subjects; hence they abound where moisture is plentiful—the damp of a new house suits them better than the thorough dryness of an old one—and they always select underground kitchens rather than those on a higher level, and like stone floors better than boarded ones, unless the boards lie immediately over

HE song in the chimney—the song that cheers the cheerful and augments the merriment—the merry, and which also is apt to annoy the pensive and the sad or the nervously irritable by the obtrusion of its mirth

the soil. How fond they are of something to wet their whistles is shown by their leaping at meal times into cups and basins containing fluids, and by their entering the narrow necks of bottles in search of liquor—which they will do by scores, and even by hundreds, when the bottle-trap is set in a populous colony.

The food of the house cricket seems to be everything or anything eatable that comes in his way, not at all excepting the dead bodies of his companions or of his fellow-colonists the cockroaches—or the moist cloths which cook leaves about, which he will eat into rags in a single night. From careful observations we have made we have come to the conclusion that the whole society do not mess in common, but that families or individuals occupy separate holes, and forage and even store up provender for themselves. If crumbs of bread are thrown on the hearth where they are numerous, the crickets will come out after them boldly, even at midday, and carry them off. If a piece be too large or too heavy for one to move, he will dive into his hole and reappear with a companion, and the two will tug away at it conjointly; and if it be too much for them a third, and even a fourth, will be summoned to assist in the work. It is laughable to watch their rapid movements, and their pauses for consideration and consultation at such an interesting crisis. Sometimes it will happen that the prize they are anxious to secure is too big to be thrust through the narrow entrance to their retreat. In this case they are not such block-heads as to plug the hole with it and bar up the way: first shoving the mass by their united efforts to within about an inch of the hole, they set to work to eat it down to practicable dimensions, in which occupation they will spend hours if necessary and they are undisturbed. When at length it has been sufficiently reduced in size, and they resolve on getting it housed, they will thrust it close to the hole, and all getting in first themselves, will pull away at it until it is seen to yield to their efforts and vanishes from sight. A party of two or more thus occupied will admit of no interference from the occupants of a different hole, but will join in savagely beating off any intruder.

House crickets vary in hue very much, probably according to their different ages and stages of growth. Some are dark brown approaching to black; some a deep grey mottled with a darker grey; and some when large and full grown are a light warm buff. A fine fellow of this last description, with whom we made some sort of acquaintance, used to come out every evening about seven, and, perching on the chimney-side, begin tuning up. We could watch his every movement by the light of the fire-flame as he whistled away by the hour together, but we could never detect the motion of the elytra, which must therefore be too rapid to be seen. At first we doubted, from this cause, whether he was the songster, but were able to settle this question satisfactorily by touching him occasionally with the end of a split straw, when his music instantly ceased. He would allow of this familiarity, if not too often repeated, noticing it only by shifting his position a little, and resuming his song when the cause of interruption was withdrawn.

If the note of a single cricket is agreeable, the chorus of hundreds of them grinding away together is sometimes almost enough to drive cook out of her wits. She sometimes gives notice to quit in her determination to be free of the nuisance—though she will relent when the plague is mitigated, as it generally is by some means or other when things arrive at this pass. Various methods are recommended for getting rid of a redundant chorus in the chimney. A cat who has a family of kittens is a notably good remedy; the kittens hunt them *con amore*, playing with them at first and devouring them at last. Gilbert White—who complains of their being at times noisome pests, “flying into the candles and dashing into people’s faces,” and compares

them to Pharaoh’s plague of frogs, swarming “in their bedchambers, and upon their beds, and in their ovens, and in the kneading-troughs,”—recommends blasting and destroying them by gunpowder discharged in their crevices and crannies. But there is really no necessity for recourse to such a desperate measure as this. Mr. Bass, who came to the rescue of Mr. Babbage with an Act of Parliament for the mitigation of street-organ grinding, supplies us also with a means of abating the cricket chorus in the chimney. All you have to do is to administer a libation of his pale ale (or any other ale will do as well) in basins, jars, bottles, or dishes, placed on the floor when the crickets are left in possession at night. In the morning it will be found that the ale has proved a viaticum for shoals of them; and at night the chorus, erst so vigorous and deafening, has subsided into a mere gentle requiem for the departed. Another method of getting rid of them is by getting up a din louder and more continuous than their own. It is on record, upon the authority of Lelius, that a house infested by myriads of crickets was freed from them entirely by the banging of drums and the braying of trumpets incidental upon the occasion of a wedding.

In some countries the cricket is confined in a cage and kept to sing as birds are with us. In confinement they are fed with plants and bread-crumbs moistened with water, without which they would die. When properly cared for they thrive, and sing merrily. It is singular, however, that they will not sing far away from land. Kirby and Spence mention this fact, and in support of it quote Southey, who, in his “History of Brazil,” says that “on the ship of Cabeza de Vaga approaching the coast of Brazil, the proximity of land was inferred, and, as the result proved, truly, by a ground cricket which a soldier had brought from Cadiz then again beginning to sing.”

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

IV.—THE LOUVRE.

It has been said, with more or less justice, that France is the capital of Europe, and Paris is the capital of France. How far this may really be the case we will not stop to inquire; but it is certain, that treating Paris as a whole, the Louvre is above all other points the head-centre of interest to the stranger. We were told by one of the *ciceroni*, that out of every hundred Englishmen who come to Paris, ninety-nine, the day after their arrival, request to be conducted to the Louvre. Nor is this anything other than a specimen of the national good taste of our countrymen; for certainly there is more beauty concentrated together, at least as far as regards the fine arts, in that building, than in any country in Europe, not excepting Rome itself. Nor are its historical reminiscences less remarkable than its present reputation. From the earliest dates, the great tower of the Louvre was the point from which emanated the whole feudal power under the reigns of the Capetian race of kings. It was, till the thirteenth century, a place for the meetings of the great nobles of the kingdom. As the monarchical power increased, it became more and more the residence of royalty. The towers and earthworks which had formerly surrounded it gradually began to disappear, and the attributes of a palace supplied their place. In the year 1528 Pierre Lescot, assisted by Jean Goujon, began that part of the building which at present reaches from the Pont des Arcs to the first gateway before arriving at the enclosure of the Tuileries, the building being considered, even in the present day, a model of architectural elegance.

To the west of the Louvre were the *tuileries*, a spot of ground which, before the present palace was built on it, presented an appearance strangely different to

that which meets the eye at the present day. It was then a mere succession of kilns, in which were baked the tiles which in those days covered the roofs of the houses in Paris. It comprised about twenty acres of land, the whole of which was purchased by Francis I. His mother, the Duchess of Angoulême, who suffered severely from rheumatic affections, which she attributed to the dampness of the dwelling she then occupied in the present Rue des Tournelles, requested her son to purchase for her a house which was then known as the Hôtel des Tuileries, which at that time stood in the vicinity of the kilns we have just spoken of, and to which she shortly afterwards removed. The palace of the Tournelles was a few years afterwards destroyed. Some years later Catherine de Medicis engaged Philibert de Lorme and Jean Bullan to build for her a residence on the ground where at present stands the palace of the Tuileries.

to myself, this is indeed a monument worthy of one of the greatest of kings. It is a palace worthy indeed of the monarchs of France."

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the kings who succeeded Louis XIV., the quadrangle was not completed till the year 1813, after the designs of the architects Percier and Fontaine. As for that part which was destined to unite the Louvre with the Tuileries, it was merely commenced by Napoleon I. It was afterwards continued by the Bourbons, till at last it was sufficiently advanced for the occupation of the Duchess de Berri, who gave in it several magnificent fêtes, which are still remembered and spoken of with gratitude by the nobility and others who were attached to the Bourbon dynasty. On the abdication of Charles X. the building was carried on by Louis Philippe, but without any very great energy. Even later than the year 1848 many parts of the Place de Carrousel were



FRENCH NOTION OF ENGLISH VISITORS AT THE LOUVRE.

For many years afterwards each succeeding French king determined, if possible, to join the Louvre with the Tuileries. In 1665, Louis XIV. built, after the design of Claude Perrault, that façade of the Louvre which looks upon the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. He continued also the gallery by the side of the river, but as the works progressed but slowly he did not live to witness their completion. Although those portions of the Louvre erected by Louis XIV. are open to much and severe criticism on the score of good taste, his Majesty was much complimented by the sycophants of the day on those portions he had built. To such an extent was flattery carried on the occasion, that the poet Dufresny, who was related to his Majesty, though not in a very reputable manner, said to him one day, when examining the building with him: "Sire, I never look at the Louvre and see the buildings you have erected without saying

little more attractive than that portion of London which until lately was known as the Farringdon Street wastes. At any rate, that part of the place which now enclosed in a garden was scarcely more than a desert, surrounded by the sheds of a number of poor dealers in parrots, dogs, and ancient armour, vendors of old furniture, and not unfrequently the shows of giants, conjurors, and other mountebanks. When his present Majesty, Louis Napoleon, was made emperor a wonderful change came over the scene. The mountebanks, quacks, dealers in dogs and parrots, as well as those who traded in second-hand furniture, were obliged to decamp. Hundreds of workmen took possession of the whole locality, and the union of the buildings of the Tuileries and the Louvre was carried on with great spirit till their completion. It is true that the Provisional Government had decreed that the work should be proceeded with, but little activity was shown in the

matter till the year 1852. The first stone of the new wings of the Louvre was laid on July 25 of that year. Under the direction of Mons. Visconti and Lefebvre the galleries on the side of the Rue de Rivoli were completed; and the whole now forms a magnificent pile of buildings, utterly putting to shame anything we can produce in our own metropolis, our Houses of Parliament inclusive.

Almost all that is known of the Louvre to the stranger visiting Paris is the museums it contains, and these certainly stand unrivalled in Europe. True, we are promised great things in our new Kensington Museum and the new National Gallery, of which it may be hoped we shall soon see the commencement. We have also our British Museum, containing a collection of antiquities which cannot be equalled in any other capital in Europe; still these buildings are so far separated from each other, that the stranger will hardly ever think of visiting two of them in the same day. In Paris, on the contrary, if they are not concentrated under one roof, they are at least contained under one block of buildings, and the visitor may choose either collection, or inspect all at his pleasure. Another circumstance should here be noticed, highly honourable to the French government. Although the different museums in London are now thrown open to the public with praiseworthy liberality, not many years since they were excluded from them unless by tickets previously obtained, or more ignominiously still, by the payment of an entrance fee—reducing our national monuments to the level of a travelling showman's exhibition, and differing from it only in the fact that the latter usually showed far more civility to his visitors than the custodians of the former. Long before the slightest amelioration had taken place in the means of obtaining access to our national exhibitions and collections, the French not only threw open theirs to the great body of the people, but positively encouraged their visits. It is curious, in the present day, for the semi-centenarian to recall the arguments which the governmental authorities used to preclude our people from visiting our national monuments. It was stated, that so strong was their love of mischief and destructive habits, that if once they were admitted, no monument of art or antiquity would be safe from their depredations; that the smaller articles would be pilfered and the greater destroyed, solely from their love of mischief. In vain did the advocates for a more liberal policy urge the example of France, and the little inconvenience which attended the act of throwing open their national buildings and museums to the inspection of the people. In vain did each successive advocate for the people mention the admirable order shown by the French people on their holidays when visiting their museums; and that, even when crowded to excess, not an article was destroyed, nor was anything stolen, no matter how trifling. They were answered, that the psychology of the French people differed so materially from that of the English, that no just comparison could be drawn between them; that noble as were many of the qualities of the British working man, he was not to be trusted in our national museums, unless under such restrictions as should prevent him from exercising his natural propensity for mischief. Little by little, however, though with great fear and trembling on the part of many who insisted on their knowledge of the London working man and his habits, these restrictions gradually were broken through. The prices of admission to those of our national collections, such as the Tower, were lowered; and though the crowds of visitors enormously increased, and principally among the working-classes, yet no mischief was perpetrated, nor did any disturbance occur. On the contrary, the more who came, the better appeared to be their conduct. In other government museums and collections—such as the British Museum—the restric-

tive system was gradually abolished, and the public allowed to enter without let or impediment. Yet not the slightest disturbance or irregularity occurred. Although the police of these establishments were on a very limited footing, the good order of the visitors seemed to increase in proportion with their numbers. They appeared to consider, as in France, that they had individually a claim to the objects of art and science which were thrown open to them; that they were, in fact, a part and portion of their property; and they respected the objects before them with as much care as if they had been their own. During the reign of the present Emperor of the French, the very slight restrictions which were formerly imposed on visitors to the Louvre and other museums have been completely done away with. Before his accession the picture and sculpture galleries were thrown open to the public only on Sundays and fête days. Strangers, however, on presenting their passports, were admitted on any day of the week. Now, on the contrary, all the museums are thrown open alike to foreigners or strangers without restriction, except on one day in the week, when they are closed for the purpose of cleansing.

Of the numerous different collections in the Louvre, those appertaining to the fine arts are decidedly the most worthy of a visit. In their antiquities they are certainly inferior to those to be found in our own British Museum. Possibly the most curious relics among them are those relating to the fine arts among the Etruscans, ancient Egyptians, and Greeks. Many of their specimens of ancient jewellery are exceedingly curious, and have formed the models of much of the most fashionable jewellery of the present day, certainly as far as our ornaments in gold are concerned. Their collection of Etruscan vases appears, on the whole, to be finer than our own. They are, without doubt, more numerous, but whether they are of greater intrinsic value, or higher antiquity, surpasses our knowledge to decide. Their museum of engravings is also exceedingly rich, containing specimens of the earliest productions of the art; and these are displayed in such a manner as would be well worthy of imitation in the British Museum.

Their collection of naval relics is perhaps the least worthy of a visit of the different galleries in the Louvre. It is true there are many subjects well worthy of notice to be found among them, but these sink almost into insignificance when compared with the magnificent collections the Louvre contains of the fine arts. The museum of sculpture possesses in it some specimens of priceless value, the Gladiator being possibly the most wonderful. It does not require the skill of the artist and anatomist to be cognizant of the merits of this wonderful piece of sculpture. Even the unpleasant effect its nudity would have created is lost in the admiration this beautiful work of art excites in the mind of the beholder. It is perhaps the only specimen of sculpture extant which conveys to the spectator the idea of active muscular motion. There is no still-life about it—the figure is in rapid movement. It could not have been solely copied by a sculptor from a model. No man could have stood for a moment in the position in which the figure is represented; and yet the Greeks were nothing more than acute copyists from nature, possessing principally the art of choosing their models with great judgment, and working their figures with consummate skill. Their theoretical anatomy was seldom perfect, and their knowledge of the laws of physiology exceedingly defective. Yet in the figure of the Gladiator the most abstruse knowledge of the laws of physiology and anatomy may be discovered. So perfect is the figure in these respects, that a celebrated French anatomist published a large octavo volume on the anatomy and physiology of this statue.

But of all parts of the Louvre, the museum of

painting—which the artist has chosen as the subject of the sketch—is the favourite. Here are to be found a collection of works of art unsurpassed in Europe. It is the favourite lounge of visitors from every nation. It has but one objection—that from the immense number of paintings exhibited, it is impossible for the beholder to appreciate them in the manner they deserve. In a short time the eye becomes—to use the expression of Byron—"dazzled and drunk with beauty." The very pleasure the visitor experienced in beholding the first magnificent specimens which meet his eye on entering the Tribune spoils him—to a certain degree—for the remainder; and fond as he may be of the fine arts, he too frequently passes picture after picture of immense intrinsic value, without being able to realize to himself its beauties.

But apart from all other attractions, the picture gallery offers one unique in itself—the sight of the different visitors from all nations, as well as the numbers of artists, male and female, in every variety of costume, who flock to it; the former to enjoy the sight of the paintings so lavishly set before them, or to pass an hour as an agreeable lounge; and the latter to pursue their studies from the ancient masters. From every point of view the Louvre offers immense attractions, and is justly the favourite resort of all visitors to the French capital.

MY GARDEN.

NO. III.



THE late winter has been probably one of the most destructive within memory to that numerous class of lovers of flowers whose incomes are limited and appliances defective. It was not so much that there has been a protracted frost, as that the extreme mildness of the previous winter led them into carelessness about adopting those precautionary measures which are always needed in our very fickle climate; and this carelessness was probably increased by the occurrence of such a very mild season up to the end of the year. Until that time the most tender things were uninjured, and it seemed almost as if we should experience such another winter as that of 1865-66. On the first day of the year a great change took place, and then succeeded a frost, in many places more intense than we have had for some years, and for a long time to be remembered by that awful calamity which took place in the Regent's Park. It came so suddenly, and the thermometer sank so low, that many a possessor of what he believed would make his garden gay for another season has found himself without a plant left; while in the neighbourhood of London the destruction amongst the shrubs and roses has been terrible. As then there may be many persons who are at their wits' ends about their gardens, and either cannot afford or are unwilling to purchase a large quantity of bedding plants, such as geraniums and verbenas, I may be giving them some aid if I bring before them a few of the best of our annuals, with which, for a trifling expenditure, they may be able to make their gardens look gay; and at the same time I would plead for some of those old-fashioned plants which the present rage for the bedding-out system, as it is called, has put "out of court."

Great improvement has taken place of late years in the character of some of those annuals which we all

know, but which either English or foreign skill has made very different to the acquaintances of our earlier days—I mean stocks, wallflowers, asters, larkspurs, &c. Of these there are a number of various sorts, with which it will be hardly needful to encumber ourselves or our gardens. Thus, from one catalogue before me, I find there are one hundred and twenty-four different sorts of asters enumerated; whereas, if twelve sorts of *Truffauts* pæony-flowered perfection, four of the *cocardeau*, or crown aster, and six of the *chrysanthemum*-flowered are obtained, they would be quite sufficient for any moderate sized garden. As for stocks, a dozen varieties would be enough, and six of wallflowers and six of larkspurs. Let these all be obtained in the original sealed packets, as they are imported from Germany or France. All these will succeed if sown in the open ground, but it is far better, where at all practicable, to have a small hotbed, and sow them in pots: they can then be easily transplanted, and arranged, if the colours are kept distinct, according to taste. There is another flower which in some localities succeeds very well, and for the autumn display nothing can be more effective—I mean the double zinnia—but then it must be in a warm soil and kind climate. Among the annual *chrysanthemums* there are some very pretty flowers, and effective for bouquets, which is a point I think all lovers of flowers ought to bear in mind. What an acceptable gift to your friend, who calls from the neighbouring town, is a nicely-arranged and sweet-scented bouquet. How often have I seen the eyes of the poor invalid glister when a few simple flowers have been placed on his humble table. They themselves are acceptable, but still more so as they are expressive of a sympathy without which gifts are comparatively valueless, but which intensifies the humblest offering. Of these then, *Chrysanthemum Burridgeanum*, *Carinatum Coccineum*, *Dunnettii*, and a new one, *Louise Honoratty*, are all deserving a place. Some of the Japanese or Chinese pinks are also very showy and worthy of cultivation, such as *Hedderwigi* and *laciniatus*. The old-fashioned, but delicately-scented sweet-pea has received a valuable addition to its family in the scarlet variety, which is very showy, and equal in its perfume to the ordinary varieties. Of the various species of flax, the most beautiful is the scarlet-flowered *grandiflorum coccineum*. The petunias and phloxes are also useful for filling beds, and among the latter more especially the different varieties of *Drummondii*. *Tagetes pumila* is an exceedingly effective and dwarf-growing annual, in colour brilliant yellow, striped with crimson: it continues full beauty until cut up by the autumn frosts; while those whose soil and situation will not please the double varieties of zinnia, may perhaps be able to grow very beautiful single varieties. To these may be added a few climbers, such as *convolvulus major*, *loperpermum scandens*, *Maurandya Barclayana*, *Tropæolum Canariense*, and *Lobbianum*; and these will, at cost of a very few shillings, make a garden gay through the summer and autumn months.

I have said that our old-fashioned border plants have been put on one side by the modern system; yet I know nothing more effective than a well-arranged border of herbaceous plants, interspersed with single plants of geraniums, &c., placed at some distance from each other. Such an one I have just come from visiting that of the Warden of Winchester College—gay from the very earliest spring, when the mountain forget-me-not, the alyssum, early blooming pansies, and the like send forth their bloom, down to the very approach of winter itself; and I, who lived long before *Tom Thackeray* was born, for he it was that began this new style, mean the geranium, not the little general himselves think with pleasure of my earliest recollections of flowers, in which these old-fashioned plants hold place. What double rockets one used to see in the

days! What grand Brompton stocks, a very marvel of flowers! How fine the bright blue of the delphinium—how gorgeous the glowing scarlet of the double hychinis—how stately those now despised bulbs, the old white, orange, and Turk's-cap lilies! Was not the acornite ever an object of interest? and the foxglove ever suggestive of wild valleys and pleasant scrambles? and the numerous varieties of the Sweet William ever pleasing? yet these have almost universally given way to flowers which make the garden gay for a few months and leave it a piece of fallow ground for the remainder of the year. I would therefore suggest to some of my readers, if the inexorable demands of fashion and of King Croquet have left them any ground to do as they like with, to hunt up some of these much despised plants, and see if they do not add much to the enjoyment of their garden. The value of the dahlia as a noble and grand autumn flower cannot be overlooked. When there is shelter, let some plants of it be by all means added to the list I have already given. My object has been to consider what I should have done had the frost caught me as it has caught some others; and I think that by the help of some of the flowers I have enumerated I should have made my garden look tolerably gay. No time must be lost however: it is quite late enough, now that the merry month of May is upon us, to begin to work. Fit up a frame roughly, get a few pots and some light soil; and with good seed, a great deal may be done in a very short time.

D. DEAL.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

THAT is the best thing for a man which God sends him; and that is the best time when he sends it.

It is sometimes a hard matter to be certain whether you have received ill-usage or not; for men's actions oftentimes look worse than they are, and one must be thoroughly informed of a great many things before he can rightly judge.

CONSIDER the amount of people's sense, and the condition of their understanding, and you will never be fond of popularity or afraid of censure; nor solicitous what judgment they may form of you who know not how to judge rightly of themselves.

THE great end of philosophy, both natural and moral, is to know ourselves and to know God. The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.

IT was the observation of a great divine and reformer, "That he who acquires his learning at the expense of his morals, is the worse for his education." And we may add, that he who does not improve his temper together with his understanding, does not much the better for his acquirements. A young man specially ought to measure his progress, in science by the improvement of his morals, and remember that he is no further learned man than he is a wise and good man, and that he cannot be a finished philosopher till he is a Christian.

IT is curious to observe how people who are always thinking of their own pleasure or interest will often, if possessing considerable ability, make others give way to them, and obtain everything they seek, *except happiness*. For, like a spoiled child, who at length cries for the moon, they are always dissatisfied. And the benevolent, who are always thinking of others, and sacrificing their own personal gratifications, are usually the happiest of mankind.

THE human mind is very apt to be prejudiced either for or against certain persons as well as certain sentiments. And as prejudice will lead a man to talk very unreasonably with regard to the latter, so will it lead him to act as unreasonably with regard to the former.

AN old Spanish writer says: "To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is godlike."

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

NEW PROCESS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF MEAT.—This problem seems now to have been solved by Professor Gamgee. The exact nature of his process is not made public yet, but it is stated that, by a novel and apparently painless method of slaughter, the cattle are made to undergo the preliminary stage of the pickling process at the instant of death. The completion of the process consists in packing the joints in an iron case, exhausting the air from it, and then filling up with a gas or vapour; finally, the case is soldered down. So little is the appearance or taste of the meat affected by the new method of killing, that joints of meat from animals so slaughtered were in great request at a butcher's where they had been hung up experimentally.

INGENIOUS METHOD FOR THE DETECTION OF FIRE-DAMP IN COAL-MINES.—In a former page we explained to our readers the meaning of the term *dialysis*. Gases of different specific gravities, &c., comparative or relative weights, are found to possess a similar property, and this has been applied in the following ingenious manner for the purpose of detecting fire-damp in mines. Fire-damp is much lighter than air; consequently, if we place a bladder in an atmosphere containing this gas, some of it will dialyse through into the interior of the bladder, and if the latter be tightly closed will finally burst it. If now a tube, in the form of the letter U, and containing mercury to the height of an inch or two in either branch, have one of its ends tightly tied into the mouth of the bladder, it stands to reason that, in an atmosphere containing fire-damp, the bladder will, instead of bursting, force the mercury through the tube, and thus cause it to rise in the outer limb. If the latter contain the two wires of an electrical battery, connected with a ringing machine such as used in the telegraph offices, the complete circuit may be interrupted by keeping the wires separate, and this may be done by passing a slip of cardboard down the tube. Now, when the mercury rises, it comes in contact with the two ends of the wires, and, being itself a good conductor, completes the circuit by virtually joining the two ends of the copper wire. When this occurs the bell is immediately set ringing, and warns the miner of the dangerous presence of fire-damp. The apparatus actually used in mines is of course a neat modification of the above, but is constructed on precisely the same principles.

THE POPULAR STUDY OF CHEMISTRY.—"It is difficult," says George Fownes, "to exaggerate the advantages which would result to individuals and to the community if the elements of natural philosophy and chemistry were regularly and systematically taught in schools, even those intended for the humbler classes of society. To say nothing of the positive gain which such knowledge would often prove in the common pursuits of life, being at every step so directly applicable to practice; the elevation and purity of mind which result from a taste for the study and observation of nature are surely most favourable to the advancement of the end and aim of all education—to qualify men for the faithful and true discharge of the duties and obligations of life, while awaiting with humility and hope the mysterious development of existence yet to come." Feeling the truth of this, we have been much gratified by the suggestion that our Government meditates the establishment of a great chemical institution in London; as may be inferred from the fact that a report has been drawn up by Dr. Hofmann, at its request, of the laboratories now being built on a stupendous scale for the universities of Bonn and Berlin. The one in course of erection at Bonn is now nearly completed, and will be under the direction of Dr. Hofmann. It has been built on a scale of palatial magnificence, and covers, with its four enclosed courts, a space of about 45,000 square feet. This building includes the most ample accommodation for experiment and research in chemistry, metallurgy, chemical-physics, and other branches of the science; and will cost nearly 20,000*l*. The liberality of the Prussian Government in sanctioning this grant is very creditable, and we will venture to express a hope that our Government really intends to follow so noble a precedent."

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

It is not often that we have an idle half-hour, but this happened to be the case a few evenings ago, when, turning over our musty books somewhat listlessly, we fell upon the following old letter written to another IDLER some hundred and odd years ago. As Betty Broom is still in the flesh, we have had some thought of inviting her to make us acquainted with her later experiences, and in the mean time beg to introduce her to our readers by copying the letter referred to, in which we have made only one or two verbal alterations.—ED.

MR. EDITOR,



I NEVER thought that I should write anything to be printed; but having lately seen one of your magazines, which was sent down into the kitchen with a great bundle of gazettes and useless papers, I find that you are willing to admit any correspondent who has a social grievance to tell about, and therefore hope you will not reject me. If you publish my letter it may encourage others, in the same condition with myself, to tell their stories, which may be perhaps as useful as those of other people who write about art and education.

I am a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, or patronesses, visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were instructed to be thankful to those at whose cost we were educated. I was always the favourite of my mistress; she used to call me to read, and show my copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me without commendation, and very seldom without a shilling.

At last the chief of our subscribers, having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the insolence of servants; that scarcely a girl was to be got for *all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear high-heeled boots and lace collars, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls. Those who were to live by their hands should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily; and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our school was now dissolved: my mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that being old and helpless, she could not assist me, advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, considered as a crime; and when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than, *Sure, child, you would not work! Hard work is not fit for a girl educated as you have been; a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child!*

I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to London, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and as soon as I could get myself ready, took my departure for London. I had no snares laid for me on my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I, having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watchmaker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on Sunday, and spend half the wages of the week on Richmond Hill. On Monday he commonly lay half the day in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; Tuesday and Wednesday consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse. You may be sure that, of the sufferers, the maid suffered most; and I left them, after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning. He seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. The one that was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plums for the child. I could not keep six children quiet who were bribed to be clamorous; and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called, at a busy time, to serve customers, expected that I should now be happy in proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use; and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much and gained so little. She pretended to assist his inquiries, and began very gravely to hope that *Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered*. You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

The rest of my story I will tell you in another letter; and only beg to be informed, in one of your numbers, for which of my places, except perhaps the last, I was disqualified by my skill in reading and writing.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

BETTY BROOM.

THERE'S discontent from sceptre to the swain,
And from the peasant to the king again.
Then whatsoever in thy will afflict thee,
Or in thy pleasure seem to contradict thee,
Give it a welcome as a wholesome friend,
That would instruct thee to a better end.
Since no condition from defect is free,
Think not to find what here can never be.

Nicholas.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNWARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER III.

AT HOME AT ROOD ABBEY

WHEN Mr Tindal and his wife returned to Eskdale from their marriage tour on the Continent, the leaves were changing and falling. October had begun, and an early shower of snow marked the day of their coming home. There had been some talk of spending the winter in Italy; but the inclination of both was

rather towards the Abbey, and while they were still hesitating, a little complaint of loneliness from Mayfield turned their decision in favour of England. The church bells had been set a-ringing by the clerk on his own responsibility, but no display of garlands or flags had been prepared to welcome them to the Abbey; for Mr. Tindal had intimated to Mr. Roberts that he desired no greater demonstration to be made over bringing his young wife home than had been made

over carrying her away. Pennie missed nothing. It was dusk when they arrived, and as her husband conducted her into the pretty green drawing-room, where once, in her maiden-days, she had visited him in his affliction, she looked as bright, as happy, and as complacent as it was possible for woman to look; and with the utmost cheerfulness she said: "Oh, I am glad to be at home! And, Arthur, this is so charmingly homelike."

"You will make a real home of it once more, Pennie," responded he, and kissed her.

When she went upstairs to her own room, she found a perfect bower of comfort and elegance, with a window looking over to Mayfield and the moors, and another compassing the shady twilight garden. There were many signs about it that her tastes had been studied and considered. The pictures on the walls were sunny, the carpet and draperies were of light and lively tints. Pennie had no love for sombre splendour; she preferred that inanimate things should wear a cheerful aspect around her, and appear fresh, unhaunted. She thanked Mr. Tindal for his thoughtfulness in a pretty way she had of thanking him for everything, as if she were but a loving pensioner on his bounty. He let her do it, since it pleased her to be grateful; but in his heart he knew, and often with his lips he acknowledged, that her unselfish, tender affection was a recompense for all, and more than all, he could lavish on her.

A very decided and visible improvement had been wrought in him already by her companionship. They dined alone, and as he stood on the hearth in the drawing-room afterwards, talking to her, ensconced in a low chair, with an Indian screen held up between her face and the fire, she became herself, for the first time, fully aware of its extent. Perhaps seeing her there in his own house, and realizing the fact that she was there for life, completed the charm. O! how forlorn and outcast had he felt in that very spot for days, and weeks, and months together? But now his air was satisfied and self-possessed; his visage was healthy and open; his whole appearance that of a vigorous, active-minded gentleman, in love with his wife, at ease with himself, and not at variance with the rest of the world. He was feeling strangely content and exhilarated that night. No stranger would ever have conjectured how long he had lain under a ban—that he lay under it in one sense still. Pennie had convinced him and herself that with time and patience it would wear away. The fanciful distresses that had beset her before her marriage had dwindled to shadows in the full present light of her happiness, and she had no fear that they would ever resume their former solid proportions. She was prepared to face her little world bravely, and to stand to it that she was already justified in casting in her lot with his; and no one regarding her could deny that she carried the tokens of justification in her cheerful countenance.

Midway the next morning, while she was walking about the garden with her husband, consulting over prunings and clearings of the shrubberies, long left in the wild luxuriance of nature, Mrs. Croft made her appearance, summoned by a few lines from Pennie, despatched to Mayfield after breakfast. Mr. Tindal gave his mother-in-law a cordial reception, which she was surprised into reciprocating with considerable warmth, betrayed thereto by the bright and favourable aspect of her daughter.

"There is no need to ask how you do, Pennie," said she, kissing her. "I never saw you look better, and one may tell you're as happy as the day's long—not that the days is so very long now. You have stayed away until the best of the year is over. There was a bonnie show of flowers here in the summer."

There were still a few out, vivid scarlet and rich purple, but yellow leaves were showered thick amongst them, and the branches overhead were becoming bare. There was beauty, however, yet in the old garden, with its yews and cedars, and glossy-leaved hollies and laurels; and Pennie replied to her mother that she should still have some pleasure in it before winter arrived. Mr. Tindal presently left them together, and they retreated to the drawing-room for one of those long two-handed chats which the widow so dearly delighted in.

"You and Mr. Tindal look and talk like two happy young folks beginning life in a world of which neither of you knows anything amiss," said she, as soon as she was comfortably seated near the fire. "I don't understand it."

"Nor I quite," responded Pennie. "But it is true, we are happy."

"And he is really good to you, and you don't regret what you have done?"

"Regret it? Not I indeed! I have never had a thought of regret."

"Thank God for it! I've had my doubts—we've all had our doubts that it might not be so, Pennie, love; for it was a dreadful risk, as your Aunt Lister said; and she has the family credit at heart, though she was a Dobbie born."

"I don't think she need be anxious for the family credit, mother. Opinions will change."

"The Lord grant they may! Mr. Tindal looks strong and stout; he hasn't any bad fits, has he, as if his conscience were overmuch for him sometimes? One has heard strange tales o' the working of conscience, that it will make a guilty man trouble like the sea, so that he cannot rest. Is he ever like that?"

"Oh, mother, no! what nonsense!" said Pennie with indignation. "Awake, he is always as open and easy as you saw him just now, and he sleeps as peacefully as a child. I know the stories that used to be told of his walking night and day through the house, grinding his teeth and groaning, and I don't believe a word of them."

"Believe them or not, Pennie, they were true enough; but it might be misery and loneliness set him wild, and not his conscience. It is a pleasure to hear you say he's comfortable in his mind; he couldn't be that and him guilty."

"Mother, we never talk about it. I forget it, and so does he for quite long times together. I wish you would give up thinking about it too. I am fully purposed to have no resuscitation of fears to mar our life. If we have no everyday intimates, we shall exist well enough without them, until it pleases God to set us right with the world. For the present, and I trust for always, we are the best company to each other that can be."

"You have not fretted yourselves while you have been away, that's clear. I make no doubt but you have some good neighbours, though Eskdale is no the gay place it used to be. There hasn't been near so much visiting among the gentry since things began."

to go wrong at Eastwold, which was about the same time as that happened here."

Pennie quietly changed the conversation by challenging her mother's opinion on the decorations of the room they were sitting in. Mrs. Croft said she did not see it much altered since the former Mrs. Tindal's time: and then she asked to see over the rest of the house, which had undergone more renovation. Pennie was glad of the active diversion for her mother's thoughts, too prone to recur with anxiety to the past, and during the survey there was found so much that was new to admire and approve, that other interests were forgotten. When it was over the morning was over too, and Mrs. Croft said she had spent as much time from home as she could spare. Pennie, however, made her stay luncheon, and afterwards, going out for a drive with her husband, dropped her at Mayfield garden-door in a very serene and satisfied temper.

Mrs. Jones of Beckby happened to look in on the widow in the course of the afternoon, and during the gossip that ensued, Mrs. Croft proclaimed how nice and pleasant everything seemed at the Abbey, and described herself as feeling in good heart and hopes about the permanent happiness of her daughter's marriage. Mrs. Jones chimed in with her neighbour's mood, and good-naturedly but inconsistently professed always to have thought well of it.

When Mr. and Mrs. Tindal made their appearance at church on the Sunday morning following their arrival at Rood, they were the objects of much interest and remark. People who remembered the Squire's father noticed that Mr. Arthur was grown exceedingly like him; and everybody in Eskdale knew by experience or tradition that a better man than old Squire Tindal never wore shoe-leather. This resemblance had been much less obvious during his gloomy life before his marriage; but now that he was himself again, it came out strongly, and stood both him and his young wife in good stead amongst the humbler folks round the Abbey, who soon learnt also to appreciate their presence there on more substantial grounds. Mr. Tindal had always been a liberal landlord, and he became now a popular one.

The first visitors at Rood were Doctor and Mrs. Brown, from Eastwold, whose example was promptly followed by Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone. Some other notables of the Dale, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, of Eskford, and Sir George Bangham, also held a formal hand of conciliation to Mr. Tindal, and their civilities were as formally returned. The Brackenfield circle was beyond the range of morning calls, but Pennie's friends there wrote to her kindly, and promised to see her the first time occasion brought them into the neighbourhood of Rood.

Mr. Tindal met the advances of his equals with some coolness and restraint, and when the ordinary ceremonies had been complied with, he surprised Pennie, and perhaps grieved her a little, by professing himself indifferent to their intimate acquaintance. She refrained from urging him, appreciating the effort it would cost to enter into the little world of Eskdale interests, from which he had been for ten long years secluded, and trusting that the desire to make it would come by-and-by with the power to make it successfully.

An invitation to dine at Eastwold Rectory, where it was intended they should meet the select few who

had paid them the courtesy of a visit, was declined; and it was then understood that the Rood Abbey people would prefer the formal acknowledgment of their right to a footing in Eskdale society, implied in an exchange of calls and cards, to a more intimate association with their neighbours. Some persons thought this unwise and ungracious; but others who had anticipated a certain awkwardness in getting on with Mr. Tindal were relieved, and felt that he had taken a prudent course. They confessed that though they would be happy to shake hands with him in the hunting field, or to give him "good-day" on the road, they were rather diffident about breaking bread with him, and would not heartily relish eating of his salt. They did not believe him guilty—oh, no! but after all that had been said and done, it was not easy to treat him as an innocent person whose character had never been impeached. The difficulty might wear off in time, but Mr. Tindal was judicious not to force opinion which would turn in his favour more certainly if he let it alone.

Pennie herself fell into the same way of thinking by-and-by. Gradual revolutions are the surest. Their position was not what she had hoped, nor what she had proposed, but it seemed quietly to arrange itself, and she was satisfied with the result since her husband preferred it. There was nothing to prevent a change and a widening of intercourse if they desired it after a while, and their retirement challenged much fewer harsh remarks from the adverse party, than any attempt to conquer old prejudices by force would have done.

The lady part of the community were frequent in their visits to Mrs. Tindal, and took pains to prove their good-will. Her manners were always simple and easy, and as she became better known, the general sentiment was that the master of Rood had luck in his young wife. A few people professed to pity her and fear for her; but the majority marvelled that Mr. Tindal, after the long social outlawry he had endured, was so little spoilt by it, that it was only apparent in a slight reserve and reticence of manner, which quite vanished in her presence. Most men would have been transformed into savages by such an ordeal; would have grown violent, vindictive, hating the world as well as hateful to it. But he had evidently remained sound at heart in his isolation; and now that he had Pennie to trust him, love him, rely on him with all her heart and mind, he could think quite calmly of the wrong done him by the world at large. The fierce anger and passion of it were past, and he could partake himself now in her company to all the active, useful, commonplace duties of life with much quiet satisfaction and pleasure.

Divers improvements were possible on his property. Morning after morning found him perambulating his woods and fields with Roberts. Occasionally Pennie was of the party, for she kept up her walking habits and her riding every day, much as when she lived at Eastwold. Though the evenings were spent always alone, they were not tediously spent. Pennie was a bit of capital company to her husband. She had read much for her age, and could respond to good talk. It was not necessary to discuss with her none but purely personal topics, and when it was necessary, she could take a large and sensible view of them. Her husband respected her for her good sense as much as he loved her for her loveableness, and he depended more on her

judgment, and exacted more from her time than anybody but herself knew. It seemed often as though he could decide and do nothing without her. Her inexperience left him many opportunities of instructing her also, and the way in which they were thrown on their own resources at first, developed a community of tastes and sentiments, and lasted long enough to make this community enduring. In all Eskdale there was not a couple more easily or evenly yoked. As weeks went on, and Mrs. Croft's occasions of studying her daughter increased, she acknowledged to her gossips that she was perfectly content for her as things were turning out.

"I could not wish to see her better done to," she assured the still doubting and fearing Aunt Lister. "She has all her own way, and is a real good little docile thing. Mr. Tindal's wrapt up in her, but he's master too, as a man should be, in his own house. If it should please God to clear him publicly, then I could die at perfect ease in my mind for her."

Divers advances, gradual but effectual, took place at Rood during the winter months, and soon after the new year began, Pennie had an unexpected treat vouchsafed to her. Millicent Forrester, in reply to a communication of hers, wrote and volunteered a two days' visit from herself and her husband on their way to Methley Towers, and Mr. Tindal gave his wife leave by all means to accept it, if she wished. Pennie was delighted beyond measure at the opportunity and the permission. She longed to see Millicent again on her own account, and she believed that Millicent's husband was the man who, before all others, would appreciate her own husband, and become his friend, if the chance were put in their way.

The event proved that she was discerning, and not too sanguine. The guests arrived only half an hour before dinner, and there was no interval for private talk, but when the four met round the handsomely appointed and perfectly served table, a looker-on, in ignorance of their circumstances, would never have imagined that there was amongst them the shadow of a shade. The popular notion of a house with a skeleton closet was not fulfilled at Rood that evening. The master was in his pleasantest, least reserved humour, and Michael Forrester's taciturnity disappeared. Travel-talk, once begun, flowed eloquently; and when Pennie carried off Millicent to the drawing-room, the two gentlemen drew their chairs to the fireside, and betook themselves to smoke and sociable conversation, such as never joins except between men who feel intuitively that they shall suit.

When, after long waiting for, they came in to tea, Pennie perceived that the spell which had bound her husband was unloosed. He had tasted the exhilaration of masculine converse to good purpose, and she privately resolved that if she could prevent it, he should not again retreat within himself. As a measure towards its prevention she invited Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone to join their small party the second evening. They expressed themselves as glad to come, and contributed to its pleasantness without any tokens of restraint. Mr. Tindal had some of the best qualities of a popular host, only half developed, it is true, but the rector was well able to appreciate them in the germ, and his round, rosy wife was always proud and happy to make new and desirable acquaintance such as the Forresters.

These two days were ever after marked with white

in Pennie's memory. In this case, as in many others, it was but the first step that cost an effort. A return visit to the Lodge ensued, followed by a week at Brackenfield, which Pennie enjoyed excessively. Sir Andrew and Lady Goodwin were staying there at the same time, and the welcome given to Mr. Tindal by the Hutton family sufficiently proved to his wife that all distrust had been set aside amongst them since he had become personally known to Millicent and Michael Forrester. The Squire and the Dame treated him with sedulous care, that he might feel himself an honoured guest; and Uncle Christopher and Cousin Tom Martineau found his society a most acceptable relief to their own. Everybody petted Pennie, and made a point of assuring her how much they liked him, and of commending her courage and pertinacity in standing by her own opinion when nearly all the rest of the world was against her. And everybody had a word to add in his or her own excuse, for having so long condemned him unheard. The sum of all these pleas was ignorance. "If we had only known him, if we had only seen him, as we see and know him now, we should never have believed him for a moment to be a guilty man."

Pennie's eyes used to fill as she listened to these tardy amends, and to say that she was sure the world would do her dear Arthur right at last. Mr. Tindal did not hear any of the talk over his troubles, but he felt that the familiar shadow of dislike and dread was withdrawn. Still, however, by habit he met the cordiality of his entertainers with distance. But it was a distance that would decrease; for his stature was decidedly more sociable than solitary, more genial than ascetic, more forgiving than vindictive. When he and Pennie returned to Rood he declared that he was glad,—glad and grateful to find himself at home again with only his wife; but Pennie persuaded him into an admission that it was good to look forward and not backward, and to take freely the helping hands stretched out to them.

When the squires and dames of Eskdale heard where Mr. Tindal and his wife had been visiting their own difficulty diminished. It was felt that they had taken out their diploma as honourable members of society, and that there need be no more anxiety of hesitation as to associating with them, whether on formal or on familiar terms. Some who had hitherto held aloof now came forward. Mr. Tindal was invited to subscribe to the Eskdale Hunt, and was asked to join the Yeomanry. To the first proposal he acceded, the second he declined. Even old Mr. Curtis of Methley Towers made advances to the master of Rood, and Lady Brooke said publicly, at her father's table, that it had always been her opinion that Arthur Tindal had been shamefully traduced and persecuted.

Before the cold weather was over there were no many Eskdale houses in which Mr. Tindal and Pennie had not been welcomed, and not many diners-out who had not accepted the opportunity of renewing their long intermitted acquaintance with the hospitality of the Abbey. Mrs. Tindal was allowed by general consent to be a nice woman, and Mr. Tindal to be a good fellow, hardly dealt with, who had shown wonderful pluck. He and Pennie soon understood that their future life was in their own hands, and that they might make it very much what they chose. Before the summer came again they had a common reason for making it as much as possible like the lives of their

neighbours. Exactly a year and a day after their marriage the church-bells rang again, for the birth of an heir to Rood; and Arthur Tindal, thanking God for his son, promised Pennie so bravely to bear himself henceforth before the world, that the blot on his name, though it should never be perfectly effaced by earthly judgment, might not descend to their child, or ever become a haunting knowledge and doubt with him, through his father's voluntary seclusion from a society that was seeking to repair a great error by welcoming him with open arms at last.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES IN SCIENCE.

NO. II.—"AS QUICK AS LIGHTNING."

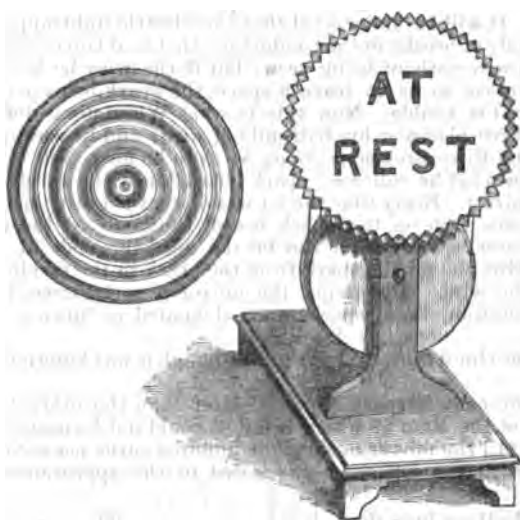
EVERY one is impressed with the idea of the great speed with which lightning travels. A flash is come and gone while the lazy thunder lags far behind. Indeed, "quick as lightning" has passed into a proverb; but how quick, is a question not very easy to answer. We get some notion of its brief duration from the fact long noticed that the wheels of a mail-coach, travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour, seem to be perfectly stationary when illuminated for an instant by a flash of lightning. About the middle of the last century several attempts were made to measure the time during which an electric spark travelled along a conductor. It is known that when the outer coating of a Leyden jar is connected with the inner by means of a discharging rod, a spark passes, and equilibrium is restored. The discharging rod may be of any length. Dr. Watson connected the two coatings by means of an arc of iron wire, twelve thousand two hundred and seventy-six feet in length, so arranged that its two ends and its middle were in the same room with the Leyden jar and the electrical machine. The wire was broken in the middle, so that an observer could hold in his hands the two portions of the wire thus interrupted. The jar, being charged, could be discharged by taking hold of the two ends with the hand, when the two opposite electricities, the one from the inside of the jar, and the other from the outside, would unite by passing through the twelve thousand feet of wire and also through the body of the observer. In all cases the spark was seen and the shock was felt at the same instant. No interval was detected between the two sensations, and it was concluded that the discharge was too rapid to be measured.

If a lighted stick be whirled round in a circle once in the tenth of a second, it produces on the eye the effect of a complete ring; showing, in fact, that the eye retains its impressions for at least the tenth of a second. Suppose, now, that one of the spokes of a wheel were luminous in a dark room, and the wheel were to revolve ten times per second; the effect on the eye would be that of a complete luminous disc. If the wheel contained ten such luminous radii, it is evident that the velocity of the wheel might be ten times less than before in order to produce the effect of a luminous disc. If the wheel contained a hundred equidistant luminous spokes, it need only perform one revolution in ten seconds to appear as a complete luminous disc.

But suppose a wheel with a hundred spokes to make one revolution in the tenth of a second. Each spoke would pass through the space between two spokes in the hundredth of the tenth of a second; that is, each spoke would shift its place into that of its advancing neighbour every thousandth of a second. If this wheel were the wheel of the mail-coach referred to, and were seen by a light that flashed upon it for less than the thousandth of a second, the spokes would not have

had time to move through any appreciable space, and the wheel would appear just the same as if it were at rest, although its impression would remain on the eye the tenth of a second. However we may increase the number of spokes in the wheel, and however rapidly we may make the wheel rotate, it appears to be absolutely at rest when illuminated by a flash of lightning or the discharge of a Leyden jar; because the light has come and is gone before any spoke of the wheel has time to move through any perceptible space.

This astonishing result may be shown by painting on a disc, in clear distinct characters, such words as **AT REST**. If this disc be connected with a multiplying wheel, so as to be set in rapid rotation, the characters disappear, and we get a few shadowy circles




of dark and light tint on the disc. The two figures show the discs under these two different conditions. If while the disc is rapidly rotating, a flash of lightning or the spark produced by the discharge of a Leyden jar fall on it, the words can be read as plainly and distinctly as if the disc were stationary, instead of being, as it is, in rapid motion. Seen in this manner, insects on the wing appear as if fixed in the air; the long strings of a harp in rapid vibration appear not to be in motion, but bowed or bent out of the straight line; a thin continuous stream of water appears to be made up of a number of drops rapidly succeeding each other; an express railway train appears fixed on the line; in short, there is no motion that we can produce but what appears *rest*, when compared with the amazing velocity and short duration of the electric light.

By these methods the duration could not be measured for want of sufficient speed in the measuring apparatus. Professor Wheatstone invented a little revolving mirror, arranged like a swing looking-glass, and turning over and over in the same way. By making this mirror revolve fifty times in a second, an electric spark appeared reflected from it without any alteration in its figure; without, in fact, being drawn out or elongated through any perceptible space. Had there been any elongation, it would have shown a duration while the mirror was moving through a small portion of the circle. By increasing the speed of the mirror the spark was elongated to a measurable extent, and although its duration varied greatly under different circumstances, yet it never exceeded a millionth of a second.



In order to measure the speed with which electricity travels along a wire, the two coatings of a Leyden jar were made to communicate through half a mile of copper wire, which was interrupted at three places,

namely, near the two coatings, and at its centre, a quarter of a mile from each. These breaks were so arranged that the sparks from them could be seen together side by side. Of course the centre spark appeared later than the others by the time it took the electric impulse to travel through a quarter of a mile of wire either way. When viewed in the mirror, these sparks were seen equally elongated; but when the mirror made eight hundred turns per second, the middle spark appeared later than the other two, as was indicated by the middle line being a little higher or a little lower than the other two lines; in fact, it was calculated from these data, that the passage through the quarter of a mile of wire occupied no more than the 2,304,000th of a second, or nearly three times the velocity of light through space.

It will be understood that the electric light appears only at breaks in the conductor; that is, it travels along a wire without being seen; but if the wire be broken across, so as to leave a space, the spark leaps across and is visible. Now this is what Wheatstone did in three places of his half-mile of wire; and he arranged the three broken portions so as to be near each other on what he called a "spark board," near the revolving mirror. Every time the jar was discharged three sparks were seen on the spark board, thus, . . .; the two outer sparks from the breaks near the ends of the wire, the middle spark from the break in the middle of the wire. By giving the mirror a certain speed of rotation, these sparks were elongated or drawn out

into lines thus, ; and although it was known that

the central spark appeared later than the other two, yet the time by which it did so could not be measured until the mirror made eight hundred turns per second, when the difference was noted in the appearance of

the three lines thus,  or . This deviation

showed that the middle spark appeared after the two outer ones, and also disappeared after them.

Other observers have obtained very different results; for the velocity is found to vary, not only with the nature of the wire and its mode of insulation, but also with the kind of electricity and its tension.

OUR HISTORIANS.

THE longer a nation lives the greater is the tendency of its historical literature to overshadow every other kind. Other mines become exhausted, or, owing to some change in national habits or tastes, their products cease to be in request. But the materials of history are always in course of accumulation; always pressing close on the heels of the historian; always presenting new phenomena, which require for their solution either the development of new principles or the novel application of old ones. It might seem at first sight as if this continual augmentation of historical matter, leading of necessity to a corresponding increase in the number of historical writers, would gradually swell the whole subject to a perfectly unmanageable bulk; and make it impossible for the critic to mark out any lines of reading by which students of average leisure should be able to gain a fair survey of the field. But history differs from every other branch of human learning in this particular respect, that its old materials admit of uninterrupted combinations with the new; that the present gathers up the past into itself, as the future will gather up the present; and that in every generation some single writer is to be found, who, availing himself of the lateral rills of knowledge which subordi-

nate inquirers are for ever contributing to the stock, is able to set before us some considerable period of history in one broad and unbroken stream. Original research is one thing; a reasonable amount of information, based on fairly well-attested facts, is another; and is all that we are here concerned with. This may be gathered from a comparatively small number of English writers; and it is needless to say that we are not now thinking of travelling beyond the limits of English history.

But it must not be forgotten that history has its two sides. It is the medium through which we learn the various processes by which existing nations and kingdoms came to be what they are now, or by which others having flourished for a certain length of time, declined and fell. But it is also a great deal more than this. Literature is one of the fine arts, and history is one of the finest departments of literature. It is not merely a rich and fruitful country, from which the diligent husbandman gleans a wealth of material facts. It abounds in beauty and sublimity; in landscapes of exquisite loveliness; in frowning heights of dark and desolate grandeur. According to the style in which these are treated is the historian either an artist or a mere land-surveyor. Now the benefit conferred upon the human mind by the contemplation of a fine work of art has long ceased to be disputed by the most austere and bigoted of mankind. It is the power of beauty, to which we therein do homage, and which, next to the influence of religion, has done more than any other agent to elevate the human mind above all that is vicious and degrading. There is a meretricious beauty, no doubt, as well as a pure beauty; and there is false art in history as well as genuine. All we now desire to impress upon our readers is that they must never be led away by the idea that all which they are to get out of history is a knowledge of facts. By surrendering themselves to this conviction they go near unto the sin of those who have called history an almanack. Of course we can't do very well without facts in this world of ours. But we do not live by facts alone, any more than we do by bread alone.

History being thus divided into its æsthetical and its utilitarian branches, the first thing that we have to ascertain is, whether any of our English historians combining the two—and here we are sorry to say that our answer must be very unsatisfactory. Perhaps of the whole it may be said that Mr. Froude, our greatest living historian, goes nearest to the required union. But still the union is far from perfect. For copious research, fulness of detail, and conscientiousness of inference, he is perhaps unrivalled. But in his anxiety to pile fact on fact, proof on proof, document on document, he has neglected literary form. And this is the more to be regretted, as Mr. Froude is, without doubt, a great master of the English language, and writes sometimes with such powerful and brilliant eloquence as to show what posterity has lost by his perverse devotion to the utilitarian or kitchen-garden school of history. The one English writer who alone, perhaps, of all the names in our literature, does thoroughly combine extent and accuracy of knowledge with elegance of form, is not a writer of English history. But if our readers would understand more fully what we mean by the combination of qualities aforesaid, let them turn to the stately and ringing periods, the profound and luminous erudition of Edward Gibbon.*

Dismissing from our minds, therefore, the notion that there is any one pre-eminent writer of English history whose merits are so great as to release us from the necessity of consulting any other authority, let us consider in what order our historians are to be taken—which of them should constitute the links in the

* We hope it is unnecessary to state that the present article has no reference whatever to the religious opinions of the authors introduced in it.

regular chain of our historical reading; and which are to be referred to as elucidating special periods, special questions, or special theories.

In the study of English history, Hume must be our backbone. In his great work we have a clear sweep from Julius Cæsar to William the Third; and *that* is a vantage ground by itself of which nobody can rob him. He is a pre-eminent literary artist, and for a pure, if somewhat cold style, an elevated range of thought, and a truly philosophical spirit, he has no superiors, and few rivals in our language. His fairness has been questioned on some topics, his knowledge upon others: but these topics are well known, and the reader may easily keep himself upon his guard while perusing Hume's chapters on the Constitution, his apologies for Mary Queen of Scots, or his sarcasms on the English Puritans. Hume's history is a great work of art, which, whatever its defects, bears the stamp of a master mind throughout; and exhibits a symmetry, proportion, and finish, from which we may derive as much real benefit as from all the statistics which have ever been published.

Hume stops at 1688, and the most familiar continuation of English history is, of course, Smollett's, which carries on the tale down to 1760. But Smollett's history, though not without literary merit, and considerable force of mind, was written too much as a mere piece of literary taskwork, and is too superficial and cursory to be acceptable to the present age. Keeping Smollett therefore in hand as a wholesome check upon others, we should advise the student to continue his course with Lord Macaulay, who will conduct him down to 1701. From 1701 to 1714 a gap occurs, which he can only bridge over by the aid of Smollett or some of those minor historians whom we shall notice presently.* From the Peace of Utrecht, in 1714, to the Peace of Versailles, in 1763, he will find a safe guide in Lord Mahon, whose history, well-informed, perspicuous, and temperate, if it does not often excite, will scarcely ever mislead him. For the reign of George the Third, we have the Tory history of Mr. Adolphus and the Whig history of Mr. Massey, besides a continuation of Smollett by Mr. Hughes, bringing us down to 1835; but the two former are brought to a premature close about the period of the Peace of Amiens. From 1815 to 1845 we have Miss Martineau's "Thirty Years' Peace," and that concludes the list. There is another history, stretching over the whole period: we mean the "Popular History of England" by Charles Knight, a work which, in spite of its crudeness of style, is the most valuable contribution to the History of England taken as a whole that has been made in this century. In particular, Mr. Knight deserves high praise for that painstaking industry with which he has made use of the recently published state documents. The "Pictorial History of England" is likely to be in the hands of many of those to whom we especially address ourselves, but it in no way partakes of the character of true history, and is a compilation to be studiously avoided; being composed from a low point of view, and having no pretensions whatever to a good style or a logical method.

Of the works named above, which constitute, so to speak, the high road of English history, but two are the productions of men who stand in the front rank of historians, namely, Hume and Lord Macaulay. And both are to be read as much for the beauty of their style as for the quality of their facts. As literary artists, they may rank with Livy or with Gibbon. As chroniclers, they are perhaps less safe than either. But defects of accuracy or candour upon one side are sure to be corrected by the other; so that the reader who reads enough, is able, in the long run, to

discover truth, or at all events to avoid error. But the vicissitudes of style discernible in one author are not to be corrected by another; and they are more injurious on the whole to the progress of historical study than defects of honesty or justice.

We have no hesitation therefore in commending both Hume and Lord Macaulay to the adult student, more especially as in this particular case they are the best correctives of each other. Hume is a Tory Lord Macaulay: Lord Macaulay is a Whig Hume. Both hate fanaticism; both appeal to common sense. Hume exposes the folly of Puritanism, without being the champion of Divine right. Macaulay exposes the folly of Divine right, without disguising his contempt for Puritanism. Both apply to different theories of government the same intellectual principles, the same opinions of mankind, the same estimate of religion. They differ only in this, that where Hume undermines the fortress Macaulay takes it by storm. The first is artful, insinuating, and dangerously temperate in his language: the second, loud, imperious, and John-sonesque. The one would dispatch you by slow poison: the other would blow your brains out, and "ha'done with it." But Macaulay's history and essays are as good a check upon Hume as the reader could desire; while the spirit and scope of Hume inspire us with a salutary suspicion of the boisterous arrogance of Macaulay.

Of the various historians who should be consulted at intervals as we proceed along the main road already laid down, Lingard, Sir James Mackintosh, Sharon Turner, Palgrave, Fronde, Burnet, and Clarendon are the most important. Lingard is conterminous with Hume, concluding his work with the abdication of James the Second. He is, as our readers are aware, the Roman Catholic historian of England; and *from that point of view* is less warped than might have been expected. Nobody, desirous of knowing all that can be said on both sides, should neglect Lingard, who is, moreover, a writer of considerable power and great research. For the History of the Norman Conquest, Freeman's work, just published, may be read with advantage. Sir James Mackintosh's history extends from the earliest times to the death of George II., but it was only written by himself down to 1688. The continuation is by various hands, Robert Bell, Thomas Moore, and even Sir Walter Scott. It is a good substantial history, but warped by old-fashioned Whiggism, and must be read with quite as much caution as Lingard. Burnet's History of his Own Time and of the Reformation are written with ease and vivacity; and as in the former he was writing of men and scenes *quorum pars magna fuerat*, his work has all that personal and human element in it which never fails to make history attractive, though it often makes it unveracious. His history moreover has this material point to recommend it, that it bridges over one of those gaps which we have already mentioned; that, namely, which lies between the end of Lord Macaulay's and the beginning of Lord Mahon's history. Burnet's book comes down to 1713, and taken with Smollett, and Swift, who wrote the "Conduct of the Allies," and "Last Four Years of the Reign of Queen Anne," may be read with safety and profit. But Burnet is acknowledged by all parties, friends or foes, to be one of the most decided partisans who ever figured in literature; and his portraits of the men and women of his own day are about as trustworthy as if they had appeared in the "John Bull" forty years ago, or in one of yesterday's daily papers. Clarendon is a writer of far other calibre and character—

Whose fires

True genius kindles and fair fame inspires.

His "History of the Rebellion" is one of the standards of English literature. He has his bias and he has his party—most men worth listening to have. But he was distinctly a constitutional, as opposed to

* Lord Mahon has written a "History of the War of Succession in Spain," which covers this period, and in which some portion of the history of England is necessarily comprised.

a despotic royalist—belonging to the school of Falkland and Newcastle more than that of Rupert and Strafford. As a writer his merits are beyond praise. His "characters" remind us of a Thucydides and Tacitus, and his narrative is at once animated and dignified, spirited and pathetic; yet always solemn and severe, as befits the epoch which he painted. After Hume and Lord Macaulay, the next historian whom the English student ought to master is undoubtedly Lord Clarendon.

The author of a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Queen Elizabeth" has made himself a place in literature which posterity may not perhaps think inferior to that of any of the preceding historians. Certain it is, that no student of English history, when his Hume begins to open naturally at the sixteenth century, can afford to neglect Mr. Froude. We have already expressed a brief opinion of Mr. Froude's history. We need only add here that it is the work of a man of genius, and not merely of a clever man; that it is the labour of a life honestly devoted to the elucidation of truth, which if the writer ever misses he misses unconsciously; that it is the composition of a writer whose powers of eloquence stand in marvellous contrast with the sparing use to which he puts them; and of an historian who, in his laudable attempt to equip us with every tittle of evidence which bears on any given point, has considerably impaired his own powers of generalisation. The student who makes the Tudor period his special subject should begin with Hume, and then read together, as far as is possible, Froude, Lingard, and Tytler's "History of Scotland." Mr. Froude's "view" is well known. He is anti-Marian, anti-Anglican, and shares in Lord Macaulay's admiration of Burleigh and Walsingham, without having the same reason for it. His lordship saw in these statesmen men after his own heart, in whose eyes all religious forms were nothing compared with the welfare of the State. But Mr. Froude has an ardent imagination, a full vein of religious earnestness, and a hearty admiration for the Puritans: and his love for Queen Elizabeth's ministers, as instruments in promoting the cause which he has most at heart, seems to blind him to the fact that they would have promoted any other form of religion which seemed to them equally conducive to the great end they had in view—the security and independence of England.

Carte, Rapin, Guthrie, and Kennet (Bishop of Peterborough) are minor writers, whose labours, however, have contributed a good deal to the general store, and who should not be forgotten by the reader while he is absorbed in the more brilliant pages of their more illustrious contemporaries and successors. Of the compilers of memoirs, of the historians of particular reigns, and of the biographers of particular sovereigns, the name of course is legion; nor would it contribute to the design of this article to criticise them in detail, even did our space permit of it.

For the last hundred years the only continuous histories of England are those we have already mentioned, Mr. Massey, Mr. Adolphus, Mr. Hughes, and Sir Archibald Alison. These all possess average merit, and are useful and substantial books. But their authors do not take rank with those historians who, in virtue of their works, stand in the front rank of literature, and on whom alone criticism is not wasted. We have purposely omitted Mr. Hallam, as his work is not history proper, but forms that connecting link between history and law which is a special study by itself.

Time is precious beyond price!
Present—like an arrow flies;
Past—forgotten, fades and dies;
Future—all in darkness lies;
Time is precious beyond price!

From the Chinese by Dr. Bowring.

CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

III.—GEORGE MORLAND.

ALTHOUGH within the last twenty years the works of George Morland have declined considerably in value, and have ceased to create interest or kindle emulation in the minds of picture-buyers, there was a time when examples of this artist were eagerly sought for, and placed by their owners among the treasures of their collections. While congratulating ourselves, not vainly, on our better knowledge and purer taste, we must not forget the means by which we have attained to all this, or ignore the fact that such glimpses as our grandfathers got of art, came to them more frequently, perhaps, through the prints of George Morland's works than through those of any other artist (Hogarth excepted) that could be named. Simple and thoroughly English in his subjects, whether they had reference to the habits and occupation of the fisherman, the homestead of the farmer, or the rural haunts and vagrant ways of the gipsy, he never attempted anything which he could not convey fully and freely to the spectator; and the result was a popularity which embraced the length and breadth of the land.

At the time of George Morland's birth, which took place at the Haymarket, June 26, 1763, his father, Henry Robert Morland, a mezzotint engraver, crayon draughtsman, and oil painter of some repute, had already reached the period of middle life. Worldly affairs had not prospered with him, and what was now his profession had at one time been his amusement. Limited means, no doubt, influenced him in the bringing up of his family, and induced an economy amounting almost to parsimony. However much biographers of Morland may differ as to the disposition and motives of the father, all are agreed that the boy George received at his hands but scanty education; and that he was closely immured in an upper room of his father's house from morn to night, under plea of prosecuting his art practice, for a period of at least five years, beginning before he had even entered on his teens.

George was the eldest and best beloved of a family of five—three boys and two girls—and while yet a child of six or seven years of age he displayed more than ordinary talent for art. This the father took care to foster and develop, and by the time George had reached his tenth year, his drawings were of a kind to call forth the admiration of all his father's art friends, and the approbation and encouragement of Sir Joshua himself. The boy had free access to the President's gallery, and was thought highly successful in copying several of his works. Of the privileges of the Royal Academy, however, he scarcely availed himself, and attended the drawing class but a very short time. An anxiety about his morals is said to have been his father's reason for not permitting him to share in the advantages of the new institution; and that he might the more effectually escape the companionship of the students, and the possibility of evil arising therefrom, Mr. Morland, as we have seen, confined his son to a garret.

To a boy, whom all his biographers describe as possessing high animal spirits and great mirthfulness of disposition, such rigid treatment must have been something more than irksome. Nevertheless, under the close surveillance of his father, he appears to have progressed rapidly in his studies; and before the term of what he must have regarded as his bondage had expired, the productions of his pencil brought money to the father and reputation to himself. It is during this period of his career that the thoughtful reader will be inclined to think the seeds of after dissipation were sown. The boy hungered for social intercourse, and as he was debarred its enjoyment



THE PEASANT'S REPAST.

From one of GEORGE MORLAND'S most characteristic Paintings.

among those of his own rank and pursuits, he was weak enough to clutch at it in any guise, how and when he could. At twilight, an hour sacred to the city Arab, his father allowed him a little breathing time in the open streets; and, with the fatal frankness of his nature, the boy fraternised with the youthful pariahs who haunted the purlieus of Wardour Street and Soho. Ways and means wherewith to enhance this new-found pleasure were not long wanting; for after doing the allotted task of two or three drawings for his father, such were George's industry and facility, that he managed to complete another for himself. This, by means of a string, he would drop from the window of his imprisonment to his watching companions in the street, and the proceeds of its sale would await their evening reunion.

His artistic reputation still increased, and long before George had reached his majority he was able, by the exercise of his talents, to earn the income of a gentleman. But although thus qualified as an artist, he was but sorrily equipped as a man. His hand had truly acquired its cunning; but his mind had lain worse than fallow. There was no moral stability in him; and when freedom at last came, he was wholly unprepared to exercise the glorious privilege. His style of dress about this time was extremely foppish. His hair was dressed and powdered in the extreme fashion of the period. His coat was green, very long in the skirts, and garnished with immense yellow buttons; and buckskin breeches, top-boots, and spurs completed the attire of the young, free-hearted, and it must be added with sorrow, light-headed artist.

In this mode, towards the end of his apprenticeship, he visited Margate as a portrait-painter, in company with his father. The behaviour of the parent towards the child appears about this time to have changed to the other extreme. The lad was permitted to sing loose songs and to indulge in looser talk, to partake of wine and of dainty food, and pocket-money to spend with his companions was not denied him. But it was absolute freedom for which young Morland yearned; and his long confinement, and particularly his own natural bent, totally unfitted him for fashionable portrait-painting. Polite, or even decent society, was to him intolerable; while a donkey race, a grinning match, or a prize-fight, would seduce him as readily from his easel as they would arrest on the roadside the attention of the travelling tinker.

Such perverted tastes found ample scope for development in London, whither he speedily returned. Success in art but furnished the means of dissipation; and although his marriage at Hammersmith Church, in 1786, when he was twenty-three years of age, to Miss Ward, a beautiful and engaging girl, five years his junior, and the healthy influence of her brother William, who a month afterwards married Morland's sister, Maria, checked for a brief period his recklessness, he appears to have returned to his evil ways more determinedly than ever.

This William Ward was an Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy: his brother James became a Royal Academician, and one of the most famous of our animal painters. The latter died only a few years ago; and his great picture of the Bulls, in the National Gallery, bears ample testimony to his artistic powers. The Wards have been intimately connected with English art and artists for more than a century; and our own Mrs. E. M. Ward, wife of the present Academician, is Mrs. Morland's grand-niece, and inherits in no ordinary degree the gifts which have distinguished her race.

We are warranted in believing that Morland's wife not only corrected his taste in the matter of dress—for after his marriage he became neat, almost to niceness, in his attire—but that she was in every way a loving and faithful partner. Considering his terrible

habits, this is the highest praise. Whatever he did worthy of English art Morland accomplished within six years after his marriage. At the White Lion, Paddington, opposite which hostelry he lived for some time, he kept during a short period eight saddle-horses at livery, and affected greatly the society and habits of the horse-dealer. For a time the industrious training he underwent with his father enabled him to meet to some measure his extravagant expenditure; commissions poured in on every hand, for his fame was in every mouth. But no industry, no facility of pencil, no inspiration of soul, could do successful battle with the inveterate habit of drunkenness. Debts accumulated, and bailiffs began to appear; a long intercourse with publicans and pawnbrokers, horse-jockeys and prize-fighters, picture-dealers and money-lenders, had pretty well extinguished whatever of good there was in the soul of George Morland. His recklessness and dissipation continued, and self-respect, and everything in the shape of moral rectitude, entirely disappeared. He became careless in his painting and slovenly in his person; and for half a dozen years before he was arrested he was continually shifting his lodgings and evading the officers of the sheriff. Sometimes on the side of the town, sometimes on that; at one time in Leicestershire, at another time in the Isle of Wight, on the coast of Norfolk; but wherever he went he never forgot his art; and if his works in these late years show less of the thought and finish of the master, it was, we suspect, because the power of concentration was leaving him.* In 1799 he was arrested and being allowed to live within "the rules," instead of within the jail itself, took a house in the neighbourhood of the King's Bench, in St. George's Fields, which soon became the haunt of all the profligate of the prison. In this cavern of misery, indolence and dissipation, Morland reigned and revelled. But the inevitable end was approaching. He was struck with palsy; and when the Insolvent Act of 1801 brought release, it was to the poor miserable wretch—physical, intellectual, and moral—of what once had been George Morland. For a year or two longer he dragged on, in wretchedness and penury, his miserable life, till again arrested, and this time for the despicable score of some publican, and placed in a spunging-house in Eyre Street, Hatton Garden. The poor creature, to drown sorrow and still the voice of conscience, swallowed a large quantity of spirits, which brought on delirium. The fever lasted eight days, and then the battle was over. Thus died George Morland, on the 29th of October, 1804, in his forty-second year. His wife, from whom he had been a short time separated, fell into convulsive fits on learning his death, and finished her unhappy life on the 2nd of November, in her thirty-seventh year. They were interred together. He had, shortly before, with a melancholy touch his own old humour, and let us hope with a feeling deep though half-concealed remorse, written his own epitaph:—

Here lies a drunken dog.

In the history of art, the name of George Morland must ever be one of mark. The circuit of his genius may have been limited, but he was absolute master of everything within it. In landscape he lacked the refinement of Gainsborough, but he made up for the want of quality by a solidity and force which were peculiarly his own. In the representation of the horse, the sheep, the dog, the ass, and the pig, and the charac-

* There is a little public-house in the Fulham Road called "The Goat and Boots." The sign was painted by Morland to discharge the reckoning of a three-days' debauch, the landlord agreeing to him off for this. It was originally a goat only; Morland added the boots as a joke. Of course the wind and weather of the last thirty years have long since destroyed the artist's work, though perhaps the outline may be still preserved in the renovated painting.

teristic placing of them, he was superior to all his contemporaries. The outline of his foliage is always graceful, and its umbrageous depths fully felt. He is accused of being a little ochrey in his colour, but his best pictures are admirable in tone, and the light is distributed with much artistic cunning. His observation was wonderfully keen, and his sense of the fitness and harmony of things almost perfect. In swiftness of execution, and in the rare quality of reaching his effects at once, he could have had no peer. He is said to have painted in his day, which we have seen was a brief one, nearly four thousand pictures; and if we divide this figure by two the product is still wonderful. His youthful works, illustrating the popular novels and ballads of the day, if a little stiff, were very carefully finished. After his marriage he became much more free and effective in his style, and painted coast scenes, with fishermen and smugglers, and rural landscapes, with peasants and appropriate cattle. During his horsey period, moreover, Morland painted sundry sets of sporting subjects; but abandoned them—when he grew tired and disgusted with the barefaced fleecings he underwent at the hands of the “dealers”—for the more facile subject of the pig, in the representation of whose sensual nature he was unrivalled. What works he did during the last eight or ten years of his life were washy and weak repetitions or rearrangements of what he had done in his more vigorous days. Of anatomy, and all the higher training of an artist, Morland knew little; but so far as he went, he was as original and as powerful a painter, in our opinion, as any in the whole range of English art.

Morland was lineally descended from Sir Samuel Morland, an artist, mathematician, and inventor, who flourished in the days of Cromwell and of the Restoration; and when advised to make good his undoubted claim to the dormant title, he sagaciously remarked, “Plain George Morland will always sell my pictures, and obtain as much respect as if Sir were attached to it; for there is more honour in being a fine painter than in being a titled gentleman.” It was something other than mere aversion to fashionable society, let us hope, which prompted this noble speech.

In appearance Morland was full-faced and merry-eyed, with a soft, flexible, and sensual mouth, and over all an expression of intelligence. He was not always insensible to shame, and to have painted children so happily he must have loved them. He was, indeed, little short of being a great painter, but a very long way off being a good man.

A LEXICOGRAPHER IN TROUBLE.

BOISTE, a name familiar to philologists and grammarians, was a celebrated maker of dictionaries, at which he worked with an enthusiasm almost unrivalled in that department of labour, and with a degree of success which brought him both reputation and profit. The great Napoleon gave him the post of royal grammarian, and the hardworking student received this flattering testimony to his merit just as he was concluding his grand dictionary of the French language. Very sweet were those concluding labours, and one may imagine the pleasure with which he corrected the last proof-sheets, had complied with the customary form of sending complete copies to the censor of the press. Sweet also were his dreams that night, and the anticipations of the fame and the profit that should accrue to him from the publication of the elaborate work which in a few days would see the light. But, alas! never was the adage that speaks of “the slip ’twixt the cup and the lip” more strikingly illustrated than in the case of poor M. Boiste. He had retired to rest one night after a pleasant evening

with some literary friends, when, disturbed by a movement in his chamber, he woke up to find his bed surrounded by a posse of *gendarmes*.

“What is it, gentlemen?” said he; “you have assuredly made some mistake. I am M. Boiste, lately appointed grammarian to the Emperor!”

“Ah!” said the brigadier in command, “the very man we want. See, sir; here is the order for the arrest of M. Boiste, grammarian.”

The order was in due form, sure enough, and it was but vain to appeal against it. The poor scholar had to turn out and dress, and in a few minutes was seated with his captors in a close carriage, driving rapidly towards the Castle of Vincennes.

Having arrived at the prison, the astonished captive was not without hopes that the obstinate silence with which all his inquiries had been met during the journey would no longer be maintained. He now urgently entreated to be informed of the reason for his arrest, at the same time protesting his entire innocence, and his known devotion to the Emperor. The official at first paid no attention to his entreaties; but at length, out of respect it may be for the prisoner's grey hairs, condescended to refer to the order of arrest, and after perusing it, coolly answered—“To secure the public safety.”

Poor Boiste was no wiser than before, but only the more perplexed. He was at once led off to a room fastened with an iron door and grimly grated windows, and there he was shut in, with the prospect of spending months, it might be years, in torturing his brain to discover how it could be that he, who had passed his whole life in the harmless avocation of arranging words in alphabetical order, could possibly have compromised the public safety. “It cannot be,” he said to himself, “that I am arrested on account of my book; for it was examined three several times, was corrected and altered both by the chiefs and the subordinates of the imperial censorship, and everything to which they objected was struck out.”

It was little use spending his days in conjectures that led to nothing; and nothing was to be got by indulging in lamentations; so he began to exert himself. He drew up memorials containing the strongest appeals, and addressed them to all the persons of influence with whom he was acquainted—reminding them all that he had really committed no offence, and that he only required to know the charge against him that he might clear himself.

But week after week rolled away, and not one of his letters was answered. At length one of the unfortunate prisoner's memorials fell into the hands of Fontanes, the head of the University of Paris, who knew the blameless character of the lexicographer, and had long held him in esteem. Fully convinced of the innocence of the man, who he knew had devoted a long life to the completion of dry and arduous labours, he watched for an opportunity of mentioning him to the Emperor. The great Napoleon happened to be in one of his gracious moods; he took from Fontanes the captive's written plea, read it over, and agreeing with him that there must be some mistake, summoned the Duke of Otranto to his presence, and demanded an explanation. Fouché knew no more of the matter than they did, and professed himself quite as much surprised at the arrest of Boiste as Boiste could have been to be arrested. True, there was his signature to the order; but then, as often happened, he had probably signed the paper when it was laid before him without reading it. He could give no explanation, and now, in his turn, he summoned the prefect. The prefect had no explanation to give, really knew nothing of the business, and he sent for his deputy. The deputy, after a search of some days, did contrive to rummage up the original of the fatal document. He hastened with it to the Tuileries, and then it was discovered that it had been drawn up

upon the denunciation of the censor, who had actually accused Boiste of having characterized Buonaparte as a Spoliator. The document afforded no information as to how, when, or where the offence was committed. The censor was immediately ordered to put in an appearance; but he happened to be three hundred miles off, engaged in his periodical tour of inspection and superintendence of the provincial press.

"Let the prisoner himself be examined," said Napoleon. "It must be a blunder of some one's; for, not to mention that Boiste is incapable of such an act, it really would not be common sense to insert calumnies in a dictionary."

Next morning Boiste was permitted to emerge from his prison, and was driven off to the office of Fouché, where he found M. Fontanes also awaiting him.

"Sir," said the Duke of Otranto, "you are accused of libelling the august sovereign who rules over this mighty empire."

"Me accused of a libel! I, my lord! Surely you cannot be serious? A libel comes from *libellus*, a little book—never made one in my life, sir. Ask that gentleman, sir, the principal of our University. He will tell you that I know too well the significations and the power of words, to—"

"But nevertheless,"—said M. Fontanes, showing him the accusation, but hiding the signature with his finger—"read this."

Boiste read it through as desired.

"Well!" cried Fouché, seeing the tranquil face quite unmoved.

"Is that all?" demanded Boiste.

"All!" said the duke. "Quite enough, I should think. I hope, for your sake, it is a mistake."

"No mistake at all. It is the truth."

"The truth!"

"Most certainly. I inserted it to do honour to the Emperor."

"To do the Emperor honour!"

"Yes. To prove that he is as thorough a linguist as he is a warrior."

"Sir," said Fouché, impatiently, "we have no time for jesting, and you will find that this is no jesting matter."

"I have no idea of jesting, I assure you. I should not dream of taking such a liberty with your excellency."

"Then be so good as to afford us some explanation."

"Certainly—there is nothing more easy." Then taking a copy of his new dictionary, which lay on the table, he opened it, found the word "spoliator," and pointed to the two words as they stood thus—"Spoliator, Buonaparte."

"And what," exclaimed the indignant functionary, "could have tempted you to such a foul libel as that?"

"Libel! I only gave his Majesty the honour that was due to him. I print his name after the word 'spoliator' as the authority for its use. It was he who first made use of the word; he did so in the Tribune, when he was General Buonaparte; he coined the word in the first instance, and it was never known in the French language until he gave it currency."

Fouché looked at M. Fontanes, and M. Fontanes looked at Fouché, and both smiled in a rather subdued way at this simplest of all possible explanations. Boiste was immediately restored to liberty; but his artless attempt to do credit to the Emperor put him to no inconsiderable expense, as he was compelled to cancel the sheet that contained the objectionable word, and print it anew for the entire edition. And indeed, considering the temper of the times, Boiste thought himself fortunate to get off so cheaply—especially as there were not wanting among his detractors those who did not scruple to insinuate that his professed tribute to the Emperor's genius as a linguist was designed for anything but a compliment.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

V.—THE BATIGNOLLES.

GREAT as has been the increase in the number of inhabitants in our own metropolis during the last half century, it has not exceeded (proportionate numbers being taken into consideration) the increase which, during the same space of time, has taken place in Paris. Many localities, which in the year 1830 were little other than market-garden grounds, are now covered with densely inhabited houses. Nor is there, at the present moment, any reason to imagine the increase will cease; for, as in our own metropolis—and possibly even to a greater degree—no sooner are houses erected in a new quarter than inhabitants are found to occupy them. Of the truth of this statement, perhaps no better proof could be offered than the change which has taken place in that portion of Paris known as the Batignolles.

In the year 1814, with the exception of a wine shop, there was not a house in that now densely crowded neighbourhood. In a military point of view, so clear was it from all obstacles, that Blucher chose it as the site for his attack on Paris; and the battle which was there fought is still mentioned with great and justifiable pride by the inhabitants, as showing the determination of the Parisians to defend their homes. Many pictures of this celebrated combat are extant, especially of that portion of it which took place at Porte de Clichy, through which Paris is entered from the Batignolles. For several years after the restoration of the Bourbons the Batignolles remained almost uninhabited—indeed so perfectly did it continue free from buildings or encroachments of any description, that it was generally chosen as the site for military reviews and sham fights during the reign of Louis XVIII. With the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry it was a favourite occupation to command at the sham fights which were held on the plain—possibly from the double motive of showing to the Parisians the better discipline of the armies under the Restoration than that which existed in the time of the Empire, as well as to avoid any unpleasant reminiscences which might have arisen had they been held in the Champ de Mars, which had been used by Napoleon I. for that purpose.

It was not till after the death of Louis XVIII. that the present town of the Batignolles seems to have been founded. There was no rush of emigrants, however, to the spot. From time to time capitalists bought up small portions of the ground, which was then considered but of very trifling value; and then subdividing it, built on it a number of small cottages, each in the centre of its little garden, which they afterwards let or sold to small retired tradesmen, clerks in public offices, or military officers *en retraite*, whose means were too slender to allow them to live comfortably within the walls—for at that time, the Batignolles being *extra muros*, they were exempt from the heavy *octroi* duties imposed on all food and firing which entered the city boundaries. Although for many years the population of the Batignolles gradually increased, it was not so to any very great extent till the year 1830, after the Revolution of July. At that date the total number of inhabitants did not exceed 6000. They were of a highly respectable class, and even many celebrities, both civil and military—retired artists, literary men, and actors, who in their day had obtained great eminence, but whose means were limited—resided among them.

In consequence of the increase of the price of provisions, as well as the augmentation of the *octroi* duties, which took place after the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, so numerous were the emigrants to the Batignolles, that in less than a year afterwards they were created into a commune by themselves, and from that time the population has

increased in a most extraordinary manner. In 1842 the Batignolles contained as many as 14,073 inhabitants. But it was after the Revolution of 1848 that the locality received its principal additions to the number of its inhabitants. Whether from the increased price of provisions, or the wish of the inhabitants of Paris to avoid the disagreeable repetition of barricades, so many rushed to the Batignolles, that in 1851 their numbers had increased to 44,094, and in the year 1860, to 65,000. At present the Batignolles must contain from 70,000 to 80,000 inhabitants.

As the number of the population in the Batignolles increased, the advantages which first attracted the inhabitants of Paris to the spot gradually vanished. One after another of the modest cottages and neatly kept gardens disappeared, and houses similar to those

associate together with as much exclusiveness as the inhabitants of Little Britain in London, so humourously described by Washington Irving in his "Sketch Book." They regarded all new comers with suspicion, and it was not till their respectability had been clearly established that they were allowed to mix in their society. Once admitted, however, all restraint was thrown aside, and they were placed on a perfect footing with the others. Perhaps it would be difficult to find any community in France in which the national attributes of intelligence and courtesy are more perfectly distinguishable than in the better class of society in the Batignolles. At the same time it must be perfectly understood, when we say better, we do not mean richer—an error we fear too commonly made in our own country.



THE SORT OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE BATIGNOLLES.

of Paris were built on the site. Still the locality, to a considerable degree, possessed many of the characteristics of the first settlers. Although the means of the new comers were not superior to those of the old residents, a class far inferior in respectability crept in with them. Men who had been confined in the neighbouring prison of Clichy for debt generally flocked there after their liberation. Tradesmen, whose dishonesty had driven them from the locality in Paris where they had hitherto resided, now attempted to commence life again in the new and fast increasing neighbourhood of the Batignolles; and many others of a still less reputable description took up their abode in them. A large majority, however, of the new settlers were of the same honourable description as the old. Nor were the old residents in any manner contaminated by the disreputable elements which had entered among them. They contrived to

Although all rural appearance has long since vanished from the Batignolles, the inhabitants are not without a good indemnification. The park of Monceaux has been incorporated in the Batignolles, and here may frequently be seen, of a fine summer evening, groups of the original inhabitants, with their friends, strolling together, deeply absorbed in conversation on the current events of the day, and arguing political questions with an amount of intelligence very rarely exceeded in assemblies of far higher pretensions. Literature especially has had, and still has, its representatives among them, and those, too, of an order of high merit. But it is especially in journalism that they have been remarkable. Even from its first extensive development, the Batignolles has been celebrated for its local newspapers; and that, too, at a time when periodicals of the description were comparatively unknown in France. From 1850 to

1860 no fewer than seven newspapers—all conducted with an average amount of ability, and more than one of them with great talent—were started here.

But the enormous increase of population in the Batignolles has not been solely owing to the modest capitalists and smaller employes of the city of Paris flocking into the neighbourhood. Several industrial enterprises of considerable magnitude have also been established there, doubtless tempted by its proximity to the goods terminus of the Rouen railway, as well as that which surrounds Paris. One firm alone—that of M. Ernest Gouin and Co.—employs no fewer than two thousand workmen in the construction of steam-engines and locomotives, as well as machinery for cotton and other mills. The workmen in this great establishment are all obliged to subscribe to a benefit fund, in case of sickness, or any other cause incapacitating them from work. The subscription is fifty centimes, or one halfpenny a day, which each has to pay. When thrown out of work, the sum they are allowed from the firm is about 1s. 4d. English money a day; and when sick they are also entitled to the gratuitous services of a physician.

In the month of September, 1848, a second society of the same description was established in the Batignolles, for the benefit of workmen employed in other mercantile undertakings, both of which, we are told, have met with great success.

The increase of population in the Batignolles has had a very prejudicial effect on the price of provisions in the neighbourhood, every article of daily consumption being now from thirty to fifty per cent. higher than it was ten years ago. This augmentation is a very serious consideration to clerks and employes in Paris, whose incomes are generally very limited, and who are yet obliged to keep up a respectable appearance. Indeed, married men with families, among them, must frequently lead a life, not only of great privation, but of immense anxiety as well, as the following little anecdote will show.

In the month of March, 1860, M. Paul Dupon, a deputy, protested against the insufficient salaries paid to clerks and other employes of the same description. His speech made, at the time, considerable sensation; some admitting its truth, while others considered he had somewhat overstated the case. An inhabitant of the Batignolles, however, set the question at rest by publishing in the newspapers the daily expenditure of a clerk having a salary of two thousand francs, or 80*l.* a year (about the average remuneration they receive), who was married, and the father of three children.

	s.	d.
One 4 <i>lb</i> loaf of bread for five persons	0	7½
Three fourths of a pint of wine for the ten meals, at two meals a day each	0	4
Food for ten meals a day, at 3 <i>d.</i> a head per person	2	6
Fuel for the kitchen	0	2
House rent at £16 a year	1	8
Daily instruction for two children	0	5
Washing for five persons	0	2½
Dress for each individual, at the rate of £12 a year for the whole	0	8
Fuel (if winter) at the rate of 10 <i>s.</i> a year	0	0½
Lighting	0	0½
Sundries	0	0½

making the whole sum 2609 francs 75 centimes, showing a deficit of 600 francs annually, to be made up by any fortuitous employment which might be thrown in the way of the over-worked man. And it should be borne in mind that this calculation allows nothing for the possibility of any serious malady, nor is anything set apart for amusement.

The pride of the Batignolles is the garden of Monceaux. This locality, though comparatively rarely seen by the English, is well worthy of a visit. In the opinion of many it is one of the finest gardens in

Paris. It was first planted by Louis Philippe Egalité when Duke de Chartres, in 1798.

One word on the etymology of the word Batignolles. Although prior to the year 1814 the whole locality was little better than a large waste, as it began to increase in importance and population the inhabitants became anxious about its history, and especially the derivation of the word Batignolles. Many dissertations—more or less learned—were written upon the subject, without arriving at anything like a definite conclusion. The most probable was that it is derived from the word *Bactilion*, a locality which, on account of disputed ownership, occasioned considerable litigation as far back as the reign of Thierry III., whose law officers appear to have doubted over the case with a pertinacity which would have done credit to Lord Eldon himself, but which was at last decided in favour of one of the claimants. The discovery of this little fact caused much jubilation in the mind of one party and considerable heart-burnings in the other, who wished to trace the etymology of the word to a different source. For some time they appear to have admitted themselves vanquished, till at last it was proved there were great doubts as to the position of the locality called *Bactilion*; and moreover, as no further information could be obtained on the subject the adverse party, with great reason, at last considered the question as undecided. It is now therefore a fair field for the investigation of any antiquary who may feel inclined to take up the matter.

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

I PURPOSE, in a series of papers on bee-keeping, to endeavour to interest the readers of THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, especially among the working classes, in the natural history and practical management of these useful insects. An intimate acquaintance with the habits of bees for more than a quarter of a century, and great success in their profitable management, enables me to write with some claim to attention. My object is to induce cottagers living in the country to keep bees; first of all as a means of eking out a scanty livelihood, and in the next place as a rational amusement and most instructive pursuit. There are, in fact, within reach of our labouring population, few pursuits so interesting and so profitable as this of bee-keeping. It has this further advantage, that it demands comparatively but little time and attention, and interferes with no other occupation or duty. Nor is the capital required to commence bee-keeping beyond the reach of our labouring poor. A swarm in May, a straw hive or "skep" in which to put the bees, and an old bench or the stump of a tree, with a hackle to shelter the hive, are all the needful stock in trade of the adventurous bee-keeper. A little saving on the part of an industrious man will soon supply what is wanting. To wealthier bee-keepers, I would suggest the gift of a swarm as one of the most satisfactory ways of helping a poor family, where there is sufficient intelligence and a disposition to pay attention to bee-keeping. But when once the bees are there, and well established, all expense ceases. With moderate, but sufficient care they ought in a year or two to pay the rent of house and garden; and add, besides, many little comforts which few of our labouring poor are able to command. It is surprising how few bees are kept in England compared with the number of hives one sees in other countries. Thus we import from abroad immense quantities of honey and wax every year, while many hundreds of tons of these commodities are left ungathered in our own fields and woods. A bountiful Providence has given to us in England no lack of the "fatness of

the earth," which honey and wax may most fitly be called. In some years it superabounds in astonishing quantities, but too often there are no labourers to gather in these riches, and they are lost. Even where bees are kept they are frequently sadly mismanaged, if not utterly neglected, so that not a tenth part of the honey is harvested which might be collected. A notable instance of mismanagement and waste of these good things occurred in the years 1860 and 1861. It will be in the recollection of many how very wet and unpropitious the whole summer of 1860 was. It proved the very worst season for bees and honey in the memory of most bee-keepers; so much so, that not only was no honey worth mentioning collected in England, but thousands of hives perished of starvation during the winter that followed. It has been estimated that nine out of every ten hives throughout the country were lost at that time. This I am persuaded was under rather than over the mark. Of course this destruction among the bees could easily have been averted by a little generous feeding in the autumn, at no great outlay, which would have been well repaid the following year. As it happened, the summer of 1861 was every-

has well survived the winter should yield in tolerably good seasons from ten to twenty pounds of honey, in caps or boxes, without destroying the hives. It will thus be seen that ten hives, at this rate, should yield from 5*l.* to 10*l.* per annum, supposing the honey to fetch only one shilling per pound. Nearer to London it will fetch something more—often 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound. I repeat, therefore, to our cottage friends, "*Keep bees.*" Let me add, "*Take care of your bees.*" It is worth while to manage them well: the more you look after them, without over much meddling, the better they will pay. The bee-master's eyes should be frequently upon them, especially in the busy swarming time. Here his wife and children may greatly aid him by their watchfulness. Lastly, I say, "*Never destroy your bees.*" The practice of "burning" or "brimstoning" bees is about as wise a practice as killing a goose for her eggs. A more wasteful or mischievous proceeding there never was—to say nothing of the cruelty of it. Those murdered bees—as many of them as survived the winter—would have been as industrious as ever on the return of spring, and have well made up to their master for his kindness in sparing their lives.



BEES SWARMING.

thing that could be wished. Honey abounded in many places in unusual quantities, but, alas! where were the bees? In my own case I had exercised the necessary forethought, spending some shillings in the purchase of coarse brown sugar for feeding up the hives to a sufficient weight the preceding October and November, and abundantly was I repaid! From seven hives only partially plundered, out of ten which survived that fatal winter, I obtained more than two hundredweight of honey (of which I sold 7*l.* worth) besides the wax, and that *without destroying the bees, or depriving them of their winter supply!* Who can estimate the many thousands of pounds sterling which were lost to the country that year—including the honey and wax actually ungathered from the flowers, and the large increase in the importation of these articles of consumption from foreign parts?

I would say, then, to our cottagers in town and country, "*Keep bees.*" Everywhere, save perhaps in London and a few other large cities, bees may be kept profitably—in some places of course more profitably than in others. On an average, every stock-hive that

Of course it follows that, if hives are never to be destroyed, the bees *must not be robbed of all their stores*: there must be moderation in plunder. Some honey must be left in the hive, to keep them alive and in health during the winter and early spring months. Sound judgment, too, must be exercised as to the *time* when to rob them, as well as to the *quantity* which may safely be taken. Full instructions will be given on all these points from week to week.

I must here add a word as to the mode of procuring bees. Many cottagers are afraid to purchase them. They have a foolish notion that it is unlucky to buy bees. I can only say that I have frequently bought stocks and swarms for money, and have never had ill luck with any of those hives. If it is unlucky to anybody, it is so to the *seller*, and not to the *buyer*; but simply because the former has been tempted to diminish his stock, which perhaps was already too small. I say, therefore, *buy* wherever you can get them; but, of course, take as a gift any that may be offered to you.

P. V. M. F.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

A LADY'S REPLY TO BETTY BROOM.



BLIGE me, Mr. Editor, with a few moments' attention to the following plain statement, which I do not say is to be received as a sufficient answer to the complaints of "Betty Broom;" but which may serve to show that we mistresses, too, have a "social grievance" to tell about, if the opportunity is accorded us.

As yet, Betty Broom has said nothing of the treatment she has met with in the better sort of middle-class families; but it is precisely in those families that employers and employed seem to be most at

variance. If I may speak from my own experience and that of my friends, it may be truly said, in many instances, that instead of faithful servants we have household foes. It is far from my wish to say anything unkind, especially when my remarks will be read by one so intelligent, and, I think, so kindly disposed, as your friend Betty. Yet, to speak first on the important point of household economy, is it not a fact that the frugality which is so necessary to the well-being of the family is but too frequently hateful to the servants of that family? and are they not too often disposed to confound frugality with meanness? Thus a mistress has not only to consider the cost of a servant as regards wages and food, but with respect to waste and damage—two very serious items in a housekeeper's account. A cook must be well superintended who does not waste as much food daily as would feed one or two children. It is possible that some mistresses will think this an exaggerated statement; and servants who are themselves conscientious will think it unjust. Still, I trust to your sense of fairness to let me say what I feel to be true; and I have no doubt you will be good-natured enough to give Betty Broom the opportunity of correcting me if I am in error. I am convinced that mistresses who go into the kitchen at a stated hour every morning do not know what really takes place with regard to the food, for cooks have a way of keeping out of sight that which they do not wish to be seen. Let the mistress go down stairs at an unusual hour, and she might possibly tell a different tale. Let her look into the potato saucepan, and note how many potatoes have been over-boiled; let her take a glance at the out-of-the-way places in the scullery, and see how many pieces of dry bread she can count up; let her keep in mind what cold meat was left on the joint, and search for what she might reasonably expect to find, but what she does not find, and then possibly she will agree with the assertion just made. The extravagance of which I complain is due partly to carelessness and partly to daintiness. It has been often observed that the poorest girls turn out the daintiest servants. Country-bred girls, whose best dinner at home was bacon, invariably long for delicacies, and grumble at cold meat.

Again, in preparing food. What a treasure the mistress possesses in her cook if she is not obliged to complain once or twice a week of a spoiled or partially spoiled dinner. A cook should have an especial aptitude for her vocation, and if she has not, it matters little what amount of wages you give her. Only last week my own experience furnished me with a proof of this. A cook whose wages were twenty-seven pounds a year sent up a children's early dinner in a style that would have disgraced a maid-of-all-work; indeed, any woman who had the use of her wits. The dinner was of the simplest kind. A roast shoulder of mutton, a Yorkshire pudding,

potatoes, and turnip-tops. She knew that her mistress was dine with the children, yet every dish on the table was spoiled. The meat was roasted to rags, the pudding was about three parts ready for table, the greens were hard, and the potatoes broken. The annoyance to any one who could afford to pay wages quoted would not be inconsiderable, but the consequences to a family of limited income—and such dishes are often sent up in every family, if not all on one day, yet singly—must be grievous indeed.

Next to the cook's waste comes the housemaid's neglect. This is less thought of because it does not in many instances involve an immediate outlay. Accumulated dust, dirty rooms, and a negligent manner of cleaning the corners of a house, may do lead to the moth that destroys clothes and furniture, and to fever; but it is not easy to trace the effect to the cause, and so the delinquent escapes much of the censure that is her due.

Now all these evils (and the fear of encroaching on your space forbids me to go further into detail) are remediable by the servants, and only by the servants. I have spoken of wasteful mistresses, but no amount of watchfulness will make an unscrupulous person conscientious. Of course conscientiousness would effectually settle this much-vexed question; but as we cannot enforce this we are obliged to look about for a more powerful of a lower kind; and here lies the difficulty. An artist or mechanic takes a pride in his work. The majority know that slovenliness in execution of the master's commands will insure dismissal and an indifferent character, and their interest is worked upon. We cannot influence domestic servants in the same way. The system of character-giving is wrong. It is painful to say anything to hinder a young woman—provided she is honest and steady—from getting a place. The person who does so is a mark for the pseudo-liberal comments of her neighbors, and if the girl goes wrong the blame is freely attributed to her uncharitableness. Hence so many mistresses shelter themselves behind the two virtues of honesty and sobriety, and evade questions that apply to work. This fact, and the increased facilities for shop-work, which leaves servants comparatively their own mistresses, and the constant demand for their services in families at home and abroad, foster such a spirit of independence and self-pleasing, that all other considerations are lost sight of. Where then is the remedy to be found? If the employed work badly, and will bear very little fault-finding, where is the employer's redress? I have hinted at what the mistress might learn if she went into her kitchen at other than stated times, but who does not know that the cook liable to frequent untimely visits from her mistress would at once give notice to leave? The touchiness of servants is acknowledged by those who have to manage them.

I do not myself believe that education would ever prevent a sensible girl from being a good servant. But let me say that no servant can be good for much who thinks herself too fragile or is too indolent, to rise betimes in the morning. A friend of mine had been so annoyed by the continual postponement of the breakfast hour to the convenience of her maid, that one morning she lighted the kitchen fire herself, prepared breakfast, and took up a nice cup of tea and a round of nice buttered toast to the lazy girl in bed. "Well, now, ma'am," said Betty Broom, "I am ashamed of myself, I really am," she promised all sorts of good behaviour for the future. The habit was inveterate, and she was finally discharged, not likely getting a good character; but into that part of the matter I did not too curiously inquire.

Feeling that I have occupied more than enough of your valuable time, I will say no more at present, but subscribe myself,

Yours, truly obliged (if you will kindly insert this letter,

REBECCA SHAW

'Tis sad the world's superfluous waste to see,
While millions starve in want and misery.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER IV.

A HEART CAUGHT AT THE REBOUND.

THE only visible consequence of Anna Wynyard's disappointment was that she began to conform herself more to the ways of the world in Norminster; to accept its pleasures, to share its ambitions, and to study its leaders. Mrs. Lefevre called on Mrs. Wynyard when her daughter's engagement was arranged,

and the two families became intimate. There was even a proposition that Anna and Lois should share with Jean and Philip's three sisters the office of bridesmaids on the occasion of the wedding; but Mrs. Wynyard declined it on account of their mourning.

Mrs. Lefevre was of the highest consideration in Norminster society, and it was felt to be a great advantage to Anna Wynyard to be first introduced at her quiet evenings in the Minster-yard, where there

were tea and whist, a little good music, a little good singing, and an early departure. Dr. Philip Raymond was a general favourite in the house, and the Earl of Eden was quite one of the family. Ramour had whispered many times that he was to marry the gay and gracious widow; but neither had ever any thought of it. Besides being his cousin, Mrs. Lefevre was ten or twelve years the earl's senior. Their friendship dated from his boyhood, and was more that of sage sister and wayward brother than anything else. They had been brought up under the same roof, and had never allowed their natural affection to waste through disuse.

Mrs. Lefevre's rooms were small, but elegant, and always well supplied with novelties to make conversation about. People came together there easily and got on easily. Nobody took airs. The distinction of visiting intimately at that house levelled all other distinctions. One frequent guest was Miss Brotherton, a woman imperially handsome, dark-browed, and rich-voiced, the daughter of a great musician, herself a teacher of singing. Another was a short, thick, ugly man, whose pictures were world-renowned, and whose talk was very diverting. Birth, talent, or a million are the usual passports into society. Mrs. Lefevre did not care for the million. She was wont to say that unless men were of very high dignity, or very high mind, wealth vulgarised them—especially new wealth. Purse-pride she utterly contemned; graceful poverty was always a plea for her favour.

She heard the story of Eastwold, and was touched. She declared herself a warm partisan of that odd Penelope and Mr. Tindal. She saw Anna Wynyard, admired her serene perfections, and determined to bring her forward in her best light. Jean was yet too young, and she enjoyed having a girl to plan and cater for. Anna looked also as if she might do her credit. She had a turn for solid studies, and Mrs. Lefevre set her cousin, the earl, who also had a turn for solid studies, to make her acquaintance on a geological foundation. They progressed at a rapid rate, and one morning in January, Anna was taken to the earl's dusty old mansion, on the cold north side of the Minster, to view his cabinet of specimens—all, as he told her, collected, arranged, and labelled by himself.

The earl was a tall, thin, angular man, very nervous, and shy by fits and starts; but worthy, generous, and much more sensible than he got credit for being. His father had been awfully wild and extravagant, and had left him only the ghost and name of rank, without enough means to support even those unsubstantial nothings; but by thrifty management, his property had been since so far redeemed that his circumstances were now sufficiently easy. His sisterly cousin had preached to him for several years past the expediency of marriage—marriage with a good, handsome, amiable young woman, who would give him an heir, and look the countess on the very rare occasions when his wife might be required to do something more than play homely Joan to his homelier Darby. Such a young woman Mrs. Lefevre believed she had discovered in Anna Wynyard, to whom, in her opinion, no man under forty was likely to take a tender fancy. She belonged to the old gentry. Put her on a velvet dress and diamonds, and she would do honour to the peerage. Put her on comfortable linsey, and she would dust specimens all day, and at night appear as a very fair, docile, kind wife, by the dull philosopher's fireside.

When she had composed her little domestic drama,

Mrs. Lefevre became quite impatient for the *mise en scène*. Her drawing-room had a bay window, supported on flying buttresses, which commanded a three-sided view of the Minster yard. The earl was very partial to that window of an afternoon. Notwithstanding his turn for solid studies, he could relish a chapter in contemporary social history, and was by no means above taking an interest in his neighbours. That pretty window, luxuriously cushioned round, gave a view of the Deanery porch and the Residence gate, and of the paths traversing the grass by which the members of those dignified ecclesiastical households went to prayers. Nothing was more common in the course of the day's events than for the earl to come up stairs about four o'clock, and take quiet possession of his favourite corner, whether Mrs. Lefevre was at home or not. Thence, long before Anna Wynyard became intimate in that house, he had taken notice of her wise, effective way of walking in a high wind, and had pointed her out for admiration to his cousin.

One very wild day, about a week after Anna's inspection of the cabinets, Mrs. Lefevre kept the house, and Jean with her. The Earl came in the afternoon at his usual hour; shuddered, said the cold was bitter stinging; the hearth was the only comfortable place in such weather: who would go out that could help it.

Jean was in the window, at work on a wonderful achievement in scarlet, blue, and white wool,—nice warm work for the season,—and taking up the word she said: "Anna Wynyard does not care for weather. She never misses the anthem on Wednesday, let it rain, snow, blow as it will. There she comes now drifting round the corner."

The Earl stepped aside from the rug to look at the black, veiled figure vanish within the Minster walls, and then drew a chair to the fire, and sat himself down, observing that some pleasures were enhanced, he supposed, by pain undergone to get at them. After a minute's reflection, he asked—"Will that girl walk home alone after prayers, as she came? Neither Mrs. Lefevre nor Jean could tell him; but his cousin thought it not improbable. To her surprise, he immediately added, "I shall go and see." And forthwith he got up and went.

They were chanting the psalms as he entered the choir from the west transept; almost concluding them, and he waved away the obsequious verger, who would have conducted him to a stall, and stayed by the door. There was a solitary figure standing near the altar where the light was very dim, which he believed to be Anna; and just before the anthem began, a lad passed him softly, went up the steps and joined her. It was Maurice, poor fellow, who sacrificed himself many a piercing afternoon, when school was over, to come here for the purpose of escorting his sister home. He did not often grumble, but to-day, as they were hurrying out at the close of the service, the Earl overheard him say—"I do think, Anna, Wednesday is always the worst day in the week."

"I am so sorry, Maurice; but it is my greatest happiness to hear the singing in church," replied she.

The Earl repeated to himself, "Her greatest happiness to hear the singing in church;" and turning in a contrary direction to that which they had taken, he returned to his own house.

On the following Saturday Mrs. Lefevre gave a musical evening. On musical evenings there was

quite as much conversation as music; but then the name of the thing limited expectation, and promised selectness. The Earl of Eden was there, and so also was Anna—the only two invited who did not profess to contribute to the entertainment. It happened that she had a corner seat in the window, and that the Earl had the corner opposite to her. A small stand of flowers filled the centre compartment between them. Besides Anna, on the same settee was the younger Miss Martin, very magnificent in pink silk and blond flounces, which flowed over Anna's black dress, and almost concealed her. Anna did not care so long as her ears were not stopped.

The musical evening began with a duet sung by the elder Miss Martin and her elegant brother, and went on with a rather heavy capriccio, performed by the same lady alone, during which a hum and buzz of tongues animated the room. When that was over, the younger Miss Martin executed a piece with marvellous celerity, and gave up just as those who did not know it thought it was about time she came to the air. Turning afterwards towards her former place, scattering smiling, bowing acknowledgments of compliment, she saw that the Earl had moved, and possessed himself of her seat by Anna. It was a position which gave its occupant command of the whole room, and she was reluctant to give it up; but after a momentary halt, which anybody a degree less absent than the intruder would have understood, she dropped into his vacated corner, and with an indignant glance across the flowers at the unconscious Anna, composed herself as favourably for observation as circumstances would allow.

She saw more, much more, than she expected. Anna appeared quite at her ease with the eccentric recluse, whom hardly anybody knew, and he was positively trying to talk to her—he, the most taciturn of men, who was credibly stated never to speak to any lady but Mrs. Lefevre. What an effort he had been obliged to make to conquer the nervous shyness that always tied his tongue in society, she was not aware of, though perhaps Anna was, for she made her answers purposely soft and encouraging.

"You have a passion for music?" began he.

"I like it for the mental rest and pleasure it gives me," replied she.

"Is not that a sensual way of regarding so divine an art?" said Miss Martin from the corner.

The Earl started as if he were shot, stared at her, fidgeted, and muttered: "Who is she?" while Anna glided calmly into the discussion. Miss Martin volunteered, and amazed that experienced Norminster belle by the serene, self-possessed assurance with which she maintained her right not to care for any music, however classical, however fashionable, that did not minister exhilaration or soothing to something beyond the ear.

"Yes, yes; I understand, I see," quoth the Earl, suddenly and aloud. "Music that floats you above itself—carries you into dreamland. It is in the winds oftener than anywhere; in the winds at night. Poets hear it, I daresay—and like it. I don't. It is like a dirge round the Minster, and keeps me awake."

Two or three faces turned that way, surprised and attentive at the very unusual sound of Earl Eden's abrupt voice and incoherent sentences, and saw Anna colouring, and Miss Martin constrainedly suppressing a smile. Mr. Scrope caught Anna's eye, and drew a

step nearer, but the length of the Earl's legs, and his attitude altogether, cut her off from approach or extrication unless he were distinctly requested to move out of the way, and let her pass—which would have made more fuss than was convenient when another song was on the point of beginning. This time the singer was Miss Brotherton, whose performance was delayed until the last, on the principle of holding the best in reserve.

"I want to listen to this," whispered Anna to the Earl.

He nodded confidentially, leant back with a prodigious sigh, dropt his chin on his breast, and listened too. When the song ceased perhaps everybody was relieved. It was the cry of the Foolish Virgins at the Bridegroom's door. "Oh! let us in that we may see the light!" and the Christ's voice answering, "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!" Miss Brotherton had splendid dramatic power: she realized the scene, and felt it; her voice thrilled with awful anguish as she pleaded—with still more awful doom as she replied. Anna's flesh crept, and her heart throbbed heavily, painfully.

"It ought not to be sung in a flutter of idle company," muttered the Earl.

After a solemnized moment, a general conversation broke out: people moved to and fro, sipped coffee, and recovered their natural warm tone of polite indifference. Anna could not deliver herself from the impression so soon. She would have made an excellent mediæval devotee. Nature would not have been too strong for her; grace would have won an easy triumph. If there had been an open convent door at hand to-night, she might have been tempted to walk in, to confess her sins, to light her lamp, and nourish a weak flame for the remainder of a recluse, airless life of peace and security.

"You made Anna Wynyard your prisoner last night, Godfrey. I hope she found you amusing," Mrs. Lefevre said to her cousin, when they met the next day.

"Made her my prisoner!" echoed the Earl bewildered.

"Yes; kept her to yourself in the window; gave no one else a chance of speaking to her."

"You know how absent I am, Julia; you should have warned me at the time. Who wanted to speak to her? She made no sign of wishing to be anywhere but where she was."

"Perhaps she did not. If you don't mind my reverting to my old office of advising you, I have something to say."

The Earl looked at her and shook his head. "Say on. I know what you are coming to, but it is of no use."

Mrs. Lefevre chose to pass over both gesture and assertion, and to plunge straight at her point, as if they had never been made. "If you know what I am coming to, it will be no shock to hear that Anna Wynyard is the very woman I have been longing to find; the very woman to suit you for a wife; and that I have set my heart on your marrying her."

He shook his head again, but as she thought, less decisively. "My dear Julia, she is young enough to be my daughter."

"My dear Godfrey, she is sage and sensible enough to be your mother. She is ten good years graver than

her age. She is not a girl in her ways—and I am quite sure she likes you.”

“She may have a kind soul, and may pity me, but I doubt the *liking*, Julia. She will fall in love with some gay, airy, young fellow, such as Mabel's husband, and she had much better do that than—*like me*.”

“Don't be sarcastic, Godfrey. There are some girls to whom gay, airy, young fellows never take, and she is one of them. Let that be encouragement for you. I *know*. She has not the sunny fascination of my girls, but she has great beauty; she has temper, sense, patience, principle—and I believe she would develop a deep and tender devotedness in married life. She has motherly instincts, and would take care of you as well as I have done. I cannot live for ever, Godfrey; and think how lonely you are when I am only for a little while away. I should be twice as happy if she were your wife—*she*, or some one as nearly as possible like her.”

“I do not believe there is another like her anywhere—nice, placid thing,” muttered the Earl reflectively.

Mrs. Lefevre saw that her suggestion had penetrated deeper than any former suggestion had ever done; and judging it expedient to let it work in his mind quietly, she said no more at that moment, but determined to seek an opportunity of sifting Anna, for the purpose of discovering how she stood affected towards the common end and aim of a woman's life. She really meant to be kind, and to make two rather isolated people happy if they would let her.

The opportunity of learning Anna's sentiments was not long retarded. Mrs. Lefevre chanced to call on Mrs. Wynyard one afternoon when Bell and Minnie Ferguson were with Anna, giving her an account of a marriage that had just taken place at Nice, between a young Norminster lady who had gone thither for her health, and a famous old *savant*, a baronet, and member of a dozen scientific societies.

“I am so amazed; I could not have believed Lucy Hutchinson would marry for a name and a position,” said Bell, indignant for her whole sex, when the story had been detailed in full.

“But perhaps she has married Sir Patrick Stewart because she likes him,” suggested Anna. Mrs. Lefevre was conversing with Mrs. Wynyard at the opposite side of the room, but she lent an ear to the girls' talk as well.

“Like him!” ejaculated Minnie. “He has daughters older than herself, and married. And besides, we happen to know who she really did like” (sinking her voice). “*Mr. Scrope*—but he never cared for her a bit.”

“Then I don't blame her,” said Anna, with an audible, unconscious sigh. “She missed love where she sought for it, and so she took it where she found it. Perhaps she could not bear to live without, and thought any better than none.”

“She always used to protest against a single life, and to declare she had no vocation that way,” rejoined Minnie. “But a loveless marriage must be, oh! out of all comparison, worse!”

“But how do you know hers is a loveless marriage? There is love and love,” said Anna. “What do you know of Sir Patrick Stewart? From his portrait, in one of his books printed last year, he is a very fine and kind-looking man—not so old either—perhaps sixty.”

“And she is not twenty-six. I cannot think it right. No, I cannot. It may be very delightful to be called

‘my lady,’ to have a house in London, and the society of clever men, but I should not like to pay her price for it.” Thus far Minnie; then Bell.

“I can fancy her turning all the old greybeards' heads. You do not know her, Anna, but she is graceful and nice to look at—what people call ‘interesting.’ She can talk well, for she is quite exceptionally cultivated, and she is sure to be popular. When her father was alive it used to be said that the Hutchinsons' house was the pleasantest in Norminster.”

“What will Mr. Scrope think about it, I wonder?” speculated Minnie. “She was not fit for a poor curate's wife, even if he had liked her. Poor Lucy! let us all wish her good luck with her old Sir Patrick.”

Anna felt there was a dash of envy in this blessing, and she thought her own thoughts about it. She had begun to consider of the world no longer as a place where hopes are to come true, and visions are to be realized, but as a place to be made the best of patiently; where one should strive to be as happy as one may, if one cannot be as happy as one would. A favourable disposition this for Mrs. Lefevre to work out her scheme upon.

She never could remember afterwards at what precise moment she became aware that Mrs. Lefevre was endeavouring to arrange her life for her much as she would have it; but when she comprehended her plan she tacitly acquiesced in it as good, and let her work to bring it to pass without let or hindrance. She met the Earl continually at his cousin's house, and without demonstration or effort followed her lead in entertaining him. She read up geology at home until she could talk it easily and unaffectedly. She discovered that the earl had a taste for archaeological researches, and she gave her mind to those dusty strata of learning with quite honest interest. Presently he opened a new view which she enjoyed for itself—a view of the annals of the ancient house of Eden, concerning which he had masses of documents, of diaries and letters, illustrative of the most fascinating periods of English history. Anna loved old family chronicles. The Eastwold traditions of the great civil war, in which the Wynyards took the loyal side, and suffered grievously, were very full. One of her labours during the last year at home had been to draw out and illuminate a genealogical stemma of her family. Twice, from the old records she followed, it appeared that the houses of Eden and Eastwold had intermarried—a precedent which, being dexterously brought under the Earl's notice by his cousin, stimulated his courage, and precipitated the event she desired to see.

When the Earl spoke, Anna was not taken by surprise. She had the example of her progenitors before her, and she affected no difficulty about imitating it. When the engagement was concluded, and ratified by her mother's consent, it appeared to her as if this was what she must all her dull life have been growing and drifting up to.

It would be a long story to tell how Anna's kinsfolk and friends marvelled and moralized over her lot. At Eskford and at Brackenfield, where her character was known, there was no doubt but that, as she had chosen it deliberately, so she would wear it contentedly. Her mother was satisfied. The earl might be eccentric, nervous, reclusive, and poor, but he was an honest

gentleman, and would give her a refined and sufficient home. Her brothers, Geoffrey and Maurice, were amused that Anna, tiresome Anna, should achieve such rank and dignity; and Lois looked up to her for a startled moment as if she expected her to turn all at once into something lofty and unapproachable. But she went about prosy and placid as ever, and the Ferguson girls, who had been struck dumb and cautious at the first report of her conquest, reconciled themselves to it and to her, and allowed that she would become the position very creditably.

Confidence and affection increased between the two the more intimately they became acquainted. Mrs. Lefevre was perfectly satisfied with her day's work. The only persons who doubted whether such a match would be for the best were Aunt Theodora, who was

easily converted to the common opinion, and Mrs. Tindal, to whom Anna had written several joyous letters during her stay at Eskford, in which Cousin Philip's name had recurred like the burthen of a ballad or the air of a rondo. A woman who has married the man she loves, is always anxious that other women should love the men they marry; and when Anna's engagement was notified to Pennie, in a long letter from Mrs. Wynyard, it gave her a pang to think that perhaps the poor girl had rushed into it as a refuge from disappointment. With the unexpected news, came an offer of a visit from her and Lois at Midsummer, on their road to Brackenfield—an offer which Pennie accepted with satisfaction, as another sign of prejudice passing away from the minds of her friends.

(To be continued.)



WILLIAMS'S BUILDINGS, GOLDEN LANE.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

EVERY new locality with which we become acquainted in the dominion of dirt and rags reminds us of the fact, that here too, as in the higher grades of society, there are "nice shades" and "fine distinctions." Even the "poor's smell" differs in different localities. In the pleasant neighbourhood at which we get a peep in the above engraving, the predominant flavour is that of decayed vegetables, with an occasional whiff of salted fish and dried herring.

The district of St. Mary Charterhouse may not be well known by its proper name; but those of its leading thoroughfares, Golden Lane, and Whitecross Street, St. Luke's, must be familiar to most of our metropolitan readers. These streets run north and south, almost parallel to each other, and the ground between them and on both sides, forming a broad patch east and west, is crowded with an agglomeration of sordid dwellings closely packed in noisome and dark alleys,

which resemble galleries in a mine or the windings of a huge rabbit-warren; the rabbits, however, being petty thieves, cadgers of all sorts, and degraded women. Strange to say, there was a time when a pleasant country lane wound its way, through the fields hereabouts, from the City to the village of Islington, and on to Newington. What is now Middle Row, Old Street, was a portion of this pleasant walk. Hither, some two hundred and fifty years ago, old Gerard the herbalist sent his readers to gather certain plants growing on the banks, which recalls the fact that crocuses were blowing at the same time by the margin of the river Fleet, in the now filthy neighbourhood called Saffron Hill. At a still earlier date hither came riding along the prior and the brethren of St. John's, who might, and very likely did, often breathe their horses in the green lanes of Hornsey, going and returning by the familiar bridge path through the above-named fields. Here, too, as in other suburbs of Old London, stately mansions arose in quiet nooks, the traditions of which survive in the names of the

mirky lanes and crowded dens which now occupy their site. In some cases there is reason to believe the original walls and timbers of the old mansions remain. One ruinous building at the entrance of a court in Golden Lane has the reputation of having once been a royal nursery; and the tradition runs that Queen Elizabeth spent some of her happy childhood's days here. It is by no means unlikely that this story is founded on fact. The mansion of the Duke of Bridgewater was not far off. The priory of St. Bartholomew and the Chartreux monastery had long given historical dignity to the immediate neighbourhood. Grub Street (now Milton Street) had its noble mansions adorned with Gothic carvings; and in one of these lived Sir Thomas Gresham, and, long before his time, Sir Richard Whittington. Even at a much later date than the age of Elizabeth bishops and earls had their great houses in Aldersgate Street; and Warwick House, belonging to the earls of that name, stood in Cloth Fair. There is no reason therefore to despise the tradition that the house in question was once a part of a fair mansion, with a pretty garden around it and fields beyond; and that these very staircases may have felt the light tread, and have rung with the childish laughter of the great queen that was to be.

Well-a-day! Instead of the courtly phrases and the sounding mirth of nobles and princesses, the air is troubled with the brutal oath or ribald jest, and, too often perhaps, burthened with the sigh of distress which there is none to hear. And yet, as we shall presently show, a noble work has been commenced in this neighbourhood; and there are merry children here who know nothing of the trouble to which they are born; whose dirty faces break out in sunny smiles when they hear a friendly greeting; and whose intelligent looks and finely organised brains show how little is needed to make of them happy men and women, and, in the same measure, to make society the better instead of the worse for their having existed.

First let me mention the very curious fact, to which the incumbent of St. Mary Charterhouse called my attention, that in the midst of the worst neighbourhoods, surrounded by all that is repulsive and degrading, there may often be found a family whose moral superiority seems sufficient in itself to preserve them from the surrounding contamination. Such families are not less poor than their neighbours. There may be a thief or a drunkard in the next room, but these exceptional poor people never steal nor drink. They may be surrounded with squalor, but they are never squalid. Their garments may be no better, as to intrinsic value, than those of their neighbours, yet they wear them with an air of respectability which distinguishes them to the most casual observer. How they live, from hand to mouth, from year to year, surrounded by rags and dirt, yet themselves neither dirty nor ragged, is a mystery. A young girl belonging to such a family passed me with a pleasant smile in a court not far from the one represented in the engraving, and very slightly superior in its sanitary advantages, gliding through the dirty throng like a being who had but little in common with them except her poverty. I thought, for the moment, of some spring flower growing up, as will sometimes happen, in the midst of refuse and corruption, where the lover of nature would least expect to find it.

Another curious fact, which can hardly have escaped the notice of any keen observer, is the originality and variety of character to be found among the class whose wits have been sharpened by want. The educated classes have, for the most part, had their angles rubbed off and their tempers disciplined, so that the outer skin of society presents that uniformity of surface and absence of marked character which is usually understood by "refinement." The case is far otherwise with

the slatterns and prowling vagabonds who make up so large a portion of the population in these poor neighbourhoods. Diogenes lived in a tub, and the rags of these people often cover a good deal of philosophy, as their dirty skins and dishevelled locks unquestionably add a certain flavour of impudent pugnacity to their ready wit. Of this it would be very difficult to give the reader an adequate idea; for as the flashes of merriment which suffice to keep the table in a roar lose much more than half their brilliancy by repetition in calmer moments, so the queer sayings and odd manners of these town gipsies must be heard and seen *on the spot* to be appreciated. There is the portrait of an acute-looking young rascal in the engraving, which, if the spirit of the original could but speak through it for a moment, would make the more innocent class of our readers stare with surprise. Take him as the type of a class, and it will be no exaggeration of the fact to characterise him as the scapegoat of the civilization of the age, sent into the wilderness for the sins of society—not his own. In happier social conditions—conditions be it remembered which it is in the power of a Christian government to create—this poor scapegoat with all his ready wit might at this moment be striving for honours at the head of his class in some public school; or, for what we know—trained to serve his country by sea or land—might carry the flag in honour, of which he is now the opprobrium.

Not to go on moralising, I have as yet seen nothing in London more wretched than the kennels of which this youth's dad is one of the landlords—a fact which came out in the course of a polite conversation with him about the repairs which they seem to call for. The ground on which they stand is about a foot or two below the level of the pathway, and the descent is by a broken mud bank, where the half naked children may be seen squatting in groups, and amusing themselves by making dirt pies. In the whole row of houses there are very few unbroken panes of glass. The window-frames and doors and shutters are all in a state of ugly dilapidation, and the walls stand tottering like old men whose knee-joints are giving way, and who can barely shuffle along with the aid of a crutch. The worst specimen of the row, if there be a worst, is conspicuous in our engraving. The lower window sash has entirely disappeared, and the glass in the upper one is in splinters for the most part. If closely looked at it will be seen that an effort has been made to keep out the wind and rain by propping up an old rusty tea-tray in the lower pane, around which paper has been pasted to cover the gaps; but the paper of course has been blown to tatters, and flaunts in the air like a ragged and shot-torn flag. Through the broken paper the haggard face of a woman, with dirty and unkempt hair, peered out upon us as we took our stand nearly opposite to make the sketch; and dirty children, whose eyes twinkled with fun as they pushed each other about, and seemed to speculate on the chance of upsetting our patient artist, came flocking round him as I walked down to the window and opened a conversation with the woman, somewhat to the following effect.

"Does any one live in this room?"

"Oh, yes. I live here, and a nice place it is to live in."

"Is it the only room you have?"

"Yes; I can't afford another."

"Why, what rent do you pay?"

"I pays a shilling a week."

"And won't the landlord mend the window for you?"

"Not unless I give two shillings a week; but I has it for a shilling as it is."

"How can you live in a room with the wind and rain blowing in upon you this time of the year? Why you must be starved with cold?"

"Oh, we gets used to that; but the worst is the water comes through the ceiling, too."

"May I come in and look?"

"You may if you like, but you'll be glad to get out again."

Inside the room, which contained but a few shillings worth of furniture, and was not less wretched than the exterior of the house, the conversation continued; and the woman referred again to the landlord's offer to mend the windows if his tenant would pay two shillings a week, "But lor' bless you," said she, "I could not afford that."

"How do you get your living?"

"I make braces."

"What do you get paid for them?"

"Threepence ha'penny a dozen; and hard work it is in this drafty place, with the water a pouring down on yer."

"And does the water really come through the ceiling? Why there's a room overhead!"

"Yes; but the water comes through the roof, and the room overhead gets flooded, and then it comes down upon us. Why, bless yer; in the bad weather it soaks my bed, and I'm obliged to get up and sit in a cheer."

At this point of the conversation a hasty, shuffling step was heard in the passage, and the next moment a dirty old man thrust his head within the door, and being appealed to by the woman to confirm her statement, came bodily into the room. Without heeding her remark, he exclaimed, in an agitated manner—

"If you want to see what kind of place this is come and look at my room!"

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

III.—A DROP OF RAIN.

ALTHOUGH every shower of rain that falls must, we know, be regulated by fixed and unerring laws, yet we have no means of predicting the coming shower, because we do not know enough of the disturbing causes which interfere with our calculations. During the last few years attempts have been made to predict the weather, so far as it relates to the direction and force of the wind. Now it has been found, that out of every hundred forecasts given during the years 1863, 1864, and 1865, only twenty-two per cent. were right. Again, it is popularly supposed that the moon has great influence on the weather. We heard a working man remark, some weeks ago, while looking up to the sky: "I don't like the look of that moon; she's lying too much on her back;"—the idea being that the moon gets into a cup shape in order to catch more rain. Observations at Greenwich during many years show that changes of weather are as frequent at every age of the moon as when she is seven, fourteen, twenty-one or twenty-eight days old. A few weeks ago the writer was walking along a country road, when a man asked him, in a mysterious manner, if he knew why the snow was lying about so long. On replying, "Because of the cold weather," the remark was, "No, it's waiting for more." In a few days more snow did come, and this would justify the popular notion about waiting; whereas, had warm weather intervened, or rain, and the snow had disappeared, the failure of the prediction would have been forgotten. This is the case with most of the popular sayings about the weather: if the predictions succeed they justify the sayings, and if they fail they do not disturb the belief in them.

One of the most curious things about rain is the inequality of its distribution. The reader is of course aware that rain may be measured in inches in almost any vessel set out to catch it. If a pail, for example, be put out in an open space on the ground, it will catch

as much rain as would otherwise have sunk into the ground on the space occupied by the bottom of the pail. If we visit the pail after every shower, we may, by means of a two-foot rule, tell what depth of rain has fallen. This is the principle of the rain-gauge. In practice better means are of course adopted, so as to prevent evaporation and to measure the depth. Now it is of great consequence where we place our rain-gauge. It might be supposed of no importance whether it were on the top of the house or in the garden close by. And yet, strange to say, a gauge in a garden near Westminster Abbey caught twenty-three inches of rain in the course of the year, while one on the roof of a house caught only eighteen inches, and one on the top of the Abbey only twelve inches. The fact is, rain forms at a very low elevation, much lower than is generally supposed; or, if not actually formed at a very low elevation, it increases the size of the drops which come from higher levels. Thus, while Mr. Glaisher was descending in a balloon, he passed through a dry, and then through a wet fog, when the drops of rain were exceedingly fine, covering his note-book like pins' points. These increased in size on approaching the earth, but more rapidly when very near the earth.

The average quantity of rain which falls at Greenwich every year is rather more than twenty-five inches; but it varies in a remarkable manner even in different parts of London. Thus, in 1863, 17.42 inches of rain* fell in Spring Gardens, 20.10 inches at Guildhall, 21.07 inches in Bryanstone Square, 19.09 inches in Chiswell Street, and 21.49 inches in Camden Town. The variation is still more remarkable if we extend our observations to different parts of England. Cold, high lands, for example, act as condensers to moist air, and precipitate rain which would otherwise have passed without falling. This must not be confused with a less amount of rain at the top of a tall building than on the ground, for the tall mountains stop the moist air and squeeze out its contents. Hence in some parts of North Wales the annual rainfall amounts to one hundred inches; and in Cumberland, at one remarkably wet spot, the Styte, at the head of Borrowdale, to nearly two hundred inches. In the flat districts of Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and the east coast, on the contrary, the rainfall scarcely exceeds twenty inches per annum.

The reader is aware that what is called a *low barometer* is generally a sign of rain, as a *high barometer* is of fine weather. That is the general rule, although there may be rain when the mercury stands high, and it may be fine when the mercury is low. The barometer represents the weight of a column of air from the spot where it is placed to the top of the atmosphere, which may be about fifty miles in vertical height. If water were used in the barometer instead of mercury, the barometer tube would have to be upwards of thirty-five feet in length, since mercury is about thirteen and a half times heavier than water. A column of mercury thirty inches high, in a tube of one square inch section, weighs about fifteen pounds. A similar column of water, thirty-four feet high, weighs the same; and as these columns of mercury and of water are supported by the air, a similar column of air about fifty miles high must also weigh about fifteen pounds. This is what constitutes atmospheric pressure. We also see that it is a varying quantity; for as the barometer observed at the same spot is sometimes high and sometimes low, sometimes at nearly thirty-one inches, and at other times a little above twenty-eight inches, this shows an increase of atmospheric pressure at one time and a diminution at another.

Now the atmosphere is made up of a number of ingredients, the two principal of which, the oxygen and the nitrogen, are in fixed quantities, i.e., about

* That is, seventeen inches and forty-two hundredths of another inch, or nearly seventeen and a half inches.

one-fifth of oxygen and four-fifths of nitrogen. The other ingredients are found in varying quantities. Omitting all notice of accidental impurities, such as smoke and sulphur acids, which depend on locality, there are two ingredients which are found in the air in varying quantities at every part of the earth's surface, and at every elevation. These are carbonic acid, one of the products of the respiration of animals, and the burning of coals, gas, candles, &c.; and aqueous vapour, or vapour of water, the result of the evaporation of the waters of the earth, whether salt or fresh, whether from the surface of water or of moist earth.

Now all these ingredients are concerned in supporting the mercury column in the barometer. The oxygen atmosphere raises it a certain number of inches; the nitrogen atmosphere a still larger number; the carbonic acid atmosphere a small varying fraction of an inch; the aqueous vapour atmosphere a larger but still varying fraction of an inch; and the sum of all these quantities is what we call the height of the barometer.

Now let us attend only to the aqueous vapour atmosphere, dismissing the other three atmospheres. Suppose, for example, the air were entirely composed of aqueous vapour: its quantity, elasticity, and pressure would, as it now does, depend entirely on its temperature. At sixty degrees Fahrenheit the mercury would stand in the barometer at the height of rather more than half an inch; at seventy degrees, at about three quarters of an inch; at eighty degrees, at one inch; at one hundred degrees, at nearly two inches. At the temperature of boiling water, however, the vapour would have sufficient force to support thirty inches of mercury, which is the same as the mean atmospheric pressure of the whole atmosphere. Of course we never get such a natural temperature, so that, in endeavouring to explain the formation of rain, we must keep to temperatures actually observed.

Bearing in mind what was said about the quantity of vapour depending on temperature, let us inquire what would take place, supposing a cold air charged with vapour at forty degrees were to blow into an air charged with vapour at sixty degrees. In the absence of experiment, almost any thoughtful person would say that it would be like mingling equal quantities of water at forty and sixty degrees, the result of which, we know, is the mean temperature of fifty degrees. So he would say, in the present case, the moist air at forty degrees mingling with the moist air at sixty degrees would produce a mean, both as respects temperature and moisture, and matters would remain unchanged; except that the cold moist air would have become a little warmer, and have taken up more moisture, while the warmer moist air would have become a little cooler, and have given up a little of its moisture to the air that was at forty degrees. Any one would say that the air at fifty degrees would, as respects its moisture, represent the mean of the two quantities of air at forty and at sixty degrees, and there would be no rain-fall, or *precipitation*, as it is called. Nevertheless, this reasoning would be all wrong; for by another of those admirable adjustments, which mark design as clearly as the sun at noonday, it has been ordained that the elasticity of aqueous vapour shall diminish much more rapidly than its temperature; so that the air at fifty degrees holds less than the mean quantity of vapour contained in air at forty degrees and air at sixty degrees.

For example:—Vapour at forty degrees will support nearly a quarter of an inch of mercury; at sixty degrees about half an inch of mercury; or, more accurately, the quantities are 0.24 and 0.52: add these two together, and divide by 2, and we get about 0.38 as the mean quantity of vapour in the two temperatures. But it is proved by experiment that vapour at fifty degrees will support only 0.36, so that there is a difference of 0.02 inch of mercury, which represents the

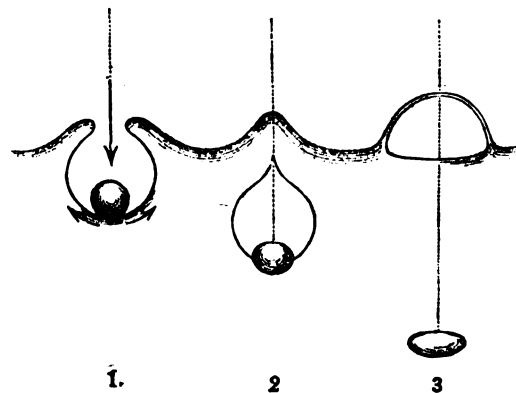
quantity of vapour which cannot be taken up by the mean temperature, and it is this which falls as rain.

Perhaps the reader will understand this subtle arrangement better if we represent the vapour by weight in grains instead of by inches of mercury. A cubic foot of air at fifty degrees can hold 4.1 grains of vapour, and at seventy degrees as much as eight grains. The mean of the two temperatures is sixty degrees; the mean of the two weights is 6.05 grains; but at sixty degrees a cubic foot of air can really hold only 5.8 grains of moisture, which, deducted from 6.05 leaves .25, or exactly a quarter of a grain of moisture to be thrown down by every cubic foot of air on the mingling of the two volumes, the one at fifty degrees the other at seventy degrees.

At higher temperatures the result is still more striking. At eighty degrees a cubic foot of air will hold eleven grains, and at one hundred degrees 19 grains of moisture. Here the mean temperature is ninety degrees, and the mean weight 15.4 grains. But at ninety degrees a cubic foot of air can really hold but 14.8 grains, leaving six-tenths of a grain of moisture to be thrown down in the form of rain from every cubic foot of the mingled air; a result which quite agrees with our experience, that showers are most copious in hot weather, and in tropical regions.

The subject, if pursued, would lead us to consider the effects of partial condensation of moisture in the air; and this again to the varied phenomena of clouds, which, under the action of light, form the marvellous scenery of the sky; but our space prevents this.

In conclusion we give the following ingenious explanation and drawing, to show why it is that in some heavy rains air-bubbles are formed on the surface of shallow water when the drops come from a great height. The following experiment, which we have seen Mr. Tomlinson perform, will serve to explain the phenomenon. A small funnel was suspended about two feet over a tall glass jar of water: a small shot put into the funnel represented the drop of rain. The shot, of course, fell through the water rapidly, and soon reached the bottom; but no sooner did it do so



THE FORMATION OF A RAIN-BUBBLE.

than two or three bubbles of air appeared to escape from the shot, and made their way to the surface. The fact is, the moment the shot penetrated the water it left a vacuum, or empty space, behind it, into which the air rushed before the water had time to close upon it. But as the shot carried its vacuum behind it, like the tail of a comet, the air thus imprisoned followed and filled up the vacuum, until the shot was brought to rest at the bottom of the vessel, and then the air escaped in bubbles to the surface. If, in place of the shot, we suppose a drop of rain to fall with force into shallow water, the bubble on the surface formed by a process which the accompanying figure will represent in its three stages.



THE BURIAL OF ALARIC.

A LAY OF THE YEAR 410.

The premature death of Alaric fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work.—*Gibbon*.

Cross his arms upon his bosom,
Never more those hands shall clasp
Gleaming sword or jangling bridle,
With the warrior's stalwart grasp.
Cross his arms upon his bosom,—
If the forehead seem to frown,—
If the eyes should look too kingly,
Gently close the eyelids down.
Lay the sword he loved beside him,
And his shield beneath his head,
Wot ye well his hand will seek them,
When he wakens with the dead.
'Tis the shield whereon we crowned him—
In the Northland far away,
Little recking of his triumphs,
And his destiny to-day.

Death has left us but his glory,
And the heritage of fame,
That in legend and in story,
Will for ever grace his name.

Would that he had died in harness,
With his comrades by his side,
In the red front of the battle,
 wooing danger as a bride :
Bursting onward like a meteor
Through the wild November night,—
Sweeping, with a power like Odin's,
Through the fiercest of the fight.
In his wake the waves of crimson,
Seething as the new-made wines,
From his tread a sound as awful—
As the night wind in the pines.
While above the battle's thunder,
Where his blows were dealt amain,
O'er him, with exulting faces,
Mov'd the Choosers of the Slain.
So the heroes died, who conquer'd
Empires in the olden time,
Feasting now in high Valhalla,
Honoured in all minstrel rhyme.

When Consentia's towers were silver'd
With the morning's earliest beam,
Held we there an earnest council,
By the margin of the stream.
And we took the bands of captives,
That our king had held in thrall—
Drove them to the Busentinus,
Where it foam'd beneath the wall.

Night and day they toil'd anear it,
 Day and night, until hard by
 They had won another channel,
 And the river's bed was dry.
 There we rais'd a mighty trophy,
 And our hero's coffin-home,
 Was all-glorious with the riches
 Our good swords had won from Rome.
 Splendid with the life-like marble,
 And in many a costly fold,
 Gorgeous silks of Tyrian purple—
 Silver, jewels, and red gold.
 Mighty goblets chased with cunning,
 Spices from the unknown East,
 Ivory treasures, gain'd by slaughter
 Of the castle-bearing beast;
 And with voices sadly falt'ring,
 And with tearful eyes and dim,
 Low we laid him, to the music
 Of the slow funeral hymn.

Then we turn'd the eager river
 Back into its olden course,
 And it raged, and chafed, and fretted
 Like a newly-bridled horse.
 Round the tomb the waters circled—
 Foam'd and swirl'd—and then roll'd on,
 Just the topmost stone—one moment,
 And our hero's tomb was gone.
 Then we took the captive workmen,
 While their brows with toil were hot,
 And the river foam was crimson'd—
 For we slew them on the spot.
 All the puling Roman captives
 Died, that not a man might know
 Where beneath the shining waters,
 Alaric, our king, lies low.

And throughout the long hereafter,
 None shall loiter here and say,
 How he fought and how he conquer'd,
 And o'er Italy held sway.
 From the sea-beach to the mountain,
 Rome's affrighted legions fled,
 And the Roman eagles trembled
 At the Goth's victorious tread.
 Useless tears shall ne'er besprinkle
 Sculptured tomb and marble cross,
 None come here to weep his absence,
 Though a nation mourns his loss.
 And no mother bring her children,
 When the evenings gather gloom,
 Here to tell them of his prowess,
 Leaning idly on his tomb.

No strange hands can e'er un-urn him,
 None can move the carven stones,
 And no sacrilegious touches
 Desecrate our hero's bones.
 And when we return triumphant
 To the dear old German land,
 And our brothers come to welcome
 With the kinsman's clasping hand:
 They will ask us where we laid him,
 And will say we did right well,
 That he sleeps beneath the waters,
 And none live the place to tell.
 Well for him, who lov'd the battle,
 Was his coffin hung with red;
 Well it was the blood-stain'd river
 Sang a requiem for the dead.
 Fitting—since we left his ashes
 On the foeman's conquer'd shore—
 That the burial-place we chose him
 Will be nameless evermore.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

THE GANG SYSTEM OF LABOUR.

NO. I.

To thousands of our readers the species of labour we are going briefly to describe will be a revelation most startling in its novelty than agreeable in its details. Comparatively few persons who pass their lives in cities are aware of the existence of a system of labour which has more analogy with the enforced labour of convicts than with the industry of a free people; and we imagine that the majority of those who now hear of it for the first time will think with us that the active intervention of the legislature cannot be too speedily exercised, either materially to modify or totally to suppress it. "Agricultural Gangs," as they are called, came into existence during the first decade of the present century, and they would seem to have been increasing slowly in number down to the present time. In most parts of the country they are as yet unknown, but are common in the counties of Lincoln, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Nottingham, and occasionally also in the neighbouring counties of Northampton, Bedford, and Rutland.

The working gangs are made up of children of various ages, from seven and under to sixteen, seventeen, and of both sexes; and a gang may consist of as few as a dozen or as many as two score of the children. There are "public gangs" and "private gangs"—the public gangs being those which we shall principally notice. The children are hired by the "gang-master" from their parents (poor cottagers and labourers) at a wage varying from fourpence to eightpence or ninepence a day, and are paid only for the actual time they work. The gang-master contracts with the farmers of his district for the performance of such work as these children can do, and makes his profit by getting as much work out of them as he can, not being over scrupulous, if the evidence taken before the "Children's Employment Commission" is to be received, in the means he adopts for urging them to do their utmost. He carries a stick or a whip, which he pretends is only for show; and he selects one of the gang as "backbreaker," whose duty it is to set an example of activity to the rest, and "put the work along." The work is very various, and often of a most trying kind—such as weeding wheat or barley, twisting or pulling up couch-grass, hoeing turnips, pulling turnips, digging and storing potatoes, picking stones, and other similar occupations necessary on the farm, and it is carried on for about nine hours a day on the average, exclusive of the time allowed for meals. Looking to the nature of the work, this is a hard day's toil; but it is awfully aggravated at times by the addition of long weary miles of walking to and from the place of toil. The children meet at a rendezvous at an early hour in the morning—it may be an hour before sunrise—and are marched to their labour, perhaps three, four, five miles from the starting place. The weakest and youngest must keep up with the gang in going, but on the return they are allowed to loiter if they choose, and often reach home late at night.

It is evident that the well-being of the children thus employed must depend largely upon the character of the gang-master, and it is therefore desirable to know something about him. We find from the government report that he is generally a man who has a disinclination for regular work, or who is incapacitated for it, or who seeks to better his circumstances by speculation in the labour of others. In some instances nothing material is urged against his character; while in others he is notoriously an exacting brute or an offensive and drunken scamp, visiting the gaol occasionally for his assaults, his cruelty, or his indecency, and resuming his functions as soon as he is let out. It is not easy to arrive at his gains: according to some

witnesses he nets from ten to twenty shillings a day clear gain; while his own testimony would bring down his remuneration to the ordinary wages of the farm labourer. Whatever be his profits, it is plain that he is under the temptation to increase them by over-driving his gang—a temptation, we submit, to which men of his stamp ought not to be subjected.

Let us see now what are some of the effects of the gang system upon the poor children who are the subjects of it—and we shall do this most satisfactorily by referring to the printed evidence which lies before us. Nearly all the clergy of the districts where the system prevails are unanimous in the opinion that agricultural gangs, as they are now and have been for a long time conducted, are lamentably injurious to the children, both physically and morally; while the conditions of their life act as a bar to their educational and religious progress. This opinion is most emphatically endorsed by the parents of the children, and in many instances, directly or indirectly, by the children themselves. Thus, the Rev. W. T. Beckett, rector of Ingoldthorpe, remarks, that through working in inclement weather, those employed “are subject to ague, intermittent fever, rheumatism, scarlet fever, pleurisy, and may eventually become consumptive. The taking of the midday meal while seated on the ground, frequently damp, is a further cause of illness. . . . I do not scruple to affirm that the employment of child and women labour in the fields has a tendency to shorten life in those classes, and to give rise to constitutional diseases, which either terminate fatally at an early period, or incapacitate the sufferers for work for the remainder of their lives.” Such is one clergyman’s opinion: see now how it is borne out by the facts of one case among many. Sarah Ann Roberts says: “Soon after I went out with the gang, when I was eleven, perhaps, I got the rheumatism. The work was so wet; we have been dripping through, especially in wheat. When low it would be up to our knees, and sometimes it was up to our shoulders; we have weeded it when in the ear. I have been so wet that I have taken off my clothes and wrung them out, and hung them up to dry, on the top of the wheat or anywhere, while we went in again to weed. . . . We have had to take off our shoes and pour the water out, and then the man would say, ‘Now then, go in again.’ Often when it came on to rain there was no shelter within reach, but if there was any he would not let us go to it till we were drenched. . . . I have great pain. . . . My knee is so bad, and nearly as big as that loaf. . . . I can only go with a crutch and stick. There were forty or fifty of us, a good deal more girls than boys. . . . We started at 6:30 in the morning, or at six, and not got on the ground till after seven. . . . It was all hard work. The man knocked us about and ill-used us dreadfully with hoes, spuds, and everything, he would not care what. He was an old man, white-haired, and used to go about with his dickey (donkey), as he could not walk far enough else. He used to ‘gibbet’ some if they were idle; that is, come behind them, put his hands under their chin, and so lift them off the ground. I thought he would have stopped one boy’s breath so; the boy was black in the face from it. We dared not complain.” This poor girl is a great sufferer, and seems quite broken in health.

Again, Elizabeth Dickson, who was left a widow with eleven children, and had 3s. 4d. a week from the pariah, and who herself often worked in the gang, says: “Sometimes the poor children are very ill-used by the gang-master. One has used them horribly, kicking them, hitting them with fork-handles, hurdle-sticks, &c., and even knocking them down. These are not things to hit a child with. My own children have been dropped into across the loins and dropped right down, and if they don’t know how to get up he has kicked them. . . . Of course he don’t knock the big

ones; it is the little ones he takes advantage of. . . . My children were obliged to go to work very young, some before they were seven years old. If you have nothing except what comes out of your fingers’ ends, as they say, it’s no use, you must let them; they want more victuals. . . . Jemima was not more than two months over six years old when she went out. She said: ‘Mother, I want some boots to go to school;’ so I sent her out, and saved up what she earned till it was enough to get them. She was a corpse from going in the turnips. She came home from work one day, when about ten and a half years old, with dizziness and her bones aching, and died, and was buried, and all in little better than a fortnight. The doctor said it was a violent cold stuck in her bones. Children stooping down get as wet at top as below. They get wet from the rain, too. Perhaps they may have to go out three or four times in a week and not earn twopence, . . . and come home so soaked that the wet will run out of their things. I have often been obliged to take my flannel petticoat off, and roll it round a girl’s legs, and iron it with a warming-pan, to take off the pain and misery of the bones, and let her get to sleep. . . . Some of my children have gone four, five, six, and seven miles off, and have gone from me at 6:30 in the morning regular for a good time, and have not been home till seven or eight at night, or even later. Little ones, at fivepence and fourpence a day, have to go, too. . . . Some of them have come back so tired that they have sat down and washed their flesh, and gone to bed without supper many a time because they could not eat. . . . Some of the work is very hard, as pulling turnips and mangolds, muck shaking, and when turnips are being put into the ground, putting muck as fast as the plough goes along. Drawing mangolds is the hardest; globe mangolds are fit to pull your inside out, and you have often to kick them up. I have pulled till my hands have been that swelled that you can’t see the knuckles on them. I have come home so exhausted that I have sat down and cried: it would be an hour before I could pull my things off. . . . When I have found the door locked I have lain down outside till the key came.”

We have quoted this poor woman’s evidence somewhat at length, because it affords a striking picture of the kind of endurance that is exacted from the juvenile gang-workers, and the consideration they meet with. The picture, however, is far from complete, and other wretched details would have to be added to make it so. Much of this gang-work is carried on in the fens or flats, that were, not many years ago, under water, and where there is no possible shelter. The poor workers, having walked miles to the spot, are unwilling to lose their day should the weather prove foul, and thus they will work on through the pelting rain for the sake of winning a few pence. Be the downfall ever so fierce there is no shelter available; and sometimes, when beaten from their work by the storm, they have been seen crowding together in a cluster, embracing each other, the older and stronger of them making a sort of penthouse of their bodies to screen the little ones from the tempest. It will often happen, when the weather is unfavourable, that a quarter of a day is as much as they can make. In this case the pay of a child engaged at fivepence a day will be five farthings, and that of a younger one, engaged at threepence, will be three farthings—and this in return for twelve or thirteen hours’ exposure to rain, and a wearisome march of eight or ten miles in going and returning! Look, too, at the diet on which this burdensome tax on the physical powers has to be sustained: the young gang-worker’s dinner is for the most part nothing more than a piece of bread, with, in exceptional instances, the addition of a morsel of cheese, or butter, or perhaps an onion.

The greater part of the gang are between the ages

of seven and thirteen, of both sexes, working together. Some are younger, many of the labourers' children going to work at six, and some even at five. One little girl is described as having walked eight miles to her work, and after working nine and a half hours for a wage of fourpence, breaking down on the return journey, and being carried home to lie on a sick bed for weeks. The older part of the gang consists of girls from thirteen to seventeen, as many lads of like age, and perhaps a few women of loose character, besides the wives of labourers.

The private gangs are hired by individual farmers to work on their own lands, where, the farms being large, they can be employed continuously. There is no very marked difference in the management or treatment of the children, whether the gang be public or private; both are alike under the control of the gang-master, and both are equally subject to the same hardships—though it might be hoped that, as in the private gangs it is the farmer who hires and pays the children, and not the gang-master, who in this case is the farmer's servant, the latter would not be tempted to tyrannize over the workers, or urge them beyond their strength. We are bound to add, however, that the testimony of witnesses is quite as strong, if not stronger, against the private as against the public gangs. Further, the commissioners in their report, while they find it "impossible to resist the conclusion that it is the imperative duty of Parliament to interpose for the protection" of the children, also express their conviction that no measure which deals exclusively with the public gangs will accomplish any effective reform. They tell us, moreover, that while the public gangs coming under their notice comprise some six or seven thousand workers, the numbers employed in private gangs are perhaps ten times as numerous.

IN MEMORIAM.

THROUGH the winter plunge the billows,
Thundering on that rocky shore;
And she lieth, propped with pillows,
Listening sadly to their roar:
And the vivid hectic roses
Each day brighten on her cheek,
And each eve, as twilight closes,
Faint her voice sinks, faint and weak.

Spring returns, and calm and saintly
Lies she, like a statue fair;
And she asketh, low and faintly,
"Tell me of the outer air?"
"Tell me are the May-trees blowing?"
"Are the meadows sprent with gold?"
"Are sweet breezes o'er them flowing?"
"Soft, as in the days of old?"

Summer-tide, she lives to hearken
To the nightingale's wild song;
And her chamber seems to darken
Scarcely all the midnight long.
But when sunset golden flushes,
"Ah!" she murmurs, "would 'twere morn;"
And when daylight rosy blushes,
Sighs, "Would God this day was gone."

Autumn comes, with vintage golden,
Gathered fruits, and hoarded grain;
And once more hath she beholden
Beauty spread o'er hill and plain.
But ere winter flings the billows,
Lashing high each foaming crest,
Lies she underneath the willows,
Past all change—at last at rest.

M. I. P.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

VI.—IMPERIAL LIBRARY.

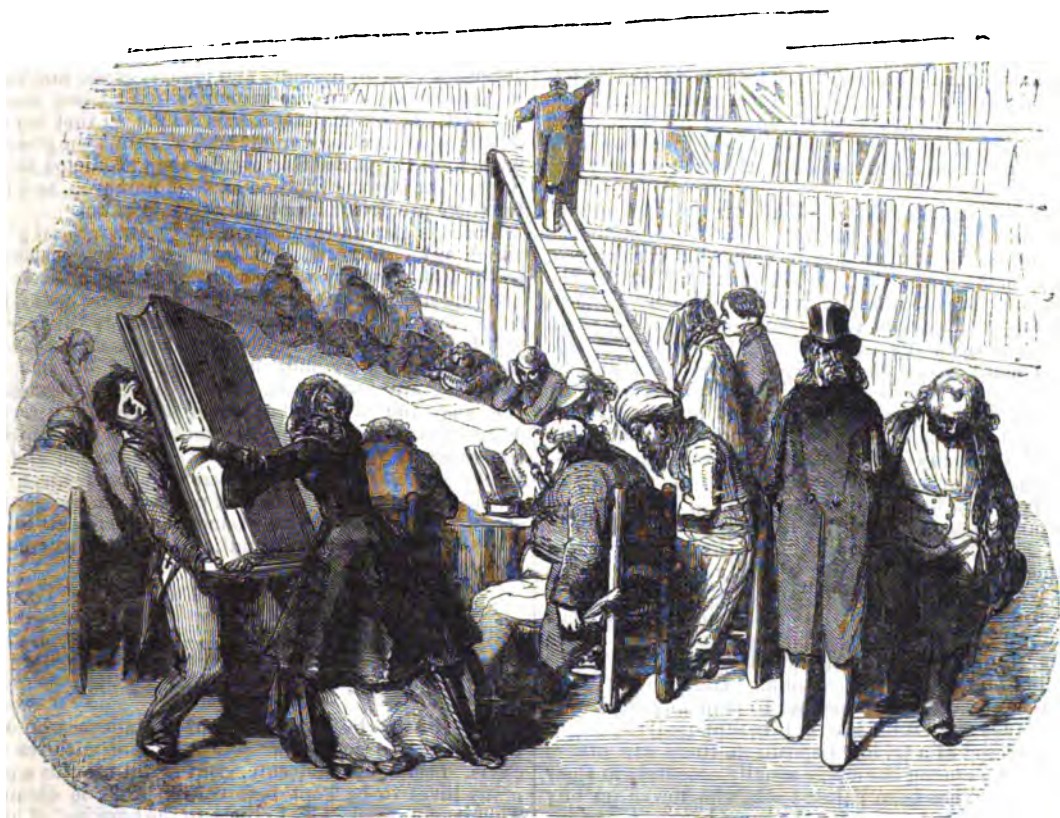
It has been held that one great proof of the transition of a people from barbarism to civilization and refinement is shown by their first attempt to form a national library. If so, the French have but little to boast of; for it was not until the latter end of the fourteenth century that we read of even the nucleus of a public library being formed. True, in most of the monasteries and ecclesiastical establishments of any importance in that country, collections of books were to be found; but these were reserved almost exclusively for the use of the clergy and monks, among whom almost all the learning of the nation was comprised. In the year 1373, King Charles V., surnamed the Wise, conceived the idea of forming a public library; though, after all, it is doubtful whether he did not intend to keep for his private use the books he accumulated. At any rate they were deposited in an apartment in his palace of the Louvre, and that portion of the building in which they were placed went afterwards by the name of the library tower. The number of books his majesty collected were in that day, considered as forming a magnificent library; in the present—apart from the value they would obtain from their antiquity—there is hardly a house of a private individual of any standing in society which does not contain one of greater magnitude. The greatest number of volumes that King Charles's library contained never reached to one thousand; nor had it much variety to boast of. It is true that in the collection there were some works on astronomy, history, law, and medicine, some books of romances, translations of Livy, Valerius Maximus, Ovid, and other classical authors; still nine-tenths of the whole library were works on theological subjects. Even this modest attempt at the formation of a national library did not afterwards flourish; for during the troubles which signalized the reign of Charles VI. the Louvre was captured by the Duke of Bedford, and the contents of the library carried off to England.

No further effort of any importance, to form a national library in France, was made till after the discovery of the art of printing; and then King Louis X., who was at that time on the throne, set himself energetically to work to found one. Other monarchs also added to the number of books he had collected. Charles VIII. brought with him from Italy, and placed in the library, the whole collections of Robert Anjou and Alphonso and Ferdinand of Arragon. Under the reign of Charles IX. all the books and manuscripts were removed from the tower of the Louvre, and placed with those which the counts Angoulême had amassed at Blois. To these were added the library of Petrarch, of Louis de la Gruthuse, and the Sforza and Visconti, Dukes of Milan. Francis I. afterwards removed the library from Blois and placed it at Fontainebleau; but it was not till the year 1550 that the nucleus of the present national library was formed—and that by a private individual, a barrister of the name of Raoul Spifame. It was he who obtained the law from Henry II., which obliged every publisher in France to deposit in the royal library a copy of every book which emanated from his press, and as no one was allowed—under the punishment of fine or imprisonment—to publish a book without royal authority, it naturally followed that a vast number of volumes were rapidly collected together. To the books thus accumulated from the publishers, other collections were also added. The library of the Jesuits, on their banishment from France, was also transferred, after some delay, to the present Bibliothèque Impériale, which was then placed in the house of the ministres.

Colbert. The number of volumes, however, accumulated so rapidly as to become inconvenient, and the attention of the government was called to the subject. At that time a vast mass of buildings, which had formerly been the palace of the Cardinal Mazarin, stood at a short distance from the house of Colbert, a portion of which was used for the offices of the French East India Company and one or two other public bodies, but a great amount of space still remained unoccupied. In this building the books of the national library were deposited, apparently without any order or system. The number of volumes still continuing to increase, the apartments allotted for them were found to be too small to contain them; and it was at last resolved that the East India and other offices should be removed, and the whole building be appropriated to the use of a national library.

In the year 1832, after the accession of Louis Philippe, a commission, with the illustrious Cuvier for its president (who died during his presidency), was appointed to examine into the condition of the national library, and make such alterations and amendments as they might consider necessary. Nor was the commission appointed before it was required; for the library altogether seems to have fallen into a state of great disorganization. With an energy worthy of all praise, they continued their labours till the chaos they found when they commenced was reduced into a state of—if not perfect—at least, good order.

Like most other national institutions in France, the Imperial Library is thrown open unreservedly to the public. In the reading rooms may be found men of every class in society, from those of the highest standing in the learned professions to the workman



IMPERIAL LIBRARY.

The Royal Library, unlike most national institutions founded by royalty, did not suffer in the first French Revolution. On the contrary, the Republicans seem not only to have treated it with great respect, but even to have exerted themselves for its advancement. Not content with placing in it the books and manuscripts taken from the suppressed convents in Paris, they added to it those from the ecclesiastical establishments in the provinces as well. They also placed the library under the direction of a body of men of great learning, who immediately commenced its reorganization, classifying the collections into four different departments, comprised of printed books, manuscripts, prints, and medals. But although these *conservateurs*, as they were called, worked indefatigably, their task seems to have been too great for them to accomplish satisfactorily.

in his blouse. The fair sex are also there represented, and in considerable numbers. The most perfect order and good breeding seem to reign throughout the whole place. The ordinary loud conversation, which appears to be indigenous in the French people, is here hushed, and whatever they may have to say is generally spoken in a whisper. The *habitués* of the library may be divided into several classes. In the first rank may be placed those who are really men of learning, and who come there to obtain books that may assist them in their studies, or documents to aid them in works they may be writing. Besides these may be seen a number of youths from the different public schools, who find it convenient to inspect some well-known translation of a Greek or Latin author, to assist them in the examinations they may have to go through. There are also a considerable number of persons, who, having nothing

to do, drop in and take a book—no matter what—solely as a means of killing time; and not unfrequently in wet weather a number of persons enter the library for no other purpose than that of obtaining shelter. Formerly great annoyance was felt by those who were really studious from the visits of those who frequented the library on frivolous excuses. From time to time many regulations have been made to abate this nuisance, but still much more remains to be done. At present every person wanting a book, instead of taking it himself, is obliged to write its title on a piece of paper, as well as his own name and address, which is given to one of the assistants. In consequence of the immense number of ladies who used to drop in for the purpose of reading the novels of the day, as soon as they were published—thus evading their subscription to the circulating library—an order has been issued, that works of the description shall no longer be given out. Disappointed in one way, the ladies determined to indemnify themselves in another; and they amused themselves by reading the *feuilletons*, or tales, which are frequently published in the Paris newspapers. This habit gave infinitely more trouble to the assistants than even the rage for novel reading, and the *conservateurs* were again called upon to interfere; and they published an order that no newspaper should be allowed to be read that was not at least twenty years old.

The woodcut at the head of our present article represents the great reading room, although the attitudes of the readers may be somewhat caricatured. At the same time, those in the principal part of the group are drawn after individuals who are known habitually to frequent the library; and among them may be noticed the well-known poor Armenian, who for so many years was a daily visitor to the library, and who was so much respected by all who knew him, not only for his great learning, but for his amiable and courteous manners as well. The principal figure is that of a lady—whose name we decline to insert—who, rightly or wrongly, was accused of judging of the merits of a book by its size, and, in consequence, invariably chose the heaviest and largest volume she could find, till her entrance into the reading room became a source of terror to the attendants whose duty it was to furnish the readers with their books. Among the number of visitors who habitually frequent the library, there are several whose method of study shows singular mental bias, which occasionally might amount almost to monomania. Besides the lady above mentioned, who declines to read any work less than a large-sized folio, lest (as it is supposed) she might be considered of a trivial disposition, there are others—especially among the men—equally eccentric in their habits. One has been pointed out, who never on any two occasions has called for the same book. A curious calculation was once entered into, as to the contents of how many volumes he had consumed during the many years he had been a constant visitor to the library. Should his memory be a retentive one, and he still continues the habit,—for it was some years since he was pointed out to us—a more confused or heterogeneous mass, than the knowledge he must have acquired, it would be difficult to imagine. Another, on the contrary, seems never to have varied the object of his reading, which has always been on the same abstruse theological subject. He never quits it, but goes steadily and doggedly on, never varying the reading even for a single day. He takes copious notes of what he reads, and is evidently preparing a work of great magnitude, as well as immense profundity, which he will give to the world some day when he has found a publisher bold enough to undertake the speculation, or when he possesses sufficient money of his own to take the risk on himself. A third seems to take especial delight in investigating the old romances

of France; and these, if in manuscript, the more acceptable they appear to him, and his delight greater in proportion to the difficulties he experiences in deciphering the handwriting. He also, it is supposed, from the copious notes he takes, is about bringing out some work on the ancient secular literature of France. Others plunge solely into the classics; others into dry metaphysical subjects, which by no possibility can lead to the slightest profit—mental or pecuniary. These enthusiasts are generally quiet and amiable, and doubtless lead in their way a happy and contented existence, though one of a somewhat dreamy character.

We cannot leave our description of the Imperial Library without a passing notice of two great globes which have for many years been numbered among the principal wonders of the collection, but which in the present day would possess no more attraction than as giving an opportunity for jokes to be passed upon them,—for although they were fully up to the geographical knowledge of the time in which they were made, they are singularly behind in that of the present day. An inscription on the celestial globe tells the spectator that all the stars and planets of the firmament are placed on it in the same position as they were at the birth of his Majesty Louis XIV.; so that any one dabbling in astrology might here work out the problem, what were the particular events they predicted should happen during the lifetime of that monarch, and how far their predictions were carried into effect.

There is also an inscription on the terrestrial globe, which informs us that it was specially constructed to show the country where so many grand projects had been carried out by the reigning monarch, Louis XIV., to the great astonishment of the nations of the earth.—not less for the magnitude of his victories, than for the moderation he showed in confining his immense power within just limits. These globes were made at the command of the Cardinal d'Estrees, by a certain Vincent Coronelli, a Venetian monk. When finished, the cardinal presented them in 1683 to his Majesty Louis XIV., who condescended to accept them, and ordered them to be placed in a pavilion in the gardens at Marly. They were afterwards removed to the Louvre, and thence to the national library, where they at present remain.

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

II.—HOW MANY HIVES SHOULD BE KEPT.

I SAID in my last remarks that cottagers who keep bees, ought to be able to pay their rent with the proceeds. I said this advisedly. But it will require a good many hives to be kept before this profit is obtained. This is one reason why I object to the burning of hives. For many miles in my own neighbourhood the poor people in every direction destroy so many of their hives each year, that I never remember above three or four kept in one garden over any one winter. It does not matter how many swarms there may have been in the foregoing summer; so soon as autumn comes all but the old number are taken up and plundered. Then come the chances of winter; not seldom a hive or two perishes—as they will by some unforeseen and unavoidable accident which may happen to the queen-mother or to the hive itself—and the coming year often finds the bee-keeper worse off than before. Now of course I do not mean to say that a cottager who keeps only four hives will be able to pay his rent. To do this a good many more—at least ten hives—should be kept. It may be said by a poor man, "I can't wait till the bees increase to ten hives. I must have some profit out of them before my stock grows to that number." Be it so: we do not expect such self-denial, or ask for it; nor will the cottager obtain less honey

from his bees by abstaining from burning them, if he will only follow the advice given him, and manage them accordingly. All I ask is that he should let them increase from year to year, and be content with a *part* only of the plunder he might have.



The Queen, or Mother Bee.



The Male, or Drone.

HOW TO BEGIN BEE-KEEPING.—It is very well to begin with a swarm: if possible, let *two* swarms be got. There will be less chance of final disappointment. Only let each swarm be *early* and *strong*—not later than the 10th or 15th of June. The most profitable swarms are those which come in May, after the middle of the month; and they will be all the better if they come out of hives *which sent out a swarm the year before*, for they will be sure to have young and vigorous queens. This is very good advice, and deserves to be followed, because, as is generally believed, bee-queens do not live more than four or five years, and when old they sometimes die the following winter; in this case the hive always perishes with them. Second swarms, or “casts,” are seldom worth *buying* at any price. At the same time, if they come early in June, and are pretty strong in bees, they often turn out very profitable. These casts *always* have young queens, because the *old queen invariably goes off with the first swarm*. They must, however, be well looked after in the autumn, and fed up to a sufficient weight, so that they may outlast the winter and be strong when the spring comes.



The Worker.



Head of Bee.

OF STRAW HIVES.—Bees can be made to pay very well by keeping them in the old-fashioned straw “skeps,” or “lippens,” which are made and sold everywhere in the country. Only let them be strongly made—not loosely put together—and large enough to hold from three pecks to a bushel of wheat. Bear in mind that large hives produce large swarms; and large swarms make most wax and gather most honey. At the same time small swarms, and late swarms, too, if not very large, must be put into small hives, or else the bees will spend their time in making waxen combs instead of storing up the golden honey. They always like to fill their hives with combs. Now as wax, with which the comb is made, is not gathered in the fields, but really comes from honey, and a great deal of honey is consumed in making a very little wax, it is prudent to restrain them from making over much comb, especially after the middle of June. Remember, then, this rule: “**EARLY SWARMS IN LARGE HIVES; LATE AND SMALL SWARMS IN SMALL HIVES.**”

I just now said that bees kept in the old-fashioned straw skeps will pay very well. This is true: but there are much more useful and convenient hives made, which will pay still better, although they will cost a little more money. A good hive of straw, which I get in Bristol, is upright at the sides, and has a flat top with a large hole in the middle of it. It has also a small cap of straw like a common bee-hive, which will hold from fifteen to twenty pounds of honey-comb. This hive with its cap costs half-a-crown. When put together it should be covered with a straw hackle, and will look very neat and pretty.

OF HIVES OF WOOD.—One of the best hives that can be made is a common, good-sized bucket, without a handle and with the bottom knocked out. It will last almost for ever, which cannot be said of any sort of straw hives. In this respect it will be found much cheaper in the end. Turn it up on a bench or stool *with its broadest end uppermost*, and cover it with a flat round board, and you have a most excellent bee-hive. Any cooper would make these without a bottom cheaper than a bucket. The board at the top must have a two-inch hole in the middle of it, and must lie so close upon the hive that the bees shall find no crack or crevice by which to creep in or out. At the same time it is better not to fasten this top to the hive, as the bees very soon fasten it down for themselves. It is well, however, to place a flat stone or thick slate upon it, with a brick or two to prevent it from curling or warping; and the whole should be covered over with an earthenware pan to shoot off the rain. The hole in the top board can be stopped up with a bung, or covered over with a piece of slate. A hive of this shape can easily be made of straw, but in this case it is better to work the round of straw both at top and bottom on a hoop of stout wood, such as coopers use. These hoops will preserve the straw much longer, and make the hive sit well on its stand, and the wooden board on its top.

The use of this hive is great, for, in the first place, it is very convenient for putting a cap on in the honey season. But its advantage will chiefly appear in the end of summer, at the time of the honey harvest. One of the greatest objections to the common hive is the impossibility of taking away the honey without destroying a quantity of comb, which would be of value to the bees another year—much more valuable than the wax to be got from them would be to the bee-master. Not only so; there is often an immense quantity of *brood* (or young unhatched bees) destroyed, which, if preserved, would add greatly to the prosperity of the hive another year, as these young bees will live till spring. Now this hive with a flat and movable top will remedy both these evils: for, after getting rid of the old bees,* you may remove the top board by passing a knife with a thin blade completely under it all round, so as to separate the combs from it. Then the comb which contains the honey can be easily cut out without injuring the lower part of the combs at all, especially if there are sticks in the middle of the hive to support them. (Therefore be sure to put sticks in these hives.) Every one knows that the *best honey* is always stored by the bees in the *upper* part of the hive, while the queen lays her eggs in the middle and *lower* part of the combs. A good bee-keeper, therefore, will carefully preserve these combs and the young bees in them; for these young bees will live till spring, and ought always to be saved. How this is to be done will be pointed out in our next paper.

P. V. M. F.

* The way to remove bees from a hive without destroying them will be explained later. Of course the bees can be killed with brimstone, but this practice I must again protest against.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

A SECOND LETTER FROM BETTY BROOM.

MR. EDITOR,



BEFORE Mrs. Sharp writes again, I do think I ought to be allowed to finish my story; and besides, if it comes to the rights of the matter, a good deal may be said in answer to her remarks about bad servants. In my opinion, bad servants are often made by bad mistresses, and good servants are often spoiled by them. A fidgety mistress, who has no sympathy for her inferiors, as we are called, is a continual worry to her servants,

however good they may be, and however much they try to please her. They must not wear this, and they must not wear that. A friend in the kitchen is begrudged. A half an hour's outing—over and above the stipulated monthly holiday—is denied, or granted most ungraciously. Instead of a general supervision, she practises a minute prying into every detail, and irritates those who serve her. My brother is a sailor on board one of her Majesty's ships, and I have heard him say that the best commander is he who reports the least. The same is true of a mistress. While she keeps a thorough look-out, and watches her domestics as closely as she thinks necessary, such watchfulness need not be everlastingly forced upon their notice. She need not see every thing that is not quite perfect, or hear every cross word that one says. Life is not intended to be all ease to her any more than all drudgery to her servants. Until she has done her part to make her arrangements work smoothly, she has no right to worry us with everlasting fault-finding. Some mistresses—I'm sure the master is to be pitied—begin and end the day in a state of fretful irritation with the household generally. Every little short-coming is magnified into a serious offence. If not actually scolding, such a lady has the air of an injured person, and the servants feel the effect of her constrained freezing manners, and come to the conclusion that they may as well go their own way, for "there's no pleasing a missus." No sooner has a visitor seated herself than she begins her usual tale. Her servants worry her to death. She is a household martyr. She has seen a little dust on the back of one of the chairs; or there was a string off little missie's pinafore; or the cook was five minutes late with the dinner. Such people exhaust one's patience. While I am sorry enough for those who perform their own duty and have had servants to deal with, I have no patience with those grumblers who are for ever scolding or fault-finding, and seem to have no knowledge at all of the golden rule, "Bear and forbear."

But I do not want to fill my letter with complaints. Perhaps I had better go on with my story.

I told you that I left my last place to avoid being charged with theft—for I saw it was coming to that—owing to the misconduct of my mistress. As I had not secured another service, I was forced to take a lodging in a back street, and the woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine offered to take charge of my room, and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance and made inquiry for a situation. I ought to say that I had now got good clothes, yet I did not suspect the reason of this woman's kindness until I missed some of my linen. Of course I went to another lodging, and resolved never again to make a friend of the lodger in the next garret.

In a few weeks I got a place as housemaid in a respectable tradesman's family. The young gentleman used to come home late without the knowledge of his father; and I was ordered by my mistress to sit up in order to let him in silently, and to be very careful to take away his candle. Thus I was often deprived of my natural rest, and yet I was expected to be up early in the morning, and to do all my ordinary work with the

greatest punctuality. I am particular in mentioning this, because Mrs. Sharp complains about servants who oversleep themselves; and though some are lazy enough, goodness knows, it ought not to be forgotten that many of them go to bed quite worn out with the day's work. Up early, late to rest, on their legs all day, at the beck and call of every one in the house—surely they require a little more consideration than they meet with in a general way. If every one in the house, in health, waited on themselves only in trifles, how very much would the work of that house be lightened. Surely the younger members of a family ought to be made to do so wherever there is but one or two servants. Very few people like to be called from their work; yet, let a servant be doing what she may, the bell is rung for every frivolous want, for what would cost but a few steps, perhaps, for the mistress to get for herself. Then the least ailment often suffices to make the mistress take her breakfast in bed, or decline plain food for delicacies, or to put off till to-morrow some piece of work that she might perform to-day if she would but rouse herself to action. It is only natural to suppose that the maid has the same inclination to self-indulgence, but let her give way to it ever so little and the whole house is upset, and she is voted to be a bad servant. In one word, Mr. Editor, it is too much the rule to treat servants like machines, and to expect from them one unvarying round of work, irrespective of those circumstances which affect others so powerfully, viz., health and spirits. If such expectations are disappointed, who is to blame?

I am afraid I have occupied so much of your time, that I must now bring my letter to a close, without relating half of what I had intended concerning my adventures in search of a service. I cannot conclude, however, without telling you of my last mistress, especially as my ability to read and write was at last turned to good account. I had waited upon this lady, who was consumptive, for about four years, when I announced my intention to leave her. She burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick bed, and I should find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made and destroyed because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour, but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and sullenness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds. With this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where I am resolved to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
BETTY BROOM.

PATIENCE is the guardian of faith, the proserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridges the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age.—*Bishop Horne.*

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER V.

A QUIET INTERLUDE.

WHEN Anna and Lois Wynyard arrived at Rood Abbey, on a brilliant June day, they found their old companion and almost sister on the watch for them, a proud and happy young mother, in possession of the prettiest baby in the world. The two girls were delighted with it and with her, and by-and-by with

Mr. Tindal too; for he was very hospitable and amiable to them, and found them both ponies to ride out with himself and his wife.

Anna wished she might be as lucky as her father's ward had been. With the interest of an engaged young lady, she observed various little items of duty required by Mr. Tindal of his wife, which, with some complacency, she reflected would by-and-by be required of her. If he wrote a letter, he brought it to Pennie

to read before sealing, even though he might have consulted her already as to what he was to say. Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone had completely revised their opinion of their patron, had made advances, and had suggested the restoration of the church, which they had formerly discouraged. The work was now in progress; Mr. Tindal superintending every detail, which he thoroughly understood, but never failing to consult Pennie, though she hardly knew more of architecture than her shoe. What was to be done for the cottages, on the home farm, in the garden, she was always invited to consider and decide; and but that she had thrown herself heart and soul into her new life, it seemed to Anna that she must often have wished her "Good Arthur," as she called him, had exercised a will and a way of his own.

Then, as touching her personal liberty, it was much curtailed. He was so anxious lest the wind should chill or the sun scorch her, that he tended and watched his tough little brown Pennie as if she were some delicate hot-house plant that an adverse blast or a parching ray might kill. Pennie would not for the world have allowed herself the thought that his tender precautions were tiresome or absurd; but she tried to mitigate his exaggerated care—tried the more diligently when Anna told her, with the confidential familiarity of old days, that it was funny to see the contrast between Pennie the docile wife and Pennie the wilful ward.

Pennie the wife was a very short while in discerning that any misgivings she might have entertained about Anna's future were of no account. Anna began of her own accord to tell the tale of Cousin Philip's wooing and wedding, and passed on to her own prospects with perfect composure.

"Godfrey is older than Mr. Tindal," said she, alluding to the Earl. "According to the peerage he is forty-two, and he has the air of being even more; but that comes from his having given up so much time to study. I shall be able to help in more ways than one. I quite enter into his feelings about the restoration of his family—it is almost a parallel case to our own; and oh, Pennie, I do hope I shall have children!"

Evidently there was nothing seriously wrong with Anna's heart. She was eminently practical, and thoroughly well inclined towards her duty. And yet, poor soul, that beautiful vanished dream came dimly back, and haunted her night-thoughts; especially did it come back here, where she was constantly reminded of the pang of leaving Eastwold, and of the sweet, unexpected consolation she had met with at Eskford.

A little debate ensued on the second morning of their visit, as to whether Lois and she should or should not go over to Eastwold under existing circumstances. Finally it was carried in favour of going to see Jenny and Crabtree at the lodge, and of going no further. Pennie considered even this a needless renewal of pain, and offered to send for the two old people to spend a day at the Abbey; but when this expedient was about to be adopted by Anna, Lois lifted up her voice, and said she had promised to go and see how all looked about their old home, that she might tell Maurice. It was more than a year since they left, and it seemed to these two romantic, imaginative young people, as if it had already receded half a life-time away. Lois had some expectation of finding ruins, begirt with ivy—perhaps owls hooting in the deserted chambers.

Of course she found nothing of the sort—nothing

but a dusty, faded propriety, watched over with conscientious care by Farmer Dykes' wife. The good woman went through the house with Lois alone, detailing how scrupulous she was to light fires in damp weather, and open windows on fine days. It all looked very empty and dreary. Anna was the wiser of the two who chose to sit on the door-steps in the sunshine with Pennie, talking over her own interesting affairs. Lois thought to herself with a vague regret that Anna was soon learning to forget her own people and her father's house; and that by-and-by Eastwold would cease to be more than a tradition with any of them. Even she herself had now no wish to return to its dull, care-haunted solitude.

Crabtree was very deaf that morning and very cross, and poor Jenny was, as she said, almost *bedazed*, what with tending him, and what with surprise at seeing her young ladies so unexpectedly. She asked the same questions over and over again, and maundered off after each one into a fresh recital of her last winter's cough and rheumatics, varied with sad allusions to "th' auld times." Anna listened with sweet patience, and responded with a ready kindness that was hardly sympathetic, while Lois felt her heart so straightened that she could not say a word. They had brought the poor old servitors no gifts, and there was a perceptible shade of grieved disappointment in Jenny's face when they departed without any reference to flannel, at which she had been hinting all through her talk. Before winter came again, however, her wants were well supplied from the clothing store of "Madam at Rood Abbey," as Pennie's title was with the poor of Rood parish.

She was a real blessing to them. Born in one rank, bred in another, and keeping up her intimacy with both, she had a natural understanding of various people's habits, prejudices, and partialities. Her working neighbours rejoiced her mother's heart by praising her as having an open hand and a right knowledge of things; and the rector and the rector's wife possessed in her an invaluable auxiliary. Pennie had, in fact, fallen into a vocation that suited her, and being very happy in it, she was the better able to be the cause of happiness to others.

Sitting all out on the lawn that evening after dinner, Anna Wynyard said naively, "Oh, Pennie, I do wish mamma could see you now—see all of us; we look so comfortable."

Mr. Tindal glanced from Anna's face to his wife's, and listened for her reply.

"Comfortable is a good old-fashioned word, and expresses just what I feel," said Pennie. "What a beautiful sunset, and what a delicious balmy air! I am thoroughly comfortable, within and without, and these are such nice easy garden-chairs, Arthur." Then ensued a brief dissertation on the said chairs, of Allan Bridge construction, concluded by a promise from Mr. Tindal to present each of the girls with one to carry to Norminster.

"We have no garden at our lodgings, but they will be charming under the limes at the Manor House. Anna, will they not?" cried Lois.

Anna coloured slightly, and reminded Pennie that she had not yet shown her her wedding-gifts.

"I had none but what Arthur gave me, and he did not present his until after we were married," said Pennie. "And they are much too magnificent for me to wear."

"Are they diamonds? Oh, you can wear diamonds—they suit dark people so well; much better than flowers," responded Anna eagerly; and then she went off into a dress-talk very surprising to Pennie from her. Mr. Tindal lit his pipe, and strolled down towards the river, leaving them to it; and Lois went off by permission to the nursery, to see the baby's evening toilette for bed performed.

It has been often said that those men and women are the most fortunate who have no history. The present epoch at Rood Abbey was as quiet, eventless, and commonplace as it was possible for existence to be; as commonplace as the life at Mayfield, or the Vicarage, or the Grange, or any other house in Eskdale, that had no dark, unriddled mystery attached to its inmates. And to all appearance it seemed likely to continue so—Pennie and her husband, well-contented with it, did not care how long.

One morning, while Anna and Lois Wynyard were still with them, they all rode up into Arkindale. The scene was much more bustling and prosperous about the mining works than it had been on the former occasion of Pennie's visit with her mother; and the mining village was growing so rapidly, that the church and little stone parsonage, where still lived and thrived the Rev. James Burton and his cheerful wife Elizabeth, stood now almost in the midst of the cottages and gardens of their flock.

Mrs. Tindal asked if they might go over the works, and permission was readily accorded. Dixon, who had been forerunner and overseer for Mrs. Wynyard, held the same offices in the employment of the company that rented the mining property on the Eastwold estates; and recognizing Pennie as the lady who had visited the place with the rector, when its prospects were of the gloomiest, he said to her, "You find us beginning to look up in the world now, ma'am. We shall get on presently, like a house o' fire."

The discovery of a rich vein of metal had opened this new era in Arkindale, and the completion of a railway passing within half a mile of the smelting houses had provided a good market, easy of access, very shortly after the mines were leased to the company. Instead of a doubtful speculation, they had become almost at once an excellent property, and promised in the long run to redeem, and more than redeem, the losses incurred in their name. The luck of the place had changed the day it passed into fresh hands, the workpeople were wont to say. And, indeed, the fact was so.

"I wonder whether we shall ever see dear old Eastwold in honour again?" said Lois to her sister as they rode back to the Abbey. Anna shook her head.

"Dykes says the house is ready to fall down, literally to fall down; and as he has the land, he wants it to be reduced, and rebuilt as a farmstead. Half of it is of no use to him, and only trouble and expense to everybody. Look at the boys. How delighted Francis is with India and soldiering; Geoffrey might have been born in a counting-house; and Maurice means to be a clergyman. None of them will ever go back to Eastwold to live. They will be new shoots from a good old stock, but they will thrive best in new soil."

"How your feelings have changed, Anna! You were more sorry than any of us to go away."

"So I was, and I shall always love the name of the old home; but I do not wish to retrace the last year,

or to feel again as I felt then. I believe now, with Uncle Philip, that life is a series of compensations."

"You are going to be married. Ah! Anna, you are very philosophical."

"I suppose it is my nature. Let us ride a little faster, or we shall be left behind. Is not Pennie happy? They might be lovers still, she and Mr. Tindal, they like to be by themselves so much."

Another morning the two girls went to Eskford attended by a groom, lunched, and rode back to the Abbey in the evening. The visit did Anna good—settled and dissipated some of her fancies. She had been rather afraid to go; she came away glad that she had gone, though quite unable to explain to herself why. A couple of days at Methley Towers, and a night with Dr. and Mrs. Brown at Eastwold rectory, completed the stay of the sisters at Eskdale. They went to Brackenfield in very good spirits, and Anna was received with affectionate respect becoming her dignity as bride elect of an Earl. She enjoyed it. Mrs. Lefevre and her daughter Jean were invited thither during their stay, and went; the Earl was invited also, but declined, as his cousin said he would.

"My dear, when you are married you will tame him," she told Anna; "to try to drag him about now would only frighten him."

Anna was discreet therefore, and let him abide in his seclusion, though she would have liked very much to have him at Brackenfield amongst her friends. She could forego that little triumph, however, rather than put him out of his quiet, shy ways, and make him uncomfortable; and thus she proved herself possessed of one unselfish virtue the more.

Their wedding took place without any display, at St. Jude's Church in Norminster, on a lovely morning in August. Mr. Tindal and Pennie were amongst the family group present at it, and Mrs. Croft remarked thereupon to her sister-in-law at the Grange: "Folks must have given up thinking any harm of Mr. Tindal, or he'd never be asked to a wedding. God be thanked! My dear little Pennie was wiser than all of us, an' she has her reward."

* CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

THE summer went on at Rood in a placid, sweet monotony. At Allan Bridge old Dr. Grey died, and at the Grange there was a wedding—Mr. and Mrs. Lister having given a reluctant consent, at last, to their son Dick's union with pretty Jessie Briggs.

The harvest passed, and the autumn was on the wane, when one day Mrs. Featherstone said confidentially to Mrs. Tindal: "You remember that poor woman, Pierce's daughter, who was taken to Norminster asylum a few years ago? John had a letter from the chaplain yesterday, telling him she was just dead."

"Dead, poor soul! A happy release for her!" replied Pennie, looking much interested.

"There were no details—nothing further. I thought you would like to know the little we had heard."

"Yes. I wonder where Pierce is—whether he is at Norminster still?"

"John would most likely find out for you by writing to the chaplain."

"Let me speak to Arthur about it first."

So Pennie spoke to her husband, telling him that Alice Pierce was dead. It was a long time since the subject had been even alluded to between them. Pennie had her baby in her lap at the time, designedly. Mr. Tindal did not immediately reply. He seemed to be absorbed in contemplation of his son's manoeuvres, which were extremely active and springy. Pennie held his coral above his head, tinkling the silver bells, and he stretched up his hand, and kicked and crowed to get hold of it, all his body alive and laughing with the effort. When Mr. Tindal did speak, however, he showed that his wife's words had not fallen on deaf ears.

"Alice Pierce is dead, is she? Well, Pennie, if her death had happened three or four years ago, it might have spared us some sorrow. But it can do nothing for us now, even though her father should confess his guilty knowledge; for all is done, thanks to you. We have friends and acquaintance enough, and to spare."

"Don't be ungrateful, Arthur. People intend to be kind—look at baby."

"I see him—he bullies you dreadfully already. I shall have to take him in hand myself, or you will spoil him."

"Indeed, you will not, Arthur. Spoil him! as if it were possible to spoil him, the darling, darling, darling,"—a shower of kisses, shed all over baby's soft face and neck, concluded the maternal rapture. "But, Arthur, what shall you do? Shall you not seek out Pierce?"

"My dear child, I should like to leave well alone. If his conscience move him he will seek me."

Pennie put her face down over baby again, and did not soon lift it up. Mr. Tindal suspected tears. He gave her a kiss on the crown of her head, and left her—he could not bear tears. Pennie did not exactly know what she would have had him do, but she felt disappointed. She did not, however, mention the matter again, and it seemed to be forgotten, when about a week later, Mrs. Croft said to her daughter: "Pennie, your Uncle Lister's been telling me that as he went through the Abbey plantation last night, he met Mr. Tindal's old servant, Pierce, roaming about amongst the trees. It was late, and the moon was up: your uncle thought the poor old fellow seemed as if he were a bit touched in his wits."

Pennie communicated this to her husband. She did not like the idea of Pierce lurking in the vicinity of the Abbey, especially if he betrayed any eccentricity of manner. Mr. Tindal agreed with her, and told the gardener to keep a look-out, and bring him word if he appeared again. The next morning the gardener reported that somebody had been in the plantation since the previous evening: the paths had been freshly laid down with gravel, some rain had fallen, and there were deep foot-tracks in every direction. Mr. Tindal bade the man keep watch the following night, and let him know what happened. The next report was that Pierce came when the moon was rising, that he seemed to have walked a long step, and to be tired, and from his way of going to and fro, and rummaging about amongst the bushes, he was evidently in search of something. The watcher had not ventured near enough to observe him much, lest he should frighten him away.

Mr. Tindal had his private suspicions of what Pierce sought, but he did not mention them except to Pennie.

He invited her to ride with him to Kirkgate after breakfast, and from the telegraph office there he despatched a message to the head of the police in London, asking that a detective officer might be immediately sent down to the Abbey in the guise of a guest. He arrived before bedtime—a dark, wet night it was; and the next morning appeared at breakfast, a clean-shaven, burly, silent personage, looking like a lawyer or other professional character well-to-do in the world. In the course of the day he walked all about the Abbey grounds with Mr. Tindal, admired the views and vistas, suggested clearings here and plantings there, inspected various trees, discussing their age and method of growth, and let the gardener overhear that he had a fine place of his own in Surrey, and that he prided himself much on his eye for landscape effects.

The moon did not rise until eleven o'clock that night. Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone dined at the Abbey, and when they took their departure, it was just beginning to peep. Mr. Cole, the stranger guest, on the plea that he could never sleep unless he took a turn in the fresh air, and a cigar before he went to bed, walked out with them. He presently returned through the conservatory, and when the household, all but the master, had retired, he passed into the gardens again by the same way, shod now with shoes of silence, and smoking, if any, a perfectly scentless and smokeless cigar. He took a walk down the lawn to the river and back again, keeping always in the shadow of the trees, until the faint click of the wicket gate into the plantations apprized him that the person whose proceedings he had come to investigate had arrived on his nightly errand.

Pierce walked slowly, but without any uncertainty or hesitation, to the clump of yew-trees from behind which the shot had been fired that killed Hugh Tindal. Here he knelt down, and the detective, within a few paces of him, though unable to see what he did, heard the sound of some sawing instrument at work near the root of the trees, one of which he had, during his daylight survey, observed to be partially decayed. Every now and then the stealthy workman stopped to rest, to stand up and straighten his cramped limbs. As the moon brightened, the detective could see his shadow projected beyond the shadow of the trees upon the grass. He never paused long from his task, but he paused very often before he finally gave it up exhausted. Then he went away slowly by the wicket, as he had come. The spy moved after him, noiseless as a shade, and when he had followed about fifty paces along the high-road, he saw the old man cross a stile into the fields leading up to the moors.

Returning then to the plantation, Cole knelt down where Pierce had knelt, and inspected the lower parts of the trees as well as the imperfect light would allow. It was some time before he discovered on which the saw had been used, but at length some whitish dust directed him to that which was decaying. No doubt it was hollow, and had been used as a hiding-place for something, which the seeker was now trying to recover. Satisfied that the quest had not yet succeeded, and that Pierce would return the next night—satisfied also that, meanwhile, whatever he sought was safe in its concealment, the detective betook himself through the conservatory again into the house, and found Mr. Tindal awaiting him in the breakfast-room, with which it communicated. After some talk, they agreed that Pierce should be allowed to accomplish his object.

and that, if possible, he should be taken with the silent witness he was attempting to remove in his possession.

The following morning there was a hoar-frost on the grass, and nothing to challenge attention to the yew-trees from any one ignorant of what was going forward. But the sharp eye of Mr. Cole detected, after a moment of daylight inspection, that Pierce was working to make a hole large enough to pass a hand through, and Mr. Tindal by striking the trunk discovered that it was hollow throughout.

Pennie, to whom the progress of events was faithfully communicated, would fain have called for axe and woodman to cut down the tree instant; but Cole had a professional pleasure in his work, and would not consent to risk spoiling it by over-haste. If Pierce were seized with the hidden thing in his possession, there would be a substantial proof that he had either put it there himself, or had been made the confidant of the hider. If it were discovered by any other person, it might be as impossible to connect it with him as it had been to bring home to his daughter the guilty deed of which Mr. Tindal had been so long defamed. Pennie therefore put a curb on her impatience, and Cole had a private interview with Mr. Featherstone, now a member of the Allan Bridge bench of magistrates, who granted him a warrant to apprehend Pierce.

The next night the detective watched again. The old servant came as before, and pursued his work. When he had been at it nearly an hour, Cole heard him give a long groan of fatigue and relief. He had evidently succeeded in his object; for, rising from his knees, he stepped into the moonlight, and seemed, by his attitude, engaged in examining what he had found. In a moment Cole was beside him, had laid a firm hand on his shoulder, and grasped his wrist. Pierce started, dropt his capture, which fell with the ringing sound of metal, while Cole said: "I want that buried treasure, my friend;" and stooping, with his hold still on the old man, he picked up what proved to be an elegant pistol. He had expected this.

Pierce was paralysed by the shock of his seizure. He could not speak, but he began to sob.

"Come, have a good heart. Right's right, and murder will out, you know," said Cole.

"It don't matter—she's dead now," gasped the miserable father, and he let the detective lead him to the house.

Mr. Featherstone was there, and a second magistrate, sitting in the library with Mr. Tindal. They had dined at the Abbey, and had stayed late, in anticipation of the event. When Pierce was brought in, his injured master, from the long habit of kindness for his old servant, bade him take a chair, for his shaking limbs were hardly able to support him.

Tears were running down Pierce's lean and haggard cheeks, and, looking up pitifully at Mr. Tindal, he said: "Mr. Arthur, she was my own flesh and blood. Mr. Hargrove swore to me she'd be found guilty and hanged, as sure as ever she was tried—and they could not have proved it against you. And as for Mr. Hugh, who made her what she was, he got no more than his deserts—no more than I'd have given him myself, if I'd known before for certain that it was him had taken her away!" A thrill of passion convulsed the old man's features as he spoke, and rising to his feet, he struck out with his feeble right hand, as if he had his enemy before him there.

This was not the moment to preach a homily against the wild justice of revenge. Every one was more anxious to learn the facts of the tragedy than to moralize upon it. They went into narrow compass, and Pierce seemed inclined to shorten his own torture by telling them without long questioning.

"That day Mr. Hugh was killed Alice came to the back-door here, and asked for me. I shouldn't have known her, she was that changed; and she'd stained her face like a gipsy. She begged; and the Lord forgive, I said I'd never give her a penny, nor a bite nor sup, if it was to save her from dying in a ditch; and I shut the door upon her. It did not seem two minutes after that she came back wild like, and threw that,"—pointing to the pistol,—“down in the porch, where I'd gone out again to look which way she might take. She didn't speak a word, but she laughed, and was off before I could open my mouth. I picked up the pistol, and put it in my pocket, and just then somebody called to me from the garden to come, for Mr. Hugh was murdered. I never heard the shot at all; I had been that mazed with seeing the girl. After the search was over I dropped the pistol into the hollow yew-tree. Mr. Arthur, I meant to tell the truth when she was gone—I did, indeed."

"It is high time it was told, Pierce," said Mr. Featherstone. "You are an old man. If you had died with it unrevealed, the shadow of a great crime might have descended to the children and children's children of an innocent man."

The next day, to please his wife, the master of Rood gave orders for the removal of the group of yew-trees which were connected with so many wretched memories. Millicent Forrester, who was staying at Methley Towers, had driven over with her two children to see Pennie's baby, and the two friends sat out under the verandah, in the rare pleasant warmth of a Saint Martin's summer noon, watching the work. The little Forresters were on the lawn with their nurse, assisting in high glee at the operations of the woodman, and shrieking with excitement and delight at each chop of the axe. Mr. Tindal was standing by with Cole and Mr. Featherstone, and as the last heavy, black mass heaved, and fell prone to the earth, he waved his hand gaily to his wife, and then walked up to where she sat with Millicent Forrester.

"I saw it all in a dream before we were married, Arthur. I saw it all in a dream before we were married," exclaimed Pennie, going forward to meet him.

"You dear little superstitious goose!"

"If you do not believe me, ask my mother, to whom I told it."

Pennie always believed in her dream herself—believes in it to this day.

There is little more to be said. The "Norminster Gazette" took up the story of Hugh Tindal's death, where it had last left it off, and finished it with a wordy narrative of Pierce's arrest and confession, and of the finding of the pistol. It professed to see some unsatisfactory doubts and difficulties about the case still, but one or two sharp letters from Eskdale correspondents brought the sagacious editor to a better comprehension. He then made the *amende honorable* to Mr. Tindal, and sternly, as public censor ought, blamed the dull, unenergetic rural magistracy for not sooner discerning the real author of the crime, and exonerating the unfortunate master of Rood.

The majority of Mr. Tindal's friends and acquaintances declared that they had *always* suspected Pierce *could* have spoken if he *would*. Still, however, they felt a natural glow of generous pleasure in the thought that they had *acquitted* their brother squire before he was *cleared*. Mrs. Croft cried for joy and thankfulness whenever she recurred to the event, and Mrs. Lister was glad of it, for the credit of the family. In the life at the Abbey it made no difference. Only into Pennie's heart it shed a fuller sense of satisfaction and repose. As for Mr. Tindal, it appeared to affect and interest him the least of anybody.

END OF MR. WYNARD'S WARD.

ON THE USE OF SMALL TELESCOPES.

II.—THE PLANET MERCURY.

PROBABLY but few of our readers have seen this little planet, the smallest belonging to our solar system, and a close attendant on the sun. This, combined with very rapid motion, renders it so difficult an object, that it is but rarely seen except by professional astronomers or by the aid of very superior instruments. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, some interesting points have been noticed concerning this planet, chiefly from observations during the last century; for it must be owned that Mercury has not received much attention from astronomers of the present day. But a summary of what is known may be of interest.

Books on astronomy generally speak of Mercury as the nearest planet to the sun, and as experiencing an amazing degree of the solar heat. To this Baker alludes in his poem, "The Universe:"—

First Mercury, amidst full tides of light,
Rolls next the sun, through his small circle bright;
All that dwell here must be refined and pure,
Bodies like ours such ardour can't endure;
Our Earth would blaze beneath so fierce a ray,
And all its marble mountains melt away.

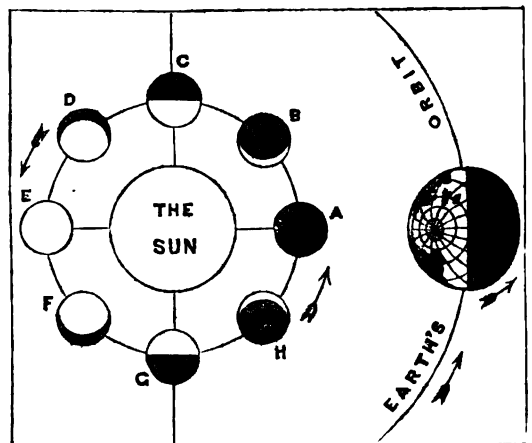
But it is not certain beyond all question that Mercury is the nearest planet to the sun; for though the recent supposed discovery of the planet Vulcan is now generally discredited, it is by no means impossible that a planetary body, or even a number of planets, may revolve within his orbit. Neither is this suspicion new; for there are many well-authenticated instances of black spots of a planetary appearance having been noticed at different dates in transit across the solar disc.

Mercury revolves around the sun at a mean distance of 36,890,000 miles, but the eccentricity of his orbit is so considerable, that his distance may vary from 29,305,000 to 44,474,000; and we might expect a corresponding difference in his climate, did we not know that the intensity of the solar heat does not depend on distance alone, but is greatly modified by the atmospheric media through which it passes. And although the sun's disc appears from Mercury nearly seven times as large as we see it; yet, as all the planets appear to possess atmospheres, we are by no means justified in supposing that the heat on its surface is increased in that proportion; we cannot even be sure that it exceeds our own.

The year of Mercury, or the period of its revolution round the sun, is but eighty-seven days, twenty-three hours, and fifteen minutes; rather less than a quarter of ours; and if the seasons follow the same proportion, they will each consist of about three weeks. But we must not forget that the change of season would depend in a great measure on the inclination of the

planet's axis to the plane of his orbit; and though the inclination of Mercury's axis has been given at 70°, it remains unconfirmed, as does also the period of its revolution on its axis, and consequently the length of its day, though a rotation in twenty-four hours five minutes has been assigned. Neither are we much more enlightened as to the physical aspect of his globe, although high mountains have been supposed to exist on his surface, one of which was set down as nearly eleven miles in perpendicular height, much exceeding anything of the kind on the Earth; especially when the great disparity of size between the two planets is taken into consideration; the diameters of the Earth and Mercury being 7926 and 2950 miles respectively. The existence of an atmosphere is said to have been shown by dark streaks on the disc. No satellite has ever been found to accompany this planet; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that its proximity to the solar orb renders such an attendant unnecessary.

In its revolution round the sun, Mercury exhibits a beautiful miniature of the lunar phases, as shown in the engraving. Here we see the sun, Mercury, and the Earth



PHASES OF MERCURY.

in their relative positions and distances, the comparative size of each not being shown. Now when Mercury is at A, his unlightened hemisphere is turned towards us, and he is invisible; unless, as sometimes happens, he is so exactly in a line with the sun as to appear projected on his disc, when he appears, shorn of all his glory, as a circular black spot. And this would occur at every revolution were it not that his orbit is considerably inclined to the plane of the Earth's path, and therefore he must be crossing the plane of the Earth's orbit, or, in astronomical terms, be near the nodes (as those points of his orbit which cut the ecliptic are called), for a transit to occur—a combination of circumstances which only takes place at stated intervals. When at A, he is said to be in his inferior conjunction with the sun, and he rises and sets with him. As he passes on toward B he assumes the crescent form, gradually increasing to a half moon at C, when he reaches his greatest westerly elongation, and may be seen about an hour and a half before sunrise. Passing on to D, his form becomes gibbous; and at E he is now in superior conjunction with the sun, and if it were possible to see him, would appear as a full moon. From E to G he again gradually assumes the half-moon figure, when he reaches his greatest easterly elongation, and appears about the same interval after sunset as at the opposite part of his orbit he was visible before sunrise. From G he again approaches the sun, and assumes the crescent form till he returns to his inferior conjunction with the sun at A. Whilst

traversing the arc of his orbit from G to C, his motion is retrograde, or from east to west; and from C to G it is direct, or from west to east; and his distance from the earth varies by the whole diameter of his orbit (73,000,000 miles) according as he is in his inferior or superior conjunction, with a corresponding variation in his apparent diameter.

In speaking of the motions of Mercury, we have for the sake of simplicity described them as they would appear if the Earth were at rest. But this is not the case. Consequently Mercury, starting from any given point in his orbit, say A, after completing his circle in rather less than eighty-eight days, arrives at A again. But meanwhile the Earth has progressed considerably in its orbit, and some time elapses before the planet overtakes it, and occupies the same position relative to the Earth and sun. Thus it happens, that though he revolves around the grand centre in about eighty-eight days, a period varying from one hundred and six to one hundred and thirty days elapses from any particular phase to the same again, the former being called his sidereal, and the latter his synodical revolution.

So difficult is it to see Mercury with the naked eye, that Copernicus, who attained the age of seventy, lamented that he had never seen it. Schroter, however, is said to have thus seen it by day; and a well-adjusted equatorial telescope will often find it. For the benefit of those who do not possess such an instrument, I will now describe a very simple, and, as I have practically proved, very successful method of finding this and other celestial objects in the day-time. But for the sake of distinctness, it will be desirable to reserve this subject for another paper.

A POET OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

IN a recent number we gave a short account of the prologue of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." We now conclude our notice of what Mr. Charles Knight well calls "Chaucer's Portrait Gallery;" the versification, as before, sufficiently modernized to be intelligible to our readers.

A humble country Parson next appears,
Pious and gentle, somewhat bowed with years.
Though poor in purse, yet rich in all good work,
And in God's Holy Word a learned clerk.
With earnest zeal Christ's Gospel would he preach,
And all his flock both young and old would teach.
So kind and gentle, faithful, diligent,
And in adversity so patient.
And e'en the tithes which were by right his own
He would not claim where poverty was known;
But in such case would always rather give,
So simply and so plainly did he live.
His cure was wide, the houses far asunder;
But he was never stayed by rain or thunder,
Ready at all times, day or night, to go
Wherever sickness called, or tale of woe.
With staff in hand, his daily round he trod,
His spirit calmly resting still on God;
And thus example to his folk he brought
To practise first the lessons which he taught;
As Scripture teacheth us, and Reason too,
For if gold rust, what will the iron do?
If priests be evil livers, whom we trust,
No wonder if the ignorant shall rust.
O, is it not a grievous sight and sad,
When sheep be clean, and shepherd foul and bad?
Ensample always ought a priest to give
Of holy life, whereby his flock should live.

He never set his benefice to hire,
Leaving his sheep neglected in the mire,
Nor running here and there for gain or pleasure;
His fold was all his care, and heaven his treasure.
Strict to himself, to others always kind,
Ruled by the love of God, thus sound of mind,
"The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared."

A PLOWMAN was the next, the Parson's brother,
Who many years had borne of wind and weather.
A faithful labourer and a good was he,
Living in peace and perfect charity.
First loved and served he God with all his heart,
As Christ hath taught us is a Christian's part,
And neighbour as himself; and therefore he,
For Christ's dear sake, would give his labour free
To help his brethren in necessity.

Mighty in brawn and bones a MILLER came,
Never, I ween, was seen more stalwart frame,
Nor did his looks deceive in any wise,
At wrestling bouts he always won the prize.
He was short-shouldered, broad, with mighty fist,
And from its hinge he any door could twist,
Or rush and break it open with his head.
His great broad beard as any fox was red;
A wart upon his nose was decked with hairs,
Red as the bristles on an old sow's ears.
He had fierce eyes, and nostrils black and wide,
A sword and buckler wore he by his side.
His mouth gaped like a furnace; and, for shame!
Coarse jests and oaths too often from it came.
Of corn entrusted to him some he stole,
And three times what he ought he took for toll.
And yet this Miller, if the truth be told,
Among the Millers had a thumb of gold.*
In jerkin white, and hood of blue was he,
Blowing a bagpipe loud and lustily.

We must pass over the *Manciple*, who was such a rare hand at making bargains, that whether he paid money or received it, always got the best of it; the *Reeve* (farm bailiff), a native of the town of "Baldestwell" in Norfolk, and the *Sompnour* (Ecclesiastical Summoner), who is bitterly satirized,—and come to the last portrait drawn by our poet. It is that of the seller of pardons, and is such an important reflex of the opinions of Chaucer and his friend Wiclif, that it must be given at length:—

With him [the Sompnour] there rode a gentle PAR-
DONERE,
Of Roncesvalles, his friend and his compeer;
Who from the court of Rome was on his way,
And now was singing love-songs, blithe and gay,
As pompously he marched along before us;
And in due place the Sompnour sang loud chorus.
This Pardoner had hair as yellow as wax,
But smooth it hung, as doth a strike of flax,
Down on his shoulders; but his head was bare,
'Twas fashionable, he thought, no hood to wear.
A wallet tied before him he had got,
Brimfull of pardon come from Rome all hot,
And wondrous relics; I might safely swear
He had no match from Berwick unto Ware;—
A pillow-case, which was "our Lady's veil;"
A little morsel of the vessel's sail
Wherein Saint Peter went, that time when he
Conveyed our Blessed Lord across the sea.
He had a hollow cross all full of stones,
And in a shrine of glass he had—pig's bones!
And with these relics, whensoever he met
A simple parson, he was sure to get

* There was a proverbial saying, "An honest miller has a golden thumb." Our poet therefore implies that this miller was honesty itself compared with millers in general.

More money in a single morning's work
Than two months' labour brought the learned clerk.
Our Pardoner thus, with his unholy tools,
Parson and people daily made his fools.

Meanwhile the honest truth must be confessed,
He was in Church a grand ecclesiast,
Well could he read a lesson or a story,*
But best of all he sang the offertory;
Knowing, forsooth, that when that song was sung,
He next in pulpit must attune his tongue,
To win the people's gifts of charity,
Therefore he sang full loud and merrily.

Thus have I told you shortly in a clause
The estate, the array, the number, and the cause,
Why thus assembled was this company,
In Southwark at the Tabard hostelry.

The prologue concluded, the "Tales" begin. The Knight takes precedence, and tells the beautiful story of "Palamon and Arcite," better known in the modern clothing of Dryden than in the original of the poet. Though Chaucer calls this a story of ancient times, it is intended as a picture of the court of Edward III.

The Squire's tale is incomplete, a tale of wonder and marvellous enchantment, of which Milton has recorded his regret that it was left unfinished.

The Nun Prioress tells just such a tale as might be expected from the description of her, kindly, but sentimental, and rather twaddling; how Hugh of Lincoln, a Christian child, was slain by the Jews and his body thrown into a sewer, because he learned a pretty hymn for Christmas-tide. It is an absurd legend believed in the Middle Ages. Wordsworth has modernised this.

The Merchant tells the sprightly and pleasant story of "January and May," familiar to modern ears by the elegant paraphrase of Pope. Dryden also has modernised the story of "The Cock and the Fox," and the tale of The Wife of Bath. There are two or three tales, the Miller's, &c., which are utterly foul and corrupt. It is an insufficient excuse for them to say that they are characteristics of Chaucer's age. His age may have been more immoral than ours, in which case it must have been very bad; but what is one in the world for, but to fight against the evil around us? That he was making a jest of sin, and that this was wicked, Chaucer knew as well as we do; and the last words of the "Canterbury Tales" show this as touchingly as any words ever written. The world was drawing to a close with him; he saw clearly enough then that the words of the wise man are true: "Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end and thou shalt never do amiss." The conclusion of the great work is as follows:—

"Now pray I to you all that hear this little treatise or read it, that if there be anything in it that liketh [pleaseth] them, they thank our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom proceedeth all wit and all goodness; and there be anything that displeaseth them, I pray them that they put it to the fault of my uncunning, and not to my will, that would fain have said better if I had cunning. Wherefore I beseech you meekly, for the mercy of God, that ye pray for me that God may have mercy on me, and forgive me my guilts, and specially my translations and inditings of worldly vanities, as is . . . the 'Tales of Canterbury,' all those which sound unto sin, of the which Christ for his great mercy forgive me. And I pray him that from henceforth to my life's end he send me grace to bewail my sins, and to study the salvation of my soul; and grant me grace and space of very repentance, penitence, confession, and satisfaction, to do in this present life, through the benign grace of him that is King of all kings and Priest of all priests, that bought us with the precious blood of his heart, so that I might be one of them at the day of doom that shall be saved. Amen."

* i.e. Legend of a saint.

LORD COCHRANE AND THE FORT OF OROPESA.

It was after the famous fight between the Spanish frigate Gamo and the British fourteen four-pounder brig Speedy, that Lord Cochrane in the latter vessel was cruising along the Spanish coast. On the 13th and 14th of the previous April he had made a dash at some gunboats and merchantmen lying under the guns of the fort at Oropesa, and had only been prevented from seizing them in consequence of a stiff breeze which sprung up dead on shore just as he was about to lay his hand upon his prey, and compelled him to stand off from the land for fear of being caught himself. The disappointment seems to have weighed heavily on his mind, and professionally also he regretted that so much of his Majesty's powder and shot should have been thrown away to so little purpose. He itched, so to speak, to have another slap at the place, and he treated Lord Keith's warning against engaging anything beyond his capacity in much the same way that Nelson treated the signal of recall at the battle of Copenhagen.

Having caused the Speedy to get a thorough overhaul at Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, Lord Cochrane set out on his travels in search of prizes. Ever and anon the restless spirit within him whispered the word Oropesa, and seemed to say to him, "Go in and win;" until he decided to quiet the said spirit by going in, leaving the question of winning or losing to be settled by the event. A few days before he had, in company with the Kangaroo, Captain Pulling, attacked and silenced the Spanish fort of Almanara, and brought off a privateer of seven guns that was lying under the fort's protection. The proximity of this place to Oropesa, from which it is distant not more than thirty miles, revived the memory of the futile attempt two months before upon the latter place, and caused Lord Cochrane to make up his mind no longer to defer indulging his heart's wish.

Parting company with the Kangaroo on the 5th or 6th June, 1801—Captain Pulling was senior officer—Lord Cochrane shaped a course for Oropesa. On the 8th he arrived off the mouth of the harbour, and ran far enough in to see that there were several vessels well worth having lying at anchor under the guns of the fort. Remembering the predicament into which he got the last time he was there, he stood out to sea after he had sufficiently reconnoitred the place, intending to run in again at night and cut out the vessels.

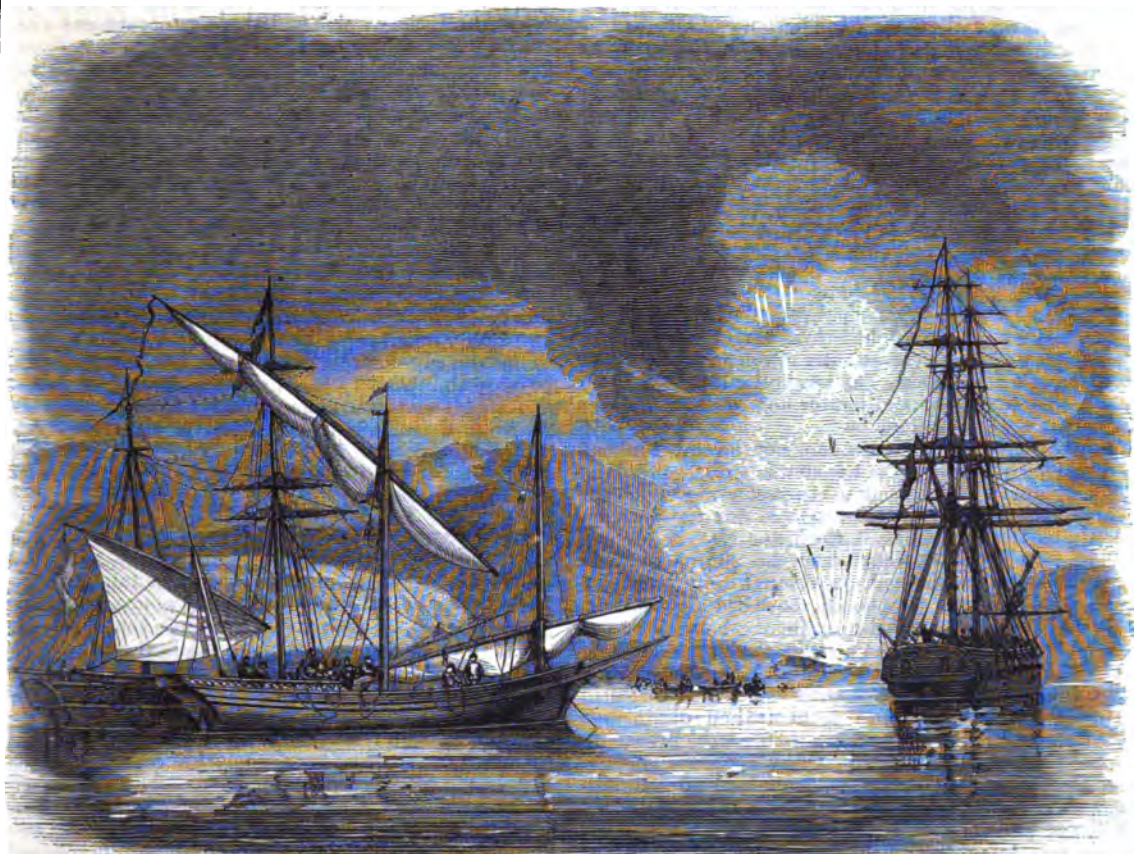
Away he went with a full press of canvas, conveying the idea to the Spaniards that he was afraid of the force they displayed in the harbour, and was only too anxious to get clear of so great danger. Lord Cochrane, however, being no way desirous of setting the Spaniards right on this head, shook hands with himself on the prizes he hoped to make that night, and busied himself with the preparations necessary to the enterprise. All was arranged; how long the Speedy should be kept on her present course before being put about; what officers and men should go on the "cuttings out;" how much ammunition was to be sent away; and what was to be done with the prizes when they should have been captured.

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out at the maintop gallant mast-head.

"Where away?" cried Mr. Parker, the senior lieutenant, who had charge of the deck.

"Three points on the starboard bow, sir. About four miles off," answered the man.

"It's the Kangaroo, my lord," said Mr. Parker to Lord Cochrane, who had come on deck just as the lieutenant was returning his spy-glass to its home under his arm.



BLOWING UP OF THE FORT OF OROPESA.

There is no occasion to report either what Lord Cochrane thought or said when this announcement was made to him. He was not best pleased. To find himself in the presence of a senior officer, to whose opinion he would have to defer, and with whom any honour—to say nothing of prize money—arising from the proposed enterprise would have to be shared, just, too, as all his own arrangements were matured, was an event, it must be confessed, rather calculated to upset the even balance of a touchy officer's temper. There was nothing for it, however, but to submit; the more so that it was evident the Speedy had been made out from the deck of the Kangaroo, which held on her course and made the signal to speak.

Lord Cochrane accordingly went on board the senior officer's ship, and told what he had seen in the harbour of Oropesa. He stated also what his intention had been, and how he was quite ready to carry out that intention if Captain Pulling approved of it. Captain Pulling, who had received more detailed information of the number of guns and men in the Spanish fort and shipping, considered it imprudent to do what was recommended by his junior, especially with the small force available for it in the Speedy. Besides, he proposed to do conjointly with Lord Cochrane what even that courageous officer would have hesitated to do single-handed. He proposed to attack both the fort and armed vessels at Oropesa, and to make prize of so much or so many as he could lay his hands on; and this proposal he ordered to be carried out on the following day. To such an arrangement, in spite of having to play second, Lord Cochrane could not object. It was just the sort of work in which he knew

he could shine, and it would, moreover, give him the satisfaction of battering his old enemy the fort, which with a twenty-gun xebec and three gunboats, the Spanish naval force in Oropesa, he frankly admitted would be rather too much for him alone.

The two ships stood off and on all night, and when daylight had fully dawned ran in again for the land. In the harbour of Oropesa they descried the xebec and the gunboats, and ten sail of merchantmen who were under their convoy. At this time a small craft mounting four guns, which had been captured by the Speedy, and afterwards converted into a tender, under the command of the Hon. Archibald Cochrane, Lord Cochrane's brother, joined the attacking ships, and went into action with them. The Kangaroo, according to previous arrangement, made straight for the fort, on the flank of which she anchored, and began blazing away. The Speedy and her tender anchored in a line between the Kangaroo and the xebec and the gunboats, and opened the ball by a smart fire upon them.

Not unreasonably, perhaps, the Spaniards reckoned not only on beating off their assailants, but also on sinking or capturing them, and they kept up an incessant cannonade for four hours both from the fort and the shipping. Their guns were not, however, served so well, nor aimed with the same precision as those in the British vessels; for after all this time the Kangaroo and Speedy were, comparatively speaking, but little injured, while the fire of the fort sensibly slackened under the hail of the Kangaroo's broadside. It seemed impossible that the action could be long continued. The advantage was manifestly on the side of the British, who were about to settle the thing by

a *coup de main*; when some one who happened to be looking out to seaward saw three suspicious-looking craft under all sail entering the harbour of Oropesa.

"What are they?" inquired Lord Cochrane, when the strangers were reported to him.

"One is a felucca, and the others look uncommonly like gunboats," said Mr. Parkor.

Orders were given to warp out the *Speedy* so as to meet the advancing vessels, which as yet showed no colours, though it was plainly to be seen that they were armed, and tolerably shrewd guesses might be made as to their character and nationality. The xebec and the three gunboats had been so hammered for four hours by the *Speedy* and her tender, that it was presumed they could not render much assistance to the new comers; while it was feared that the new comers might infuse new spirit into the distressed Spaniards unless means were promptly taken to check their advance. The strange sail proved to be a twelve-gun felucca and two armed gunboats, which had come from Valencia.

Lord Cochrane made no ado, nor hesitated about attacking them; and so spirited was his assault that the succourers sheered off a bit, preferring their own safety to that of their comrades. As soon as this service had been done Lord Cochrane returned to his xebec and gunboats, into which he poured so well-directed and continuous a fire, that they began to show signs of sinking. Already three of the merchantmen had been sunk; and now, in one hour after the arrival of the help from Valencia, the xebec and two of the gunboats followed suit and sank at their anchors, after being perfectly riddled with shot. The fort still held out, though the fire from it had diminished greatly, and the *Speedy* and her tender were preparing to engage her. After the fight had lasted eight hours the English vessels began to run short of ammunition. The *Speedy* had fired away fourteen hundred shot, and had very few more remaining, and the *Kangaroo* was in pretty much the same state, when the felucca and gunboats advanced to renew the action.

It would never do to make a long affair of it, for besides the failure of the English ammunition, the crews of the three vessels were dead tired, and could scarcely serve their guns. Captain Pulling resolved to finish matters at once under these circumstances, and accordingly hauled the *Kangaroo* close alongside the fort, directing Lord Cochrane at the same time to close with the felucca—an order which was immediately obeyed.

A lucky shot caused the explosion of a magazine in the fort, which was presently abandoned, and four of the merchantmen, endeavouring to get closer in shore, where they could be protected by the troops, got aground and remained. The felucca and her two gunboats were the only enemies in sight who were capable of resistance, and upon these the *Speedy* and her tender made such an impression that they turned and fled, leaving Oropesa and everything in it to their fate. This was a most fortunate circumstance; for, as Lord Cochrane himself says, "had they (the felucca and gunboats) remained, we had not half a dozen rounds left to continue the action."

Signal was now made from the *Kangaroo* to man and arm boats to board the surviving merchantmen, of which there were but three, three having been sunk and four driven on shore. Boats were lowered and pulled on board the prizes, which made no resistance, and were duly hauled off. An attempt was also made to secure the vessels that had run aground, but a short trial seemed to convince the officers that it would not be possible to get them off; and at the same time a body of troops took possession of the beach, and opened a heavy fire of musketry, in order to protect the stranded vessels. It was therefore resolved to abandon the enterprise so far as these vessels were

concerned. The three merchantmen were brought off, and, content with having destroyed the fort, a xebec frigate of twenty guns, and three gunboats, and with having put a felucca and two more gunboats to flight, the British commanders resolved to leave the place where there was nothing more to be won, and everything to be feared, if the Spaniards, as was only too likely, hearing of the attack, should send up fresh aid from Valencia or any other port, and so be able to oppose fresh men and unexhausted ammunition to men worn out by a whole day's fighting and to empty magazines and shot rails. The *Kangaroo* and *Speedy*, therefore, stood out of the harbour, having their three prizes in tow; and it could hardly be said, in view of all the facts, that they had done a bad day's work.

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

SOME SAVOURY REMINISCENCES.



WE were travelling Londonwards from the West a few weeks ago, when we suddenly bowed into a station for a halt—out of the clatter and din of wheels and engine, and into another sea of sounds made up of the babble of voices and the indefinable hum of a crowded platform, where, shrill and clear above all other tones, rose the cry of "Banbury Cakes! real Banbury Cakes!" As we watched the neat little packets of this delicate comestible disappearing through the carriage-windows, and waited with an aspect of philosophic indifference for our own turn, some interesting recollections began to revive in our memory, and served as a not unpleasant distraction for the remainder of the journey. We have more than half a century's acquaintance with Banbury cakes; in fact we ate our first allowance of them, with a relish and gusto that childhood only knows, at about the date of the battle of the Pyrenees, when the century had just got into its teens and we into jacket and trousers. What is more; we ate them in Banbury itself, in the very presence and at the hospitable board of the identical "white lady that sits on the white horse, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." We have eaten them any time these fifty years since then, and though they have never been since such a "revelation" as they then were—for first impressions die with their birth—we really believe they are as good now as ever they were—as crisp, as tender, as seductive, as well qualified to enhance one's anticipations at every bite, without cloying one with complete and entire satisfaction—which prudent and delicate reserve on their part constitutes indeed their perfection. But who invented Banbury cakes? who was it that conceived the mysterious combination of an outward fact of frosted sugar with an inner idea of pastry and mincemeat? When did the toothsome discovery first dawn upon mankind? We cannot answer these questions: though we can trace the records of Banbury as far back as the days of Edward the Confessor, we find no mention of the cakes that have made Banbury famous—so regardless is history of the benefactors of the world.

From the cakes of Banbury to other analogous delicacies of local and traditional renown, the transition is almost inevitable; and a host of pleasurable reminiscences recur uncalled for to the memory as the train glides on. Among the first are the delightful Sally Luns, those crisp, auburn-tinted, creamy-hearted tea-cakes in which the fashionable city of Bath rejoices, and which can be eaten in perfection nowhere else—whose thin vaulted crust splinters as it were with the slightest impact of the teeth, and surrenders the ethereal substratum to the gratified palate. With

regard to Sally Lunn, we are happy to say, we are not altogether in the dark. If there is no authentic history of that admirable woman, there is at least a pleasant tradition concerning her current among the discriminating dowagers of the city of hot springs, and which assigns her origin to the picturesque little village of Freshford, situated on the banks of the Avon, about four miles distant. According to the legend Sally was a comely widow, who made her cakes with her own hands, and thrice a week brought them into Bath, and, carrying them about on her head, cried them through the city. This was in the palmy days of Bath, when the immortal Beau Nash sat on the throne of King Bladud. Meeting with the encouragement she so well deserved, Sally removed her oven to the city, where she eventually realized a comfortable competence. She kept her secret well, and though it did not die with her, it is plain that her heritors have been equally careful, seeing that, even to the present time, all attempts to produce a genuine Sally Lunn elsewhere than in Bath have proved at the best but failures. Whoever achieves a great success is sure to be bothered with hangers-on—getters-up-behind, who seek to be whirled on along the road to prosperity at other folks' expense. So it was with Sally: an envious rival brought into the market a "Brown George," a cake of another colour, not a bad edible in itself, but had as a rival to those of the incomparable Sally; and though it kept its ground for a time, wanting the touch of genius, it had to succumb at length, and fall back among the ruck of competitors.

The Chelsea Bun is another pleasant recollection, connected in our memories with "The Original Chelsea Bun House," which had the remarkable gift of ubiquity, being found not only at several different localities in Chelsea, but at places far remote, as though Chelsea buns were indigenous in all sorts of soils. We do not pretend to account for this anomaly—we only state the fact. The buns also were an anomaly in themselves, being quite unlike other buns as to their genesis and conformation. It is of the essence of a bun that it should be an independent production—*totus teres, atque rotundus*, standing on its own merits, a sort of isolated bun-dle of sweetmeats: but the Chelsea bun had none of this independence, or isolation, or rotundity; it was not round, but square in shape, and it came into the world in batches, the several individuals crammed as close together as the cells of a honeycomb. They were baked in tins of the capacity of some square yard, so that each batch numbered about a hundred and fifty—the tins being usually slung by shoulder-straps in front of the bun-man, who on the receipt of a penny allowed the customer to pluck away one from the mass. Excellent they were—light, sweet, glistening as to their crowns in a sort of sugary varnish, and easy of digestion. They were immensely popular in our boyhood, and were cried about our native town by smart young fellows in ankle-jacks, corduroys, belchers, and spriggy waistcoats—fellows who had a sporting air with them, and who bawled incessantly "Chelsea bun! toss or buy! toss or buy!" In fact the buns were the medium of a species of small gambling, and had the knack of going off under the exciting operation of "best two and three," or even the more "lingering sweetness (or sourness as it might happen) long drawn out" of "best five and nine."

Allied to the Chelsea Bun is the Bath Bun, a capped and jewelled article—capped with comfits and jewelled with darkly-gleaming nuggets of lemon-candy—which originated in Bath, where it is still produced in the greatest perfection, but, being easily imitable, is known and prized wherever the science of eating is properly understood.

An ominous production is that which comes next under notice—ominous of indigestion and nightmares,

and of Cockle's pills at two-and-nine the treble box. Of course we allude to the terrible pork pies manufactured at Melton to choke the travelling lieges at railway refreshment-rooms and wherever else their baneful influence extends. These enormities are the Englishman's substitute for the immortal pâtés of Strasbourg and Périgord, and a striking comment they afford on the power of an Englishman's digestive apparatus. For our part, we should choose to eat them, if at all, by proxy, and would prefer to turn over our share to the ostrich ward in the Zoological Gardens. It does not at all signify who invented the Melton pies—who it was that was rash and reckless enough to enfold the flesh of hogs in pastry; but it is marvellous how such an atrocious combination ever obtained the popular sanction. We hope in the interests of common sense that, like the famous hams of Rheims, the pig pies came into vogue through accident. Do you ask for an explanation? Well, thus it was: Some century or more ago the Grand Monarque of France, while on his travels, halted at Rheims, and was gorgeously entertained by a wealthy citizen of the place. On inquiring afterwards to whom he owed his splendid welcome, his host replied—"To M. Jambon, sire, whose family have always claimed the honour of entertaining royal guests who visit the old town." "Good!" said his majesty, "the Jambons of Rheims for ever!" It suited the curers of hams (*jambons*) in the town to arrogate this compliment to themselves; they could show that their hams had figured on the festive board, and therefore they spread far and wide the royal commendation; thus the hams of Rheims, not at all remarkable in themselves, obtained a national celebrity.

Fearful of becoming too garrulous, we have said nothing of the Shrewsbury Cakes, the identical cakes, it is thought, which Shakespeare associated with the ale—nothing of the eel-pies that exhale their provoking fragrance on the verdant marge of Thames about Richmond and Twickenham—nothing of the liberal brawn of saintly Canterbury, for which a venerable antiquity is claimed—nothing of the cheeses of Cheshire or Stilton, of the marmalade of Scotland, or the delectable "jacket" of Devonshire. But we must say one word on the sweets—by which we mean the "sweeties" of childhood. Have we not in days gone by exchanged our hoarded pennies for the veritable Everton toffee, at the veritable shop in Everton, where it has been made and dispensed any time these hundred years? Have we not sucked "bulls' eyes" innumerable? and, woe is we, sometimes brought their innocent lives to an untimely end by bolting them, shedding tears over their hapless fate. Did we not, in those far-gone days of the threatened flat-bottomed boat invasion, infix our young teeth patriotically deep in "Bonaparte's Ribs," and chaw him up, as the Yankees phrase it, till there was nothing left of him? Have we not a thousand times, General Eliot and his red-hot shot notwithstanding, crushed "Gibraltar Rock" to atoms and engulphed the *débris*? Did we not dissolve "Parliament" times without number while we were yet in shorts and socks? and as for dismembering Turkey, in the shape of figs or "lumps of delight," we have done it to the perfect satisfaction of the high contracting parties (that's ourselves) any day these fifty years.

We tear ourselves away from these visions of childhood just to ask one question on the subject of local luxuries, by way of conclusion. Why should we have to go to Bath for Sally Lunn's or Olivers? why to Banbury for cakes? or to Chelsea for buns? or to a score of other places for the pastries or confections in which they excel? Is there any good reason why London, which "has stomach for them all," should not be able to produce them all? or why any other place where they would be acceptable should not become the seat of their manufacture?

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

(Continued from page 311.)

THE intruder, though quick in his movements, was really an infirm old man. He was dressed in a dirty coat, once drab-coloured, perhaps, and so long that it reached nearly to his heels. He rather stooped in his gait. His features had a worn yet eager expression; his hair was shaggy, and, comparatively speaking, thick as a lion's mane; his whole aspect dirty and neglected to a degree. The hurried, anxious manner of his entrance, and the oddity of his invitation, thrust between one's teeth, as it were, without a moment's warning—"If you want to see what kind of place this is, come and look at *my room*"—so quickened my attention that all these particulars were taken in at a glance. A quick rejoinder from the other side of the table made me face round again.

"Your room," said the woman with whom I had been speaking; "why, it's no worse than this. Hav'n't I set here in the rain all night, and my bed soaked with wet; and then what protection have we? What is there to hinder any one a robbing of us?"

"But," said I, "who would come here to steal? what would they get?"

"It's the work, sir, they would run away with, that's what it is; and then a poor woman's done for; and you see there's no fastening at all to the door, and goodness knows it's easy enough to get in at the window."

"And what protection have I, if you come to that?" said the old man, savagely. "Look here, master, here's the sort of protection I've got;" and with this he produced a padlock, the hasp of which was fastened down to the body of the lock with a nail.

"There!" said he, "any one else can pull out that nail just as easily as I can."

"But what can they want in *your room*; you don't make braces?"

"No; I go out and sell pipelights and such things to gentlemen, so I can't be always at home; and when I come back I find my wittles stolen. I should like just to show you, master, what sort of a place I've got."

Thus appealed to again, I followed the old man into the back room; and here I must beg the reader to believe that I am stating nothing but what is literally true when I say that the idea of a *room* was for a moment obliterated from my mind, and I fancied myself in a huge *rat's nest*. I have more than once had the pleasure of turning those sagacious animals out of their retreats beneath barn floors and such like places; and have thus become familiar with the appearance of the straw, and rags, and other odds and ends which they drag together for the accommodation of the mother and her young brood. Something absurdly like this had been done by the old man for his own individual comfort. The room was a very small one, with scarcely a ray of light admitted through a dirty little window at the back; and all round the sides were heaped up bits of cloth, and leather, and paper, nearly to the ceiling, all inexpressibly dirty, and all confusedly thrown together in such a way that the only bit of clear space was in the centre of the heap, where the old man had a stool to sit on. As I have said, the idea of its being a room at all had vanished from my mind for a moment, and I thought of a *rat's nest*. But regaining the control of my imagination, I asked the old man why he kept all this rubbish about him.

"Why, you see, master," he said, "I did not always move in *this sphere of life*" (his very words); "but many years ago I was in business as a tailor, and some time or other I find all these pieces come in very useful;" and then again he launched out into abuse of his

landlord for not furnishing him with a better padlock to keep his "wittles" safe; and while he was talking on this apparently favourite theme I gradually backed out of the house, longing to meet with any stray whiff of air that might have lost itself in the maze of the pent-up courts. I was told by one of my companions that he had seen the old man on a Sunday trotting homewards with a "Lloyd's Newspaper" and a pipe, with which no doubt the "grey old rat" (I do not mean the epithet to apply disrespectfully) solaces himself in his rat nest.

My patient artist, as he well deserves to be called, had by this time become the centre of an admiring group of the raggedest and dirtiest little colts ever allowed to run wild, who were still jostling one another, and trying to get up their courage to push his elbow, or butt at him just below the waistcoat with their shaggy heads, or turn those wonderful Catherine wheels, and bring their naked feet under his admiring observation; in a word, they were in a "larkly humour," but overflowing with good nature. One strapping wench of nineteen, or thereabouts, was looking over his shoulder. To her, more directly than to the rest, I addressed the remark that we were trying to make a picture of them.

"And pretty pictures we *are*!" she said, in a tone of voice, and with a look, which, as my eye met hers, set us both laughing; and as the ice was thus broken she ventured to express her opinion, in allusion to the number of dirty children gathered round, that "it was a pity we hadn't got about as many of our own." These were not her exact words, but they nearly express the meaning of what she said in her own racier language, and with sundry embellishments which it would not be expedient to reproduce.

Before leaving Williams's Buildings I visited the house in the corner on the right of the illustration (p. 311). There were two or three children in the front room, one of them, an intelligent little girl, who told me they had no other furniture but what I saw. There was no table and no bed, but in one corner of the room an armful of rags was thrown down. After sundry other questions, I asked:—

"Is this your bed?"

"No sir; it belongs to a *lady* as lodges with us."

"Where then do you all sleep?"

"The lady lets us sleep with her till we get a bed of our own."

These were the exact words used by the poor child. I was sorry to learn afterwards that the poverty of this family had been caused by drink, and the father had now deserted them. Such instances are but too common in neighbourhoods like this, and they constitute the darkest blot in the otherwise sufficiently dark picture. But before leaving Golden Lane I was to learn that a work was in progress here, which in good time must go far to redeem the character of its inhabitants.

A few years ago the Rev. W. Rogers, now rector of Bishopsgate, and well known as the promoter of an important educational movement, was incumbent of the whole district of what was then St. Thomas Charterhouse. Two great schools owe their erection to his energy, one in Goswell Street, attended by children of the better class of poor and of tradesmen, in which the school fee varies from 1*l.* 1*s.* a quarter to threepence a week; and one in Golden Lane, where the uniform fee is *one penny a week*, and which is attended by children of the *lowest poor*. In November, 1862, the whole district of St. Thomas Charterhouse was divided by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the new district of St. Mary Charterhouse was formed. It extends from Golden Lane to Whitecross Street, west and east, and from the City to Old Street, north and south, and contains between six thousand and seven thousand inhabitants, who are, for the most

part, of the character I have described. The schools in Golden Lane were opened on the 19th of March, 1857, by the late Prince Consort. The building is a plain and unpretending, but very substantial edifice, capable of accommodating nine hundred children, and nearly half that number were actually assembled within its walls when I visited it. On the ground floor is the infant school, of ample dimensions, and no sight could be more interesting than the appearance presented by those atoms of humanity assorted in classes according to their ages. Here, in a room by themselves, were children under three—diminutive creatures, who lifted up their dirty little faces and held up their tiny hands at the word of command, like a

snatched from the degrading influence of this kind of life, and humanely drawn into contact with their superiors in the social scale—so many little feet placed on the first rung of the ladder, so many wondering faces turned upwards to the blue of heaven. Fifteen hundred children have their names entered on the books of the school, and several hundreds of them are always in attendance to receive instruction.

In connection with the schools, and, like them, under the energetic supervision of the present incumbent, Mr. Walrond, are the following institutions:—

An Infant Nursery, provided with iron cribs, bedding, and other appliances, where mothers may leave their infants during the day, and where such infants are



NIGHT REFUGE, PLAYHOUSE YARD, GOLDEN LANE.

regiment of Lilliputian infantry. Over this is the girls' school, and over that again the room occupied by the boys. There are persons accustomed to visit the schools of the poor, who would be satisfied by observing the well-ordered ranks of the various classes, and the completeness of all the arrangements. But more than this suggests itself to the visitor who is becoming acquainted for the first time with the social condition of the gipsy population of cities like London. Before entering the schools, especially if the day be fine, he has had to push his way through crowds of this dirty infantry, who run in and out of the narrow passages, hang out of the windows almost like bees swarming, and paddle in the gutters like water-rats. The children in the school are so many fellow-creatures

properly fed and taken care of. The utility of such a provision to poor women who go out to earn their living is obvious.

A Maternity Club, which provides poor women with clothing and other necessities at the time of their confinement.

A Penny Bank, which it is pleasant to state is a great success, and is daily gaining the confidence and goodwill of the poor.

A Barrow Club, the object of which is to let out to poor costermongers, at a weekly sum, barrows for street selling, which, when they shall have paid up the cost price, shall become their own property. This club is a great boon to the poor; as, according to the old system, costermongers have to pay a shilling a week to

certain barrow lenders, but the barrows, pay they ever so much, never become their own property. The idea of the club was taken from Duck Lane, Westminster.

Even more interesting is an institution called *The Men's Club*, which is open every night in the week from seven to ten. In the large room devoted to the club, draughts, chess, backgammon, dominoes, and newspapers are provided, and even smoking is permitted. In connection with it a small library is being formed. The introduction of singing and elocution classes, and athletic sports, such as boxing, single-stick, parallel bars, and the like, on two nights of the week, has been found to attract many; and the club now numbers above one hundred members, who are, in every case, remarkable for their good-fellowship and good-humour. These men must be regarded as so many drawn away from the public-houses. Had the men's club not existed, the majority of them would be found drinking at the bar, or quarrelling and fighting with their neighbours at the street corners.

There are model lodging rooms, connected with baths and washhouses, and a large swimming bath, under one roof, but the rooms are far from being in a satisfactory condition. The prevailing air of discomfort and neglect has not prevented Mr. Walrond from occupying apartments in the building, in order to be near his work. It is impossible not to feel the deepest respect for the self-denial which has dictated this policy; and besides the sacrifice of personal comfort, this practical city parson has laid out his own money in the erection of a suitable church, the completion of which is postponed for want of additional funds.

The necessity of economising space must prevent me from describing with anything like sufficient detail one more important institution in this neighbourhood, I mean the Refuge for the Houseless Poor in Playhouse Yard. The object of this institution, which has now existed nearly half a century, is to afford shelter at night and food sufficient to sustain life to the absolutely destitute and homeless during the inclement winter season. The buildings used for the asylum appear to have been previously occupied as a warehouse, and there seems to be no doubt but that they are on the site of the old "Fortune Playhouse." One of the wards, occupied by women, is shown in our engraving, the sketch for which was taken between the hours of seven and nine in the evening of a bleak March day. The beds are arranged foot to foot, and a plank down the middle—when the space left between is of insufficient width—serves for a path from end to end of the ward. Perfect order and cleanliness are observed, notwithstanding the large number of destitute persons admitted. In very inclement weather there may be six or seven hundred and more present, men, women, and children of all ages. The name and occupation of each is entered in a book, and it would be difficult to name a trade or profession that is not represented: my finger gave a little involuntary jump when it came upon one in the long list who described himself as an Architect! The great majority, however, are *labourers*—a very convenient and comprehensive term, which, like the cloak of charity, may cover a multitude of sins.

What crime, what suffering, what romance of poverty, may float in visions round the troubled brains of this half myriad of sleepers! The most indifferent, the most callous, would find it hard to walk at night through the wards and not feel his heart stirred within him. Here a sleeper turns uneasily, disturbed by the tread, however light, of the visitor; and here another, lying broad awake, stares, half scowling, at the stranger. I could not but remark that one pale young face was turned aside hastily, as if from a feeling of shame; and more than one looked hard and inquiringly. For the most part, however, the women as well as the men seem perfectly indifferent to the

sound of feet or the buzz of voices. As for the old lady sitting conspicuously in the foreground, she had a story to tell, and was delighted enough to find a willing listener.

Mary Anne Kendrick (the name and the likeness are both "correct") is the claimant of property which, according to her own statement, amounts to more than five thousand pounds in cash held in trust, and about fourteen thousand pounds in all. She is the widow of one Thomas Kendrick, whose father was John Kendrick, a native of Coventry. The story is too long to relate here in detail, but as a specimen of the sort of romance one meets with among the poor, may be briefly referred to. About the middle of last century a lady of independent property confided her illegitimate child to the care of a person who proved faithless to the trust, for he left him to the world's tender mercies when he was but fourteen years of age. At this point the boy disappears from our view, and the mother, afterwards dying, leaves certain property in trust for him, which, we are to believe, the trustees and other members of the family were interested in keeping out of his hands. This boy was John Kendrick, the father of Mary Anne Kendrick's husband, who inherited whatever rights appertained to John, and of course is now represented by his widow, the poor old woman who is glad to eat a pauper's crust, and find a nightly refuge among the most destitute of her fellow-creatures. Whether her story is well founded it would be impossible to say without a long and tedious investigation; but there is no doubt at all about her own good faith in the matter, and about the firmness of her conviction that she has a complete chain of evidence at her fingers' ends, and can lay her hand upon the wrong-doers. How true it is that misery meets with strange bed-fellows!

Before leaving Golden Lane I was led to remark on the striking contrast between the manly provision of the Men's Club and the other means to which I have adverted for humanising the roughs of the neighbourhood, and the mistaken efforts made to excite their religious feelings by injudicious zealots. My attention was caught by a placard in one of the courts, which I thought sufficiently characteristic of the locality to copy. It ran as follows:—

NED WRIGHT,
THE CONVERTED BURGLAR,

Will (D.V.) tell the story of God's love to poor ruined sinners,
in the Mission Hall, Turnmill Street, next Thursday Evening,
February 21st, at Eight o'clock.

COME AND HEAR HIM

tell how he has been in all the Prisons of London, and on board
Ship, and how he got converted to God.

Another curious eruption of the same kind disfigures the interior walls of the baths and washhouses—such texts as "Wash ye and cleanse you from your iniquities" having been facetiously painted on every available surface, and even on the ceiling in large capitals, to catch the eye of the bather as he lies on his back in the bath. This, I believe, was the work of the enterprising individual who built the baths and washhouses. The attendants have had the good sense to apply the scrubbing-brush pretty freely to these inscriptions, so that many of them are nearly obliterated. After the next scrubbing and whitewashing it is not very probable that many of them will remain visible.

ADDISON has called Cleanliness the Foster-mother of Affection, because it naturally inspires refined feelings and passions. It contributes to beauty, and beauty excites to love. Pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by objects that are themselves pure and unsullied.





Mary and the Child

FROM AN ENGLISH NOVEL, BY

BY THE SEA.

IF our English artists, those, we mean, who from necessity or choice remain in their native land, have no opportunities of studying the picturesque street architecture of the middle ages, as seen in Belgium and some of the South German cities—the quaint canals and the gay treckshyts of Holland, the lagunes of the Adriatic, with dusky gondolas gliding over their waveless, tideless waters, or the many-hued costumes of other countries—they possess one of the most varied and lovely sea-boards in Europe, and need never be at a loss for models and studies as long as the fishermen of England and their *entourage* of wives, boats, children and nets exist.

Now just look at those mackerel being taken from yonder boat; how exquisite their changing colours! and that thornback lying white and livid on the rough stones, an ugly thing in itself, but without it should you ever have noticed how brown a beach could look, or how marvellously green was that shiny seaweed?

See, a pilot boat is rounding the farther point, her bows cutting through the surging waters of the Buggy Pit, and sending the spray flying mast high; and there, again, that group of women and children on the pier-head gazing "out into the West!"

Or emerging through some quaint archway, see how the little chaps, bare-headed, bare-footed, and almost bare-bodied, run dashing and shouting into the lapping wavelets of the "Quay Pool," and scamper like wild goats, or more correctly like green crabs, over the shiny boulders left bare by the receding tide, watched over, and now and then chid, by a girl, who, leaning against the slip leading to the beach, holds her youngest brother (too small yet to join in the aquatic romps of his elders) on the rough wall.

It is fishing time. Why do the men linger on the beach? Their boats are ready, their nets folded. The women stand round whispering last kind words; tiny children stretch out their little arms and rosy mouths for a last embrace from "daddy," while the "three-year olds," who have a clearer perception of matters, and know that "dear father" is going away, cling round their loved one, or have their tears kissed away by an elder brother.

Suddenly all is "attention." Under the archway stands the vicar. He pauses a moment, lifts his little girl from her pony, hitches the bridle through a ring in the wall, and then comes towards the crowd on the beach, leading his only daughter by the hand. The children rather covet the vicar's daughter's pretty pony and nice frock; and the little lady, oh! what wouldn't she give for that immense crab-shell cart that Peggy Bryant is trailing behind her! It's very odd, but she never can get such big crab-shells as the Quay children.

Tall among the tall is the clergyman; and every man and woman there knows that he can handle a boat with the best among them: he is also a fearless swimmer and diver, as more than one can testify, whose lives he has saved at the risk of his own. And yet, with all this manliness, who more tender at a sick bed? who more comforting when the angel of death stands on the threshold?

Surely something extraordinary is in the wind. Ordinarily the sailors and fishermen gather round their parson, as they lovingly call him, and tell him their troubles and their joys; how many mazes of her-rings they took on Monday; how Jem Jewell's sail went all "skat" in the gale last night, and a lucky job too, or the boat would have capsized; and how poor Dick Braund lost his spillar.

But now every head is uncovered, and at a given signal each man drops on his knees, and the women lift their aprons to their faces, while the parson, his eyes raised to the sky, repeats, in a voice so sonorous

that it sounds above the waves, that prayer of all prayers to "Our Father which art in Heaven." Then, after a solemn "Amen," there is silence for a moment, unbroken save by the faintly splashing waves and the water "clucking" round the boats.

Suddenly what a change! what a bustle! what eagerness whose boat shall be first out of the tiny harbour! And soon the shore is deserted by all but the women and children and old men, while the tanned sails fly over the sea, sporting as it were with the snowy sea-gulls who wheel about in anticipation of a coming feast.

The vicar's child sprang away as soon as the service was over, poising herself, oh! so cleverly, on the rounded boulders that formed the beach, till she reached a girl who stood steadying her little step-brother on the slip.

"Miss May, how kind of you to come!"

"Oh, Phœbe dear! don't say that; I so love the Quay. And, Hucksey boy, will you come to Miss May?" And the girl stretched out her arms to the fisherman's baby, who, delighted to change his position, threw himself on her with a force which nearly upset her balance.

We must tell the reason of this love between them.

May was an only daughter, and Betsy Vidal had been her nurse. Deep and true was the love between the nursing and the only mother she had ever known. When, after a time, Betsy married a widower, with also an only daughter, May naturally visited at her house, and naturally also felt a kindness and affection for her daughter. The two girls were often together, and were first companions and then great friends. Afterwards came the little boy, half-brother to one and a great pet with the other, called after his father, Richard, but more familiarly, we know not why, "Hucksey."

Whilst the fishermen were ranging the deep, and gathering in their finny spoils, the girls were busy, introducing Hucksey to his first ride on the animal known as Pixie, May's Exmoor pony. If Phœbe and her little brother might have formed a picture, as the former stood supporting the latter on the slip wall, this was a still prettier picture, the little chap seated on the sharp-eared, bright-eyed pony, upheld by Phœbe's sturdy arms, half afraid, yet quite enjoying his ride, and the little high-born May, holding the bridle, looking back at the twain, and guiding her beloved Pixie clear of stones, lest he should stumble.

Long, long years have passed since then. Phœbe is a fisherman's wife and fisherman's mother. The parson has these many years slept peaceably beneath the churchyard sod; not more peaceably than many of his flock who have found their grave in the deep ocean. His daughter is a middle-aged woman, with tall sons and daughters round; and "Hucksey," little "Hucksey," what became of him?

Once wandering in the north of Italy on a lovely May day, that lady, our parson's daughter, was floating amidst the ships in the harbour of Genoa. Through the inner and outer harbour, past the lighthouse, out into the blue Mediterranean the boat made its languid way. The sun shot down his fevered rays, the boatmen touched the water but gently with their oars, whilst the lady, leaning over the side, trailed her hand in the waves, and listened to the old splash and ripple so familiar in her childish days.

"The signora is thinking," said one of the boatmen.

"Yes; I am thinking of a fisher lad from my own country, who lost his life in these waters. Poor little Hucksey!" And the parson's daughter raised her eyes and looked up to the circle of palaces, and gardens, and stony slopes beyond, and thought of the prayer on the rough English beach, and the fisherman's daughter holding her little brother on the sea wall; and she thought, too, of that great day of meeting, when friends long parted shall once more stand face to face, "and the sea shall give up its dead."

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

A LADY'S REPLY TO BETTY BROOM.



HOPE, my dear Mr. Editor, I have sufficient candour to admit all that is true in Betty Broom's (I must say) clever summing up of the faults of mistresses. No doubt many ladies are provokingly fidgety, and too fond of fault-finding, by which means they seek to cover, perhaps unconsciously in many cases, their own want of *method*, and *quiet but firm tact*, in the management of their households. In

regard, however, to special subjects of complaint, there may still be something to say from the mistress's point of view. And first permit me to make a few remarks on the subject of dress.

I observe, indeed, that Betty has the good sense to say very little on this point. "They must not wear this, and they must not wear that," is a very summary, and apparently conclusive manner of settling the subject. I am ready to allow there is a good deal of petty interference with the liberty of a servant in the choice of apparel, but, to take a broader view of the subject, is it not a fact that servants too generally long for expensive dress, and that the habits their present high rate of wages allows them to cultivate in this respect are detrimental to them when they become the wives of poor men and the mothers of families? The mistress cannot be indifferent to this, for she is not only a loser by the demand for exorbitantly high wages, but also as regards the personal appearance of her servants in the house. Formerly a best gown was bought quarterly, of the value of ten or twelve shillings, and this was worn in service; whereas now, the silk dress that is provided for holiday wear encroaches so much upon the quarter's money that useful garments of all kinds have to give way. At one time no one below a housekeeper bought a silk dress, and she contented herself with a modest black: now, on the contrary, I myself could mention four servants in my own immediate circle, who have coloured silk dresses of the average price of three pounds each; also bonnets of a mixture of velvet and satin, which cost fourteen shillings and upwards, and cloth jackets from twenty-five to thirty shillings. It is no justification of this state of things to say that mistresses have adopted an extravagant style of dress. Servants in olden times did not imitate the stiff brocade, the poplin, or the embroidered dresses of their mistresses. There was then a recognized difference of position which was seldom or never lost sight of. The maid did not try, in her ordinary walking costume, to ape the mistress, though she might occasionally borrow her mistress's clothes without leave, for the sake of "fun." It is altogether otherwise now. To the practised eye the servant of London does not pass for the lady; but she too often tries, by the use of chignons, veils, parasols, and other finery, to do so with the uninitiated.

And here I think I have touched upon the root of the evil. Servants are above their station. It would not be difficult to prove that an unwise ambition is not confined to them; that the present age is, as has been said emphatically, an age of veneer, only such remarks would be foreign to the purpose of this paper. The modern domestic in general (I do not deal with exceptions) has little or no permanent regard for the family she serves. She is here to-day and gone to-morrow. A short stay in a place is not accounted much of a reproach—not enough to make the search for a fresh service difficult. The servant stands on an independent footing, and for all practical purposes refuses to concede superiority of station to her mistress. Having no more interest in one place than another, it follows that you

have no hold upon her, no moral lever by which you can raise her character and make of her a valuable servant. In bygone days a girl was taken into the service of a family at an early age, trained under elder servants, and as they married or died she fell into their vacant places. She became, as it were, one of the family, a useful and valued member of the household. A month's notice was seldom dreamt of on either side. Mistresses and servants had their respective faults, doubtless, but it was to the interest of both to make the best of each other's peculiarities. Neither sickness nor old age severed the connection, for if either or both necessitated another hand being engaged, maintenance in or out of the house was provided. It will be said that these last remarks apply to the households of the well-to-do gentry, and that in large towns and in ordinary families no such régime could exist. The objection is partly true, not altogether so. Some approximation to such a state of things is possible. We want to raise the character of domestic service while we keep the servant in her own position. There are many hindrances. As things are, anybody, however badly brought up, is supposed to be fit for some of the most important duties of life, and low-class families hire servants from a still lower class, instead of bringing up their own girls in a domestic way. It is the fashion for small tradespeople to keep one or two servants, to send their daughters to school—not for a sound English education—for a smattering of accomplishments, and at an age when they most require a mother's care to put them into shops and public-houses, to earn, at great risk, what they might earn respectably and safely under their father's roof, if it were not thought a degradation to wait upon yourself. There is no end to the evils that follow. Even if the young woman keeps a respectable character, she enters upon married life without the slightest knowledge of those duties, the practice of which is so necessary to the well-being of her family.

Bound up with the character of domestic servants is the well-being of the majority of mankind. To pass from the master's family, and to speak of what is of personal moment to the domestic,—what more suicidal policy can a young woman pursue than the present? If she is, for some of the best years of her life, wasteful, untidy, extravagant in dress, how can she expect her marriage will transform her suddenly into a neat and frugal housewife?

It is to be feared that many an unhappy home is the result of such incapacity for making a home what it ought to be. The dislike of work, the unhandiness with the needle, the general shirking or careless performance of duty in another's employ is a pretty good warrant for a disorderly home. A bad servant is almost sure to make a bad wife. These remarks are not dictated by other than the kindest feeling towards servants. My own domestics have been with me far beyond the average length of time, and I am obliged to say, at the risk of appearing boastful, that it is due more to myself than to them—to my dislike of strange faces. To keep them I am obliged to concede many points, to make far more allowances for their shortcomings than they do for my wishes or whims, as I believe it is now the custom to call a mistress's desires. And in another way—independent of my own family—I have had opportunities of noticing the ill effects that spring too often from the haughtiness of spirit and hastiness of tongue in which domestic servants are apt to indulge. There comes a time in the history of many in which the proverb rises sharply to the memory, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." But, perhaps, I have said more than enough for the present, and will therefore conclude by subscribing myself once more your truly obliged,

REBECCA SHARP.

THE first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean, by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's sayings and doings.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

In Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER I.

THE HERO IS INTRODUCED TO THE READER.

ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning of a gloomy November day, in the year 1826, a stable keeper was seen lounging against the door posts of the entrance to the Bull Inn yard, Aldgate, his eyes attempting to pierce through the mist which hung heavily on the earth. He had remained in this position for some

minutes, when he was joined by a smart-looking waiter.

"How late the coach is this morning," said the latter. "Why, it's more than two hours after its time. I hope no accident has happened to it."

"Oh, it's all right enough, as far as that goes, I dare say," said the stable keeper. "What's kept it back has been the state of the roads. Them Norwich roads are precious bad in heavy weather. I know them well, for

I've travelled them often enough in my time. And just see what a night it was last night; why, it was raining cats, dogs, and pitchforks all at the same time. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it wasn't in for an hour yet; and, when it does come, what a state it will be in! The poor beasts won't get over their work for the next four-and-twenty hours; and I should not at all wonder if that brown mare was off her grub again. She generally is if she's had anything out of the way to do. "Hallo there," the stable man continued, "here the coach comes after all, and what a load she's got! No wonder she's beyond her time." So saying, he and the waiter left their posts at the doorway, and retreated further up the yard, to be ready to attend to their duties when wanted, and the moment afterwards the Norwich night coach drove in.

From the muddy appearance of the vehicle, and the jaded, steaming condition of the horses, the journey must have been a most unpleasant one. The coach was crowded with passengers, whose wet and sodden aspect clearly proved they had passed a most miserable night. The coach, immediately on its arrival, was surrounded by the incongruous crowd, which in those days habitually collected on occasions of the kind. Stable men now began to unfasten the harness, and loosen the bearing reins and traces of the poor beasts, whose drooping heads and heavy breathing told but too well the distressed state they were in, as well as the heaviness of the roads they had passed over. Obsequious waiters and chambermaids from the inn, now hurried up to assist the inside passengers to alight, and porters placed ladders against the coach, for the accommodation of those on the outside. Rapidly the luggage on the roof was unstrapped, and handed below to be sorted and claimed by its different owners, while the coachman and guard stood by, the way-bill in hand, to check off the names of the passengers and to receive from them the customary fee, as well as to select from the numerous packages, and hand to the office keepers, the various parcels which had been forwarded under their care to London.

The inside of the coach was soon cleared of its occupants, three of whom entered the hotel, while the other three, having selected their luggage, sent for a hackney coach, and then left the yard. Tired and fatigued as they were by their journey, the outside passengers were far longer in quitting their seats, from the fact that they were so benumbed with wet and cold, they had great difficulty in moving, but at last all, with the exception of a woman and a boy, had descended. The poor woman, who appeared very insufficiently clad for a journey of the kind, and in such weather, seemed unable, from cold and exhaustion, to rise from her seat, notwithstanding the efforts of the boy by her side to assist her. More than once she had attempted to rise, but on each occasion had fallen back on her seat, when at last she was seen by a good-natured porter, who quickly sprang up on the coach to help her. Almost taking the woman in his arms, he lifted her from her seat, and then held her for a short time in an erect position, till she had somewhat recovered the use of her limbs. By degrees she became less benumbed, and, with the help of the porter and the boy, she contrived to descend the ladder, though not without some difficulty. As soon as she was on the ground, the boy selected, from the little luggage which still remained unclaimed, a large well-filled band-box and a moderate-sized bundle.

"Mrs. Evans, ma'am, I believe," said the coachman, glancing at the way-bill.

"Yes, that is my name," was the reply.

"Is that all your luggage, ma'am?" he said, advancing to her with the guard, evidently uninterested in her answer, but anxious to obtain his fee.

"Yes," she said, "I have nothing else." And she then turned as if to leave the guard.

"You have forgotten to remember the coachman and guard, ma'am," the latter remarked.

The woman seemed somewhat surprised at the request; but, taking her purse from her pocket, she gave each of them a sixpence.

"It is very little, ma'am," the coachman began. "We generally receive—"

Here he stopped short, for he had now a better opportunity of noticing the woman and child, and their appearance interested him. The woman was dressed in deep, but very poor, mourning, and wore a widow's cap. She might possibly have been about thirty years of age, but ill-health, and perhaps sorrow, had evidently left their traces upon her, and caused her to appear older than she really was. When younger she had certainly been handsome—eminently so; but there was now a pinched look about her features, that rendered her an object to be at least as much pitied as admired. The boy, who was her son, was about ten years of age, slimly built, with a remarkably handsome face, and, like the woman, was clad in deep mourning. The coachman, noticing the poverty of their attire, and the sickly look of the woman, instead of pressing for a larger gratuity, cast on them a look of commiseration, and, turning aside, entered the booking office.

The woman and the boy now left the inn yard together, the former carrying the bundle, and the latter the band-box. As soon as they were fairly in the street, they stopped for a moment, as if undecided which way to turn; but, after a little consideration, they bent their steps westward, till they had arrived at the corner of Fenchurch Street, where they halted.

"Really, my dear," said the woman to the boy, "I don't know what to do or which way to go; and I feel so ill, I am afraid I shall drop." As she said this, she found herself in front of a coffee shop of very decent appearance. "Let us go in here," she continued, "and get some breakfast. Perhaps they will be able to advise us what to do."

They now entered the house, and having seated themselves at one of the tables, a respectable-looking young woman advanced towards them to receive their order, which consisted of two cups of coffee and some bread and butter. When they had finished their breakfast, the widow asked the servant whether she could recommend them to some cheap and respectable lodging, as they were strangers in London. The girl replied that they let out beds in their house, but for the moment they were all engaged; nor did she know of any that would suit them in the immediate neighbourhood. She would advise them, she said, to go up the street before them, towards Norton Folgate, as lodgings were not only more plentiful in that direction, but cheaper as well.

Somewhat refreshed by the breakfast they had taken, the widow and her son again started on their road, looking at the houses on each side of the way as they strolled along, to see if any of them had bills in the windows, indicating there were lodgings to let in

the house. No success, however, attended their search, the few lodgings they found being far too expensive for their means. They also went into more than one of the by-streets, but the aspect of these localities, as well as the class of inhabitants, were of so unattractive a character that they quickly returned again to the broad street they had quitted.

Onward they went, till they arrived in the neighbourhood of Spital Square, where lodgings became more plentiful; still they had great difficulty in getting suited. In some of the houses they entered, the owners would only let apartments to single men, while in others, the dirty and disreputable appearance of the proprietors was so repulsive that the widow declined to enter them. At last, when almost exhausted, Mrs. Evans and her son arrived in a street of small respectable-looking six-roomed houses, and in a window of one of these she saw a bill, stating that two furnished rooms were to be let. The widow knocked at the door, which was opened by a neatly-dressed middle-aged woman, whose looks told greatly in her favour.

"What rooms have you to let, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Evans.

"The two top rooms," was the reply; then, after a moment's silence, as if in doubt as to the eligibility of the applicants as tenants, and eyeing them carefully the while, she continued, "You can see them, if you like, but I hardly think they'll suit you." She then turned round and conducted the widow and her son upstairs. When they had arrived in the rooms, which, though small, were cleanly and neatly furnished, with a bed in each, Mrs. Evans said—

"They will do perfectly well for me. What are the terms?"

"The two rooms are seven shillings a week."

"Then I will engage them at once," said the widow.

"Stop, my good soul," said the landlady; "I can't take you without a reference, and a good one, too. Besides, I should prefer letting the rooms to two respectable single men."

"Oh, pray take us in," said the widow, in an imploring tone; "I cannot give you a reference, as I know no one in London. We have only arrived this morning from Norwich, and I am so ill and weak I can hardly draw one leg after the other, and my boy is fairly tired out. I am perfectly willing to pay you a month's rent in advance, if you please, so you can lose nothing by us; and I promise you, we will give you no more trouble than two single men would do."

The offer of the month's rent in advance seemed to obliterate all doubt of the widow's respectability from the mind of the landlady.

"On those conditions," she said, "I have no objection to take you in, although it is greatly against my rule to have anybody here without knowing who they are, as we wish to keep our house respectable. I live here with my husband, and the only other lodgers in the house are an elderly man and his wife, who have the first floor."

"I will tell you candidly how I am situated," said the widow, "for I think you are quite right to be cautious. My name is Evans. Three months ago I lost my husband, who was manager of a manufactory in Norwich. Some months before his death he unfortunately became security for a friend, who afterwards went through the bankruptcy court, and we were entirely ruined. All I could save from the general wreck was a few pounds. I have now come up to

London with my son to find out an old relative, who is in good circumstances, to see if she can assist me. I have now told you candidly who I am, and, that your rent may be safe, I will at once pay you a month in advance. I am sure you will find us good and quiet lodgers."

So saying, she put her hand in her pocket, and taking out a somewhat scantily filled purse, she paid the landlady the twenty-eight shillings for the first four weeks' rent.

The receipt of the money seemed to produce a great effect on the mind of Mrs. Murphy, for that was the good woman's name. The sharp, shrewd, lodging-house keeper tone and manner immediately vanished, and that of the good, motherly, kind-hearted woman supplied its place. Running her fingers through the long black locks of the boy, and eyeing him attentively and evidently with pleasure, she said to the mother—

"You must have found it bitter cold outside the coach, ma'am, raining and blowing as it did last night."

"It was wet and cold, indeed, ma'am," was the reply; "the wind seemed completely to cut through you. I feel as if I should never get warm again, and poor Robert's teeth quite chattered, till it made my heart ache to hear him."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what we'd better do," said Mrs. Murphy, in a decided, off-hand manner; "I suppose the boy will have the back room. I'll get his bed ready for him directly, and the sooner he's in it the better—that is to say, after he has had his breakfast."

"Oh, we breakfasted as we came along," said Mrs. Evans; "he won't want any now."

"Then I'll get his bed ready for him at once," said Mrs. Murphy. "Afterwards, I will go downstairs and get some shavings and coal and make you a fire, so you'll be able to get his clothes thoroughly dry for him before he awakes." So saying, she quitted the room, leaving the mother and son to unfasten their packages.

In about five minutes Mrs. Murphy returned, bringing with her a shovel full of coals in her hand, and her apron full of carpenter's shavings. With a quick and skilful hand she placed these in the grate, and after a few moments the widow had a blazing fire in her room.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, who seemed to take upon herself (possibly noticing the exhausted condition of the widow) the superintendence of Mrs. Evans's domestic arrangements, "the sooner the boy is in bed the better, and then you can dry his clothes for him. Is there anything more I can do for you, as you ought not to leave the house, ill as you are, if you can help it?"

Mrs. Evans thankfully accepted the landlady's offer, and she forthwith gave her a list of such few necessities as she should require, including tea, bread and butter, &c., all of which Mrs. Murphy promised to obtain for her, saying she would make the money she expended go as far as if it had been her own.

The first thing Mrs. Evans did when left to herself, was to see her son comfortably in bed, his jaded and pallid appearance proving to her, but too well, how much he was in need of repose, and how severely he had felt the cold and fatigue of the previous night. As soon as he was comfortably asleep, she took his clothes, which were still sodden with rain, to dry them by the fire in her own room; then, feeling no inclination to sleep herself, she merely made some changes in

her dress, and these completed she seated herself on a chair before the fire, and then endeavoured to turn over calmly in her mind the steps she ought to take to better her prospects for the future.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.



HERE was good and ample cause for the great anxiety under which Mrs. Evans laboured. All her hopes depended on the reception she would receive from an aged female relative and her husband, who were reputed to be rich, but of whom she had heard nothing for more than ten years, in fact, not since her marriage with Mr. Evans. And here

again her prospects were by no means of a flattering description, for the marriage she had contracted having been contrary to the wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, the rich relatives alluded to, they had not only refused to receive her and her husband after their marriage, but had positively assured them that for the future they should consider all friendship or relationship between them at an end. Nor was there the slightest reason for the objection Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons had taken to Mr. Evans, for he was a young man of great respectability and energy, and in every way a fitting match for the girl. Indeed, had it been otherwise, from the miserable life she had lived while under the control of the old couple (for she had been their ward), the poor girl would have found a good excuse for a somewhat hasty or ill-assorted marriage, as the following sketch of the family history will go far to prove.

Margaret Westmacott, afterwards Mrs. Evans, and her sister Maria had been left orphans before the elder was six years of age. Their father, who died when young, had been a man of some little property, in fact, his will had been sworn under seven thousand pounds. This sum he left to be divided in equal portions between his two daughters, his will nominating Mr. Gibbons, who had married his wife's sister, his sole executor and trustee, as well as guardian to the children.

About the time of Mr. Westmacott's death, Mr. Gibbons, who was then an under clerk in an insurance office, lost his father-in-law, who died possessed of about four thousand pounds, which he left to his daughter. On the receipt of this legacy, which added to the interest of the money left by Mr. Westmacott to his daughters, a considerable portion of which Mr. Gibbons appropriated for their expenses, he resolved to give up his appointment, and live for the future at his ease. He calculated that by withdrawing his money from the funds, as well as that belonging to his wards, he would be able, if he loaned it out by way of annuity, to realize a much larger income than it at present yielded, and he thus, to use his own expression, "needed to be no longer at the beck and call of any one." Moreover, having no family, he and his wife determined to bring up their wards as their own children. For the happiness of the little girls a more

unfortunate conclusion could not have been arrived at, for a more unamiable couple than Mr. Gibbons and his wife could hardly have been found. They agreed tolerably well together, at least, for some years after the commencement of their married life, but to all under their control they were harsh and despotic in the extreme.

A more unhappy childhood than that endured by the orphans it would be difficult to imagine. Although it is possible that Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons might have entertained some slight genuine affection for the children, its good effects were completely neutralised by the severity they used towards them. They certainly professed the greatest love for their two little nieces, Margaret and Maria, and attempted to make the children believe it; still nothing could be more miserable than the life these two little creatures led under their management. The tyranny they exercised over them was, apart from the fact there was no physical brutality in it, of the cruellest description. They were incessantly watched, and the most trifling faults of childhood were unpitifully punished, either by extra lessons, solitary confinement to their rooms, or other penances of the same description, all of which they were told were inflicted with the view to their ultimate welfare. The only happiness they possessed was in confiding their sorrows to each other, and seeking consolation and comfort in the love which existed between them. They had no associates. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons had taken a house a few miles from London, where, although they were surrounded by many respectable families, they kept no company, nor, without any visible or intelligible cause, was their society sought for by any.

As the girls grew up, the peculiarities of their dispositions began gradually to develop themselves. Maria, the elder, was a timid, amiable creature, unwilling to give offence to any one, even in the slightest manner, and always ready to offer any compensation in her power to those whom she might unwittingly displease. She tried, and most conscientiously tried, to love and respect her guardians, though with but scant success. She feared and obeyed them, but that was all. She endeavoured to prove to herself that it was her duty both to love and obey those who were placed in authority over her, a precept incessantly inculcated on her mind, and that of her sister, by Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, but in spite of all her good will she found it impossible. Margaret, the younger, was, on the contrary, a high-spirited girl, whose temper all the severity practised against her could not subdue. She made but slight efforts to seem fond of her guardians, and those efforts were easily seen through. In return, the life she led under their authority was of the most painful description. Neither friends nor amusements were allowed her, and even attempts were made by her guardians to influence her sister against her, by unceasingly pointing her out as a disobedient child, unworthy of affection or respect in this world, and in danger of everlasting punishment in the next. No argument, however, could evoke even the most trifling disagreement between the sisters. They continued to love each other tenderly, till at last their unnatural protectors, finding it impossible to effect a coolness between them, ceased their annoyance, and allowed matters to take their natural course.

Things went on in the same way till the sisters approached womanhood, when a new system of annoyance

was practised on them by Mrs. Gibbons, for, to do her husband justice, with all his faults, he was not to blame in the affair. The natural desire of young girls to appear attractive now developed itself. This was soon noticed by Mrs. Gibbons, who construed their attempt to adorn themselves with some extra care as a desire to make themselves independent of her, and she resolutely determined to crush the mutinous spirit in the bud. She insisted on the sisters still wearing the girlish dresses they had hitherto been accustomed to, nor would she allow their hair to grow longer than the crop they had been used to in childhood. This last order was a cruel infliction on both the girls. They had naturally fine heads of hair, of beautiful colour and texture, and they were certainly somewhat proud of them. Maria, the elder, in her gentle manner, begged as a favour that her hair might be allowed to grow, urging as a reason that her sister and she would be laughed at by any acquaintances they might make if they continued to wear it in that childish manner. Her arguments were received only as indications that she was tired of her guardians, and wished to be relieved from their superintendence; and she was rewarded with a sharp lecture on the sin of disobedience, and the terrible punishment which might await her sister and herself hereafter if they set at nought the wishes of those whom Heaven had appointed to guide and control them.

Maria, terrified by these arguments, quietly submitted to her aunt's orders; not so Margaret. The high-spirited girl for some time positively rebelled, greatly to the annoyance of her guardians. They were puzzled for some time to decide what steps to take against the refractory girl. She was now too old to dread the ordinary penalties she had been accustomed to receive for disobedience, and with all their ingenuity they could invent no other. At last they bethought themselves of getting Maria to remonstrate with her sister on the sinfulness of her conduct. The docile girl obeyed them, and Margaret, out of consideration for her sister, submitted to wearing her hair cropped, at the same time nourishing the most intense aversion to her aunt for her cruelty.

When the elder girl was about seventeen years of age a great change took place in the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons towards each other. If they had never been what might be called an affectionate couple, they had hitherto continued to preserve a certain amount of decorum in any matrimonial differences which had arisen between them, especially in the presence of the children. Mrs. Gibbons now began to show a strong aversion to her husband, whom she openly accused of practising acts of great dishonesty in relation to the money she had been left by her father, and which she now said her husband had appropriated to his own use in direct defiance of his father-in-law's will, of which he had been sole executor. Mrs. Gibbons asserted, and truly, as far as it went, that the will stated that the money left should be for her sole and separate use, not subject to the control of her present or any future husband; but, in face of this injunction, Mr. Gibbons had possessed himself of the whole. Although this could not be denied, it was hardly a fair description of the case. That he had invested the money in his own name, on securities expected to pay a heavy rate of interest, is true; but it had certainly been done with his wife's consent and approbation. She was naturally exceedingly avari-

cious, and she was dazzled at the large amount of interest she was to receive for the investment of her money by way of annuity. Now, the securities on which her money had been expended, like many others of the same description, were found to be exceedingly faulty, and the result was that one by one they turned out to be valueless, till in the end Mrs. Gibbons found that almost the whole of the money which had been left her by her father had been lost.

Mrs. Gibbons, now greatly enraged, insisted on her husband restoring to her the money she stated he had illegally deprived her of. She knew full well at the time that he had little or nothing of his own, but she was perfectly well aware that the securities on which the money of her nieces had been invested were, though generally paying a less rate of interest, of a far better description than those on which her money had been laid out. It must not be supposed that the better securities in which he had invested his wards' money were chosen by him out of any good feeling towards them, for the contrary was the fact; he having always selected those for himself which appeared to him likely to pay the greater amount of interest. Now, without proposing or even hinting to him an idea of the kind, his wife resolved on keeping up against him such a system of annoyance as should, by degrees, oblige him to make over to her the securities in which the girls' money had been invested, replacing them with the valueless ones he had purchased for her. In her plans she perfectly succeeded.

Hitherto Mr. Gibbons' conduct in the management of the orphans' estate had been unexceptionable, but now a very serious change for the worse took place in his conduct. By degrees the securities of his wards were, one by one, transferred to his wife, and afterwards realized, and the money placed in the bank in the name of a trustee whom she had chosen, while the girls had made over to them a number of valueless annuity deeds representing a considerable sum of money, yet yielding nothing. Several of these transactions infringed so closely on the criminal law that Mr. Gibbons began to be extremely anxious on the subject. He now no longer remained passive in his wife's attempts to keep the girls from making acquaintances, fearing that their reputation of having money, combined with their personal attractions, might induce suitors to come forward, and then it was more than probable his accounts would have to be investigated. While they remained single there was little to dread in the matter. They had been kept well under control, as well as in deep ignorance of the property they were entitled to; indeed, it is even possible that they imagined themselves dependent on Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons for support. He therefore now seconded his wife in her restrictions on the girls' dress; and, equally with her, attempted to keep them as much as possible from forming any acquaintance.

But, in spite of all their cunning, and the restrictions they placed around the girls, Margaret made an acquaintance, which ended in her receiving an offer of marriage. Her suitor was a highly respectable, but poor young man, of the name of Evans. He had had a good mercantile education, and was well versed in his trade—that of a mechanical engineer. He was, moreover, a very handsome, industrious, and steady young fellow; in fact, one of those who appear to require only a good start in life to make their way in the world in an honourable manner. Without going

into detail as to the means by which the courtship was brought about, suffice it to say that, without consulting her guardians, who she was certain would object to the match, she first accepted him as her suitor, and then took steps to bring the affair under the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons. Nothing could exceed their surprise and indignation when they heard of it. Mrs. Gibbons accused her of meanness of spirit in wishing to ally herself to one whom she designated as little better than a day labourer, while her husband, who, for good reasons of his own, greatly disliked the idea of having his accounts investigated, attempted to persuade her that the law would never allow her to marry without his consent.

Their arguments, however, were unavailing, and Mr. Gibbons then threatened to make her a ward in Chancery (a threat, by-the-by, he had no intention of carrying out), telling her that in that case, if she attempted to marry without the consent of her guardians and the court, both she and her intended husband would be punished by imprisonment. Neither threats nor intreaties, however, could shake the girl's resolution. Added to the sincere affection she bore for her admirer, was the wish to relieve herself from the intolerable subjection under which she was living, any change being better than the misery she was daily enduring in the house of her guardians. At last, finding all their threats and arguments of no avail, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons gave a sullen consent to the match, and young Evans was, in due form, presented to them. Mr. Gibbons shortly afterwards took the opportunity of explaining Margaret's affairs to her suitor. He showed that at the time of her marriage she would be possessed of five hundred pounds in ready money, and an income of about a hundred and fifty pounds a-year arising from annuities, of which the deeds were in his, Mr. Gibbons', possession. True, he said, the interest on these securities had been for some time in abeyance, but he considered them, from the excellence of the property on which they were secured, to be, in fact, as good as the Bank of England, and that in time every farthing, principal and interest, would be recovered. Evans readily professed himself perfectly satisfied with the explanation.

Shortly after the wedding, Mr. Evans, on the advice of his solicitor, requested Mr. Gibbons to hand the deeds on which Margaret's money was secured over to him. To this Mr. Gibbons made several objections. He stated that as he had always had the management of his ward's property, he should like to continue doing so now she was married. Of course, he said, he only wished it out of affection for her, and that he had no intention of making any charge for his services. He had always looked upon her as his own child, and when he died she would inherit his property equally with her sister. To take the deeds out of his possession seemed to him like separating her entirely from him, and the very idea was painful to his feelings. He also reminded Evans that he had received five hundred pounds in ready money with his wife, which ought to suffice him to begin the world with.

Mr. Gibbons' specious arguments pacified Evans for the moment—not so his wife. She had been witness to too many disputes about money matters between her guardians, and she remembered the numerous accusations Mrs. Gibbons had made about her husband of malversation of the property left her by her father. Without any very definite data to go upon, Margaret

began to suspect that all might not have been honest and straightforward in the accounts Mr. Gibbons had rendered of her property, and she stimulated her husband to insist on the deeds being placed in his possession. Mr. Gibbons now took up new ground, and refused to give them up without an order from the court; but, on Evans threatening to apply for one, the deeds were placed in his custody, Mr. Gibbons refusing at the time to deliver up his accounts, or even show them without a chancery suit.

Little as Evans knew of business matters, he had no difficulty in perceiving that gross trickery, if not worse, had been mixed up with the investment of his wife's money, still it was doubtful how far it would be advantageous for him to take legal proceedings. Gibbons was an intensely cunning man, and a perfect adept at accounts, fully capable of arranging them in a manner so obscure and complicated, yet withal so professional, that it was possible after all a chancery suit would cost more than it would yield, so Margaret and her husband resolved instead to try what expostulation would do, and, for that purpose, they one day called on Mr. Gibbons and his wife. They were received, especially by the latter, with great incivility, which so irritated them that a very angry discussion ensued, in which Margaret and her husband openly accused Mr. Gibbons and his wife of gross dishonesty, while they in reply ordered them to quit the house, and never to return to it. Mrs. Gibbons went further, and assured the young couple that for the future she would remain their enemy, and that nothing should ever induce her to forgive them. A few weeks later Mr. Evans received the appointment of superintendent of some extensive silk mills in Norwich, and immediately left London to enter on his duties.

A year after Margaret's departure, Maria, her eldest sister, married a young man, a clerk in a public office. She had had little correspondence with Mrs. Evans since she had left London; for, though she might have wished it, so strict was the surveillance Mrs. Gibbons kept over her, it would have been difficult for her to have carried it on. She had written two letters to her sister during the time, to neither of which had she received any reply, and she became naturally somewhat hurt and offended by her sister's silence; a feeling Mrs. Gibbons endeavoured to increase as much as she possibly could, by pointing out to Maria how little affection Margaret really entertained for her. The same feeling was also rife in Margaret; she also had written twice to her sister, but had received no reply. The truth was that Mrs. Gibbons had intercepted the letters for the purpose of effecting a total estrangement between her nieces; and, unfortunately, to a considerable extent, she succeeded.

Before Maria's marriage, Mr. Gibbons went through the farce of explaining the state of her affairs to her suitor. They proved to be in no better condition than those of her sister; in fact, her securities were equally valueless, while her ready money did not exceed three hundred pounds. The young man, however, was contented with the explanation, consoling himself with the idea that Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons now considered Maria as their only relative, and, as such, she would inherit whatever property they might die possessed of. The newly married couple took a cottage near Mr. Gibbons, but their married life was doomed to be of the shortest. Maria died during the first year of their marriage, after giving birth to a daughter, who survived her;

and her husband, who was naturally of a most consumptive tendency, died the year afterwards. At his death he was possessed of but a few hundred pounds. He had made a will, however, constituting Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons his executors, and guardians to his child—possibly hoping that his infant daughter might in time inherit their property.

Mr. Evans continued to reside in Norwich. Till a year before his death he held the same situation he had received on his arrival. Although his income had always been a liberal one, he was incessantly in difficulties. Like many other excellent mechanics, he had carried his love of inventions almost to a mania, and the money he had spent in different mechanical appliances would, if it had been properly economised, not only have maintained his family in comfort, but even in luxury. At last he became security for a friend who wanted to raise money to carry out a patent, but which, after a heavy sum had been expended on it, entirely failed. The result was, that Evans was obliged to apply to the Insolvent Court for protection. From inattention to his duties he had also been dismissed from his situation. At last, disappointed and roused, he, like too many others, sought for consolation in drink, and, in the end, died, leaving his wife and child in a state of utter destitution.

Her husband's behaviour having driven off his friends in Norwich, Mrs. Evans determined on coming to London, for the purpose of bringing her deplorable condition under the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, thinking, or rather hoping, that if their anger still existed against her, her boy, who had not given them any cause for discontent, might be kindly received by them. With this intent, although she was terribly afflicted with a disease of the lungs, she had packed up the few clothes which she had contrived to save from the wreck of her property, and, with ten pounds in her purse, which had been presented to her by the firm in whose employ her husband had been for so many years, she took places for herself and son outside the night coach, and, as we have already shown, the next morning they arrived in London.

(To be continued.)

SHOOTING STARS.



F late, considerable attention has been given to the phenomenon of "shooting stars." The splendid exhibition of last November served to attract the notice of all intelligent persons, and could scarcely fail to excite astonishment and curiosity even among the most illiterate. Between midnight and morning on the 14th of that

month, a perfect shower of meteors flew across the sky, as many as 7724 being noted at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. At one period of this fiery storm the meteors numbered one hundred and twenty-three per minute. This wonderful display was witnessed over a large portion of the earth's surface, extending from Scotland to the Cape of Good Hope. Poachers out on the hills of Banffshire are said to have been driven home in terror, while, at the same time, the Italian peasants gazed awestruck at the spectacle, and thought the end of the world was at hand. To the philosopher the phe-

nomenon was one of peculiar interest, owing to the fact that its appearance had been predicted. This latter circumstance also served to excite the attention of persons not commonly occupied in scientific pursuits. In London, as the expected hour drew near, the silence of the night was broken by the trampling of crowds, who proceeded to the squares and open places, in order to view the anticipated phenomenon. In every city and town of England some were on the watch for the falling stars; and the same perhaps might be said of every civilized community then buried in the earth's shadow. Happily, the sky was generally free from clouds, and the beautiful sight was almost everywhere seen to advantage.

It might seem hopeless to attempt any inquiry into the nature of these evanescent meteors. Darting suddenly into sight, blazing across the firmament but for an instant, and then vanishing from view, these fiery messengers seem to allow no opportunity for reading their true character. The child's story, that you should "wish" while the star shoots, is a testimony to its fleetness, and is almost a symbol of its tantalizing beauty. We need scarcely say that these luminous appearances, though exceedingly star-like in some of their features, are wholly distinct from stars properly so called. The stars which shine nightly in the sky never "fall." So far as the eye can tell us, the shooting star is born in an instant, and almost in an instant dies. Perhaps there is scarcely a night in the year, unless the heavens are covered with clouds, in which one or more of these strange and brief visitors does not gleam across the firmament; but a long series of observations shows us that showers of shooting stars are periodic. On certain nights of the year they are almost sure to appear. The best established dates are those of the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August. The November meteors, already referred to, are remarkable for the long intervals during which they are entirely absent; after which they appear for one, two, or three years, with great brilliancy. Observations to this effect extend as far back as A.D. 902; by a comparison of which it is found that the November star-shower displays its pre-eminent brightness about once in thirty-three years.

From this periodicity in the appearance of meteor-showers, we learn that they are bodies which at certain times cross the earth's orbit. To the careful observer, a shower of meteors always appears to emanate from what is termed "a radiant point" in the heavens, which partakes of the apparent diurnal motion of the fixed stars. This radiant point is simply the effect of perspective, and shows that the meteors are shooting along their course in parallel paths or concentric curves of large radius. The November meteors are considered to be a group of small bodies travelling in an orbit round the sun, and completing their circuit in about three hundred and fifty-four and a half days. Their motion is contrary to the direction in which the earth travels on its annual course, and the orbit in which they move intersects that of the earth at the point where the latter is situated on the 14th of November. The group of meteors being elongated in the direction of their orbit, the earth may pass through different portions of the group for two or three years in succession, there being only eleven days' difference in the annual period of the earth and the meteors. But when the group has made more than two or three annual revolutions, this interception will be avoided until the cycle of years is again nearly completed. The November meteor-orbit is inclined to that of the earth at an angle of seventeen degrees, and the inherent velocity of the meteors is about twenty miles per second, corresponding to an apparent velocity in the earth's atmosphere of nearly forty miles per second. We may remark that at present it is not quite established whether the November meteors complete their annual course in eleven days less than our

earth, or in eleven days more. Either supposition will account for the cycle of thirty-three years; but the question of preference will probably soon be settled, particularly if any observations can be made next November.

It will thus be seen that meteors are minute planets, travelling round the sun in fixed orbits; and in all probability each little meteor-planet has also its own proper motion on its axis, in the same manner as the larger members of the solar system. It is quite possible for whole rings of these minute planets to circulate round the sun. Some analogy to this phenomenon occurs in the case of the planet Saturn, which is palpably surrounded by rings. The analogy is the more perfect, from the circumstance that the body of the planet has actually been seen *through* the intervening mass of one of its rings, showing that in this case the ring is not strictly solid. Another comparison is that afforded by the Zodiacal Light, a beautiful phenomenon, only too little known to the generality of people. This remarkable element of the solar system, which the writer once saw to great advantage, appears to originate in a mass of attenuated matter enveloping the sun, and having the shape of a thick lens. It extends to an immense distance from the sun, and has a delicately luminous appearance, stretching like a pyramid above the horizon from the quarter where the sun has set, or from whence it is about to arise. In a clear atmosphere it may be seen soon after sunset about the time of the vernal equinox. In equatorial regions the Zodiacal Light is even brighter than the Milky Way.

To ascertain the height of a shooting star is not a very difficult process. If observations can be correctly made, trigonometry soon furnishes an answer. The height once known, the distance from a point of observation is of course immediately ascertainable; and from this it is practicable to learn something as to the magnitude of the meteoric body. By a very ingenious process, Mr. Alexander Herschel has arrived at the conclusion that some of our shooting stars weigh no more than the sixteenth of an ounce, while others weigh a few pounds. Their height above the surface of the earth, during the moment in which they are visible, is stated to be from sixteen to one hundred and forty miles. At such distances bodies so small would obviously pass undiscovered, were they not made intensely luminous by combustion; and even then their light would be unnoticed were it not for the surrounding darkness of night. Their luminous appearance, it is to be observed, is strictly transient. For ages they have travelled on in space, simply as dark bodies, or only illuminated by reflection; but on coming within a certain distance of the earth they undergo ignition—a process which speedily destroys them, but which renders them visible for the space of a few seconds. Their combustion is accounted for on the principle, that while traversing the inter-planetary spaces they encounter very little or no resistance to their flight; whereas, on approaching the earth, they have to force their way through its atmosphere. The air is therefore rapidly condensed in front of the meteoric body, and heat is produced with sufficient intensity to fuse or ignite the materials of which the flying mass is composed. If once we conceive the meteoric body as traversing the region of the earth's atmosphere, there is no difficulty in admitting this explanation. A speed of eighteen miles per second is nearly sixty times that of our swiftest artillery projectiles; and if there be any air to impede the motion of a body travelling at this rate, the resistance must produce a prodigious amount of heat. Even this extraordinary speed is scarcely half that of some of the meteors; so that the maximum rate must be equal to one hundred and twenty times the velocity of the artificial projectile.

If any difficulty besets this generally accepted theory,

it is that which arises from the great height of some of the meteors, as compared with the calculated extent of the earth's atmosphere. Thus Sir John Herschel, who makes no objection to the foregoing theory, nevertheless states, in treating of the earth's atmosphere, that at the height of eighty miles, the tenuity or rarefaction of the air must be so great, that no "combustion" could be maintained in it; and "the most delicate means we possess of ascertaining the existence of *any* air at all would fail to afford the slightest perceptible indication of its presence." The italics are those of the distinguished author himself; and it is reasonably concluded from this that a vacuum exists at the height of eighty or ninety miles above the earth's surface, inconceivably more perfect than any that can be produced in the best air-pumps. In such a vacuum ignition would seem to be impossible. Yet we are told, by the same authority, that meteors range to an altitude sometimes sixty miles higher than this exalted vacuum. A further inquiry into this branch of the subject would possibly yield some striking results. This much however may be taken for certain; that the ignition of these tiny planets does not occur until they are comparatively near the earth; and that unless they possess an exceptionally low velocity, it is next to impossible for them to penetrate the denser regions of the atmosphere without being dissipated in particles or converted into vapour or gas. Practically speaking, the earth is armour-clad against these fiery darts of the skies; and the closeness of the analogy will be seen when we remember that shells fired from heavy guns are ignited by the heat generated in their passage through a thick iron plate, whereas they would pass through a considerable mass of timber without ignition.

A very singular result has been apprehended from the action of the earth's gravity on these bodies, namely, that it may compel some of them to perform the duty of satellites. Sir John Herschel says: "The observations of M. Petit would lead us to believe in the existence of at least one such body revolving round the earth, as a satellite, in about three hours twenty minutes, and therefore at a distance equal to 2.513 radii of the earth from its centre, or five thousand miles above its surface." Size and solidity may enable such masses to shine by reflected light, and to show themselves for a brief moment before plunging into the earth's shadow.

As to the actual composition of these meteoric bodies, our chief clue depends on identifying them with aerolites, or those stony masses which occasionally fall from the air, accompanied by all the evidences of velocity, heat, and explosion. The planetary character of these strange visitors is strikingly indicated by the intense degree of cold which, at least in one instance, characterized a mass of this kind after the superficial heat had passed off. Of these aerolitic bodies, long and interesting accounts are given. Some aerolites are of such a size as to weigh several tons. Rock-like and crystalline in their structure, they are found to contain iron in a metallic state, nickel, various compounds of magnesia and silica, and other substances, all of which are common to our earth—at least in their elementary composition. But the state in which some of these compounds appear, serves to prove that the meteor-planets have had an existence almost wholly apart from air and water, and very slightly associated with oxygen. In the present stage of scientific inquiry, these strange masses of matter are hailed with special interest, as furnishing a connecting link between our own world and those which float around us. New modes of investigation are coming to our aid; and it may not be too much to hope, that, as the history of a pebble carries us back into past geological eras of our own planet, so the study of the aerolites may reveal some of the hitherto undiscovered secrets of the universe.



A MARTYR OF OUR TIMES.



CONSIDERABLE amount of scepticism is often exhibited, even by educated people, as to the real worth of missionary enterprise. What is the practical product, say they, of all the energy, wealth, and time expended in sowing the seeds of Christianity among the savages of remote islands? and why not devote all those resources to the improvement and elevation of the debased population of our own overcrowded cities? One part of the doubt is answered in the most satisfactory manner by Mr. Ellis's work entitled "Madagascar Revisited;" its statements being supported by facts which do not depend solely on missionary testimony, but are patent to all the world, through the information from time to time conveyed in newspapers, discussed in parliament, and taken as the basis of action by our own and foreign governments.

If the reader will look at the portrait at the head of this article with any degree of attention, he cannot fail to be impressed, as we have been, with the capabilities of the race of which it may be considered a representative. It will be easy to judge, from the few facts we are about to recite, whether the impression is well founded; and if so, whether any amount of zeal devoted to the elevation of such a race to the rank of a civilised and Christian nation would be misapplied. First, a word or two as to the scene of the events described by Mr. Ellis.

The island of Madagascar is situated to the south-east of the African continent, the Mozambique Channel flowing between, while still further to the east, in the Indian Ocean, lie the comparatively minute islands of Mauritius and Réunion, in the occupation, respectively, of England and France. In extent of surface Madagascar is larger than the United Kingdom, and its population is about five millions. It is inhabited by several tribes, the chief and central portion being occupied by the Hovas, who, under one of their former kings, Radama I., subdued the other races to their supremacy. The Hovas present a marked contrast, in their physical character, to the other tribes of the island. Their skin is lighter, their hair is straight and long, while the dark complexion and woolly heads of the other races proclaim their African origin. That of the Hovas themselves is not so clearly traced. Their features are somewhat of the Malay type, but with more refined and intelligent expression, and they are said to resemble very closely the islanders of the South Seas. But where they came from and when they established themselves in Madagascar are unknown, although their large and substantial towns sufficiently prove that it was at no recent period.

What we know of the history of Madagascar and its relation to the European nations may be briefly narrated. The first European settlement was formed by the French in the latter part of the last century, but abandoned after a time; and early in the present century a few English missionaries visited the island, and prepared the way for diplomatic relations between the British government and King Radama I. This king, though himself a pagan, was favourable to Chris-

tianity, and in his reign the missionaries pursued their work in peace, teaching the inhabitants, in addition to the truths of revealed religion, some of the arts of civilised life. But on Radama's death his queen, Ranavalô Manjaka, ascended the throne, and immediately commenced a war against Christianity, banishing its teachers and fiercely persecuting the native converts, in the determination, if possible, to uproot the new faith from the land. Throughout her long reign of five-and-twenty years she steadfastly pursued this policy, and her hatred of Christianity extended to that of all nations professing it. She put an end, for a time, to commerce between the island and the European dominions; and in consequence of her ill-treatment of some of the subjects of England and France, a joint expedition was despatched from Mauritius and Réunion to punish her by force of arms. But the expedition had a disastrous result, and although the despatch of a stronger force was meditated by both governments, the intention was never carried out.

Queen Ranavalô died in August, 1861, and her son ascended the throne as Radama II. The prince had been known to disapprove of his mother's persecutions, and a strong party was formed against him to place his cousin Ramboasalama on the throne. But their schemes were set aside by the prompt action of one or two of the principal officers of state, and by the great predilection of the people in Radama's favour. On his accession, Radama at once proclaimed that persecution should cease—that there should be freedom of religious worship alike for heathen, Mohammedan, and Christian; and he instructed his ministers to re-enter into relations with European governments, and to signify to the missionaries that they might resume their work in safety. In accordance with an invitation specially addressed to him, Mr. Ellis—who had previously visited Madagascar for purposes of observation, but could hold no open intercourse with the native Christians—now returned to the island in his proper character of a Christian missionary, with full liberty to revive and to spread the faith. He left England in November, 1861, and arrived in the interior of Madagascar in the following May.

It might have been thought that, after a quarter of a century of the fiercest persecution, the heathen island of Madagascar would have exhibited but few traces of the former teaching of a few missionaries, who had laboured with difficulty and in limited districts, to shed light in pagan darkness. But Mr. Ellis found that among the natives there were still many who were ready to receive him with open arms, and who had cherished and adhered to the Christian faith and worship in spite of all difficulty and danger. Yet the persecution had been fierce enough. Two hundred persons had been arrested and condemned to different penalties, and most of the punishments were extreme. Fourteen were stoned to death at one place, and others afterwards. Fifty-seven were banished in fetters, of whom more than half died. Poison was administered to about fifty, of whom eight died. Sixteen amongst the large number reduced to slavery were redeemed at high prices; and six leading men among the Christians who were condemned to death, and had effected their escape, remained in concealment until the accession of Radama, a period of four years and six months.

Among those stoned to death on this occasion was a native Christian named Rainitsontsoraka, of whom a photograph had been taken by Mr. Ellis on his visit to Madagascar in 1856. It is this portrait, as engraved for Mr. Ellis's book, that we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers. It will give them a good idea of the personal appearance of the Hovas, in addition to its interest as the likeness of the martyr, and for the present we will only add that a very interesting autobiography of Rainitsontsoraka will be found in the work referred to.

THE GANG SYSTEM OF LABOUR.

NO. II.

EVIL and injurious as is the working of the gang system in a physical point of view, it is infinitely more deplorable in relation to its moral effects upon the children and young persons whose characters are in course of formation while under its influence. In the gangs, as already stated, children of tender age, boys, girls, lads, lasses, and youths of both sexes, and grown women of doubtful character, are mingled together, as well at their work as in their long marches to and fro. During the ten, twelve, or fourteen hours a day that they are thus associated, the young and innocent are exposed to the foul language and foul conduct of the older and depraved—no semblance of check or control being exercised by the gang-master. At the same time there is throughout the day no means of retirement or seclusion for either sex—no shelter for any one from the observation of the rest. The result of this state of things is most hideous—so much so that every witness who touches on the subject is loud and earnest in his denunciation of it.

The Rev. W. F. Beckett remarks, that even those children who are steady and respectable when they first join a gang soon become corrupted. The gang system, he avers, is the cause of a moral pestilence, and girls who have worked in gangs can seldom obtain employment in domestic service. The Rev. R. Baker, vicar of Friston and Snape, says: "Girls for some time employed in gang work lose all taste for domestic pursuits; a love for unhealthy liberty sets in, untidy habits arise, they turn aside from service in farm or other houses, know little or nothing of sewing, washing, making or mending; and, entering upon marriage, are generally untidy, slovenly, and bad managing housekeepers. Young people in gangs are seldom found in week-day or Sunday schools." The Rev. Mr. Hutton, rector of Stilton, says the gang work "makes the girls rough and lawless, and consequently unfits them for domestic service, and disqualifies them for their future position of wives and mothers. There is in these villages," he adds, "a shocking want of modesty and self-respect amongst very many of the women and girls. Circumstances come to light, from time to time, of the grossest character, such as one would only expect to meet with in the very worst shums of our worst towns. I think there can be no doubt that this is mainly attributable to the gang system." The Rev. H. Prior, vicar of Boston, describes the "conversation and songs when at work and returning home as most obscene and disgusting;" and says that it is "quite common to hear children not above eight years old swear, and that such conversation is sometimes encouraged by the gang-master." The Rev. H. Mackenzie, rector of Tydd St. Mary, says: "The gang system acts as a blight and a curse to the parish. . . . The women who go to field work rarely manage their houses well, or make their homes comfortable to their husbands. The girls are depraved in early life, and grow up coarse, and bold, and corrupt. One who has often worked with them has told me that 'he would rather see his girls go into the workhouse than to field work;' and that 'he is the biggest hero among them who can tell the biggest lie and swear the biggest oath.' Girls have not thus merely their ears polluted and their tastes depraved, but their hands are spoilt for domestic work, their sense of modesty destroyed, . . . and they grow up fond of the wild and reckless freedom of the fields, and utterly unsuited either for service in the house of a mistress, or for the proper management of a house of their own."

We might multiply testimony of this kind to almost any extent, some of it from clergymen who

have thought proper to speak out much more forcibly and plainly than we have ventured to do; and we might endorse their evidence with that of employers of gangs, and that of the friends and relatives of the employed. But let us glance for a moment at the state of education among the gang-workers.

The instances cited by the commissioners of answers given by the children to the simplest questions will show what is the state of the case. R. T., a boy of eleven years, can read imperfectly, does not know 6 times 6, or 5 times 4; gets 1s. 6d. a day; cannot tell how much that is a week; says he lives in the county of England. H. S., a boy of ten, cannot read or spell. E. C., a girl of thirteen, cannot tell the name of the county, or the Queen's name. J. S., a boy of ten, cannot tell 6 times 7; 3 times 8 are 18 (after considering, are 24); cannot tell the name of the county; says the sea is (after hesitation) wet. Another little examinee being asked what sorrow is, replies, "Please, sir, it's a bad word." Many of the children, even up to thirteen and fourteen, can neither read nor spell; and the majority of them do not seem to know the names of the county and the parish in which they live.

The religious knowledge of the gang-workers is even below their secular education. From the circumstances of their life the clergyman, however desirous of doing them good, has little or no opportunity, since he cannot get at them. At their homes he can only find them at night, after their weary work and long tramp, when they are not in a mood to listen to his counsels. If they reach home in time to attend the night school, they usually fall asleep there from bodily fatigue; and if they keep awake, they are so dull, and their progress is so slow and painful, that they generally give up the attempt after a time. Often they will rudely repel any offer of religious instruction in the night school, saying they do not come there to be preached to; and they do not seek it at church; ninety-five per cent. of them, as one clergyman states, never entering a place of worship—being so brutalized and demoralized by the system that they have no taste for it. They are "virtually heathens;" and, like the nomads of the African deserts, "need to be civilized before they can be Christianized." It is a fact that there are among them boys, and young men from fifteen to twenty, "who knew nothing of the existence of God, had never heard of a Saviour, or could recite the Lord's Prayer."

Looking at the cost of the gang system to the community, there ought certainly to be some compensating advantages, and these of no light value, attached to it. We have a suspicion that the advantages would be found nearly all on one side—the side which controls the labour market; and that they would be far outweighed by the disadvantages on the other side—the side of the labourer. The gang system owed its origin to the law of settlement, which threw the burden of the poor on the parishes where they were born or had otherwise acquired a settlement. To prevent the increase of poor families, and, collaterally, of poor rates, in certain parishes, the farmers and landowners pulled down the cottages and drove the occupiers into other parishes. Few labourers being left on the land, it became necessary to import labour, and hence the formation of the gangs under gang-masters, with whom farmers could contract for the performance of the work they wanted done. To the cultivator the advantage was obviously considerable. He could get the work of his farm done without having a heavy poor rate to pay: he also found ere long that he could get the work of men done by active lads and girls, at a less charge than he would pay the men—and it may have been this consideration chiefly which led to the spread of the system. But the old state of affairs ceased with the passing of the Union Chargeability Bill, when one would have thought the cottages would have

been rebuilt, and the adult labourers recalled. That this has not yet taken place to any extent in the gang-working districts, is of itself presumptive evidence that gang work is maintained solely in the interest of the cultivator.

Irrespective of its injurious effects, physically and morally, on which we have already dwelt, the disadvantages of the gang system to the labourer are most serious. In the first place, the gang-workers do not receive the whole of the small value at which their labour is assessed, since the gang-master is the middle man between them and their employer, and pockets an unreasonable proportion of their pay. In the second place, unlike the ordinary day labourer, the gang-worker has no certain wage at the week's end, but is dependent for his pay upon the state of the weather. The farmer who employs individual labourers takes the risk of the weather on himself; but, using gang work, he shifts that risk on to the shoulders of the gang. In the third place, the adult labourer is both oppressed and corrupted by the system. He is oppressed, because he is often, through no fault of his own, superseded on the farm by the gang-workers; or, having to compete with them, he is compelled to do so at a lower wage than he would otherwise obtain. In fact, it is the lowness of his own wage that compels him to send his children into the gang at a tender age, to the destruction, as we have seen, of their health and morals. He is corrupted, in many instances, because the system acts to make him too independent of his employer, since he knows that he can at any time join a gang should the farmer send him off. But the worst effect, and it is one of no unfrequent occurrence, happens when the day labourer, having a large family of children, sends them all out to work in the gangs, while he does no work himself, but leads an idle, dissipated life, upon the produce of their exertions.

The question remains—What can be done—what ought to be done in order to put an end to an abuse which is productive of so much misery and wrong? No one acquainted with the processes of agriculture would, we imagine, dream of doing away with the work of children and young persons on the farm. Their labour in certain departments is almost indispensable; while, under proper regulations, it would be healthful, morally innocuous, and in many respects beneficial to them. Under these difficult circumstances the commissioners suggest, in the first place, that gang-masters shall be required to take out a licence, to obtain which they must produce certificates of character, and that the licence shall be revocable by the magistrates of the division. They propose to fix the minimum age at which boys may be employed at eight, and the age of girls at twelve. They would limit the distances which children shall be allowed to travel in accordance with their age and with the hours of labour. They also suggest regulations for the separation of the sexes, and express their decided opinion that the principle of the Factory Act should be brought into operation in regard to education, and that the children should be compelled, during a certain portion of their time, to go to school. While we concur in the spirit of these recommendations, we are yet of opinion that they do not comprise all the reform that is necessary. If the principle of the Factory Act should be brought to bear as to education, why should the same principle not apply in other respects? The factory boy is not allowed to work until he is thirteen years old: what crime has the labourer's child committed that he should be set to work five years earlier? And would it not be better, in the case of girls, to forbid their joining the gangs until they have arrived at the years of discretion? in which case the probability is they would not join them at all. Then perhaps we should see the beginning of the end of that disgrace to rural industry—the employment of cottagers' wives in field labour.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

VII. THE HÔTEL DIEU.

OF the different medical charitable institutions of Paris the Hôtel Dieu is certainly most worthy of notice. Beyond the fact that it is the principal hospital of the city of Paris, and the school in which almost all the principal French physicians and surgeons have obtained their celebrity, it is the oldest establishment of the kind in Europe. The Hôtel Dieu was founded in the year 600 by St. Landry, who was then Bishop of Paris, assisted by Erchinauld, Mayor of the Palace for the time being. Philip Augustus afterwards enlarged it and endowed it with funds, and several other monarchs contributed later to its extension. Although established in a century when religious bigotry ran high, the liberality of its rules for the admission of patients did great honour to St. Landry, by whom they were drawn up. Its doors were to be freely opened to all requiring medical assistance, without exception of age, sex, occupation, country, or religion. It was to receive, at any hour of the day or night, all sick or wounded persons, whether those resident in Paris, pilgrims, vagabonds, or mendicants, without any formality being required for their reception, or the slightest impediment being made to their leaving the building whenever they desired to do so. Protestant as we are, it must be admitted that the French medical charities have always shown great liberality in their even-handed manner of giving relief to the sick, without distinction of creed. In England, at the present day, an equal liberality is shown in all our hospitals, whether general or special, but that was hardly the case in the last century. A law was then passed in one of our general hospitals to the effect that "This charity is established for the relief of the sick and wounded from all parts of the country, except papists, who on no account shall be admitted. If, however, any one grievously wounded be brought into the hospital, and it be afterwards discovered that he is a papist, he may remain in it till cured, unless it shall be found that a Romish priest has visited him, and in that case, at all hazard he shall be turned out." Of course this law is now utterly disregarded, and is merely kept on the books of the hospital as a curiosity. Several clergymen of the Church of England are on the committee, yet in no institution in the world is more perfect religious equality maintained, and the clergy themselves are among the most strenuous supporters of the present liberal system.

Although the Hôtel Dieu, during what are called the dark ages, was regarded as a religious establishment, its treatment of the sick poor was as perfect as the knowledge and means of the times would allow. In the time of St. Louis the average number of the inmates was nine hundred, in that of Henry IV. it had increased to one thousand three hundred, and in that of Louis XIV. to one thousand nine hundred, without any sufficient additions having been made in the building for this increase in the number of patients. The number of applicants for admission continued to augment at an enormous ratio; still no additions were made to the building, and it occasionally became crowded to such an extent as to threaten a pestilence. Although the building was never capable of containing conveniently more than one thousand beds, as many as nine thousand inmates were occasionally crowded into the hospital at the same time. In times of emergency, as many as fifteen children, suffering from different diseases, were placed in the same bed. In the time of Louis XV.—and indeed till the Revolution had broken out in the reign of Louis XVI.—the abuses which existed in the Hôtel Dieu, and the utter

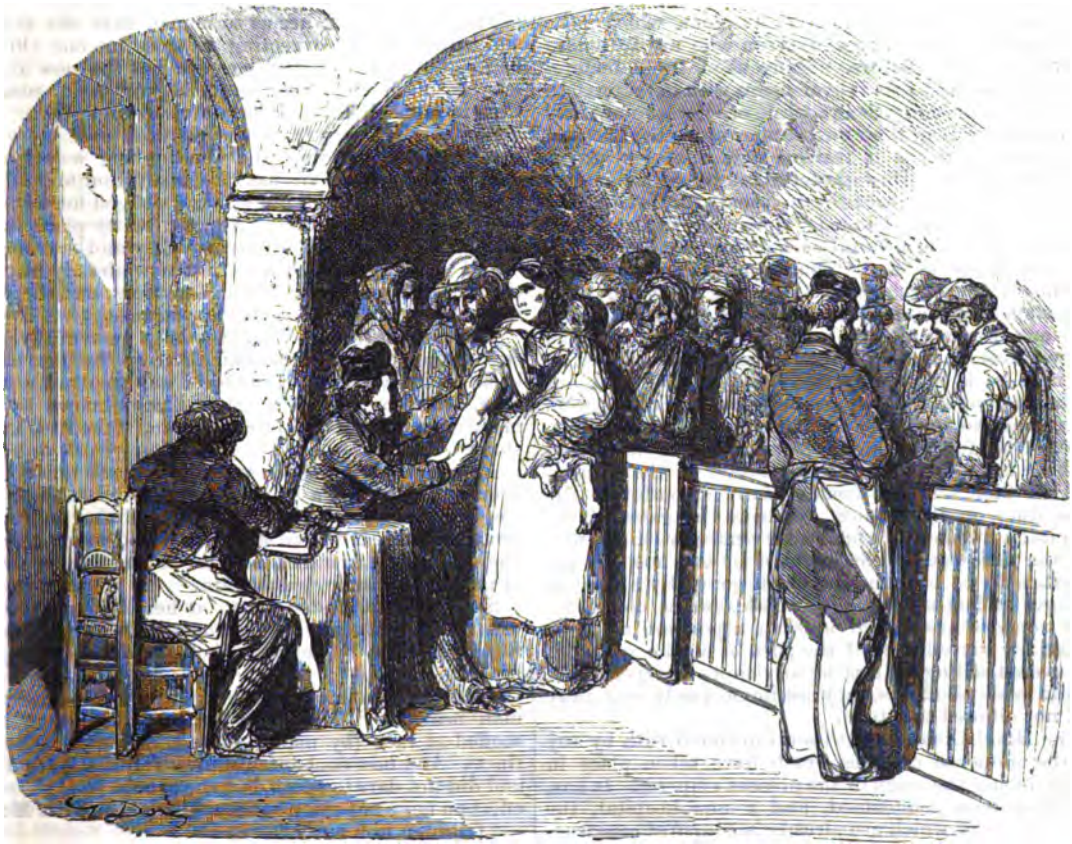
disregard of the royal authorities for the wants of the sick poor, would hardly have been believed, had they not been substantiated by men of high reputation and indisputable veracity.

On the establishment of the Republic, three commissioners—Bally, Tenon, and Lavoisier—were appointed by the Directory to report on the condition of the Hôtel Dieu, and to suggest what alterations could be made for its improvement. From the report made by them we cite the following almost incredible statements. "A few years before the commencement of the Revolution it was no uncommon sight to find four, five, and even nine persons in the same bed; and nothing was more frequent than for a dead body to remain for hours in the same bed with the living before it was removed. From want of space, the convalescents were obliged to remain in the same ward with the sick, the dying, and the dead; the atmosphere at the time being so vitiated that it was impossible for an individual not accustomed to it to remain in it even for a few minutes. On the third floor the arrangements were especially bad. There a ward was set apart for convalescents, but to arrive at it the patients had to pass through another, solely used by persons suffering from small-pox. In another part of the building was a ward for those who had undergone severe surgical operations; while in the next one to it, without any more than a curtain separating them, were a number of insane patients, placed together without any attempt at classification, disturbing by their cries and uproar the poor sufferers in the adjoining ward, who were in so much need of repose. No classification was made in the diseases the patients were suffering from; fever, small-pox, and paralysis were frequently found together in the same bed. In the female wards the organisation was even worse than in the male. Maternity cases received no different treatment from the others; and an infant was frequently born in a ward where the patients were suffering from fever or any other disease. Not the slightest distinction of social class was made among the female patients. The respectable matron or innocent young girl, whom misfortune had driven to seek an asylum in the hospital, were not only placed in the same wards, but frequently in the very beds with the outcasts of their sex. Even among the present improved state of things," continues the report, "anything more dreadful than the actual condition of this great hospital can hardly be imagined. So pestilential is its atmosphere, that the average of deaths among the patients who enter it is one in four, and a large proportion of those who leave it alive do so with shattered constitutions, and rarely recover from the effects of their residence in it."

Without attempting to offer the slightest excuse for the bloodthirsty barbarities of the first Revolution, it must be admitted that the French people had but little cause to love their aristocracy or their governing authorities, especially when it is remembered how great was the extravagance of the nobility and wealthy of the day, and the selfishness of their luxurious mode of living. As soon as something like order was established under the Republic, one of the first subjects which occupied the attention of the authorities was the amelioration of the treatment of the sick poor in the Hôtel Dieu. With the exception, that a few years previous to the death of Louis XVI. the insane patients had been removed from the hospital, things were much in the same state when the Revolution broke out as when the commissioners gave in their report. The same year the Directory not only reinstated the commissioners, but gave them full power to reorganize the Hôtel Dieu in the manner they considered most desirable; and admirably did they carry out the task assigned to them. Before they had been in office a year, they removed the slaughter-

house (for hitherto the meat required for the patients was killed in the building itself), and thoroughly reformed the kitchen department. All the large beds were taken away, and a positive prohibition for the future was published against placing even two patients in the same bed. All persons afflicted with cutaneous diseases were removed to a hospital especially appointed for the purpose. A strict classification was made among the female patients, and women of bad reputation were no longer allowed to remain with the others. Several other radical improvements in ventilation and organization were effected, and before the end of a year that hospital, which, when the commissioners took office, had been a disgrace to a civilized community, now began to be looked upon—not only in France, but in all Europe as well—as a model for other institutions of the same description to follow.

ceived to obey the medical authority, that even if the act she was required to perform should appear to her as prejudicial to the patient, she dared not disobey it. We inquired if there was ever any difference of opinion existing between them and the medical officers, and she assured us never in the slightest degree; that while they implicitly obeyed the orders of the medical authorities, they were invariably treated by them with the greatest respect and courtesy in return. It should also be stated that the medical duties performed by the Sisters of Charity are far more laborious and onerous than those generally undertaken by lady-nurses. All the heavier portions of nursing—such as removing sheets without disturbing the patient, applying poultices, and the hundred other manual operations of the sick room—are all performed by the Sisters of Charity. Another admirable feature in their organi-



THE HÔTEL DIEU.

The nursing department of the Hôtel Dieu, as well as most of the hospitals in France, is under the superintendence and management of Sisters of Charity, who are in their duties under the strict authority and direction of the medical officers. Here a considerable difference appears to exist between the Sisters of Charity and the lady-nurses in England. More than one attempt has been made to make the latter independent of the medical authorities, and the admirable organization of the French Sisters of Charity, and their efficient manner of working, has frequently been quoted in support of this view of the case. This conclusion has, however, been arrived at on most insufficient data—strict obedience to the medical authority being one of the highest duties inculcated in the Sisters of Charity. When questioning one on the subject, she told us that so imperative is the order they have re-

zation is, that although a religious body themselves, they are strictly ordered, and as strictly abstain, from interfering with the religious creed of any of the patients under their management. On inquiring of one of the physicians of the hospital whether they (the sisters) ever broke the rule, he assured us that during the many years he had been attached to the institution he had never known an instance of such being the case. They were generally, he said, women of great liberality of opinion, and would be far more likely to assist a Protestant patient in obtaining the services of one of his own clergy, than to do anything to make him a convert to their own religion. The average number of sisters and attendants in the Hôtel Dieu is about one to nine patients.

Perhaps the best time for a foreigner to inspect the Hôtel Dieu is during the visit of the friends of the

patients, as he will then see much to interest him, and frequently very touching scenes will be brought before him. There is something exceedingly painful in the sight of the patients, in a ward containing perhaps sixty beds, when the hour arrives for their friends to enter. Anxious indeed are the glances they cast towards the door to see if among those who enter the room there may be some one dear to themselves; and if disappointed, how sorrowful is the expression which comes over their countenances as they lay their heads back again on the pillow. Frequently, when they have given up all hope for themselves, they will lie and watch the visitors seated by the side of the beds of others, as if they drew some comfort from the sight, thereby cancelling, to a certain extent, their own disappointment. Others on the contrary, evidently friendless, glance not towards the entrance door, but gloomily and sadly turn their backs to it, as if painfully feeling their own desolate condition. It is singular to observe the alterations and various expressions which take place on the countenances of those who are fortunate enough to have visitors. Many show great feeling, and after the first kiss is over listen with great anxiety to the news brought them; while others, who are perfectly well aware of their own dangerous state of health, burst into tears, as if fearing that interview might prove their last. How gratefully also do all receive the little presents brought to them, for few of the visitors come empty-handed. Here is one great source of difficulty to the hospital authorities. In the French practice of medicine, the quality of the food adapted for the invalid is perhaps considered a subject of greater importance than even among ourselves; and each visitor who enters a hospital to see a patient not only has every parcel he may be carrying strictly inspected to see that he is bringing in with him no solid food, but he has to submit to a personal examination as well. There are two entrances into the hospital for this purpose. One for the men, where a porter sees that nothing is concealed under the clothes of the visitor; and another where a female searcher performs the same duty on the women. Outside the gates of the hospital a number of women are seated at stalls, who sell the different articles allowed by the hospital authorities to be brought in, which generally consist of oranges and other fruits, chocolate, sweets, coffee, &c. The vendors are placed in such a position as to be under the surveillance of the porters at the gates: if discovered selling an article to visitors not permitted by the medical officers, they are immediately sent away and not allowed to return.

The Hôtel Dieu has not been interfered with by any of the immense changes which have taken place in Paris during the reign of the present emperor. It has, however, been condemned, and a new hospital, the foundations of which are already in course of construction, is to be built at a short distance from the site of the present one. The demolition of the existing building will not take place before it is absolutely needed. Although some fifty years since the Hôtel Dieu might have been considered a model hospital, the advance in medical science of late years has been so great, that it is now far behind many of the other hospitals of Paris; and this is proved by the fact, that although the medical staff appointed to the Hôtel Dieu—in point of ability and energy—cannot be surpassed in any other hospital in the world, the mortality among the patients is greater than in any other establishment of the kind in the French metropolis. The new hospital, which is to contain 800 beds, will have none of the defects of the old one; on the contrary, every possible improvement will be made in its arrangements, and doubtless in three years hence (the time allowed for the completion of the new building) the Hôtel Dieu will again be looked upon as one of the most perfect hospitals in Europe.

RED CAP.

THE sun is sinking behind the western hills, just lighting up the towers of Mayence Cathedral with a farewell glance, and lovingly caressing the broad waters of the Rhine. It is autumn time, late autumn; the last bunch of grapes has been plucked in the famed vineyards of Johannisberg and Hochheim. No longer are heard the merry voices of women and children gathering in the store of walnuts from the wayside trees. All is silent and still; even the few faintly twittering birds, that may be heard in the forest in summer time, have taken their departure to more inhabited dwelling-places.

A lady stood on such an evening overlooking that fair scene, and she sighed, "Alone! alone in a strange land." But a soft murmur from the falling leaves seemed to answer her, "Not alone! not alone!"

The voice struck her as so human that she started and turned round, expecting to see some one close at hand; but nothing met her eye but the now almost leafless birch trees that she had known in summer time in all their lovely livery of silver and green.

She turned away from the elevated spot on which she had been standing, and wending her way down a rugged zigzag path, reached the small mountain village which the necessity of poverty had obliged her to make her home for the winter. A sweet pretty place it was in summer, nestled in a narrow valley and surrounded on all sides by wooded hills, but now already most of the houses were tenantless and shut up, and the place wore a desolate and deserted appearance.

"Better out than in," said the lady, mournfully; and she entered a broad walk which led up the glen at the back of the village. Her object was to reach a large rock, about a mile from the village, known by the mysterious name of Wildfrauenstein, "the mad lady's stone."

A lovely spot it was, deep in the forest; noble trees overarching it, and a lovely stream ever bubbling and singing close by. Many an hour had that lady wiled away on the seat placed under the shadow of the rock, and often and often had she tried to find out the origin of its strange name, but in vain.

She had not rested long on her favourite bench, when a slight noise startled her, and there, seated on the table close by, sat a Kobbold, carelessly swinging his legs.

Yes, it was impossible to doubt that the little gentleman near her belonged to that much maligned and scoffed-at race (by many, indeed, believed to be extinct). And how enchanted she was! But she trembled and did not dare to speak, lest she should have the same effect on her companion as the spider had on Miss Muffet—"frighten him away."

However, she soon discovered he was quite at his ease, by his taking off his brilliant Phrygian cap, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a most elegant pocket-handkerchief. Moreover, that done, with true German politeness he wished her a very good evening, and she, as in duty bound, wished him the same.

Now, not being up in Kobbold manners, in spite of all her reading, she did not know whether it would be proper etiquette to begin the conversation; neither, in truth, did she know on what subjects a Kobbold would like to converse. Meanwhile, the little Red Cap kept swinging his legs vigorously.

"You want to know something about that rock?" said he at last.

"Certainly; she wished it very much."

"Well, you see," continued her new acquaintance, "I've taken a great fancy to you, for I've watched you walking through the old Allées, and heard you call the trees 'Walpurgis trees,' from the strange faces and

forms you can trace in them. I like people to believe in the supernatural, *hidden* natural it should be called; and I like you, too, for those songs you sing in the great room so long deserted; and when I hear your voice swelling, and the old songs of our fatherland ringing through the hall, it makes me fancy the good times are come again, when Kaiser Karl and all his court were here."

Red Cap's legs had ceased swinging, his hands were clasped, and tears were in his eyes. "Yes," he continued, after a pause, "in those days I used to spend a great deal of time on the upper earth, and very pleasant I used to find it; but for nearly three hundred years I have rarely quitted our caverns, for people got so very inquisitive about our private affairs, it was hardly safe to walk about; and besides that, I once did a great deal of mischief, and I have been punished for it," and the pocket-handkerchief was applied to Herr Red Cap's eyes.

"To tell the truth," continued he, "the name of this stone is in a way connected with my misfortune and my fault. When the emperor was here, two ladies belonging to his court were said to be the most beautiful women in Europe. One was fair as a May-flower (you call it lily of the valley), the other, in my eyes the most lovely, had the olive complexion and blue-black hair of the women of the south—she was, in fact, a Spaniard.

"Donna Inez used to wander about the woods, and I fell in with her. Her talk was ever of beauty; she longed to be more perfectly lovely than she was by nature; she longed to be as fair as Elizabeth von Ernsdorf, and often did she beg of me to give her some charm to enable her to obtain her desire. At last, in an evil hour, I consented to take her with me to our underground abode, where I knew she could procure what she coveted. Our chief offered her riches, honour, anything; but she kept crying, 'Beauty! beauty! give me perfect beauty!'

"Our chief was troubled, and looked sadly at me; and I repented when it was too late that I had yielded to her entreaties, for I perceived she had a vain heart and an empty head.

"Be it as you wish!" said the chief, and he handed her a packet of some magic cosmetic. 'And now begone. Would that you had sense united to the beauty nature has already bestowed on you.'

"I led her back towards the entrance of the cave, but as we passed along she yielded to temptation, and possessed herself of some of the treasures that lay scattered about. In an instant she was surrounded by hundreds of enraged earthmen, and it was only by the special interference of our chief that she was allowed to escape alive. But death would have been preferable to her fate, for she lost her reason, and after wandering for weeks about the forest, subsisting no one knows how, she was found one morning dead under this very stone, which from that day has been called the 'mad lady's stone.'

"Oh! would you, could you, grant me a wish?" cried the lonely lady.

"Oh! don't ask me, pray don't ask me," replied Herr Red Cap, in accents of alarm. "Remember the Spanish lady."

"But I will take warning by her fate, and do implicitly what you tell me. Please take me to your dwelling."

Red Cap shook his head. "Be content, don't seek to pry into what does not concern you, and least of all yield to covetousness."

But the possibility of such an expedition having once been raised, the lady determined to do all in her power to effect her object; and like a true woman as she was, coaxed and promised till she obtained her object, though she gained a somewhat reluctant consent to her request.

The lady left her seat and the Kobbold descended from the table, and turning round the stone, they entered a hole like the entrance to a mine, and continued for some time walking slowly onward in pitchy darkness. Presently a light glimmered in the distance, growing brighter and brighter as they advanced, till they stood in a vast subterranean chamber. Hundreds of Kobbolds were hurrying hither and thither, screaming, laughing, and shouting.

They took but little heed of the new comers, only whispering to each other, "A mortal, a mortal."

"What are they about?" inquired the visitor, pointing to a troop of little creatures laden with packets, which they occasionally mixed together and put into the vast caldrons that boiled on every side.

"They are making the German waters," replied Red Cap. "That caldron to the right is Wiesbaden (we have great difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of concentrated essence of chicken broth for that spring); the next is Ems; farther on, Scwalbach (old pokers and iron kettles come in useful there)!"

It was an interesting and decidedly amusing sight to see the business and to watch the movements of the earthmen, particularly as some of the most eager leant over the edge of the vats, nearly tipping in, to catch the (to them) delicious aroma of their various messes, much in the way a cook examines her favourite dishes.

"This is our laboratory," said Red Cap. "Doubtless it is amusing to you, but I am going to show you something else which I hope you will like better. Before we go farther, I must tell you that a portion of the contents of one of the three chambers into which you will go is at your command; but pray don't decide in a hurry."

The promise was given and they proceeded.

A door suddenly opened, and they stood in a vast hall, unspeakably magnificent. The walls were studded with gigantic carbuncles, intersected with patterns of diamonds and emeralds; an immense chandelier of sapphires and pearls hung from the roof, and everything most costly and most brilliant seemed collected there.

"Will you have riches?" inquired a stern, grey-headed man, who stepped up to the stranger from among the numberless multitudes who were sorting and arranging the precious gems.

"No," was the reply, without a moment's hesitation; and they passed on into a second hall, in which everything was of the purest gold. Heaps of the precious metal lay about in all directions, while hundreds of little earthmen were employed in refining and sifting the ore.

"Will you have honour?" inquired the same grey-headed man, who again stepped from amid the workers.

Again the answer was "No."

They passed from the golden hall into the third and last chamber. Not so large or so lofty as either of the former, without any attempt at ornament, though the walls, roof, floor, were all of the purest silver, while the light was as the light of the moon on a frosty night, and the air—who shall tell of its balmy softness! or the refreshing coolness that rose from the crystal stream that flowed through the midst.

At the farther end sat a venerable man on a silver throne, and as the lady drew near he asked, in a soft low voice—

"Wilt thou have wisdom? knowledge?"

And she answered "Yes. Make me but the humblest servant in the house of learning, and I am content."

"Then drink of the stream that flows at your feet," said the wise man. And she stooped and drank of the stream, and poured it on her head and on her hands; and the light grew softer, and faint sweet music sounded through the air, and a low voice murmured—

"Believe ever in nature, her beauties, and her mysteries, and you will behold things hidden from the eyes of others."

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

SEWING MACHINES FOR THE BLIND.—An interesting exhibition of articles made entirely by the blind was opened a few weeks ago in London. The active promoters were Mr. and Mrs. Moore, the former being secretary to the Society for supplying the Blind with Home Teachers and Books. Some three or four years ago Mrs. Moore established an institute in connection with this society for enabling blind women to earn money by the use of sewing machines. She first, as an experiment, took two blind young women to a sewing machine house, to try if they could learn to use the machine; and the result of the trial was most satisfactory, as she was assured they learned more in three lessons than persons with sight had learned in six. Taking courage from this statement, Mrs. Moore procured several sewing machines, and at once commenced her good work. The blind women learned quickly to use them, and soon began to take a pardonable pride in the various articles they finished so perfectly.

Every description of work, from that on the finest muslin to coarse sheeting and towelling, was taught to the sightless workers; and it was marvellous to see with what celerity they understood the directions given them, and learned the most intricate work. Quilted satin petticoats and gauzy dresses came from their nimble fingers as well finished in every detail as if sight had guided the workers' hands, and the happy and interested expression of the faces of the busy women and girls was a sight worth beholding. Lately the Princess of Wales has taken the society under her especial protection, bestowing upon it the name of the Alexandra Institute. Mrs. Moore has ventured on the experiment of taking a house and shop in a good position in Oxford Street, and there the work of the blind women is offered for sale. Any one feeling sufficient interest to do so can go in and see the women at work, and receive every information relative to the society.

The kindness of a gentleman in Bond Street, who offered Mr. and Mrs. Moore the free use of a large handsomely decorated room, induced them to get up the late exhibition at a week's notice, and of course without any special preparation for it. The fact that the articles exhibited were taken from the ordinary stock of the Alexandra Institute and the other societies, made it the more interesting as an exposition of what was being done for, and what could be done by, the blind. This effort has met with the most gratifying success, and many, before quite unaware of what blind people could do, have interested themselves in them, and given orders for the various things manufactured by them. Both the work prepared for sale and that executed to order is done at prices surprisingly low.

When it is remembered that those poor blind women are virtually shut out by their infirmity from the enjoyment of all the beauties of nature and art, and were until recently unable to help themselves by working, it surely is cause of congratulation to those who think of their fellow creatures that such a means has been devised for their benefit. How many a woman, sitting in perpetual darkness, a burden to herself and to others, weary-hearted and broken-spirited, is raised as it were to a new life, and into another state of existence, by the to her blessed change. Then sadness and idleness was her portion, her mind preying on itself, and her only prospect the poor-house, if friends failed her. Now, cheerful and contented, a busy worker in the human hive, with an active mind, and the satisfaction of being usefully employed, she may look forward to a life of industry, and hope to eat of the fruit of her own labours in her old age.

LEAD POISON IN SEWING SILK.—Invention and discovery have their evil no less than their beneficent aspects. A French contemporary, the "*Moniteur d'Hygiène*," startles its readers with the revelation of an ingenious fraud, not generally known, but likely to be, in the long run, very dangerous to the health of tailors, sempstresses, and others who use silk thread in sewing. Nothing is more pernicious to the system than lead, and yet it may be constantly introduced into the stomach by those who use sewing silk. According to our French authority

certain manufacturers have adopted the plan of soaking their silk thread, of all colours, in acetate or "sugar" of lead, and exposing it, after drying, to the action of sulphurous vapour, which vapour, it is said, transforms the acetate into sulphate of lead, increasing the weight of the silk. The resulting gain may be imagined when we state that "sugar of lead" is worth considerably less than a shilling a pound, whilst silk thread fetches from forty to fifty shillings a pound in the market. It is alleged that some samples of silk have been proved to contain as much as *twenty-three* per cent. of sulphate of lead.

There is some mistake in the mode of stating the case, as the fumes of sulphur would certainly not convert the acetate of lead into the sulphate. Nevertheless, on mentioning the statement to our tailor, he at once declared that the fact of lead-impregnation in silk is well known; indeed, he said that the "sugar of lead" can be detected by the smell in some samples, and not only in silk, but also in other thread which is also sold by weight. Some adulteration then is practised, various matters being used to give weight to the article; and, as a consequence, all thread rapidly deteriorates on exposure to air. On this account the best sewing silk is usually well wrapped in washleather.

It is easy enough to detect the adulteration by chemical process, and although the result is not conclusive as to the presence of lead (as stated by the French writer), it proves, at any rate, the presence of some metal. Put a few pieces of silk thread at the top of a test-tube filled with water containing a few drops of acetic acid or vinegar. As soon as the silk gets moistened, let fall into the test-tube a few drops of a solution of iodide of potassium. Then, if the silk contain lead or other metal, an iodide of the metal will be formed, sinking with a yellow tint in the tube.

We have tested several samples of silk thread in this manner. With the exception of one sample, all the fine sewing silk was proved to be free from lead or other metal; but we found metal very abundant in what is called "tailor's twist" and "hatter's twist," especially the latter.

The fact is important if lead be the metal used for giving weight to silk. Lead acts very surreptitiously on the system; it is essentially "a slow poison," and it is very difficult to combat its effects. It acts on the teeth and on the intestines, in which it produces paralysis, frequently followed by death. "We have seen," says the writer in the "*Moniteur d'Hygiène*," "among other cases, that of a lady who keeps a large sewing establishment, who, by the use of such silk thread was, together with her workwomen, attacked by lead colic,—some of them losing their teeth,—the result of the habit of putting the ends of the silk into the mouth before passing it through the eye of the needle. Such is the way in which the lead-poison is directly absorbed, whilst by continually handling the silk the fingers may retain a portion of the lead, to be indirectly introduced into the system with the food that may be touched by the hand. The poison may be avoided by refraining from putting the silk into the mouth—dipping it in gummed water instead—but perhaps the best remedy will be found by the large dealers refusing to buy silk thread by weight unless it is proved to be free from metallic adulteration.

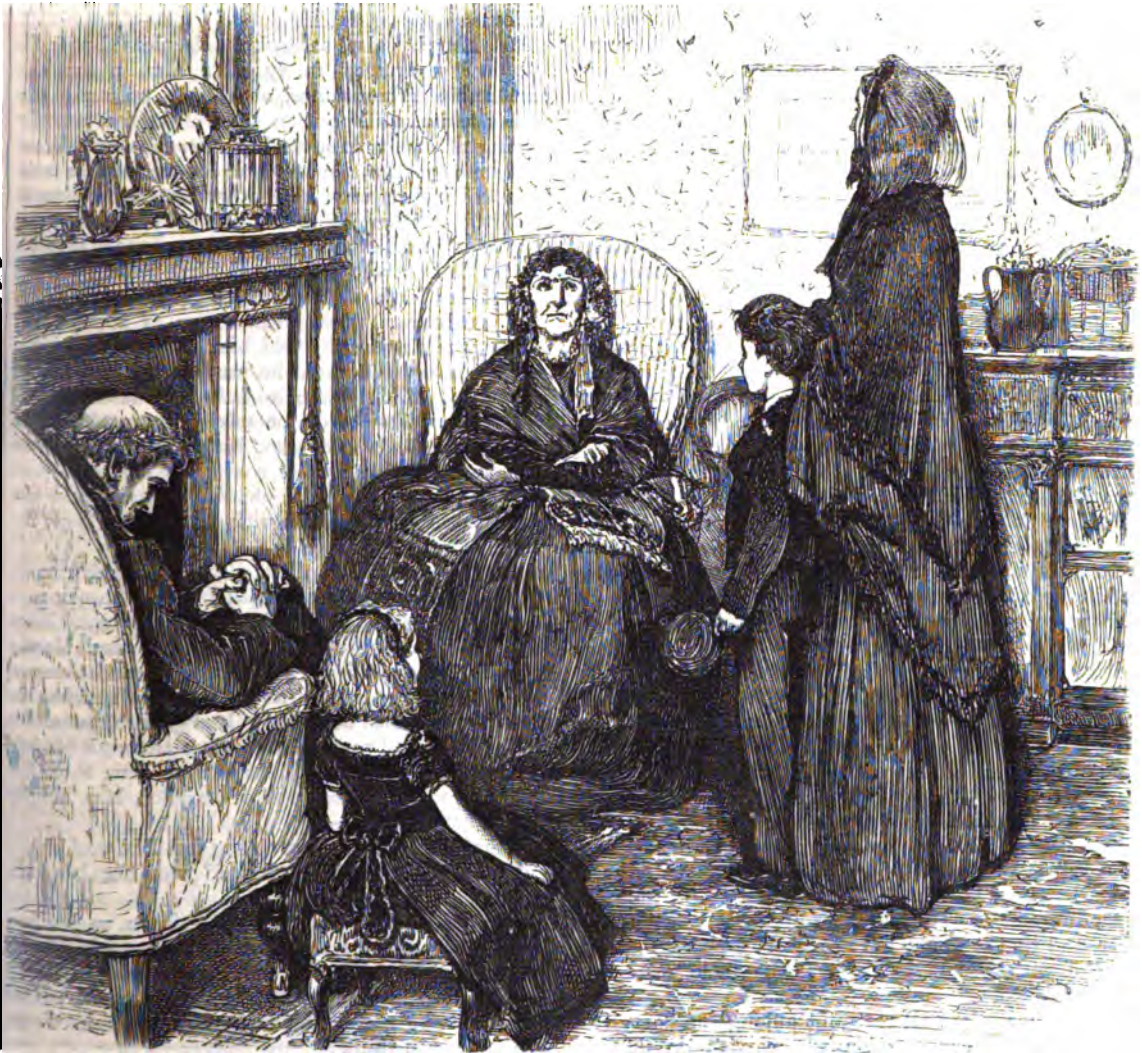
According to a recent writer in the "*Times*," the "French dyers have attained such extraordinary skill, that they can colour up inferior qualities of silk so as to make them look far better than they are. In some cases they are able to charge the silk with lead and iron, which adds as much as one hundred or one hundred and fifty per cent. to the weight of it. All such artificial additions disappear when the tissue is exposed to any wear, however slight, and sometimes even when it is only exposed to the atmosphere. Let us admire and beware. Never have tissues looked so lovely as now; they charm the eye. But, also, never was beauty more deceitful; and if our women cannot resist the temptation of lovely tints, let them at least take care to buy new silks from houses which are thoroughly to be trusted." If silk for dresses is open to this grave suspicion, how much more probable is the adulteration of sewing silk, which is always sold by weight, although done up in skeins, or on bobbins and reels?

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER III.

RICH RELATIONS.

WE must now return to Mrs. Evans and her son in the lodgings they had taken at Mrs. Murphy's. The boy slept soundly the whole of the day, the widow taking great care not to do anything which might disturb him. In the afternoon he awoke, and his mother made some preparations for their dinner, which

were the more easily effected in consequence of the purchases which had been made for them by their kindhearted landlady. Their meal over, Mrs. Evans, taking her son by the hand, went with him into the High Street, Shoreditch, to buy some few necessaries for the improvement of his toilet, that he might appear the next day before his new relatives to as much advantage as possible, naturally considering the handsome boy she would have with her might add weight

to her applications for assistance, as well as induce them to take him into their favour. Nor was she without good excuse for the supposition, for a handsomer child than he was it would be difficult to find. His complexion was clear, without being very fair; his eyes were dark and thoughtful, and well set in his head; the colour of his hair was jet black, and its texture soft and silky. Added to remarkably handsome features, he had an open, ingenuous expression of countenance, which told vastly in his favour. Nor was there the slightest taint of effrontery in the steady gaze he cast on any of his seniors he might be conversing with. It was the gaze of a perfectly honest lad who, having nothing to be ashamed of, or to conceal, no way fears, while he respects the opinion of, the person he may be speaking with.

Mrs. Evans made several purchases for her son. She bought him a new cap, a modern shirt collar and tie, and a pair of new shoes. In the choice of the latter article she showed particular care. Her son had a very neat foot and ankle, and she was not a little proud of it. At last everything was completed to her satisfaction, and so proud was she of the anticipated effect her son's good looks (arrayed as he would be in his new things) would have the next day, that she did not regret the heavy drain her liberality had made on her very limited resources.

Having completed her various commissions, the widow took her son for a short walk, showing him the different shops and other common objects of interest in the vicinity of Shoreditch and Bishopsgate Street, which, combined with the crowd of pedestrians they met, and the unceasing throng of carriages, greatly excited his wonder, till at last, somewhat fatigued, they returned to their lodgings. On arriving at the house, the door was opened by Mrs. Murphy herself, who invited both mother and son to enter her sitting room, where they found, and were introduced to, Mr. Murphy, a kind-looking, intelligent, middle-aged man, who, the labours of the day being over, was solacing himself with a cup of tea and his pipe; the latter, however, he civilly put aside as soon as his guests entered. Mrs. Evans, on her part, resolved not to be behindhand with him on the score of politeness, and requested him to continue smoking, saying she rather liked the odour of tobacco than otherwise. It put her in mind of old times, she said, her husband having been accustomed to treat himself with a pipe every evening. After a little demur, Mr. Murphy again commenced smoking, but it brought on the widow so violent a fit of coughing that he was fain to put it aside again, notwithstanding her assurance that a cough was habitual with her, and that it would have come on even without the smoke with which, by-the-bye, the little room was densely filled.

In a short time all restraint among the party had vanished, and conversation was carried on fluently enough. To say the truth, Mrs. Murphy, who was decidedly mistress in her own house, had taken a great fancy both to the widow and her son. Mrs. Evans had something particularly attractive in her appearance in the eyes of her good-natured landlady. The latter was naturally a very shrewd, cautious woman, with keen powers of observation, and she had no difficulty in perceiving that her lodger was a woman of perfect respectability. Moreover there was an air of suffering and resignation about her which excited Mrs. Murphy's sympathy. Like most women at her time of life, she

instinctively knew something of medical diagnosis, and she easily detected that her lodger was in a very delicate, if not dangerous, state of health. Again, the boy excited her especial admiration. Although Mrs. Murphy was now childless, she had been the mother of a son, who had died when about the age of Robert, and she now fancied there was a great resemblance between them, but it is more than probable that the likeness she had discovered was rather the effect of her own imagination than any reality. She soon made friends with the boy, commencing with cutting him a slice of bread and butter, which she thickly covered with brown sugar, and she also poured him out a cup of well-sweetened tea, with plenty of milk in it, all of which little attentions were duly accredited by the widow.

Mr. Murphy also seemed much pleased with the lad, and conversed freely with him, a somewhat remarkable circumstance, as he was ordinarily of a rather taciturn disposition than otherwise, generally leaving all the talking to his wife, who, he said, and with great justice, did it much better than he could. He asked Robert what his mother intended making of him, and whether he would like to be, as he was, a carpenter and joiner. Robert answered that his mother had not yet determined what trade he should be, but that he should like to be a carpenter and joiner very much from what he had seen of the business; whereupon Mr. Murphy told him that he had a shop in the back yard, where he was accustomed to do a great deal of his work; and that when he (Robert) had nothing else to do, he might come there if he pleased, and he would show him how the tools were used, an invitation Robert readily promised to profit by, the idea of using a chisel, hammer, and saw, having to him, in common with most other boys, immense attractions.

The evening passed off in a most friendly manner, and it was nearly nine o'clock before the new-made friends thought of separating for the night. When Mrs. Evans rose to take her leave, Mrs. Murphy regarded her attentively for a moment, and then cordially wished her, as well as the boy, good night. On the latter she also bestowed a hearty kiss, patted him on the head, and passed her fingers through his hair in a patronizing manner. As soon as Mrs. Evans had left the room, and was out of earshot, Mrs. Murphy said to her husband—

"That poor creature's not long for this world."

"What makes you think so?" was her husband's reply.

"Because there's consumption written on her face, if ever there was on anybody's in this world; there's no mistake about that."

"I'm sorry for it," was Mr. Murphy's answer, "for I take her to be a good, kind creature enough. Is she well off do you think?"

"I know nothing for certain about her, but from the few things she's brought with her, I should say she was as poor as poor could be. Pray God I may be mistaken. What will become of that poor boy without her, I tremble to think of!"

"Let's hope for the best," was the philosophical remark of Mr. Murphy; "God will, probably, not leave him without a friend; at least, I trust not."

"Amen!" said Mrs. Murphy; and the conversation between the worthy couple on the subject terminated for the night.

The next morning, Mr. Murphy, being employed on some work a short distance from home, rose early, and having finished his breakfast, which Mrs. Murphy, like a good helpmate, had prepared for him, was on the point of leaving the house, when Mr. Phillips, a builder's foreman, who rented the rooms on the first floor, met him at the door.

"How is Mrs. Phillips, this morning?" Mrs. Murphy called out to him from her sitting room. "I hope she's better than she was yesterday?"

"Well, ma'am, she's nothing much to brag of," was the reply. "That poor woman over head coughed so terribly all night long, my missis wasn't able to get a wink of sleep."

Mrs. Murphy made no further remark, and Mr. Phillips and her husband then left the house to attend to their daily avocations. As soon as they were gone Mrs. Murphy busied herself in putting her rooms in thorough order. While skilfully and rapidly performing these duties there was little difficulty in perceiving, from the expression of her countenance, that her thoughts were employed on some other and totally different subject. The truth was, that the words spoken by Mr. Phillips on leaving the house had left a deep impression on her mind. She had already come to the conclusion that her lodger was afflicted with a mortal illness, and she now began to fear that the termination might probably be nearer than she had anticipated—in fact, that her death might take place in the house. It must not, however, be imagined that one selfish thought crossed Mrs. Murphy's brain on the occasion, for it would be doing the kindhearted woman a gross injustice. The death of a stranger in the house might possibly cause her much trouble and inconvenience, if not absolute expense, and Mrs. Murphy was naturally of a somewhat saving disposition. Still she could be liberal when occasion required it. An old proverb very justly says, that "economists are never niggards," and Mrs. Murphy's was a case in point. Although, to prevent the risk of loss, she had insisted on Mrs. Evans paying her a month's rent in advance, she was perfectly ready, should there be need for it, to lose five times the amount she had received in succouring one whom she considered deserving, and in whose welfare she felt interested.

Having put her rooms into thorough order, Mrs. Murphy seated herself on a chair by the fire, occasionally leaving it to listen on the stairs if her attic lodgers were moving. At last, eight o'clock struck, and then Mrs. Murphy, remembering that Mrs. Evans had told her she intended leaving home in the morning to call upon an old lady and gentleman who resided a short distance from London, she thought it would be no indiscretion if she were to tap at the widow's door, and inform her that it was getting late. Acting on this supposition she went upstairs to Mrs. Evans's room, and was somewhat surprised when on reaching the top stair she heard her lodger, in a faint tone of voice, ask her to come in. Mrs. Murphy immediately entered the room, where she found Mrs. Evans seated on the side of the bed with some clothes thrown hurriedly around her. If there had existed the evening before any doubt in the mind of Mrs. Murphy as to the lamentable condition of her lodger's health it would certainly have vanished at the appearance she then presented. The few clothes she had then on her showed clearly the emaciated state she was in, her bent frame proved her weakness, while the blue tinge on

her pallid countenance, and her difficult respiration, showed how deplorable was the state of her lungs.

"You would greatly oblige me," she said to Mrs. Murphy, "if you would knock at my boy's door, and tell him to get up, as I want him to come and light my fire. I have tried to make him hear by tapping at the wall, but he is so sound asleep I cannot awake him. I am sorry to trouble you," she continued, "but I am so weak this morning, that I am afraid to move from my bed, lest I should fall on the floor, but I dare say I shall be better after breakfast. I generally am."

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "I will do nothing of the kind. Let the poor boy sleep on; I don't doubt he was dreadfully tired yesterday. Now you get into bed again, and I will light your fire for you, and put your room tidy. A little more rest will do you good."

"I am very much obliged to you, I am sure," said Mrs. Evans. "I would not trouble you, if I could help it, but I have had such a bad night, I feel quite knocked up this morning."

"Don't mention it, my dear," replied Mrs. Murphy. "Now, take my advice; put yourself in bed again, and take a nap. I will call you in an hour's time."

"Thank you; but it would be no use my attempting it, for as soon as I lay down my cough begins. I am afraid I must have greatly disturbed your lodger on the first floor last night."

"Oh, don't think about that," said Mrs. Murphy, avoiding the subject. "In cases of sickness we must all sometimes put up with a little annoyance."

Mrs. Murphy now proceeded with her self-imposed duties. The fire was soon lighted, the kettle placed on it, and the room put into good housewifely order. When this was finished, she laid the breakfast things on the table, and then having first placed the invalid well wrapped up in a chair by the fire (for she would not allow her to dress till breakfast was over), she called Robert, and a few minutes afterwards the boy made his appearance. During the time he was dressing, Mrs. Murphy had prepared the breakfast, to which the lad did ample justice; while his mother seemed greatly refreshed by the cup of excellent tea her landlady had placed before her. When breakfast was over, Mrs. Murphy sent the lad out for a walk, and as soon as he had left the house, she said to the widow—

"You surely do not intend leaving home to-day, ill as you are. You have no idea how cold it is out of doors."

"I would willingly remain at home, if I could," was the widow's reply, "but I have no alternative. My means are very small, and I am perfectly well aware that I am in a deep decline, and that nothing can save me. I have no care for myself, but I am naturally very anxious about my poor boy; and I want to introduce him, as soon as I possibly can, to the only relatives he has in the world, hoping they may take some pity on him, although I know well enough they will do nothing for me."

"Are they well off?" inquired Mrs. Murphy.

"Yes; people say they are very rich."

"Have they any family?"

"None whatever of their own, but a little daughter of my sister's, I believe, lives with them."

"Why should you think they will not assist you, then?"

"Because they were very much displeased at my marriage, and they are very unforgiving people; but as I said before, I care very little about myself if they will only do something for Robert."

"They must be very hardhearted people, if they do not," said Mrs. Murphy. "Where do they live?"

"At Clapton; but I hardly know how to get there. I wish you could advise me."

"Well, I think you had better take the Clapton coach, which starts from Bishopsgate Street. I forget the name of the inn it leaves, but you can easily inquire. Now let me help you to get ready."

With great celerity Mrs. Murphy placed the teacups and saucers aside, and she then assisted the widow to dress. Her breakfast appeared to have given the poor woman strength, and when she was ready to leave the house, a casual observer would hardly have imagined her to be in the deplorable state of health she was actually in. Robert, who had now come in from his walk, was also prepared, and with great care, for the visit he was about to pay. When he was quite ready, he really looked, with his new cap, shoes, and other accessories, a very handsome boy, and his mother's face showed she was conscientiously of that opinion. Mrs. Murphy looked at him with great admiration. "If the old couple let that boy get out of their clutches when once they have the opportunity of keeping him," she thought, "they must be of a very different way of thinking from me, that's all I can say."

After Mrs. Evans and her son left the house, they bent their steps towards Bishopsgate Street, for the purpose of meeting the Clapton stage. Few who could have seen the distressed condition that the widow presented, when her landlady entered her room in the morning, would now have recognized her. True, those who looked steadily in her face could easily have perceived the ravages the disease had made on her constitution; still, the excitement she was under at the moment upheld her, and she walked, apparently without difficulty, steadily on. At last she and her son arrived at the booking-office, and found the stage ready to start. Fortunately, there were two places vacant in the inside, which they secured, and the coach immediately afterwards proceeded on its journey.

Little conversation passed between Mrs. Evans and Robert on their road, for she was too much absorbed on the errand she was bound on to think on any other subject. Notwithstanding her strong wish that she and her son would meet with a favourable reception, she could hardly bring herself to believe in the possibility. She remembered too well the mean, selfish nature of her late guardians, and especially the imperious, unforgiving temper of the wife. She argued, however, that she did not intend to ask them for any favour for herself; it was simply on behalf of her son that she was about to apply to them for assistance, and he certainly had done nothing to offend them.

She then began to speculate on what sort of an abode she should find them in. When she had quitted home they resided on the Surrey side of the water, but since the death of Maria, her elder sister, they had removed into the neighbourhood of Clapton, and from that time she had heard nothing of them; in fact, she had experienced great difficulty in finding their address. She then thought on the alteration that eleven years might have made in their appearance, and whether time had in any manner influenced their tempers either for better or worse.

Her train of thought had not terminated when the coach arrived at its destination. On quitting it, she asked the coachman to point her out in what direction she should find Mr. Gibbons' house, and she perceived by his reply that she had still some distance to walk before she reached it. Although beginning to feel greatly fatigued by the exertion she had taken, the information was rather a relief to her than otherwise, as she now would have time to collect her thoughts, so as to arrange in what manner she should address the unamiable couple, in order to make the greatest effect on them. At last she came in sight of the house, and the excitement she experienced at the moment was so great, that she was obliged to stop for some short time to recover herself.

Having with some difficulty succeeded in summoning up her courage, she took her boy by the hand and resolutely walked up to the gate. Finding it closed, she rang the bell, and as it was some minutes before any one appeared, Mrs. Evans had time to examine the exterior of the house. It was a respectable and rather handsome detached cottage, with a porch in the centre, which was approached by a flight of steps, with a window on each side and three windows on the first floor, over which were the attics. The house was situated some short distance from the high road, from which it was separated by a well-kept garden, enclosed by iron railings. Presently, Mrs. Evans perceived in one of the rooms beside the porch, the head of an elderly woman examining her attentively. As soon as she found Mrs. Evans had noticed her, she withdrew her face from the window, and a few moments afterwards the street door was opened by a respectable-looking servant with the key of the gate in her hand. She advanced towards the widow, who inquired of her, if Mrs. Gibbons were at home. "She is, ma'am," was the reply; "but she is now very busy, and I do not think she will see any one; but if you will give me your name I will go and inquire."

Mrs. Evans gave the girl her name, which she took to her mistress, leaving the visitors the while standing in the pathway. From the time which elapsed before the servant again made her appearance there had evidently been a conversation within doors as to whether Mrs. Evans and her son should be admitted.

"If you please, ma'am," said the girl, unlocking the gate, "my missis says she does not know any one of the name of Evans, but that you may come in and explain your business."

The commencement poor Mrs. Evans felt was unpromising enough, but, taking Robert by the hand, she followed the servant into the house. The girl now opened the parlour door, and the widow, placing her son before her, entered the room in which she found Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, one on each side of the fireplace, and, on a stool near them, was seated an interesting looking little girl of about nine years of age. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons had much changed in appearance since Mrs. Evans had last seen them, especially her uncle. He had formerly been a square-shouldered, athletic man, of middle height; he was now pale and emaciated, and stooped considerably in his chair, keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if unwilling to offend or notice the new comers. His wife, on the contrary, sat erect on her chair, and regarded her visitors with a haughty, stern, and a defiant look. She also had aged considerably, but the

ravages of time were not as distinguishable in her as in her husband.

"Pray who may you be?" she said in a sharp, harsh tone, to Mrs. Evans.

"My name is Evans, ma'am," said the widow, greatly surprised and perplexed. "I am your niece. You surely cannot have forgotten me?"

"I sent word to you by my servant," continued Mrs. Gibbons, in the same stern, cold tone, "that I know no one of that name. What is your business with me?"

"My husband, as you may see by my widow's weeds, ma'am, is dead, and has left me utterly destitute. You are the only relatives I have in the world, and I have taken the liberty of calling on you to ask if you could render me a little assistance in my great need."

"And what claim, may I ask, do you consider you have on us?" said Mrs. Gibbons. "I know of none. Pray do you, Gibbons?" she continued, addressing her husband.

The old man seemed startled by the question, and he gazed alternately from the widow to his wife.

"I asked you a question," said Mrs. Gibbons to him, imperiously, "and I want your answer, that there may be no mistake in the matter. Do you admit this woman to have any claim upon us?"

"Certainly not, my dear, certainly not," he answered, in a hurried, tremulous tone, and then, casting his eyes on the ground, he sank silently into his original position.

"I admit I have no claim whatever on you, ma'am," said Mrs. Evans, "beyond that of being your relative. Believe me, I would not even now have troubled you on my own account. I know full well I have but a short time to live; and where, and how I die, is but of little importance. At the same time I hope," she continued, pushing the hair from her son's brow with her fingers, "you will show some consideration for my poor boy. It will be a bitter thing for me to think I must leave him behind me without a friend in the world to assist and guide him."

"He is now," said Mrs. Gibbons, sternly, "what he has hitherto been, and always will be, to me—a perfect stranger. Do you imagine," she continued, raising her voice, and regarding the widow with an expression of hatred worthy of a fiend, "do you imagine I have forgotten the infamous charge of dishonesty you and your worthless husband made against us, after all the care and affection we had shown you? No, I assure you it is as fresh in my memory at this moment as it was immediately after you made the accusation. I promised you then I would never forget or forgive it, and you may see I have every intention of keeping my word."

"Stop, ma'am," said the widow. "You have full right to do what you please with your own, and bear as much ill-will against me as you like, but you are not justified in calling my poor husband worthless. He was as honourable a man as ever lived, and you ought not to speak of him in the terms you do."

"Do you attempt to dictate to me in my own house," said the fury, "or to control me in what I may please to say? I maintain that your husband was infamous, and, if possible, your own behaviour was still worse, for you were under great obligation to us, and your husband was not. You have now the reward of your iniquity. You have disgraced your family by your conduct, and heaven is now punishing you for it."

"What right have you to speak of me in that manner?" said the widow, now firing up in her turn. "What right have you to speak of me in that way before my son, and that child, too?" pointing to the little girl. Then, bursting into tears, she continued, "My life has been as honourable and respectable as your own, and you are a wicked woman to speak of me as you do."

"Can you hear that," screamed Mrs. Gibbons to her husband, "can you hear me insulted in that manner? Is that the behaviour of a man to remain silent, and hear his wife insulted by such a wretch as that, who, by her infamous conduct, has brought disgrace upon us all?"

"Mary, Mary, pray be quiet," said the old man, in a fretful undertone. "Why do you go on in that manner? Your tongue is the greatest enemy you have, and will bring you into trouble some day."

"Come away, mother," said the boy, taking Mrs. Evans by the hand, who was now sobbing bitterly, "never mind what that ugly old woman says. I am sure I would not let her make me cry, at any rate."

Had there even existed the possibility of Mrs. Gibbons taking any pity on the boy this unfortunate remark would have destroyed it. Among the few feminine weaknesses possessed by her, was that of a great respect for her own personal appearance. When young, she had really been handsome. Her features were naturally good and regular, and she had formerly had a magnificent head of hair and a beautiful set of teeth. Still there had always been a stern, ill-natured expression in her countenance, which deprived it of all attraction. Even now, although she wore a wig, and all her teeth were false, there was still some remains of her former beauty visible, and she knew it, and prided herself on the fact.

The old woman now rose with difficulty from her chair, and clinging to it with both hands, for she had had a slight attack of paralysis, said, or rather screamed to her husband,

"Did you hear that insult? Did you hear what that boy called me?"

The old man, thus addressed, also rose from his chair and stepped toward Robert, who, so far from being alarmed, advanced to meet him.

"And you are no better than your wife," he said. "Come on, I am not afraid of you. You are an old coward, or you would not have sat quietly on your chair and heard my poor mother abused in that manner. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The old man seemed bewildered at the boy's impetuosity. Casting a reproachful glance at his wife, as if he felt the force of Robert's remark, he sunk back on his chair without answering a word, and resumed the same attitude he was in when the mother and son first entered the room. An acute observer, however, might have perceived that there was an expression of mingled shame and annoyance on his countenance, but it vanished after a few moments, and one of sullen, cowed obstinacy supplied its place. He seemed as if determined that no human power should extract from him another word. The fact was, that, although a dishonest man, and now thoroughly under the control of his imperious wife, he still had some of the principles of manhood existing in him, though he had not the courage to oppose her.

The old woman's rage at the conduct of her husband rendered her speechless for the moment. She con-

trived to reach the bell, which she rang violently. By the time the servant entered the room she had somewhat recovered herself.

"Send for a constable," she said to the girl, "to turn those vagabonds out of the house, for your master there has not the courage to do it. Go directly, I say."

The girl hesitated for a moment, apparently puzzled what to do, when Mrs. Evans relieved her from her embarrassment.

"You need not be at the trouble, ma'am," she said, "to send for a constable. I will no longer trouble you with my presence, and you will never see me again. Of one thing I am certain; in whatever situation my poor boy may be thrown, he cannot be in hands more cruel or dishonest than your own."

So saying, she took Robert by the hand, who now, the temporary excitement of his passion being over, was crying bitterly, and, without further remark, she left the room, the servant following them to the outer gate. The girl pretended, on placing the key in the lock, to have some difficulty in opening it, that she might speak a word of consolation to the boy.

"Don't cry, my dear," she said, "that old cat ain't worth it. She's a bitter, bad bargain, she is, if ever there was one in this world."

As soon as the widow and her son had quitted the house they bent their steps towards the booking-office, and there found the coach would start again for London in a quarter of an hour. Although the horses were not yet harnessed, they took their seats in the coach, and there awaited the time for its departure. They were now alone; in fact, they had no other fellow-passenger during the whole of the journey to London. As soon as the door had closed on them Mrs. Evans dried her son's eyes, and then kissing him affectionately, and taking his hands in hers, she remained in the same position till the coach arrived at its destination, no conversation having taken place between them.

When she reached London, the excitement of the scene she had lately gone through being over, her strength left her. When on the pavement she tottered from weakness, and would probably have fallen had it not been for the support she received from leaning on the shoulder of her son. More than once during their short homeward road she became alarmed lest she should be under the necessity of calling a hackney-coach, as the expense of one, in her poverty, would have been a serious consideration. Fortunately, they arrived at Mrs. Murphy's without any accident, but as soon as they had entered the house she was obliged to crave permission of her landlady to rest herself in the sitting-room on the ground floor before proceeding upstairs, so utterly exhausted was she by the fatigue she had undergone. Mrs. Murphy, although she discreetly asked no questions, had no difficulty in judging, from the expression of countenance of both mother and son, that their mission had been an unsuccessful one.

After Mrs. Evans had remained silently seated for some time, she rose from her chair to go up to her own room, but she was still so weak she could hardly mount the stairs. Her good-natured landlady, noticing her feeble condition, kindly accompanied her, and when they had arrived in the room she insisted on preparing Mrs. Evans' dinner for her. When all was completed she left the widow and her son to themselves, resolving she would not again disturb them that night, but put off making any inquiries as to what had taken place

till the morrow, for it must be admitted she felt great curiosity on the subject. But although she kept to her decision of not calling again on Mrs. Evans that day, she more than once in the course of the evening crept quietly up to the stairs above the first-floor landing to listen if any conversation were taking place between the mother and son, and on one occasion after the boy was in bed she was deeply grieved at hearing the sound of deep sobbing proceeding from the widow's room.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON MUSIC.

I.—THE ORATORIO—HANDEL.



THE word "oratorio" is the Italian form of the Latin "oratorium," which means a small chapel, or any particular part of a church or house containing an altar. It may be interesting to some to know how the term "oratorio" came to be applied to a species of sacred musical drama, and to what circumstances it owed its rise and origin.

The first "rappresentazione," or truly sacred dramatic exhibition, according to Apostolo Zeno, was a spiritual comedy performed at Padua in 1244. In the year 1264 a society was formed at Rome called the "Compagna del Gonfalone," whose chief business it was to act or represent the sufferings of our Lord in Passion Week. This was probably the foundation of the "mysteries and moralities," or holy plays, which became so popular in all countries during the middle ages. These holy plays had for their plot some Scripture narrative, such as the "life of Joseph," the "life of David," each character being acted. At the time of the Reformation both Roman Catholics and Protestants promulgated in a great measure their doctrines over Europe by means of these plays.

At first but little or no music was introduced into the "mysteries," but as time rolled on, airs and choruses found their way into them. In 1540 San Filippo Neri (born 1515) founded the "Congregation of the Priests of the Oratory" at Rome. This priest, in order to render the services of his church (Chiesa Nuova) attractive, adopted the plan of having psalms and hymns sung after the sermon. He succeeded so well in this way in drawing the youth from secular amusements, that in order to gain even more popularity he induced poets of the period to write sacred stories in verse, such as "The Prodigal Son," "The Good Samaritan," which composers set to music. Filippo divided these dramas into two parts, one being performed before the sermon and the other after; so that those who had heard the first part got so interested in the piece that they invariably stayed to hear the second. By this means Neri brought his "oratory," or chapel, into such repute, that the congregation spread itself over Italy; and wherever these priests went the people were ensured good music by the performance of these dramatic representations. This, then, was the origin of the sacred musical mystery which we know by the name of "oratorio."

Before the seventeenth century these dramas were not entirely sung; portions here and there were declaimed. In the year 1600 we have for the first time an "oratorio" set to music throughout. This bore the title "Dell'anima e del Corpo" (concerning the soul and body), and was composed by Emilio di Cavaliere. In it we become acquainted with the

"recitative" or "speaking music." When we talk of words being sung in recitative, we mean that they are sung in musical tones, but not always restricted to time. A "recitative" is a kind of *musical declamation*, and is a style of composition prominent both in the oratorio and opera. In the dedication of Cavaliere's work we read that it belongs to those "singular and new musical compositions made in imitation of that style with which ancient Greeks and Romans are supposed to have produced such great effects in their dramatic representations." It is a fact worthy of note that no air is to be found in this oratorio, the music being divided into recitative and choruses.

From the time of this musician we find numerous oratorios, but few of any note till we come to one composed by Stefano Landi, and called "Alexis;" it was performed at the Barberini Palace at Rome on a stage with dances, machinery, and every kind of dramatic decoration. Some years after, the gifted composer Stradella produced an oratorio at Rome, to which he gave the name of "St. John the Baptist." The recitatives in this work are excellent, and many of the airs display genius, skill, and study.

The lives of saints furnished subjects for many oratorios. At the latter end of the seventeenth century Pistocchi of Bologna composed an oratorio entitled "Maria Vergine Addolorata," which is very elegant and simple in style, but has neither overture nor chorus. John Buononcini, one of Handel's rivals in England, composed many oratorios before he left Italy, but none of any great merit.* Indeed, it is not until we reach the age of Handel that this style of musical composition gained anything like the position that it now holds. Under the inspiration of that great master the "oratorio" attained its perfection.

George Frederic Handel was born at Halle, in Upper Saxony, in 1685. His father, a physician of that city, was upwards of sixty years of age at the birth of his gifted son. From his earliest years the child devoted himself to music, and made considerable progress in the art. His father, who intended him for the law, did all in his power to check these musical tastes, but to no purpose; for the boy, although forbidden to touch an instrument, conveyed privately into an upper room of the house a small clavichord, on which he played when the rest of the family were asleep. He thus made such advances in his art that he was soon able to play the harpsichord. At seven years of age a happy event took place, which coloured the whole of the young musician's future life. His father had an elder son in the service of the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels, and he proposed to pay him a visit; the child pleaded so hard for permission to accompany him, that the old Handel could not resist his entreaties.

It was impossible, while at the duke's court, to keep young Handel from harpsichords, and he sometimes went into the organ-loft of the royal chapel and played when service was over. The duke, happening to hear him one day, was so much struck with his touch and style of playing that he sent for his father and succeeded in persuading him to allow the talented child to follow his own inclinations. On their return to Halle he was placed under Zackan, the organist of the cathedral, and at nine years of age he began to compose church services. At fourteen he so far excelled his instructor that he was sent to Berlin, where opera music was much in vogue, Buononcini and Attilio, afterwards his rivals in England, being head composers and managers: the former treated the youth with contempt, but the latter with kindness and affection.

* Who does not remember the epigram in which Pope has scoffed at what he conceived to be the pettiness of the feuds about Handel and Buononcini?—

Strange! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

His playing soon attracted the attention of Frederick I., King of Prussia, who gave him many tokens of his regard. From Berlin he went to Hamburg, where the opera was also thought much of.

At this time his father died, and his mother being left in needy circumstances, Handel did his best to procure pupils and to obtain a place in the orchestra. The musician who had been playing the first harpsichord resigned, and, according to custom, the player of the second harpsichord should have taken his place; Handel, however, competed with him for the honour, and was successful: on coming out of the orchestra, the defeated antagonist made a thrust with his sword against Handel's breast, but, fortunately for posterity, the blow was warded off by a musical score in the bosom of the master's coat. At Hamburg he composed his first opera, "Almeria," which proved so great a success that he lost no time in bringing out two others.

At the age of eighteen, having saved enough money to take a tour, Handel set out for Italy, and was received with the greatest kindness by the Prince of Tuscany and the Grand Duke. After remaining for a year at Florence, where he composed the opera of "Roderigo," he proceeded to Venice and brought out his opera of "Agrippina." Thence he journeyed to Rome, where his talents were greatly appreciated by many dignitaries of the church, who ineffectually endeavoured to convert the steadfast Lutheran to the Roman Catholic faith. It was during his visit to the eternal city that he composed his oratorio of the "Resurrection," besides several cantatas and sonatas.

He left home for a second visit to Florence, where he lived for five or six years, and then went to Hanover. The Elector, afterwards George I. of England, offered to make him his chapel-master, and Handel accepted the appointment on the condition that he might surrender it at his pleasure. After a service of a few months, he determined to visit England; and having said farewell to his mother and old master at Halle, he set sail for this country in 1710.

In England, Handel found the opera the favourite style of composition, and his old acquaintances, Buononcini and Attilio, the most popular writers. He lost no time in making a name for himself, which he effectually did by producing his opera of "Rinaldo." Having spent a year in England, he again set out for Hanover, but soon found an excuse to return to the country where he had been so well received. To celebrate the peace of Utrecht in 1713 the gifted musician composed a Te Deum and Jubilate, which gained him such popularity that Queen Anne bestowed on him a yearly pension of 200*l.*, and this sum was increased to 400*l.* on the accession of George I. to the throne.

From 1715 to 1718 Handel was a guest in the house of Lord Burlington, and employed much of his time in composing anthems, concerted pieces, and a few operas. In 1718 he undertook the musical direction at the chapel of the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons; and it was during the time of this appointment that he wrote some of his finest anthems, and completed his exquisite composition, "Acis and Galatea," a work he commenced in Italy. In 1720 a party of the nobility founded an "Academy of Music," and appointed Handel to it as the manager and principal composer, thereby ensuring a continued supply of his operas. Handel went to the continent to engage singers and on his return produced the opera of "Radamisto," which accomplished an unmistakable success, and excited the envy of Buononcini and Attilio. Rivalry ran very high between these Italians and Handel. At length, as a trial of skill, it was agreed that an opera should be written by the three, each composing one act. "Muzio Scevola" was accordingly produced, and the last act, written by Handel, established his superiority beyond doubt.

The "Academy" was now well established, and for nine years Handel conducted it with great success. After that time, however, a serious quarrel arose between him and his principal singer, Senesino, and the nobility taking the part of the latter, the affair led to the dissolution of the Academy. His former patrons raised a subscription to carry on operas in opposition to the master; but, nothing daunted, Handel undertook the management of the theatre at his own expense, and continued to bring out fresh works. At length however his resources became exhausted, and the mental anxiety he endured, in consequence, brought on a stroke of paralysis, and this illness compelled him to visit Aix-la-Chapelle. A short residence here restored his health, and with renewed vigour he returned to England, and lost no time in settling the demands of his creditors. He undertook a few more operas, but finding they met with little success, he again devoted himself to the composition of those memorials of his genius which will live throughout all generations. The oratorios which he first produced were "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt;" they were not received with much favour, and the master, discouraged by the loss of his popularity, left England for Dublin in 1741. Here his talents were acknowledged, and the kindness he met with on all sides induced him to bring out his great oratorio of the "Messiah." This masterpiece achieved a great success, and at once established his reputation in the hearts of the Irish. After a residence of nine months in Ireland, during which time he gave many performances of his oratorios, Handel, with raised spirits, returned to England. Soon after his arrival he produced the "Messiah" at Covent Garden, and so great was its success that it regained him the favour of the people. Soon after, he composed, by order of the king, the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," in honour of the victory at Dettingen. Returning to his oratorios, he lost again, in a pecuniary point of view, till he brought out his "Judas Maccabæus," to celebrate the victory of Oulloden, in 1746, and this oratorio achieved an unprecedented success. His health from this time began to decline slowly, and in 1751 he became quite blind. This great affliction necessarily interfered much with his musical pursuits, and he engaged his pupil, Mr. Smith, to assist him in managing his oratorios. During the latter part of his life he composed many songs and choruses with his usual vigour, though at times his mind was disordered. On April 6th, 1759, he conducted the performance of his immortal oratorio, the "Messiah," for the last time. He returned home in a state of great exhaustion, and died on April 14th, and the 20th of the same month saw consigned to the tomb in Westminster Abbey all that was mortal of this great and talented musician.

STANZAS.

O, COOL green waves, that ebb and flow,
Reflecting calm, blue skies above,
How gently now ye come and go
Since ye have drowned my love.

Ye lap the shore of beaten sand
With cool salt ripples circling by;
But from your depths a ghostly hand
Points upwards to the sky.

O waves, strew corals, white and red,
With shells and strange weeds from the deep,
To make a rare and regal bed
Whereon my love may sleep.

May sleep, and sleeping, dream of me,
In dreams that lovers find so sweet,
And I will couch me by the sea,
That we in dreams may meet.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the standard-bearer of the tenth legion leaped upon the shores of Britain, more than nineteen hundred years ago, he waved the Roman eagle in front of the opposing crowds of barbarians, and the soldiers of Cæsar, who had hung back from the fray, followed him to the battle. The Britons, warlike but undisciplined, gave way before the well-trained legionaries, and after a fierce fight retired to the recesses of the forests. The Roman invader stayed in the island three weeks on the occasion of this first visit, and, after many engagements with the Britons, retired to Gaul, where Cæsar consoled himself by writing an account of the expedition. Many other invasions, under various Roman emperors, followed on the first attempt to subjugate this island, but it was not for many years that the invaders made good their footing on the soil, although they reduced parts of the kingdom to the condition of Roman provinces.

Britain, at the time we are speaking of, was governed by a despotic priesthood, the all-powerful Druids. They ruled supreme over the various tribes into which the people were divided, made and interpreted the laws (which were unwritten), and conducted with mystery and pomp the terrible human sacrifices which formed a part of their strange worship. They lived for the most part in the remote depths of the primeval forests; and in different places in our island may still be seen the circles of immense stones in the midst of which their hideous sacrifices were offered. That of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, is one of the most famous, and there is another in Wiltshire which covers many acres of ground. Carnac in France is also the site of a Druidic temple of vast size. We speak of these remains here in accordance with what has generally been believed on the representation of archaeologists and historians, but, as the critical reader is aware, their true character is very far from having been placed beyond doubt; while recent critical researches have also brought into question much that is believed of the Druids themselves, and of the power they are supposed to have wielded as a priestly caste. However this may be it behoves us, in a popular sketch like the present, to follow the common traditions of history.

To strike a blow at these priestly rulers, who from the time of Cæsar's first landing had never ceased to animate the Britons, and stir them up to oppose the invaders, was one of the most important duties of the Romans. The principal home of the Druids was in the isle of Anglesea, and Suetonius, one of the governors of Britain, determined to invade their sanctuary and put an end to their power. Flat-bottomed boats were used for the transport of the army across the narrow belt of water that divides Anglesea from the mainland. On the shores of the island the Britons were drawn up in battle array, and conspicuous among them, in their long robes, the aged Druids were seen uttering the most terrible maledictions upon the invaders. For a time the Romans were appalled, but after a while the standard-bearers rushed forward, and the soldiers following their eagles, a general massacre ensued. The Britons were surrounded, and the Druids, with the men, women, and children who had gathered to them for protection, perished in the flames of the sacrifices prepared to invoke the aid of heaven in repelling the legionaries. A blow was thus inflicted upon the power of the Druids from which they never recovered.

But about this time a part of Britain, which had for some years been under Roman rule, broke out into insurrection; and now the heroine of our sketch, Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, appears upon the scene. Prasutagus, the king of that tribe, had been an ally of the Romans for years, and on his death he made the emperor a joint heir to his kingdom with his two



QUEEN BOADICEA.

daughters. But the Roman procurator seized upon the whole of the possessions in the name of the emperor, a deed of injustice of which Boadicea, the widow of Prasutagus, complained and demanded redress. The insolent servant of the emperor, in reply to her request, ordered her to be scourged with rods like a slave, a decree which was carried into execution, accompanied with the dishonour of her daughters. The severity of the Roman rule had often been felt before, and the unfortunate Britons were no strangers to injustice; but this was such a crowning act of outrage, that several tribes at once rushed to arms. The Iceni were anxious to avenge the insult offered to their royal family, and the Trinobantes and others were glad of an opportunity of throwing off the oppressive yoke of Rome. Suetonius was engaged with the flower of the army in Anglesea, and the Britons had therefore chosen a favourable moment for revolt. The queen marched with the army, and for a time her revenge was successful and her triumph complete. The colony of Camulodunum, defended by a garrison of veteran soldiers, was the first to succumb to the advancing tribe, and after slaughtering the inhabitants, the insurgents marched upon London, where another terrible massacre took place. Suetonius had in the meantime returned from his work of extirpating the Druids, but prudently abandoned London to the victorious Britons, and collecting his auxiliaries, quietly prepared to give them battle. So furious were the Britons at the iniquities of the Roman rule, that when London fell into their hands they massacred both the Romans and their own countrymen, without any distinction, seeing that the latter had bowed their heads to the hated oppressor. Upwards of seventy thousand people are said to have perished on this occasion, and for a while, as we have said, Boadicea was triumphant. But Suetonius was still to be conquered, and he had posted his army judiciously at the entrance of a narrow defile, the force under his command numbering upwards of ten thousand men, infantry and cavalry.

Before the commencement of the battle, the Romans could see the Queen Boadicea driven through the ranks, accompanied by her outraged daughters, and like Elizabeth at Tilbury, when England expected the invasion of the Spanish Armada, the queen of the Iceni harangued her soldiers in a speech which has been handed down to us by the Roman historian Tacitus. Around her were the fierce tribes who longed for further vengeance on their enemies, and in front the terrible legions of Rome waited for the onset. Had the battle that was to come been decided in a different fashion the history of our land would have been other than it is, and the Romans would probably have hardly made good their footing in Britain again. Boadicea, a noble woman, girt with a golden chain, and with her long yellow hair floating on the wind, spoke as follows:—

"Ye have fought before, O Britons! under the command of a woman, but I do not ask you to avenge the illustrious ancestors from whom I am descended, nor to regain for me the empire which the invader has wrested from me. I ask you to avenge my dishonoured womanhood, the shameful scourge, the blood of a queen, and my daughters outraged by the Roman foe. That foe respects neither youth nor old age, and is insatiable in its lust after gold. Already we have been victorious over some of the stoutest soldiers of Rome, let us teach the remainder the same stern lesson. The day has dawned upon which we must conquer or die. I ask death for myself rather than defeat, and you also must make your choice between death and slavery."

So spake the insulted queen. Cannot the reader fancy what shouts of barbaric joy would greet such sentiments; how strong hands would hold the battle-axe with a firmer grasp, and how the Roman legions, standing afar off in serried lines, would hear the hills

give back the shouts, and would tremble at the sound? Before the battle begins let us hear how the poet Cowper describes the advice of the Druid priest to Boadicea on hearing of her shame. The Druid speaks:—

Princess! if our aged eyes,
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Animated by the queen's speech and the recollection of their wrongs, the Britons rushed on to battle. The Romans let them come some distance, and then in a phalanx they also advanced to the charge. The heavy infantry of the legion, the finest and most perfectly equipped soldiers that the world could then produce, was supported by the cavalry and the auxiliaries. The mass of undisciplined Britons broke upon that impenetrable body of men as the wave breaks upon some opposing rock. The legions strode steadily on, the Britons fled in all directions, and the Romans massacred their women and children to the number of eighty thousand. True to her promise, the queen did not survive the defeat of her army, but rather than fall into the hands of the enemy she poisoned herself. The supremacy of the Romans was established in Britain, and the ill-fated Boadicea left no lasting legacy of success to her country but a name famous for ever in history and in song.

BONDAGERS.

ALTHOUGH it is at least a century and a quarter since the poet Thomson lyrically proclaimed that "Britons never will be slaves," yet, thanks chiefly to Dr. Arne's inspiring melody, the line not only lives in memory, but is enthusiastically vociferated, with more or less meaning, up to the present day, usually by convivial gentlemen who are the modern representatives of those "guardian angels" who, on the testimony of Thomson, first "sung the strain." According to this poetic fustian, the proclamation of Britain's immunity from slavery "was the charter of the land" when it first, like Aphrodite, "arose from out the azure main." The charter, however, was violated, as other charters have been; and, as the records of Bristol can tell, slavery once existed on English soil. But it, and its successor, villeinage, have long since ceased to disgrace our country; and, except for the paltry purposes of political vituperation and rhetorical artifice, we now think of slavery and serfdom as things that are, or lately were, confined to other lands than ours; and we regard the emancipation of a servile population as one of the noblest objects on which modern philanthropy can expend its efforts. We little imagine, perhaps, that while we prolong the chorus about Britons never being slaves, we shut our eyes to the fact that we have slaves, not only at our very doors, but within our very walls. We do not refer to those who, either voluntarily or involuntarily, are the slaves of bad customs and vicious habits; nor do we now speak of the forms of child-serfdom that are still permitted to exist in factories, brickyards, and agricultural gangs—an inhuman and brutalising serfdom, from which, it is to be hoped.

the poor children of England will be rescued by that strong arm of the law that has dragged them out of the dismal depths of the coal-mines. To say nothing of these, we need do no more to prove our proposition than to point to the present existence of the bondage system and its bondagers. This word may, to many, be a new word, descriptive of a race as unknown to us as any in Ashango-land or Equatorial Africa, or as the natives of Borioboola-gha. It is true that "the house of bondage" is an expression that is familiar to us from our earliest years, and brings home to us the picture of a people suffering cruel slavery under stern taskmasters; but, it may be asked, who and what is a bondager?

To this question we reply that a bondager, although sometimes a lad, is generally a female, and, in nearly every case, an unmarried young woman, who is "bound," or in bondage, for a year to a farm labourer, to assist him in performing his round of agricultural work; and that the existence of bondagers and the bondage system is happily confined to the southern counties of Scotland, and, notably, to Roxburghshire and Berwickshire, and to that northern portion of the county of Northumberland that includes the wild border district of the Cheviots. In this purely agricultural part of the country, where the flocks of sheep are reckoned by thousands, and wander over the vast rolling downs of the grassy hills—where a hundred acres of grain will ripen within one enclosure—where farms are from two to three thousand acres in extent, and where all the operations of agriculture seem to borrow a largeness from the scenery in which they are exercised, the villages are widely scattered, and their inhabitants are usually the labourers of the same employer, who holds the cottages in which they live as a necessary portion of his farm premises. The labourer, or "hind," as he is termed, is paid in a way somewhat different from that which is customary elsewhere. In money he only receives from four to six pounds, but the deficiency is made up to him in kind. His master provides him with the keep of a cow and the cultivation of a thousand yards of potatoes; "leads," or draws his coals for him at the price paid for them at the pit's mouth; gives him some wool at sheep-shearing time, and about fourteen bolls (84 bushels) of wheat, barley, oats, peas, or beans; and, furthermore, gives him his house and stocked garden rent-free. On the whole, the yearly wages of the hind are found to be equivalent to from \$51. to 40l. of money; and, by the arrangement provided for him, he is made, to a certain extent, independent of shops and indifferent to the fluctuations of the corn market. But from his yearly total, a sum that is reckoned at about 10l. has to be deducted for the following purpose.

One of the "conditions," as the mutual agreement between the employer and the employed is called, is, that the hind shall provide a labourer, who shall be boarded and lodged by him, and paid by the master at a lower rate of wages, eightpence or tenpence a day, except in harvest time, when double pay is given. This labourer, so hired and "bound," is called "the bondager." Sometimes a lad may be found to do the work; but in nearly every case the person hired is a young woman. If the hind has a daughter old enough, and willing to do the work, so much the better; though in such cases, unless the full pay of the bondager is allowed her, it is usually found that the daughter is not sufficiently disinterested to throw in her lot with that of her own family, but prefers to wander farther afield, to new scenes and fresh surroundings, and to hire herself as a bondager to a stranger. The woman hired by the hind may possibly be a widow, or a married woman who has left her husband "for good," or, more probably, for bad; but in the great majority of cases the bondager is a young unmarried woman, of no particular home, and of less particular morals. She is hired—generally at the "hirings" or statute fairs provided for the purpose—without any form of

inquiry being gone through as to her character; a look at the girl and her outward and physical "points," and probable capacity for hard field work, being all that is deemed necessary; and thenceforth, from May 12th in one year, to the same date in the ensuing year, she is "bound" in serfdom to the hind, and becomes his goods and chattels for the next twelve months. It is, of course, an integral part and parcel of the bondage system, that its main feeders are not only immigrant Celts from Ireland and the Western Highlands, but girls of loose character and lost reputation, and inhabitants of pit districts and densely populated towns, who desire to lead a brief agricultural life, not so much for the sake of the wages received, as from the wish for change and novelty. In this respect, and in other social and moral aspects, the bondagers somewhat resemble many of the hop-pickers of southern counties.

But it is not so much out of doors, as in the hind's cottage, that the evils of the bondage system flourish in full rankness. The cottage—unless it belong to such a village as those created by the Duke of Northumberland—consists of one room, in which the whole family live by day and sleep by night. In many cases, this room is destitute of a back door, and of all out-buildings and offices. To sleep upstairs is considered "uncanny;" and even in those rare instances in which a second sleeping room has been provided by the landlord, it has been found that it has been used as a store-room for odds and ends, and that the family are unwilling to depart from their old habits of sleeping, promiscuously and gregariously, in their living room. Their beds are those horrible inventions of frozzy uncleanness, "box-beds," cupboards, divided into upper and lower strata, infinitely worse than the worst berths in the steerage of an ill-appointed emigrant-ship, and to be seen nowhere else, perhaps, south of the Cheviots, though common enough and dirty enough in the Western Highlands of Scotland. These box-beds are usually arranged against the wall facing the fire, and are seldom more than four in number. One is occupied by the hind and his wife; their children, divided rather according to age than to sex, fill two others; and the fourth is claimed by the bondager, whom a thin plank only divides from the nuptial couch of the hind and his wife, or from the bed of their strapping lads. Whether the ceremony of dressing and undressing ever takes place on retiring to, or arising from, these box-beds, and whether personal cleanliness and the institution of the tub ever penetrate into such a home, are points on which the imagination may speculate, but on which both the tongue and pen must preserve silence. The evils, however, to which such a state of things must give rise must be sufficiently apparent, even if they stopped short of groundless jealousy on the part of the hind's wife, on whom also, on wet and wintry days, when there is little or no farm work to be done, the bondager's companionship is enforced; and it is notorious, that either from incapacity or unwillingness, the bondager never assists in house-work or engages in domestic occupations. She considers herself merely to be engaged for out-door labour; and when employment at that is deficient, she remains in the house listlessly watching the busy doings of the wife, or wandering to a neighbour's to indulge in idle talk and scandal. The out-door work of the bondager varies, of course, with the season of the year; but turnip-hoeing enters largely into her duties. Since those "Rob Roy" days, when Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone classed "the new turnips" with those French antics and Hanoverian rats, that, as he declared, had "changed the world in old England," this particular root-crop has been largely cultivated in the strong soil and amid the humid atmosphere of the Border country. And it is to the prevalent and increasing cultivation of turnips that the continuance of the bondage system

is attributed. The defenders of the system, even those who recognize its many evils, allege that in their sparsely-populated districts they cannot properly cultivate their land without the help of the bondagers; and that as they give their hind so many advantages, it is but right that he should in part repay them, by always providing a labourer for the turnip-hoeing and other work. If the hind does not like the agreement, he is at liberty to please himself, and to look out elsewhere for other employment on different conditions; which he certainly will have to do unless he can show to his master the young woman who is "bound" to him for the next twelvemonth as a bondager.

Practically, therefore, it comes to this; that notwithstanding the charter granted to Britannia by the poet Thomson, and the undertaking that Britons never shall be slaves, the bondage system is, to a certain extent, a state of slavery; not only as regards the position of the bondager to the hind, but also as touching the connection between the hind and the occupier of the farm. That such a system is offensive to the larger number of the hinds we are assured on good grounds, and we can readily believe the state-

ment; but, so long as the "conditions" exist between them and their masters, so long must they submit to them with all their drawbacks, or choose the alternative of losing their places. And, although "flitting" is common, yet usually it is but for a change of masters, and not of "conditions;" and the hind prefers to retain the certainty of his home, coupled with its perquisites of food, to wandering further afield in quest of work to which similar advantages are not attached. For the certainty of his own board and lodging, he will consent to share it with a strange young woman, who may destroy his own domestic peace, demoralise his children, and, by her gross language and deeds, both in the fields and in the village, sap any purity that may yet be left to the inhabitants. But, in this matter, is the hind the proper person on whom to thrust the blame? Is he not, rather, the landlord's scapegoat? and if the landlords themselves cannot, or will not, combine to put an end to the bondage system, could not the legislature assist them to give the *coup de grâce* to the bondagers?

CUTHBERT BEDE.



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

VIII.—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

THE Foundling Hospital of Paris, or, as it is now called, *L'Hospice des Enfants Assistés*, was founded in the year 1640, by St. Vincent de Paul. This excellent man—far more worthy of the title of a saint than the majority of those to be found in the Romish calendar—feeling deeply for the many unfortunate children who were in

the habit of being exposed in the public streets, either to attract the pity of the passers-by or to perish, took upon himself the noble task of providing an asylum to which they might be taken, and there receive, to the fullest possible extent, that care and attention which ought to have been bestowed upon them by their own unnatural parents. Having resolved to accomplish the task, he humbly prayed for a blessing on his work, and that he might be endowed with courage and perseverance to complete it. He then applied himself to

collect subscriptions, and to enlist others to assist him in the good cause he had undertaken. For some time his project appeared to be entertained with but little favour; but undismayed by rebuffs, he contrived to canvass for subscriptions among the wealthy, and at last succeeded in collecting a sufficient sum to allow him to engage a small house, in which he determined to commence operations. Fearing that too much notoriety might occasion him a greater influx of applicants than it would be possible for him to take charge of, he at first commenced (assisted by one or two friends) to gather up the poor children who came under his personal notice. In a short time his house became completely filled, and he feared its expenses would soon exhaust the limited funds in his possession; but the blessing of Providence seemed to have fallen on his good work, and he began to receive assistance from quarters where he least thought of looking for it. The numbers of deserted children, however, which were brought to him for protection, fully kept pace with the increase of his means, and he was obliged to remove his hospital to a much larger building in the Rue St. Antoine, where it remained under his management till his death, when it was removed to another and still larger edifice near the church of Notre Dame.

When the Revolution broke out in Paris, the Republicans not only treated the *Hospice des Enfants Trouvés* (as it was then called) with respect, but had it removed to a larger and much more commodious building in the Rue d'Enfer, where it has since remained. The reader must not imagine that the scene represented in the woodcut, where the parents of a child have placed it in the wicket or turntable, and have then left it to the care of the hospital authorities, is the method in use at the present day. True, this turntable is still in existence, but it is merely kept as a curiosity, its duties having been abolished many years since. At present no child is admitted unless one or both of the parents attend before a commissary of police, and prove, to his satisfaction, that it is not in their power to maintain it; and it is then, upon his order, sent to the *Hospice* as a deserted child, to be brought up for the future under the care of the state, its parents having lost all control over it. There are, however, several exceptions to this rule—the principal one being, that when the parents of a child are obliged, from sickness, to enter a public hospital, their young children are taken into the *Hospice des Enfants Assistés*, where every care and attention is shown them till their parents are able to resume work, when they are again placed under their care. Unfortunately, the facilities afforded by the law for the reception of children into the *Hospice* has not done away with the inhuman practice of parents deserting them. Nothing is more common than in the night for children to be placed outside the walls of the *Hospice*, their parents knowing, full well, that the next day they will be taken in and properly cared for.

A graver question could not possibly occupy the attention of the political economist than that of the propriety of providing, in large towns, asylums for deserted children. On the one hand, such establishments are said to engender in the minds of parents a want of tenderness for their offspring; while on the other, it is argued that the life of the child ought not to be sacrificed or endangered to teach a heartless father and mother their duty. But even in the latter case, unless the greatest care and attention are bestowed on the infant, as many lives may be sacrificed inside the *Hospice* as outside. The most cruel neglect on the part of a mother could not kill it with greater certainty than badly performed vicarious assistance. There can be no doubt that when the Republican government of 1793 established the present hospital for deserted children, it was actuated by the purest philanthropy; but after all, they were far from ob-

taining their great object—the saving of infant life—for the mortality among the poor children who were brought to it was fearfully large. In the second year of the Republic the *Hospice* received 2637 infants, and of this number 2425 died within the first year. In the third year 3935 were admitted, of whom 3450 died; and in the fourth the admissions were 2422 and the deaths 1908. A great change for the better afterwards took place, but still the mortality continued frightfully large. Things however still went on improving, till in the year 1837, the admissions amounted to 5467, of whom 1458 died, or something less than one in three during the first ten days of their residence in the *Hospice*; while the deaths among the children of the poor, retained by their parents and assisted with outdoor relief by the hospital authorities, were found to be only one in fourteen, and that in the space of three months instead of ten days. At present the mortality in the *Hospice* is reduced to one in seven in the gross number of admissions—the death-rate, from some obscure cause, being greater among the boys than the girls. Of infants at present brought into the *Hospice*, eighteen per cent. die within forty-eight hours. The mortality among the children, when placed by the hospital authorities at nurse in the country, is fifty-five per cent. during the first year, while the total mortality of children in all France, during the first year, does not exceed twenty-five per cent.

Let us now shortly attempt to analyse the cause of this apparent enormous mortality among children—surrounded as they are by every care and attention which the purest philanthropy on the part of the hospital authorities, and the unflinching solicitude and exertions of the Sisters of Charity, who have charge of the infants, can bestow, as well as the skill of the medical officers attached to the institution. The proximate cause of a great proportion of the deaths is the dilapidated constitutions of the majority of the infants before they are brought to the *Hospice*, either from the culpable neglect or poverty of their parents. The latter cause appears to predominate, as in seasons of great distress the admissions into the *Hospice* become far more numerous, and the constitutions of the children are then found to be weaker, and the ratio of mortality consequently greater. But after all, it is not certain that we, in London, have any excuse for playing the Pharisee and thanking God that we are not like the French. It is by no means certain that the care of infant life among the poorer classes of the French capital is not fully as great, if not greater, than in London. True, we carry the system of granting outdoor relief to parents in distress to a far greater extent than is done in the French capital; but, after all, it is doubtful whether the parents do not profit by it more than the children. A district medical officer of one of the largest parishes in London was, a short time since, summoned before the board of guardians to explain the reason of his giving so much beef-tea to the sick poor—the quantity he ordered being far in excess of that prescribed by the other medical officers of the parish. "My district is poorer than any of the others," he replied, "and I have under my care a greater number of mothers who are at present nursing their infants. It is for them I prescribe so much beef-tea; for when I order porter, I frequently find the husbands drink it instead of their wives, but they will not touch the beef-tea."

Although even the present mortality among the infants in the *Hospice des Enfants Assistés* appears frightfully large, it is doubtful whether the mortality among children in some of the poorer districts in London is not greater. On the authority of Dr. Ross, one of the medical officers of the City Union, the mortality among children in the courts and alleys in the neighbourhood of Field Lane and Farringdon Street is so great, that out of five children born, one

only reaches the age of five years. How terrible this fact is may be proved by comparing it with the mortality among children in a healthy parish—say Lewisham—where, out of five children born, only one dies before the completion of the fifth year. In two localities in Kensington, densely crowded with the poor—Jenning's Buildings and the Potteries—the average duration of life, from excessive infant mortality, was found, a few years since, to be only fourteen years in one and fifteen in the other; while in the neighbourhood of Palace Gardens, and other magnificent localities in the same parish, the average duration of life was found to be forty-three years. Six years since, from excessive infant mortality in the parish of St. Clement Danes, the death-rate exceeded the births; while in the average of the metropolis, the births exceeded the deaths by thirty per cent.

By comparing these figures, it will be found that we in London have little to boast of on the score of superior humanity to children; nor can we show by it that our system is better than that of the French, or whether the establishment of a general hospital for the reception of deserted or neglected children is less advantageous than our own method of affording a greater amount of outdoor relief to parents in distress. At the same time it should be borne in mind that the French themselves are by no means decided whether an institution such as the *Hospice des Enfants Assistés* is to be approved of. The opponents of the system—and they are many—maintain that this boasted facility offered for the protection of deserted children is a pseudo-philanthropic idea, only worthy of a barbarous nation, as the principal benefit it offers is merely to smooth the short passage of the poor infant to the grave. A better law, they maintain, would be to supply the mother with means for supporting her infant herself. Even though this, at the commencement, might be a somewhat greater expense, they argue, the infant, the mother, and even the state itself, would in the end profit by it. That although it is possible public opinion, educated in the present false system, might object to so radical a change, there is no doubt that in the end the advantage of assisting the mother, instead of depriving her of her infant, would be fully admitted. The French advocates for the maintenance of the asylum argue, that the system which can preserve the lives of the greater number of children is the one which should be adopted; and they attempt to prove, that although the mortality of children admitted into the *Hospice* is indisputably great, it would be far greater were it abolished. Again, if a weekly allowance to poor and respectable parents might be preferable, how is the distinction to be drawn? It should be taken into consideration, they say, that the majority of parents who give up their children are not respectable, and that they are precisely of the class who would apply to their own comfort whatever allowance they might receive from the hospital authorities—leaving their own children to starve. Again, by allowing disreputable parents the possibility of relieving themselves from the maintenance of their offspring, a vast amount of the terrible crime of infanticide is avoided.

How far this latter argument may hold good in France it is impossible to say. Certain it is, that our system in London, of giving pecuniary outdoor relief to indigent parents, is no security against infanticide. In this crime we are sadly afraid we are in advance of most of the other European capitals. The number of infanticides which are known to take place in Paris does not exceed three hundred annually. In London we fear our coroners would give a very different account. The late Mr. Wakley once informed us, that he believed the number of children in London who annually met their deaths from unfair means was more than two thousand.

Nothing can be kinder than the attention the poor deserted infants receive in Paris at the hands of the hospital authorities. Every precaution that science can invent, and the purest benevolence can put in force, is adopted. Thirty wet nurses are always kept at the *Hospice*, so that there shall be no abrupt change in the food of the infant. As soon as it is weaned it is placed at nurse in the country, where it remains under the inspection of the hospital authorities till it is six years of age, when it is brought back to Paris to be placed in the schools. Each child on its entrance into the *Hospice* has its name carefully registered, and the parents can at any time receive information respecting their offspring on payment of the sum of five francs; or they are allowed to take them from the *Hospice* on payment of the expenses which the authorities have incurred, which is estimated at about 4*l.* English money per child. It is hardly necessary to state, that many of those parents who have been capable of deserting their children never claim them again, even when their circumstances would enable them to do so. A considerable number of the children, however—especially those between two and four years of age—are taken from the *Hospice* and adopted by



married couples or widows who have no families of their own. As these pay no fine on taking the child from the Institution, the authorities have of course to take great precautions that there is no collusion between the parents and the applicant. No woman is allowed to adopt a child without the strictest inquiries having been made as to her respectability; and even then the authorities keep an eye upon the child for some years afterwards. At the age of fourteen or fifteen the hospital authorities find employment for the children, by apprenticing the boys and procuring situations for the girls; but the tie between them and the parent institution is by no means severed by their having quitted its walls. Both males and females remain under the guardianship of the state till they are twenty-one years of age.

A visit to the *Hospice des Enfants Assistés* will well repay the time and trouble it will cost. Although it requires some difficulty on the part of the Parisians to inspect it—unless the applicant be a medical man—every part of the building is thrown open to foreigners, and great courtesy shown to them. The *Hospice* at present contains one thousand two hundred children only; but altogether, with those in the building, those at nurse in the country, those at schools and elsewhere, the gross number of children under the protection of the authorities of the *Hospice des Enfants Assistés* is scarcely less than twenty thousand.

SPONGE.

BUT few of the many people who use sponge could say whether it is an animal or a vegetable production. It was not until a comparatively short time since that the voice of the best naturalists decided it was an animal. Dr. Johnston, in his "Treatise on British Zoophytes," says:—"Sponges, therefore, appear to be true zoophytes; and it imparts additional interest to their study to consider them as they probably are, the first matrix and cradle of organic life, and exhibiting before us the lowest organization compatible with its existence."

Sponges are divisible into fresh and salt-water sponges, and these again have each several subdivisions.

When a sponge is taken out of the water there is seen to escape from it a fluid resembling in appearance the white of egg. The substance from which this fluid exudes will be found, on examination, to consist of a number of slender threads so interlaced as to form a complete network. These threads are horny, smooth, and of unequal thickness, and form the outer covering to minute spikes of siliceous or calcareous matter. When examined under a strong magnifying glass, these objects are found to consist of inorganic pieces, having an internal cavity, the function of which is not known. Those composed of siliceous matter are for the most part needle-shaped; the calcareous ones are more varied in form, some of them having three or four prongs at one end. The two sorts are not found together in the same sponge, and sponges in which a great number of either kind are found are too rough and harsh for domestic purposes. These and the horny threads together make up the fabric which is the home of the sponge animal. In and out of it the gelatinous fluid mentioned above, flows and reflows, carrying on in the labyrinth of horny passages the different processes of its little understood life. For the sponge animal exists in this fluid, which has an unctuous feel, emits when burned a fishy smell, and appears to the naked eye as a transparent colourless medium, like white of egg. Examined under the microscope, it is seen to consist of very small, transparent, spherical granules, which are taken to be the very sponge animals themselves. By some wonderful process of secretion and assimilation, these strange creatures subtract from the water in which they live the elements necessary for the construction of their house; and pile and cement them after so workmanlike a sort, that nothing short of violence will destroy the fabric they rear out of them.

The appearance of common sponge is too well known to need description. The small pores, leading to large channels which have ramifications extending all over the sponge, are literally the "drawers of water." They suck in, obediently to some unknown law of currents, the water by which they are surrounded, conveying to all parts of the spongy system nutriment and vigour; and, leading on to the larger channels, are the means by which the waste water, excrementitious matter, and all foreign intruders, are cast into the draught. The small pores suck in, the large-mouthed holes shoot out; and diffused throughout them both is the agglomeration of cells which, united, present the appearance of a gelatinous fluid. The outgoing current has yet another office: it conveys from the interior of the sponge, where they are prepared, the minute sacs or vesicles which are the germs of other sponges.

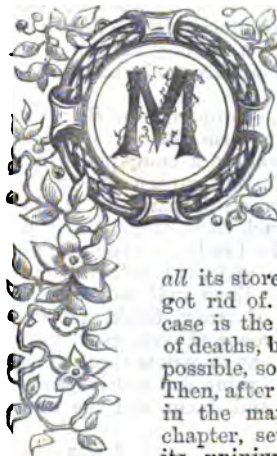
The animal nature of sponge is confirmed, if further proof were needed, by the fact that when sponge is taken from the water, it not only has a fish-like smell and savour, but if allowed to die naturally, it will be found to undergo a process of putrefaction. Some of them turn blue, others black; while others again, which in life were soft and elastic, and of bright lively

colours, on suffering death become friable or crumbly and turn white.

Although sponges are to be found in every sea, there are certain places where the finest habitually grow, and the same kind of sponges which are found in one part are not of necessity found in another. The Mediterranean, especially about the Greek islands, affords the best specimens for domestic purposes. "Fine Turkey" sponge comes from thence, and nearly every sort of sea-sponge grows there. Around our own coasts, however, and in our own fresh waters, as many as seven sorts of sponge are found. Some of these must be sought far below the surface of the water, and they are never uncovered. They cling to shells, rocks, or other objects at the bottom, and sometimes to living creatures. Dr. Johnston, in his "History of British Sponges," mentions an instance of the *Halichondria oculata*, which is not uncommon on the British coasts, being found growing over the back of a crab:—"A burden apparently as disproportionate as was that of Atlas—and yet the creature has been seemingly little inconvenienced with its arboreous excrescence, for it is big with spawn in a state nearly ready for laying. Indeed, the protection and safety which the crab would derive from the sponge might more than compensate the hindrance thus opposed to its freedom and activity. When at rest its prey might seek without suspicion the shelter afforded amid the thick branches of the sponge, and become easy captives; while when in motion scarce an enemy could recognize it under such a guise."

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

III.



UCH has been said and written as to the importance of saving the lives of bees. In fact, however, only the very young bees—those, I mean, which are hatched after the month of July—live till the following spring. *By all means save these.*

Therefore, if it is necessary to plunder a hive of

all its stores, let the old bees be first got rid of. The brimstone pot in this case is the quickest and most merciful of deaths, but use as little brimstone as possible, so as not to injure the brood. Then, after cutting out the honeycomb in the manner described in the last chapter, set the deserted hive with all its uninjured brood-comb while still

warm upon or under some strong neighbouring stock. The bees will go into it, clean up the combs and hatch out the young brood. Later in the year the plundered hive can be taken away and laid by in some dry and dark place. Take care of it, because next summer you can put a swarm into it. The bees will soon make beautiful new comb in place of the honeycomb you cut out of it the year before, and they will give you all the more honey for the empty comb you have given them. There is great waste in cutting out all the combs of a hive. They will be found to contain very little pure wax, but for breeding purposes they are as good as new combs, if not too old. Should they be very black and old it would be better to melt them down, but comb remains good for breeding purposes seven or eight years.

I must here caution the reader not to forget to put several sticks in the hives managed on this principle. There should be three or four of them placed crosswise, so as to support the combs. Place them about three

inches from the bottom of the hive, and be sure to use a thin spatula or sharp knife in removing the top and cutting out the honey.

A few words must be said about rectangular hives of wood, which are now so commonly used. They are very good, but being for the most part more costly than the hives I have described, and requiring the shelter of some shed or other covering, they will rarely be made use of by the cottager. I have however seen, in the gardens of the poor, all sorts of boxes, such as old candle-boxes or tea-chests, and a great deal of honey has been collected in them; but they will not last long if exposed to the weather, and they look very shabby and untidy. A good size for wooden boxes is from thirteen to fourteen inches square inside measure, and eight inches high. They should have their top boards *screwed* down. A two-inch hole in the middle will be sufficient. Common deal wood—red deal in particular—is a very good material for their construction. Let it be not less than three-quarter inch stuff. The top boxes or *supers*, as they are called, which go on these hives, should be made somewhat smaller—say a foot square and five or six inches high. Let all hives and boxes be of the same size according to their kind, whether stock boxes or supers, so as to fit accurately one on top of the other. Every hive, too, should have its own bottom board on which to rest distinct from the pedestal on which it stands. This board had better be half an inch wider than the hive itself, projecting beyond it; there should also be a small alighting board a few inches square in front of the entrance to the hive. As to the entrances themselves, they should be long and low, say five inches wide and three-eighths or a quarter of an inch high. They may be narrowed in winter by a small block of wood to half their width, and even more when wasps are troublesome; but plenty of air is at all times conducive to the health of the hive, and in the busy season the bees are much incommoded and hindered in their labours by having too narrow thoroughfares.

WHERE TO PLACE HIVES.—Suppose now that you have got your first stock or swarm, the next question is where to place it. First choose a snug place in a warm and sheltered part of your garden facing the south, south-east, or south-west; if partially shaded from the noonday sun so much the better. Put your hives each on a stout post let firmly into the ground. They should stand separately at least two feet distant from each other. Next cover them well over with an earthen pan or neat hackle of straw, thick and well made; the latter should be renewed once every year. Nothing is so hurtful to bees as to expose them to the heat of the summer sun or to rains and melting snow. Bees suffer from both heat and damp, and the hives soon rot and fall to pieces.

No cabbages, lettuces, grass, or weeds of any kind should be suffered to grow just in front of or beneath the hives. The bees often come home laden and tired, and fall down before they reach their hive entrance; in which case they often perish from getting entangled and chilled among these plants, especially in cold and rainy weather.

It is well to place hives within reach of water; they must not, however, be too near a pond or river, which becomes a watery grave to multitudes in gusty weather. A shallow stream trickling through grass or purling over stones is what suits them best; but if there is no water near, some large dish or milk-pan should be sunk in the ground hard by in a corner where it is sunniest in the forenoon. Fill it up with largish stones and water, or float some pieces of wood in it for the bees to alight upon it without risk of drowning when they come to drink. They cannot do without water in spring and summer, and if they find none near they will go long distances in search of it.

P. V. M. F.

THE BROKEN MIRROR.

In the happy golden age, before sorrow and crime were known, Astræa walked on earth in unveiled beauty. In her hand she bore a mirror in which Truth had looked and had fixed her immortal features for ever. And all men gazed upon the mirror and saw the just and undistorted likeness of Truth.

But the happy golden age did not last for ever. The world grew corrupt, and Astræa could no longer walk among men in her brightness. Sorrowfully she fled from the abodes of guilt and misery, but as she fled pity filled her soul for the fate of mankind, and she cast down her mirror to the earth, that the image of Truth might still be seen among men.

The mirror was broken into a thousand fragments by its fall, and wise men, who came seeking after the image of Truth, gathered up the shining fragments, here one feature and there another; for, I know not by what strange blindness, none of them perceived that the mirror had been broken. As time passed on, each discovered that something was wanting to complete his discovery, yet never thought of looking at his neighbours' fragments, but reasoned for himself what the whole ought to be, and assumed that every piece but his own was a deception. "See," one would say to his circle of followers, "the lines are *thus* and *thus*; you have only to prolong them so far in their own direction beyond the edge of the mirror, and we obtain such a form as, you perceive, harmonizes exactly with all that the mirror includes. What can be clearer? And yet my opposite neighbour pretends that his mirror is genuine, while the outlines are utterly different. Now he must be in error; he has picked up a bit of common looking-glass, has seen his own face in it, and thinks he has found the image of Truth."

And so the wise man pieced out his fragment with the best imitation of its substance that he could devise, and thereon sketched what he thought would complete the face of Truth. Then he admired his work, and exhibited it as the genuine form of the lost image, and convinced other people, and himself too (which was the strangest thing of all), that now the mirror was just as it had first descended from above. As not one man only, but many acted thus, there were many images of Truth abroad in the world which had scarcely a line in common; and, oh! what maimed and ill-formed shapes were some, what grim and terrible ones were others! Often, too, it seemed that those who had only gained possession of the smallest fragment of the original, and had to supply the most from their own fancy, were of all men the most vehement in boasting the genuineness of their own pattern, and most bitter in condemning all others. Perhaps the fragment being often all but invisible in the midst of the additions, the lines of junction where the true and the false were pieced together became the less perceptible, and the contrast between them much less manifest than where the original piece was larger. Many and bitter were the disputes, the quarrels, yea, and even the combats, over the fragments of the broken mirror.

Yet all were not deluded. The difference between the portion of the real mirror and the additions had the quality of revealing itself to persons of a peculiar disposition and patient observation. There were some men who would gaze and meditate so long and so fixedly upon the genuine portion, as to get an instinct which would feel the difference of the made-up pieces which went round it; and these men would go away with a sort of shadowy picture in their minds of what the real was really like; a dim picture it is true, and not much more than a shadow, but still something very much nearer the reality than anything the other people had devised. It is worthy of notice that these people had always been kindly disposed to their neighbours; and so far were they from quarrelling about the image of Truth, that it was never heard they had even pretended to possess her complete lineaments. Perhaps they had a conviction—so I have heard—that only Astræa herself could ever perfectly clear away all that was worthless, and fit each fragment of the mirror into its ancient place, so as to make it once more complete and beautiful.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT. AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER IV.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

ABOUT eight o'clock the next morning Mrs. Murphy proceeded upstairs into the widow's room. She found her seated on her bed in the same position she had seen her the morning before, the severity of her cough having precluded her from remaining in a recumbent position. But how great was the change which had

taken place in her appearance since Mrs. Murphy had then seen her! It seemed hardly credible that in so short a space of time as twenty-four hours the disease could have made so vast an alteration in any human being. Feeble as she had been the morning before, she had now evidently greatly changed for the worse. It was with difficulty she could sit erect, but was continually bending forward, and in danger of falling. She had not been able to make any arrangements in her

room, or any preparations for breakfast. One thing Mrs. Murphy particularly noticed, and that was the open Bible which was beside the widow on her bed—a circumstance which raised her still more in her estimation, for though not of any very strong religious tendency herself, she had a great respect for religion in others.

After a few inquiries respecting Mrs. Evans' health, and the manner she had passed the night, Mrs. Murphy called Robert, and then quickly putting his mother's room in some sort of order, she lighted the fire and prepared the breakfast. All being now comfortably arranged for the meal, Mrs. Murphy went below into her own rooms, and shortly afterwards returned, bringing with her some pillows, which she arranged in such a manner as allowed the invalid to sit up, with some approach to comfort, in her bed.

Robert now entered the room, and with a good appetite sat down to his breakfast, Mrs. Murphy watching him the while with great interest. When breakfast was over Mrs. Murphy said to Robert—

"My dear, my husband is working at home in the shop to-day; would you like to go down to him? I am sure he will be very glad to see you, and perhaps he may give you something to do, and so help to keep you out of mischief."

Robert, who, like most other boys of his age, wished for no better fortune than to be made free of a carpenter's shop, immediately accepted the invitation and left the room. As soon as he was gone, the widow said to her landlady—

"I am very much obliged to you for all your kindness. What I should have done without you I know not. I really believe it was the finger of God which guided me to your house."

"Don't think anything about it, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy. "I am sure you have no occasion. You are very welcome to anything I can do for you. Besides, my husband and myself have taken quite a fancy to that boy of yours. He is quite a little gentleman. Have you any other children?"

"No. I had a little girl, but she is dead."

"How old is Robert?"

"He was ten last March."

"He is a very fine grown boy," said Mrs. Murphy. "I suppose you are rather proud of him, if the truth were known."

"He is both the greatest joy and sorrow of my life," replied the widow.

"How so?"

"Because he is ten times dearer to me than my own existence, and yet I know I must soon leave him alone in the world, and without a friend to guide or protect him."

"But I understood you to say, yesterday," said Mrs. Murphy, "that he had some old and rich relatives you were going to see. Will they do nothing for him?"

"Nothing whatever. They received us in the most unkind manner, and told us we need not expect anything from them. I only asked them to assist me for Robert's sake, as I told them I did not care for myself."

"What can you have done to offend them in so serious a manner?" inquired Mrs. Murphy.

"Only as I told you before, that they did not like my marriage, although my husband was as industrious and good a young man as ever lived. I should tell you, though, that he asked them for an account of some money which they had of mine before my mar-

riage, and which he said, to the last hour of his life, they had robbed me of."

"Have they any children of their own?" asked Mrs. Murphy.

"None; they are bringing up a little girl as their own. She is the daughter of my poor sister who is now dead and gone."

"How old is she?"

"About nine."

"Is she a nice child?"

"She appears so from what little I saw of her. I do not think she ever heard of my name before yesterday. Her mother died when she was a few weeks old, and her father a year afterwards. She has remained ever since with these old people."

"But have you no friends in Norwich?"

"No; my husband unfortunately quarrelled with the firm about a year before his death. The partners have been very kind to me since. They also gave me the money to bring me up to London, and some pounds over. I dare say, were I to ask them, they would send me another five-pound note; in fact, I am sure they would. But you see, the present people have lately come into the business, and they know but very little of my husband, so I have no claim upon them for Robert."

Mrs. Murphy was now silent for some minutes; at last she said to Mrs. Evans:

"Do you not think, my dear, that, ill as you are, you ought to have some good medical advice?"

"Of what use would it be?" was the reply. "I know perfectly well that nothing can save me. I was told that before I left Norwich. It would only be throwing money away to see a doctor, and you may imagine I have none to spare."

"Still it is wrong," said Mrs. Murphy, "to let a chance escape. After all, you may not be as bad as you fancy you are. Now do let me send for the doctor that attends me. He is a good, kind, clever man, and I will tell him how you are placed. I am sure he will only charge you for the medicines he sends you."

"I am certain he can do me no good," said Mrs. Evans. "If it were not for my poor boy's sake, I should say that the sooner God takes me the better."

"Well, then, for your poor boy's sake, you ought to try every means in your power to get well," retorted Mrs. Murphy. "At any rate, the doctor can do this—he can give you some medicine to ease that distressing cough of yours, and then you'll get a little rest. I am going out presently, and will tell him to call here. In the mean time, make yourself as comfortable as you can. In the course of the day I will get for you anything you want, and Murphy will take care of your boy, so you've nothing to worry yourself about."

During the time Mrs. Murphy was in conversation with his mother, and in fact the whole of the morning, Robert was engaged in the workshop with Mr. Murphy. They got on admirably together. Mr. Murphy was a good-natured, intelligent, and respectable man, an excellent workman, and, although childless, very fond of children; and Robert was a sharp-witted, docile, and well-conducted boy. The lad was at first somewhat diffident; but the feeling wore off in a few minutes, and the pair soon found themselves on a friendly footing together. To please Robert, Mr. Murphy quitted for a short time the work he was engaged on, and opened a huge tool chest he had in the shop; and then commenced the explanation of the various tools it con-

tained, all of which were employed in his handicraft. He showed Robert their use, as well as the manner of holding them, so that he should do no harm either to the tools or to himself. He also informed him of the cost of each, and the aggregate value of the contents of the chest—which amounted to a very considerable sum—in all of which Robert took the keen interest habitually shown by boys on subjects of the kind. He asked many questions concerning the tools, how long it would be before a person could learn to use them skilfully, whether carpentering required a very strong man, and others of a similar description, which were listened to patiently, and willingly answered, by the good-natured artisan.

The inspection of the tools over, Mr. Murphy asked Robert whether he would like to learn how to use them, and of course he received an affirmative reply.

"Now, I dare say," said Mr. Murphy, "that you think you have only to take any of these tools in your hands and push them along, and they will do all the work by themselves; most boys do, at any rate, and I suppose you ain't very different from the rest. Now all that is quite wrong, I can tell you. It takes a good deal of time and trouble to use even the commonest tools cleverly. A carpenter's work ain't learnt in a day, I can assure you. Why, it's no easy matter to drive in a nail properly to one that ain't used to it. You bend your nail, and hammer your fingers, and do all sorts of stupid things, and then you lay the blame on your tools. The head of your hammer is loose, of course, and the handle's bad, and it's a disgrace for any tradesman to sell such nails—or something of the kind. Now, let me see you drive these tacks into that piece of wood; nothing, you'd think, could be easier than that."

Robert took the tacks and the hammer and set to work, but in a very clumsy and unskilful manner, bending the tacks without driving them into the wood, and rapping his own fingers severely, as had been predicted by Mr. Murphy. After amusing himself for some time in watching the awkward movements of the boy, and laughing heartily at the blunders he made, Mr. Murphy showed Robert the proper way of holding the tacks, as well as the manner of striking the blow. Finding that Robert began to be more expert, Mr. Murphy went on with his own work, casting his eye from time to time on the lad, who kept on assiduously practising on the piece of wood. Presently Mr. Murphy again put down his own tools, and watched Robert attentively for some time, evidently turning over in his mind the while some matter of importance. After remaining a few minutes silent, he said to Robert, somewhat abruptly—

"How should you like to be a carpenter?"

"Very much, I think," was the boy's reply; "but I don't know much about the business though."

"No, you don't," said Mr. Murphy, examining the piece of wood in which Robert had been driving the tacks; "but at any rate you could learn. It's a very good business if you get on and you've plenty of it. If my time was to come over again, I expect I could make a much better thing of my trade than I have done. You can read and write, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Robert, with something like indignation in his tone at the supposed possibility of his being without those accomplishments. "My father used to say I could write and cipher very well for a boy of my age."

"That's all right," said Mr. Murphy. "I never knew a man to be a worse workman for being well educated; but I have known a good many who might have got on better in the world if they had had one." Then, after a few moments' silence, as if he were mentally pointing his moral to his own case, mechanically examining the piece of wood with the tacks in it the while, he continued: "You've not done that badly, young gentleman. I fancy I could make a smart fellow of you in time."

"I wish you could, sir," said Robert; "I should like it very much."

"Very well," replied Mr. Murphy, throwing the piece of wood he held in his hand on the ground; "now let's see if I can't make you useful in some way. In the first place, I want those chisels sharpened. I will show you how to do one, and let me see how you can manage the remainder."

So saying he took a whetstone, and placing on it a little oil, he commenced by showing the boy at what angle the tool ought to be held, the amount of pressure it required, and other technical instructions. Robert then took the chisel, and imitated his teacher so well that Mr. Murphy now left him to continue his own work, casting on him, from time to time, a glance to see how he was progressing. They continued thus working and conversing together till Mrs. Murphy announced that dinner was ready, and they then all left the workshop together.

The dinner over, Mrs. Murphy left the house for the purpose of calling on Dr. Moffat, her medical adviser. She found him in his little shop, which he dignified with the name of a dispensary, arranging medicines for his pauper patients, for he held a branch parochial district under the board of guardians. Dr. Moffat, under a somewhat ungainly exterior, possessed a kind heart, much patience, and great professional skill. His profits were of the smallest, and his labour to obtain them most severe. He was an enthusiastic admirer of his profession; indeed, had it not been for the love he bore it, and which supported him in his duties, he would long since have given up his appointment in disgust. His domestic expenditure, however, was but trifling, for he was an old bachelor, and very economical in his habits. Indeed, it was even reported that out of his very limited income he yearly contrived, not only to set apart something for his old age, but also to send annually a very respectable sum to a widowed sister with a large family, who resided somewhere in Scotland. As soon as Dr. Moffat saw Mrs. Murphy enter his shop he immediately quitted the medicines he was occupied in mixing, and politely conducted her into a very small back room, on the door of which was written "Surgery," and in which it was generally supposed he performed his amputations and other capital operations.

"Well, Mrs. Murphy," said the doctor, gallantly, when he had placed her in the patient's chair, "I hope your visit is one of friendship, and not of necessity. There is nothing wrong with you or your husband, I hope?"

"No, I am glad to say, doctor," was the reply; "we are both as well as possible, but I have come to ask you to see a poor woman in our house, who is very ill. In fact, I am afraid she will die."

"I will see her in half an hour's time," said the doctor, "for then I shall have occasion to pass through your street."

"It's a case of consumption, I think," said Mrs. Murphy, with a diffidence women generally show when speaking on subjects of the kind to medical men whose opinion they respect.

"I cannot do much good for her, I am afraid, if that's the case," said Dr. Moffatt; "however, I will call and see her."

"But I want to tell you as well, doctor, that although very respectable, she's very poor, and altogether very much to be pitied, so you must not charge her much. Beyond a trifle in ready money I suspect there's not a pauper in the workhouse worse off than she is."

"That is very sad," said the doctor, smiling; "doubly sad I may say, for I suffer from her poverty as well. However, you need not be under any alarm on my account. I will do her no wrong, you may rest assured."

Mrs. Murphy now left the doctor, and proceeded home, there to await his visit. He was punctual to his appointment, and Mrs. Murphy conducted him upstairs into the patient's room, Robert being at the time in the workshop with Mr. Murphy. Having introduced the doctor, Mrs. Murphy remained with them till the ice of introduction had somewhat thawed, and she then left them and descended to her own room, where she remained so as to be able to speak to the doctor before he left the house. In about a quarter of an hour she heard his foot upon the stairs, and she then placed herself at the door of her parlour so as to stop him as he was passing. As soon as he had reached the ground floor she beckoned him into the room.

"Well, doctor," she said, "how did you find your patient?"

"Hers is a sad case indeed," was the reply.

"Do you think she's in much danger?"

"Imminent danger," said the doctor. "I never saw a person in a more lamentable condition. I might as well attempt to reanimate a corpse as to put three months' life in her."

"How long do you think she will live?"

"It is impossible for me to say. She may hang on for some weeks, or she may die in a few days. Of the two I should think the latter the more probable. She ought never to have left Norwich. That journey, she tells me she took to London outside the night coach during that bad weather last week, appears to have destroyed the very little hope which remained for her to get through the coming winter."

"What do you intend doing for her?"

"All I can do is to give her some medicine to calm her cough, so that she may obtain a little rest. We must smooth the passage to the grave for her as well as we can, so that she may suffer as little as possible. Send round to my house in the evening for the medicine, and see that she takes some of it to-night. Keep her mind as quiet as you can, and most probably you will find her end an easy one."

When the doctor had gone Mrs. Murphy sat herself down in a chair by the fire, and began to turn over in her mind the position she was placed in with respect to the poor widow. To do the honest creature justice, not a single selfish thought disturbed the current of her meditations. She was naturally somewhat fond of money, and should Mrs. Evans linger on for any length of time it would certainly be a pecuniary loss to her, but not for a single moment did that probability enter her mind. All she thought of was how

she could make the dying woman as comfortable as possible. As far as nursing went everything that kindness could suggest and skill perform Mrs. Murphy would bestow on her, but how to relieve the dying woman's mind from the anxiety she felt respecting the fate of her son was a very different matter. There was but one way to get out of the difficulty which suggested itself to Mrs. Murphy, and that was to adopt the boy as her own son. She had already taken a great fancy to him for his docile manner, his handsome person, and the love and respect he showed his mother.

Still there was a difficulty, and a great one, to be got over—what would Mr. Murphy say to an arrangement of the kind? True, on all ordinary subjects connected with their domestic economy, Mrs. Murphy was mistress of her own house, and something more; but on certain occasions her husband could show that he had a will of his own, and then, however excellent his wife's arguments might be, they were powerless on him. At last she justly resolved that there was no possibility of coming to a certain conclusion on the matter without bringing it under the notice of Mr. Murphy, and this point being arrived at, she determined to broach it to him that evening, and then, if he consented, she would be able to speak to the widow about it the next morning.

Now it happened that the idea of adopting Robert as his son had entered Mr. Murphy's thoughts as well as his wife's, but he hardly liked to speak to her on the subject. He found the boy was active and intelligent, and he easily perceived that so far from being any impediment to them he would soon be of great use. But how to prove this to his wife's satisfaction gave the honest man no little trouble, for in spite of all his cogitations he could not hit upon arguments to present to her which he held to be perfectly conclusive, so he put off the further consideration till the next day.

The same evening after the duties of the day were over, the care and attention Mrs. Murphy bestowed on her husband were positively edifying. His tea was of the strongest, his toast was carefully made and well buttered, and she had cooked for him two pork sausages so exquisitely that no rabbi could have refused to partake of them. As the night was cold she had made up an excellent fire, and before it she had placed his list slippers, so that they might be well aired, and she insisted on placing them on his feet herself, as stooping down sometimes brought on his headache. Her conversation during the repast was also to him of the most attractive description. It related solely to the work he was employed on, how long it would take before it was completed, and the orders he expected to receive from different customers. She made, in fact, so many inquiries on these different subjects, and seemed so much interested in the replies, that any casual auditor might have imagined that the study of carpentry was a favourite occupation of Mrs. Murphy, instead of being, as it really was, a perfectly indifferent matter beyond its capability of producing money.

Their meal over, and the tea-things removed, Mrs. Murphy rose from her chair, and not only placed her husband's tobacco-box before him on the table, but positively filled his pipe for him, and, in fact, carried her hypocrisy so far as to say that she thought the tobacco he was then smoking was of a far finer flavour than the last, a remark which pleased him exceedingly, and drew from him the reply that he considered their

was nothing more wholesome or which kept a house freer from diseases of all kinds than a pipe of tobacco, and Mrs. Murphy was so struck with the justness of the remark that on the first pipe being finished she insisted on her husband filling another to keep the cold out of the place.

When the atmosphere of the room, from the density of the smoke in it, had arrived almost at suffocation point, Mrs. Murphy judged it was the fitting time to break ground.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Murphy dear," she said, "that Dr. Moffat called here to-day to see that poor creature upstairs. When he came down I asked him how she was, and he said there was not the slightest hope for her in this world; that, in fact, she might die in a few days."

"I am sorry for it, poor soul," said Murphy. "It's a sad thing for any one to die in that manner, without a relation or friend they can count on to close their eyes."

"Poor dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "she's in a sad state of mind about that boy of hers. After all, it's a shocking thing for her to know that she is dying without a soul in the world to protect her child, and he such a nice boy as he is. Does he put you in mind of anybody, Murphy?"

"I often think he's very like our Charlie," replied Mr. Murphy; "just the same height and age."

"If we could afford it," said Mrs. Murphy, "I should like to bring up that boy as my own. I am sure he would do us credit."

"Come, come, wife," said Murphy, "it's no use your talking in that manner about if we could afford it. We are not so badly off as all that comes to at any rate. If there are richer people in the world than we are, at the same time there are poorer. Where there is one person better off than ourselves, there are a hundred worse."

"Oh, I don't complain," she said, "and besides, his keep wouldn't cost us much after all."

"Cost us much!" replied Mr. Murphy, somewhat indignantly, "no, indeed, it would not. So far from it, in a very short time he would be able to earn as much as would support him. I watched him narrowly enough when he was working with me this morning, and a handier or cleverer lad I never saw in my life."

"Still, my dear, you must remember he will cost us a great deal of care and anxiety. We ought to look the thing carefully in the face, and not do anything we might be sorry for afterwards," was Mrs. Murphy's reply, who, like a shrewd female tactician, finding she was likely to obtain all she had hoped for, determined to make a merit of receiving it, so as to wear the appearance of submission to her husband's wishes against her own special conviction.

"Nonsense, Peggy," said Mr. Murphy, "what danger is there of our being sorry for doing a good action? The poor boy will soon be left alone in the world, and I ain't afraid of helping him if you are."

"Well, Murphy, my dear," said his wife, in a tone of much humility, "if you particularly wish it, I will make no objection. If his mother speaks to me about him to-morrow, I will propose, in case she doesn't get better, to take him and bring him up as our own. It will make her mind easy, poor creature, and let her die happy at any rate. After all, the boy might have fallen on worse luck than coming into our hands. You're a kind, honest fellow, Murphy, and a good

workman, and will set him such an example as will be of use to him when he grows up to be a man. I, on my part, will do my duty by him as a mother, and no mistake."

"Peggy," said Murphy, filling another pipe, although the atmosphere of the room was already semi-opaque, and of a decidedly opal tinge—"Peggy, my dear, though you're a bit of a screw, you're a good, kindhearted soul after all."

The conversation between the worthy couple continued on the same subject for some time longer, and many and complete were the arrangements they drew out for the future.

The next morning Mrs. Murphy, as usual, went to her lodger's room. Although, thanks to the medicine Dr. Moffat had sent her, she had passed a more tranquil night, still she appeared alarmingly ill. Mrs. Murphy, as before, prepared the breakfast for both mother and son, and when it was over she sent Robert into the workshop, where her husband was busily employed. As soon as the lad had left the room, Mrs. Murphy asked the widow how she had liked Dr. Moffat.

"He seems a very kindhearted, clever man," was her reply, "and, thanks to the medicine he sent me, I had a very quiet night; however, I feel very weak this morning."

"What did he say of your complaint?" asked Mrs. Murphy.

"He said very little; but I understood clearly enough what he thought."

"Well," said Mrs. Murphy, "we are all in the hands of God, and must obey Him when He calls us. Happy are those who are prepared to meet Him. But tell me, my dear, if things should be as bad as you believe them to be, is there anything I can do for you which will make your mind easy?"

"Nothing, unfortunately," replied the widow; "at the same time I am much obliged to you for your offer. My only anxiety is concerning my poor boy; but that distresses me so dreadfully, and weighs so heavily on my mind, that I cannot bring my thoughts to bear on subjects they ought to be employed on. What to do I know not."

"I was talking to my husband yesterday evening of the trouble you were in about Robert," said Mrs. Murphy. "He said he hoped you were wrong in thinking you would not recover; but, if things come to the worst, the boy should never want a friend, nor a home, as long as we have a crust to share with him. Robert is a great favourite with both of us, and if you can do no better for him, we are quite ready to look on him as our own child. I told you before that we lost our only son about his age, and it was a terrible blow to both of us. Now, if you like, Robert shall take his place with us. We are not gentlefolks, but we are not altogether poor people either, and besides we have 'Ball in the stable for a rainy day.' My husband, for a working man, has a good business, and is very much respected by those who know him. So let the worst come to the worst, Robert has something to rely upon. Now what do you say to my offer? Will you accept it?"

"Accept it? Yes, and thankfully," said Mrs. Evans, bursting into tears. "I truly said it was the finger of God which guided me to your house. May He bless you for your kindness, for you have made the widow's heart to leap with joy!" Here her tears for some time

restrained her utterance, and the kindhearted Mrs. Murphy wept with her from pure sympathy. As soon as Mrs. Evans was a little calmer, she said, "I am sure you will find Robert a good and tractable boy. I have always endeavoured to bring him up to the best of my abilities in the way he should go, and when he is old I trust he will not depart from it."

"I have no fear whatever about him," said Mrs. Murphy, "but now, as we understand each other, let us talk about something else. Tell me if there is anything I can do for you."

"I should much like to see a clergyman, one of the Church of England I mean, for I have always been brought up in it. Do you know one who would call on me?"

This was a somewhat puzzling question for Mrs. Murphy to answer; for, to her shame be it spoken, she was by no means a regular attendant at any place of worship, although she called herself a churchwoman. However, she soon recovered herself, and, without giving any direct reply, said, "I will put on my bonnet at once, and go down to Spitalfields Church and find one. You will soon see me back again. Is there anything I can get for you while I'm out?"

After making a few more arrangements in the sick room, Mrs. Murphy left the house and proceeded to the church, and fortunately arrived before morning service was over. As soon as it was finished, she went into the vestry and explained the object of her visit to the curate who had officiated. She found him kind, courteous, and indefatigable. He told Mrs. Murphy if she would wait a few minutes, while he made some entries in the register, wrote out some certificates, and performed some other parochial duties, he would accompany her at once to her house. On the road he drew from her some particulars of the history of the sick person who required his ministrations, all of which Mrs. Murphy clearly answered, and in such a manner as raised her considerably in his good opinion. Arrived at the house, she requested he would enter her sitting-room, while she prepared Mrs. Evans for his visit. In a few minutes she joined him again, and conducted him upstairs to the sick room.

At first Mrs. Murphy was somewhat embarrassed to know whether she ought to be present. Though by no means as attentive to her religious duties as she ought to have been, still, like most well-conducted women in her sphere of life, she had a profound respect for religion and its ministers. The curate relieved her from her embarrassment. He first asked the invalid whether she wished to speak to him in private, and, on being answered in the negative, he requested Mrs. Murphy would join them in their prayer, an invitation she readily accepted. The curate remained with them for nearly an hour. He seemed to take great interest in the widow, and he prayed with her earnestly and eloquently. When he took his leave he promised he would call on her the next day at the same hour, and that he would bring with him some prayers which he considered would be well adapted for her condition, and which he would leave with her to read. After he had quitted the house, Mrs. Evans expressed herself much comforted by his ministration, and most thankful to her landlady for having introduced him to her.

Dr. Moffat called to see his patient soon after the curate's departure. He found her in less pain, but weaker, and he again prescribed for her. During the

remainder of her illness he continued his visits, relieving her sufferings as much as lay within the compass of his science to accomplish, and the curate was equally unremitting in offering her the consolations of religion.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON MUSIC.

II.—HANDEL'S MESSIAH.



OUR brief sketch of the origin of the oratorio and the life of Handel suggests some additional observations on his masterpiece, "The Messiah." The music of Handel is rich in boldness, strength, variety, and invention—he was peculiarly noted for the depth and beauty of his harmonies. As a writer of fugue music he is unrivalled, and any choruses more sublime than his cannot be conceived. His oratorios are many in number. "The Messiah," "Samson," "Saul," "Judas

Maccabæus," "Solomon," "Deborah," rank among the most famous, but without doubt his *chef-d'œuvre* is "The Messiah." It has ever been heard with reverence, and has enriched great singers and musical managers more than any single musical production in this or any other country. In his lifetime Handel had it performed annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, and the proceeds were enormous.* A short account of this great work may not be out of place here.

"The Messiah" is divided into three parts. In the first and second parts we have prophecies of the Lord's coming and of events in his life, and in the third part we are told of the ends for which he came. "The Messiah" opens with an overture, which is a piece of instrumental music that always prefaces an oratorio or opera. The vocal part begins with a recitative for the tenor, which in this case has a sustained accompaniment—a recitative, as a general rule, having only a chord here and there to support the voice. The words are taken from Isaiah xl. 1-5, and prophecy the coming of the Lord: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." There is also an allusion to John the Baptist: "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Then comes the beautiful air for the tenor: "Every valley shall be exalted, &c.," and the chorus bursts in with the wondrous words, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." After this we have an accompanied recitative for the bass voice, the prophecies being taken from Haggai ii. 6, 7: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Yet once a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth." Then come words taken from Malachi iii. 1-3, containing another prophecy relating to John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, and speaking of the Messiah himself, who "Shall suddenly come to his temple." After making this prophetic statement the bass voice asks mournfully, "Who may abide the day of his coming? for he is like a refiner's fire." A chorus tells us in vigorous tones that "He shall purify the sons of Levi." We now come to the prophecy relating to the birth of our Lord. An alto voice rings forth in recitative with the blessed promise, that our Lord shall be born of a virgin, and "His name shall be called

* It is generally understood that the organ in the chapel of this Institution was the gift of Handel, but a contributor to "Notes and Queries" (First Series, v. 369) throws some doubt upon this. A writer in the "European Magazine" for February, 1799, states that it was built at the expense of the charity, under the direction of Dr. Smith, the learned Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who added demitones and some other niceties.

Emmanuel" (Isaiah vii. 14). Following this is the lovely and joyful air, still for the alto, "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion . . . say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God" (Isaiah xl. 9). The solo voice dies away with the blessed words, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee" (Isaiah lx. 1); and the chorus takes them up, and repeats them over and over again. We are aroused from these cheering strains to a sense of the sin and wickedness of that world which called for a mediator. The bass voice peals forth with the terrible verses from Isaiah xl. 2, 3: "Behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people;" but there is comfort in the thought that "the Lord shall arise." Following close on this is the chorus taken from Isaiah ix. 6: "For unto us a Son is born;" and with thundering effect come the words, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." The voices cease.

We are left to reflect on these thrilling words whilst a solemn piece of instrumental music is performed by the band, to which Handel gave the title of the "Pastoral Symphony." It fitly introduces us to the recitative which follows for the soprano voice, the words being this time taken from the New Testament. The angel of God appears at night to the shepherds watching over their flocks, and proclaims to them the birth of the Messiah. The chorus breaks in with the song of praise uttered by the angels: "Glory to God in the highest," &c. (Luke ii. 8-14). Again Handel takes us back to the Old Testament, and the soprano voice rings forth with "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion" (Zechariah ix. 9, 10). This air is full of spirit and vigour to suit the exultant words. Thus the Lord's birth is ushered in, and now follows a recitative containing prophecies of the miracles to be wrought by him: "The blind shall see, the deaf hear" (Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6). In a soft and exquisitely modulated air for the soprano voice we are entreated to come to the Lord and pour forth our sorrows; the assurance coming in the chorus that "His yoke is easy and his burthen light" (Matthew xi. 28-30). Here ends Part I. of "The Messiah."

Part II. opens with the solemn chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God" (John i. 29). We hear afterwards of the reception which godless men gave him, the Saviour of the world. In mournful tones the alto voice utters the sad words, "He was despised and rejected of men" (Isaiah i. 6; liii. 3-6). The sorrow of the rejected Saviour seems to be breathed forth in the stern but plaintive accents of this lovely air. The following chorus tells us, still mournfully, but persuasively, that "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and with his stripes we are healed." A tenor recitative and chorus speak further of the mockings he endured whilst on earth (Psalm xxii. 7, 8), and how they filled the Lord with sorrow and heaviness (Lamentations i. 12). These choruses are fit introductions to the recitative prophesying his crucifixion, and his dying to save sinners. A tenor voice declaims, "He was cut off out of the land of the living—for the transgression of thy people was he stricken." An exquisite air follows: "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell" (Isaiah liii. 8). Fitly here is introduced the prophecy of his resurrection. An exultant and jubilant chorus bursts forth with the words: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in."

Two choruses and an air for the bass still carry on the idea of the Lord having entered into heaven. "Yet all the angels of God worship him." "Thou art gone up on high." We are reminded of the "great company of preachers" the Lord left behind him on earth, and in connection with these words we hear, "How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace" (Romans i. 15). These latter words are set to an air of exquisite pathos in a minor key for

a soprano voice. Succeeding this is a chorus with the blessed assurance that "Their sound is gone out into all lands" (Psalm xix. 4). We are not allowed longer to dwell on these notes of peace. As there were revilings and mockings against the Lord whilst on earth, so were there against the ministers of his gospel. The words from Psalm ii. 1-9 are sung in chorus: "The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed." But a tenor voice denounces these blasphemers: "The Lord shall have them in derision—he shall dash them to pieces like a potter's vessel." Following next in order is that chorus of Handel, which, had he written nothing else, would have perpetuated his fame. The air first resounds with the oft-repeated "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" the voices all in rich and jubilant harmony. There is a pause, and a solemn unison steals on the ear: "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Again burst forth the joyful "Hallelujahs"—a second time dying away, and giving place to the happy tidings, sung to a grave chant: "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever—King of kings and Lord of lords." The way in which Handel has worked out this chorus is inimitable. Whilst the subject is being carried on by one set of voices, the others peal forth with constant and joyful "Hallelujahs." This inspired creation winds up Part II. of the oratorio.

Part III. is ushered in by an air of marvellous beauty for the soprano voice. The deep faith of the believer is poured forth in the trustful words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (Job xix. 21, 22). By many this is considered to be the most exquisite song that Handel ever wrote; and certainly its elevating effect is truly wonderful—the soul seems borne up to the threshold of its Maker, while the clear voice rings out the joyful hope of the believer, "In my flesh shall I see God." Four quartettes follow—two of them, in solemn tones, show us our fallen nature as sons of Adam. We are not long left in despair: the reassuring strains come, that "All in Christ shall be made alive." We are thus led to the thought of the life after death. The bass voice impresses on us the awe-striking words from St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians (xv. 51): "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. The trumpet shall sound." To give the utmost effect to this prophecy, Handel introduces a trumpet accompaniment to the voice. The sound of the trumpet dies away, and we find a duet for alto and tenor: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" In answer, there is a chorus: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory." A tenor solo again reminds us of the blessed fact that we are saved by "Christ who died . . . who makes intercession for us, and is at the right hand of God." Solemnly the chorus chants, "Worthy is the Lamb that is slain, and hath redeemed us to God . . . blessing, glory, and honour, be unto him that sitteth on the throne for ever and ever" (Rev. v. 12, 13); the words "for ever and ever" being repeated with animated effect. The oratorio is concluded with a "fugue" chorus on the word "Amen," worked out with Handel's extraordinary and unrivalled skill.

Great singers have vied with each other in rendering the airs of this masterpiece. Amongst the stars of our own day who have shone in them are Jenny Lind, Clara Novello, Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, Sims Reeves, Weiss, and Santley. Though these exquisite melodies are heard to perfection in the cathedral and concert room, it is in the quiet of our own homes that we most enjoy them; and may there ever exist voices and souls to interpret the beautiful works of that great master on whose tomb is appropriately inscribed that cheering text he set to such inspired music—"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

A VISIT TO HAWORTH.



CTON, Ellis, and Currer Bell; Jane Eyre, Shirley, Wuthering Heights, Agnes Grey, and The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, are names and titles of persons and places, in the world of the imagination, which possess an interest peculiarly their own.

The public, at first, did not know what to make of some of these names, or the parties who had assumed, or employed them. But the mystery has long since been cleared up; the mists which rested so long over their dwelling-place, among the wild hills of Yorkshire, are dispelled, and we now know that the proper generic term for these children of the cloud is BRONTË.

We understand that Mr. Brontë's original name was PROUDY; that he was born in the County Down, in the North of Ireland; and that the patron by whom he was educated for the English Church, either disliking the name of Proudly, or seeing that the lad was destined, at some future time, "to make a noise in the world," called him Brontë, BPONTH, or "Thunder." There lived in Ireland, at no distant period, a famous robber called Bill Thunder. Could it have been from him that young Proudly's patron got the hint for naming his protégé? If so, we admire his taste in turning it into Greek. That the name is Greek, appears evident from the mark over the last letter, to distinguish the eta from the epsilon, or the long from the short "e," which mark was invariably used by Charlotte Brontë. We saw the last letter of the name thus marked in the marriage register,

in her father's church, written on the occasion of her marriage with the Rev. Mr. Nicholls, in 1854.

No one, within a dozen miles of the church and parsonage house of Haworth, should lose the opportunity of visiting the place where the Brontës, these children of the mist and cloudland, lived and died; but not without leaving a weird-like mental progeny behind them, begotten of the genius of the people and the place, brooding over minds of a peculiarly susceptible and imaginative character. Who could suppose that "Heathcliff, a man who never once swerved in his arrow-straight course to perdition," from his cradle to his grave; from the time that "the little black-haired swarthy thing—as dark as if it came from the devil—was unrolled out of the bundle in the farm-house kitchen," to the hour when Nelly Dean found the grim stalwart corpse on its back, with eyes wide gazing, which seemed to sneer at her attempts to close them—who could imagine, we repeat, that such a character had been conceived by a timid and retiring maiden? But this was the case.

"You knew the ladies well?" we said to the old sexton, as he conducted us through the old church.

"Right well."

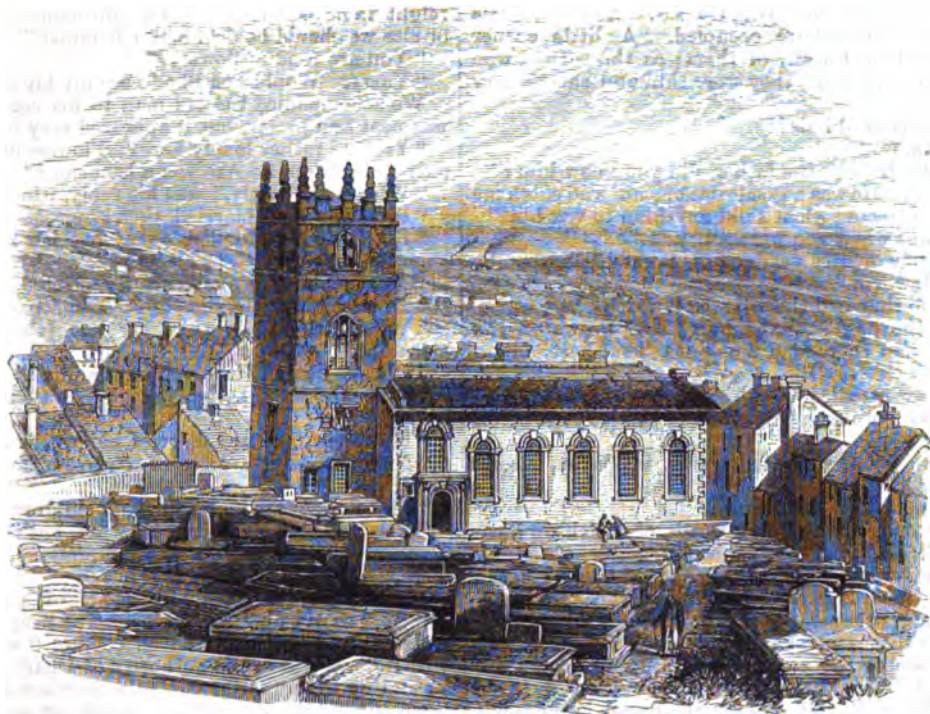
"And which was your favourite?"

"Oh, Charlotte; she was the most familiar. She'd send for me to cord her box, when she was going away; and she'd give me a glass of wine. Emily and Anne were very shy. If I wur to go to the kitchen, and they wur there, they'd cut and run. But if you catch'd them fair, they'd stand it like a brick. Oh, yes, and wouldn't wrench themselves away, alike. Oh, yes, they wur brave, when you had um fair; and very pleasant."

How fully the old sexton's off-hand sketch is borne out by Charlotte's picture of Emily. "My sister's disposition was not naturally gregarious. Circumstances favoured and fostered her tendency to seclusion. Except to go to church, or take a walk on the hills, she rarely crossed the threshold of home. Though her



HAWORTH PARSONAGE.



HAWORTH CHURCH.

feelings for the people around were benevolent, intercourse with them she never sought, nor, with very few exceptions, ever experienced. And yet, she knew them—knew their ways, their language, their family histories. She could hear them with interest, and talk of them with detail, minute, graphic, and accurate; but *with* them, she rarely exchanged a word. "I never knew them," said the old man, "*to come in by the front door of the church.*"

The parish church and parsonage house of Haworth crown a hill, in the very heart of wild downs, towards which the road seems to rise gradually, almost all the way from Halifax. Leaving Calder Vale and Ovendon Valley to the right, we passed through the villages of Illingworth and Denholme, and ascended what the driver called "Immanuel's Heights," and the old man at the toll bar "Mannel's Eights." From these heights, to the foot of the village of Haworth, there was a descent; but from the foot to the top of the village the ascent was very great, so much so, that we almost hesitated about taking up the vehicle.

The church is evidently a very old foundation. In the lower part of the old church tower, about twelve feet from the ground, is a stone with this inscription:

ORATE PRO NO STATU ANTEFT 600.

which we read "Pray for the happy condition" or soul "of Anteft." The "p" before the "bono" is evidently a contraction of the preposition *pro*.

But who was Anteft, for whose good estate the reader is requested to pray? We suspect a pious Saxon lord or chieftain. That he founded the place, as a monastery, and dedicated it to "St. Michael and all the Angels," in the year of Our Lord 600, appears from the following inscription on a stone set in one of the angles of the old tower:—

Hic olim fuit Monachorum Canobium ad honorem Sancti Michaelis et omnium Angelorum dedicatum Antefti fundatore. Anno Christi Sexcentesimo.

On a stone, inside the tower, are inscribed these

words:—"This steeple and the little bell were made in the year of our Lord 600." We conclude the "little bell" was one of the handbells which were used in churches at this early period.

We very much doubt that any part of the original structure, that even the lower part of the old tower, dates anything like as far back as 600. We learn from the Annals of Yorkshire that Haworth Church, in Bradford parish, was rebuilt in 1756. According to this the present structure can be only 111 years old. It looks much older than this, as the reader may judge from the sketch, taken from a photograph.

Here, within the church, with their feet beneath the very altar-steps, lie all the Brontës, with the exception of Anne, who was buried at Scarborough. The following is the inscription, on a white marble monument, inserted in the wall, on the right, within the altar-rails:—

IN MEMORY OF

MARIA, wife of the Rev. P. BRONTË, A.B., Minister of Haworth. She died Sept. 15, 1821, in the 39th year of her age.

Also of MARIA, their daughter, who died May 6, 1825, in the 12th year of her age.

Also of ELIZABETH, their daughter, who died June 15, 1825, in the 11th year of her age.

Also of PATRICK BRAMWELL, their son, who died Sept. 24, 1846, aged 31 years.

Also of EMILY-JANE, their daughter, who died Sept. 19, 1848, aged 30 years.

Also of ANNE, their daughter, who died May 28, 1849, aged 29 years. She was buried at the old church, Scarborough.

Also of CHARLOTTE, their daughter, wife of the Rev. A. B. NICHOLLS, B.A.

She died March 31, 1855, in the 39th year of her age.

Also the afore-named Rev. P. BRONTË, A.B., who died June 7, 1861, in the 85th year of his age, having been incumbent of Haworth for upwards of 41 years.

"The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.

We were in the pew—quite near the altar, and above the tomb—where the Brontës sat. And the little corner which Charlotte occupied. A little corner would have done for any of them; as the sexton, who knew them well, said “they were thin and short—very short.”

“What coloured hair?”

“Auburn.”

“And Mr. Brontë, the father, did you know him?”

“Oh, well. He was a good runner; an’ wud catch me on the brae [moor] when I did anything to vex him.”

“That was when you were a boy?”

“Yes, forty or fifty years ago. I was little when he came to Haworth.”

“Why do they call the village Haworth?”

“From the haw—th’ red berry that grows on the Maybush; and there was much of t’ bout here, an’ on th’ banks of th’ *Worth*.”

“The river is called *Worth*?”

“Yes; we got name from the red berries growin’ on th’ *Worth*.”

“But are you aware that *worth*, in Saxon, means farm or place?”

He was not aware of this.

The parsonage-house of Haworth, of which we have given a sketch, is a plain, unpretending structure. The upper front room, to the left, next the gable, the window of which is partially open, is that which Charlotte Brontë occupied, and where she wrote “*Jane Eyre*.” In that room she died.

The garden of the parsonage is separated from the churchyard by a stone wall. Within two or three yards of this wall, and opposite the house, is the tomb of “*Old Tabby*,” the faithful nurse and servant of the family. The tomb, which was erected by Tabby herself, on the occasion of the death of a nephew—if our memory does not fail us—is a most respectable structure. *Old Tabby’s* epitaph runs,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

TABITHA AKROYD,

Of Haworth,

Who died Feb. 17, 1855, in the 85th year of her age.

Some of the tombs and epitaphs are both interesting and curious. There is one “In memory of *JACKY*, who died in the second year of his age;” another in memory of “*Nancy and Mary Anne*,”—

Beautiful babes, and are you sleeping,
Ne’er to unclothe those beaming eyes—
Deaf to the voice of a mother’s weeping,
All unmoved by a father’s sighs!

The old sexton carried us off, with some fun in his eye, to a stone, on which we read,—

Here lieth the bodies of the 5 wives of Wm. Sunderland.

William Sunderland had vowed, on the death of his fourth wife, that he would never walk into church to marry another; so, lest he should break so solemn a vow, the father of the fifth wife carried William into church, on his back.

This graveyard, or cemetery, of Haworth, is an interesting and pleasant spot, on the wild hill side, where one might choose to lie. Flowers, in many instances, are growing on, and among the tombs. In one place we saw the orange-blossom, over the tomb of a young girl, whose bridegroom was Death, and her bridal bed the grave. We were closely watched as we passed among the graves, by a pale young man, one who, perhaps, had planted flowers which it would be sacrilege to pluck.

An old man—an old gardener—came up as we were looking at the flowers, and said,

“Ther varry bonnie. Dar yo know what they call an it?”

“What do you call it?”

“The common name for it is mock-orange; but the reight name is *seringa*; but reight names bother one, or else we should be deal better botanist.”

“You are fond of flowers?”

“Varry. Would you like to see my bit a gardin?”

We accompanied the old man to his cottage, which was neat and pretty, but it appeared very lonely.

“You are rather lonely here? Flowers are not your only companions? Are you a bachelor?”

“Whoi, not exactly,” was his reply, wincing a little.

“Have you been married, then?”

“I have been so foolish once! but it’s na one-and-twenty year sin hoo [she] left me.”

Here the old man was evidently affected.

“Then she left you, did she? You separated?”

“Whoi not exactly that, for hoo [she] gav over breathin’.”

“Oh, she died! Have you any family?”

“When I goa aght [go out], I take t’ family under me hat.”

“How long were you married before she died?”

“Nobbut [only] a piece of a yer, for hoo war taen ill, an’ deed.”

“And flowers are now your only children?”

“Yees, and bonnie bairns they are, but they too dee so soon. The wind on those *wuthering* hills kills them.”

Wuther is the Yorkshire mode of pronouncing wither, “to dry up,” or destroy. The people speak of a strong and cutting wind as coming “with such a *wuther*.” We have the authority of Charlotte Brontë for stating that “*wuthering* is a provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult among the hills,” where her sister placed “*Wuthering Heights*,” the dwelling of Mr. Heathcliff. We visited those heights during a fine day in June, and even then, the wind was fresh on the mountain; but we can imagine what it would be on a wild day in December or January.

THE IMPERIAL EAGLE.

Go teach the eagle, when in azure heaven
He upward darts to seize his maddened prey,
Shivering through the death circle of its fear,
To pause, and let it scape; and thou mayest win
Man to forego the sparkling round of power
When it floats airily within his grasp.

NEXT to the lion and the unicorn, whose heraldic history we have already traced, the eagle claims our notice. “As the lion, by common consent, is styled king of the beasts, so has the eagle (says M. Planché) been honoured by the sovereignty of the birds; and, as the symbol of imperial Jove, was obviously chosen by the earthly potentates who worshipped him. About the same period in which we first perceive the lion almost with one accord adopted as the cognizance of the Norman kings of England, the kings of Scotland, the native princes of Wales, the dukes of Normandy, and the counts of Flanders and Holland, the expanded wings of the eagle are found overshadowing as many escutcheons in the southern and eastern parts of Europe.” With such unanimity was the ancient standard of Roman legions accepted as the sign of imperial power, that at the present day no potentate prefers a claim to a share of the old title of *Cæsar* without at the same time adorning his coin or his banner with a representation of the “high-soaring bird,” though often a strangely travestied one.

That shrewd old gentleman who compiled the famous book of heraldry known to our great-grandfathers as “*Guillim*,” and in their day an indispensable part of the furniture of a country house, says, with some truth, that it has been imagined that the displaying of the Roman eagle’s wings did signify the protection of the

obedient, and the extending of her griping talons betokened the rending and ruin of all that were resistant—a very probable application of a well-known line of the poet Virgil. Long before the Latin poet's day the Hebrew prophets had made use of the same figure to illustrate the power and energy of their hostile neighbours of Babylon and Egypt (see Ezekiel, chap. xvii.), and the ardour of their foes for rapine, as Habakkuk—"The Chaldeans shall fly as the eagle." But to the Romans, the iron race, the untiring conquerors of country after country, the comparison with the eagle is most fitting, and a reference may be traced in the prophetic words of Moses (Deut. xxviii. 49), when read by the light of our Saviour's interpretation (Matt. xxiv. 28), to the coming of the standards of the legions, when

Painting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.—*Heber's Palestine.*

The figure of the eagle, however, was not the sole ensign of Roman armies until about a hundred years before the Christian era, when it became the sole choice of the figures hitherto carried by the legions. It was represented with expanded wings, but could not have been of very large size, for we read of one of Julius Cæsar's standard-bearers in the moment of peril snatching the eagle from his staff and concealing it in his girdle. The pole used to carry the eagle was shod with iron, to fix it in the ground, and enable the "aquilifer," or eagle-bearer, who answered to our ensign, or colour-sergeant, to use his weapons in its defence. Such was the famous military ensign of Roman valour, which travelled in triumph over Asiatic plain and through German forests to the frontiers of India and the shores of Britain, opening up, all unknown to its bearers, these dark regions to the light of the coming Christian revelation. From its original possessors the emblem acquired a character as the symbol of imperial power, which recommended it to the potentates who from time to time assumed that proud title. We might make a long catalogue of the mighty states and princes who have rejoiced to claim it as their cognizance; but we prefer first to say a word or two upon the heraldic changes which converted its shape from the miniature model of the living bird to the strange double-headed monster of modern heraldry.

Among the various principalities and states which had adopted the imperial bird, in some variety of colour or of attitude, as their ensign, it is obvious that in process of time certain alliances would be likely to arise, which, according to heraldic rule, would necessitate the union of the two coats of arms—a process effected in modern times by quartering the one shield with the other, but which in more ancient days was often accomplished by what was called dimidiation, i.e., the division of one or both shields by a perpendicular line, so as to give the appearance of one being covered by the other. This process perpetrated upon two shields, each containing the figure of an eagle, the one looking to the left and the other to the right of the escutcheon, would produce the effect of the double-headed eagle, and thus become the symbol of the united empire of the east and west. This assumption is strengthened when we find the introduction of the well-known ensign of the German empire to be coincident in point of time with the extinction of the Byzantine throne and the assumption of imperial dignity by the so-called king of the Romans. On the coin of the Emperor Frederic II. the eagle of Germany has but one head, and is similarly represented in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey; and in the reign of Henry III. we find Richard, Earl of Cornwall, titular king of the Romans, supporting his shield upon the breast of an eagle, still of the natural shape, who holds the strap in his beak. But on an encaustic tile

at Great Malvern church is a device of a double-headed eagle of the usual chivalric pattern, flattened out upon the ground like a split crow nailed by a gamekeeper on a barn door, and surrounded by a border studded with peas (poix), in allusion to his title of Count of Poictou, afterwards considered as distinctive of the earldom of Cornwall. The notorious Gaveston, who was advanced to this earldom on the death of Edmund Crouchback, the son of Richard, took eagles for his arms, very likely from their association with his new title; and from that time the eagle displayed, as it is called, with one or two heads, frequently figures in English heraldry, generally with reference to the connection of our noble families with German politics; as, for instance, in the case of the first Duke of Marlborough, who bore his arms upon the breast of the imperially-crowned double-headed eagle. The present earls of Clarendon, Denbigh, and Radnor are entitled to this distinction; and so probably would be the Earl of Derby, in right of his descent from the Lathams of Latham, who bore their arms thus in the 14th century, and whose singular crest, the eagle carrying off a child in a cradle, commemorating an old family legend, is now appropriated by the Stanley family.

Nor is the eagle unknown in our insignia of royalty. At least two of our queens consort have had it blazoned upon their ancestral shields—Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II. (with whose national eagle is quartered the singular Moravian device of a chequered eagle), and Mary of Modena, the luckless queen of the last of the Stuarts. Even in our own national symbols of state, the eagle, though less common than in the south of Europe, is not unknown. The ancient kings of Mercia were said to have displayed it on their banner, and the late Lord Palmerston, in right of his presumed descent from them, quartered it with his family arms, as does the present Duke of Buckingham (also derived from the family of Temple). Edward III., on his private seal, engraved the eagle, and Mary Tudor placed it as one of her supporters, in right of her husband, Philip of Spain.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the fabulous stories current in books of heraldry about the eagle. We may, however, just allude to two of them, of which the first has been gravely repeated in professedly scientific books as late as our fathers' day; viz., that the eagle directs the gaze of her young ones toward the sun in its splendour, and should their sight be unable to bear its beams with steadfastness, she proceeds to repudiate them forthwith. A moral is deducible from this romantic idea, which we hope our readers will not fail to discover for themselves. The other story we will briefly mention is one which is no doubt founded on fact, and ascribes to a particular species of eagle an ingenious mode of taking deer; viz., alighting between the animal's horns, and then buffeting him with wings previously filled with sand, until the poor wretch is blinded and falls a prey to its persecutor. This story, found in the marvellous natural history of the Norwegian bishop Pontoppidan, has been commemorated in the coat of arms of the historian Garibay.

But we must not leave the subject without a reference to the eagles of Transatlantic empires. So long ago as 1610, Edward Bolton, a retainer of the unhappy favourite, Buckingham, who wrote on arms, mentions that the ensign of the native princes of the Mexicans was an eagle standing on a cochineal tree, holding in its claw a small bird. Whether this tradition, derived from an Indian source, or some dim idea of European symbolism, induced the founders of the American republic to select the eagle for their emblem, we know not—but so it has been; and the white-headed sea-eagle is as famous among the myriads of populous Columbia as the land bird ever has been in the old world, in the days of Roman ascendancy or

of Napoleonic conquest. Remembering our own disposition to national vanity, we will not point a jest at the expense of those irrepressible patriots who have been so well delineated by their native satirist in the character of "bird o' freedom Sawin," but content ourselves with expressing a hope that the most recent adopters of the old emblem of supremacy will not follow its warlike tendency, but wear it in the sense of the lines of the poet of their ancestral country:—

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

IX.—THE ARTILLERY MUSEUM.



THE idea of forming a collection of military arms, to serve as evidence of the changes and improvements which had taken place in the art of war, appears from a very early date to have been a

favourite hobby with the French government, not less so in republican than in monarchical times. Even as early as the reign of Charles V. the palace of the Louvre had its collection of armour; and one of the most pleasing occupations of that king was to superintend its arrangement and add to the number of speci-

mens it contained. Again, in 1502, Louis XII. not only made a collection of arms in the Château d'Amboise, but he even went so far as to draw up and print a catalogue of the different specimens it contained, and which is still to be met with in the Bibliothèque des Chartes, as well as the Imperial Library. Many of the later monarchs were also great amateurs of fine armour, and added specimens to the collections already made. Louis XIV., however, was the first king who attempted to make the Royal Museum of Arms a public institution. He authorised the grand master of his artillery—the Maraschal Duc d'Humieres—to place in one of the halls of the Bastille models and specimens of all the arms and artillery he could collect, so that they might serve for the instruction of the younger officers. To this was afterwards added two celebrated museums of arms—of which the finest specimens are now in the Museum of Artillery—from the Châteaux of Sedan and Chantilly; the one formed by the Dukes of Bouillon, and the other by the Prince of Condé.

The collection went on gradually increasing till the breaking out of the Revolution in 1789. On July 14th in that year the Bastille was taken by the revolutionists, and all it contained, including the Museum of Arms, was plundered or destroyed. As soon as the first ebullition of rage on the part of the republicans had somewhat subsided, the war authorities again commenced the task of forming a national Museum of Armour, which, till a more convenient site could be obtained, was placed in the Convent of the Feuillants. They also succeeded in recovering a vast number of the models and ancient arms which had been taken from the Bastille; and every effort was made to increase the collection, till it should be worthy of the name of a national museum. During the first empire Napoleon took the Artillery Museum under his protection; and

with more of despotism than absolute right in the proceeding, he added to it several collections of arms which had been made in many of the provincial towns, among others, that of Strasbourg, much—as it may be imagined—to the annoyance of the inhabitants. In the Revolution of 1830 the Artillery Museum was again pillaged, when the people became infuriated at finding the building in possession of the Swiss Guard. To the honour of the French, however, it should be stated, that within a week afterwards almost every article which had been taken from it was voluntarily restored. In the Revolution of 1848, although the revolutionists seized the building, not an article the Museum contained, even of the most trifling description, was either injured or taken away.

There is hardly an institution in France which the French soldier likes better to visit than the Artillery Museum. In it—if he has any taste for history—he may study with perfect ease the whole art of military man-slaying, with its various changes and improvements from its first rude commencement to the present day; and that, not simply from models, but from the very instruments for attack and defence as well. He may there see and perfectly understand how, in the earlier ages, war was carried on with weapons scarcely less primitive than that used by the first-born Cain when he killed his brother. He may there perceive how, in ages so far back that history has no record of them, the evil ingenuity of man taught him to increase the slaying powers of the club by fixing on it through the instrumentality of a piece of untanned leather, a rude unfashioned stone;—how, afterwards, the stone was flattened by striking it against another till it had assumed something like an edge;—how, subsequently, was discovered the manner of polishing the stone, by rubbing it against another till its edge became almost as sharp as a modern knife. By other specimens he may learn that an improvement was again made in the shape of the stone by making the back pointed and the other side sharp—something in the shape of a modern fireman's axe. He may then trace how human ingenuity went further, and the bow and arrow were invented; but as the arrow would not pierce when made only of wood, small neat points of flint were inserted into the head. Then, again, another invention was brought to light, and elaborate spear-heads were made and fixed on wooden handles. Daggers were next formed, and though still of flint, the art of war had so far advanced that the handles were made of stags' horns, as being infinitely more durable than wooden ones; and all this while yet the inhabitants of the countries in which these interesting relics were principally found—France, Switzerland, Denmark, and England—were unacquainted with any one of the metals, even of iron.

A change then took place in the manufacture of arms by the discovery of some of the metals; but even this occurred at so early a period that history affords us no clue to date from. The most singular fact connected with the change is, that both bronze and stone weapons were in use at the same time, and continued to be employed together for some centuries, the stone gradually going out of fashion, and arms made of metal supplying its place. A very ingenious theory has been founded on this fact—that the use of metals was imported into northern Europe (especially France, England, and Germany) from Asia and the southern states of Europe; and this is to a certain degree borne out from the fact, that considerable advances must have been made in the metallurgic sciences in other countries before even one metal was known in northern Europe. It is more than probable that in Germany and France the use of metals was but little known before the time of the Romans. Some French savants go so far as to throw discredit on the records of ancient Rome, and maintain that arms of metal were not

known—possibly in Gaul, and certainly not in England—till the invasion of Julius Cæsar.

The soldiers also have the opportunity of studying in the Artillery Museum the armour of the Greeks, who were far more advanced in civilization than the northern countries of Europe, and who had made war a science while England and France were still in a state of the grossest barbarism. In Grecian and Etruscan arms the collection is exceedingly rich, and many of the specimens the Museum contains are perfectly unique. The arms of these two nations ought not solely to be looked at as applicable to the science of war carried on in their day, but as exquisite specimens of the fine arts as well. The skill in design and elaboration occasionally seen on their arms, and the drawings of heroes on the old Greek and Etruscan

equally clumsy lance, were the only arms of offence the Merovingian soldier possessed; his only defensive arms being a circular wooden shield and a sort of metal girdle—either of iron or bronze, and about six inches in breadth—round his waist. Few appear to have had helmets, or indeed any covering for the head; but their hair was allowed to grow sufficiently long in front to be tied over the crown of the head, so as to deaden considerably the force of a blow from a weapon. Nor is there any reason to believe that the armour of the French soldier was anything more than we have stated; for as this nation was in the habit of burying their warriors in the clothes they wore at the time of their death, with their arms placed beside them, there has been no lack of relics to prove that their knowledge of the art of war was of a most elementary description.



THE ARTILLERY MUSEUM.

vases, makes us believe that they were frequently used for ornament as well. Even the very buckles for fastening on their breastplates are frequently beautifully chiselled and ornamented, especially those found in Italy. The collection of Roman arms is also very complete, though the different weapons show less taste in their design than those of the Greeks and Etruscans, but they are perhaps better adapted for warlike purposes. In all that is useful they appear to have both imitated and improved upon the Greek models.

The collection of arms in use during the reign of the Merovingian kings appears to have more charms in the eyes of the French soldier than those of the age of stone, bronze, Greek, and Roman put together. In these specimens it is singular to notice how much the science of war had fallen off with the decline of the Roman empire. An axe—a clumsy sword—and an

The student may then trace how, in succeeding ages, in proportion as civilization progressed, the art of war improved in like ratio. Between the ninth and eleventh centuries a great improvement was made in France, both in offensive and defensive arms, far greater than during the corresponding period in England; and we felt—and severely, too—the effect of our neglect, for it was certainly by the superiority of the French arms that the Battle of Hastings was lost and our nation afterwards subjected to the Norman rule, than by any superior courage or patriotism of our opponents. The clumsy, coarse arms of the Merovingian times had now totally disappeared. Long leather tunics and caps for the head, covered with chain armour, became common. Bows and arrows were skilfully used, and engines of war, hitherto unknown, brought into action—giving the Normans an immense

advantage over their less scientifically-armed adversaries. From the termination of the eleventh to the end of the fifteenth century the Artillery Museum is especially rich in proofs of the great improvement in the art of war which took place during that period. Certainly, however, if tested by our idea of chivalry in the present day, the art of war as then carried on contained many principles totally antagonistic to our own. With us the officer is expected not only to lead his men, but to take an equal share himself in the dangers of the battle. In the middle ages he was so encased in steel that the greatest danger he frequently ran was of being smothered in his own armour. As may be seen, from many specimens in the Museum, if the warrior was by any accident thrown from his war horse, he must have lain helpless on the ground, and have either fallen an easy prey to the enemy or remained there till some one assisted him to rise.

When the military science had, according to mediæval ideas, almost reached to perfection, a new discovery took place which completely threw over all preconceived notions of the military art, and in fact ultimately succeeded in changing the whole science of War—of course we allude to gunpowder. Still the change was not altogether an abrupt one. For a long time there appeared to be a severe struggle to make the heavy defensive armour of the middle ages effective against the newly-discovered engine of war. All attempts, however, to give the wearer security gradually vanished, till at last those specimens of arms and armour which now form so attractive a portion of the Artillery Museum have become utterly obsolete. Space will not allow us to dwell on the different changes which took place in the art of war as the uses of gunpowder began to be better known. An hour's visit to the Museum would give the foreigner a better idea of the whole subject than a printed volume would do. Many of the objects in the Museum—apart from the interest they possess in a scientific point of view—are worthy of inspection from the historical reminiscences connected with them. Among other articles is pointed out the suit of armour said to have been presented by Charles VII. to the Pucelle d'Orleans. It is stated that this suit of armour is not only of a date much later than that in which the heroine lived, but the weight itself—more than sixty pounds—would have been too great for her to have borne.* The armour of Francis I., King of France, is certainly authentic, and there is little doubt as to its being the same he wore at the Battle of Pavia. There is also to be seen armour of the Duke of Guise, surnamed Balafre, and who was killed at Blois in the year 1588; that of the Duke of Mayenne, chief of the League; and that worn also by Frederick V., Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia. Besides these there are relics from almost all the modern battles fought by the French, even down to the taking of Sevastopol. In fact, not only those interested in the science of war, but the student in general history as well, could hardly pass a more profitable afternoon than by spending it in the Artillery Museum.

* The *date* of the armour must, of course, be determined by examination of it, but one would hesitate to deny its authenticity merely on account of its weight. It would be incredible, were not the facts so well authenticated, that men actually carried the tremendous weight which we are assured they did bear. The armour in the Tower of London of about the fifteenth century is sufficient to show what was really carried about. No doubt they hoped to set the newly-invented gunpowder and cannon at defiance. The result was that many cases are recorded of men dying under the weight of their armour, and of men unhorsed being suffocated as they lay on the ground. Froissart describes, in a manner painful to read, how men were "broken up like lobsters" before they could be dragged out of their shells to be killed. The great Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, was drowned at the battle of Nancy, by being dragged under some shallow water by the weight of his armour.

THE TOAST.

A young knight once being asked to give as a toast the woman he loved best, answered, "My Mother."

THE feast was o'er. Now brimming wine
In lordly cup was seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling, cried, "A toast! a toast!
"To all our ladies fair;
"Here, before all, I pledge the name
"Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
"The Lady Gundamere!"

Quick to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and glad some cry
"Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough; enough!" he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head.
"That all may have their due,
"Now each in turn must play his part,
"And pledge the lady of his heart,
"Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise—
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he;
Enviied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high,—
"I drink to *one*," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
"Deep graven on this grateful heart,
"Till memory be dead;

"To one whose love for me shall last
"When lighter passions long have past,
"So deep it is, and pure;
"Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
"Than any yet that pledged hath been
"By these brave knights before."

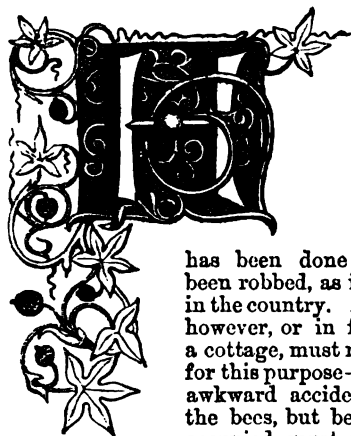
Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
"Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
"Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe *her* name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as tho'
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother."

M. M. G.

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

IV.



IVES may be placed with great advantage in a window of a shed or outhouse. I have kept many in this way, and have seen straw hives even in the bedroom windows of the poor. This

has been done where hives have been robbed, as is too often the case in the country. A bedroom window, however, or in fact any window in a cottage, must not be recommended for this purpose—not merely because awkward accidents may occur with the bees, but because a window so occupied must needs be closed, to the injury of health. There is no

objection, however, to putting hives in the windows of empty rooms or in outhouses, where they will be dry and quiet, as well as safe from thieves. Care must be taken to make the entrances to the hives such that the bees cannot find their way into the room. It is best to have a covered passage tunnelled out of the floor-board and communicating with the middle of the hive. It should fit accurately against an opening cut in the woodwork of the window, and there must be a small alighting board on the outside.

SPRING MANAGEMENT OF BEES.—I come now to treat of the management of bees in spring. Let me suppose that all has gone well during the winter. Your bees are alive and strong, but you wish to know your chances of success for the coming season. Go then on a fine morning and examine your hives. If the weather be warm enough—often as early as the end of January—you will see the bees at work flying in and out of the hive with little balls of green, yellow, or other coloured matter on their thighs. This matter, of which they carry a vast quantity into the hives in the course of the year, more especially in the spring and summer, is called *pollen*. It is a sort of dust, of which you will see some in the middle of most flowers when full-blown. Many persons call it wax; this, however, is a mistake. The bees never carry wax in this way into their hives. They collect this pollen, it is believed, solely for the purpose of feeding the young bees in the cells. When, therefore, you see much of this pollen carried into your hives, you may be quite *sure* that your bees are doing well, and the more they carry the better. It is a sign that the queen is laying eggs fast, and that the hive is filling with young bees. Do not, however, be satisfied with this inspection only. If you have reason to think that the hive is poor in honey, you must feed betimes, and that plentifully, or your bees may starve in March or April, when you are thinking least of such a misfortune. But as autumn is the proper time for feeding bees, I shall not stop here to explain how this can best be done, but content myself with giving a caution to the bee-keeper to see that his bees are well supplied with honey or syrup, by giving them a bottleful at a time on warm days when they are most active. Avoid feeding, however, in cold or windy weather.

Another care of the anxious bee-master in the early spring is to see that his hives are all clean and free from vermin. Now is the time to renew hackles, to scrape the boards, to brush off cobwebs, to clear away weeds, and generally to see that everything about the

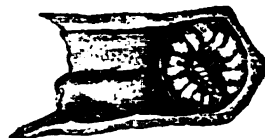
apiary is in ship-shape order. Much of this attention will be needed all the year round; in fact, bees require daily watching to do well, at least during the spring and summer months.

If they go on taking large quantities of pollen into their hive, all is well; but it will sometimes happen that they cease doing so by degrees—carrying less and less every day. This is a bad sign indeed, as it shows that something has happened to the queen—either she is dead, or she is getting old and worn out. If this should happen before the middle of March there is no hope of the recovery of the hive. Later in the spring the bees may have it in their power to replace their loss, in which case their activity will gradually return as the young queen begins to lay. If, however, no signs of recovery manifest themselves in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, and pollen-carrying ceases altogether, the advice I would give to the bee-master is this, to break up the hive and take what honey there is, since the bees which remain in the hive will do nothing but fly in and out on fine days, and eat up the honey as long as it lasts till they die. If, on examination of the hive after getting rid of the bees, only a little honey be found, while the combs are clean and sweet, the best thing to be done is to put aside the hive and give it to the first swarm that issues. First, however, brush away with a feather from between the combs every bee that can be seen, dead or alive.

OF THE QUEEN BEE.—As I have made mention of the queen, this seems a fitting place to say a few words about this important member of the bee community. Every bee-keeper ought to know that the queen or mother bee is the parent of all the bees in a hive; and that only one such queen is suffered to remain in the hive. You may easily know a queen if you see her. I have often caught her majesty, and can at once distinguish her among ten thousand common bees. She is about twice as long as the working bee, and has short wings and longer legs; her body is of a reddish-brown colour. It is said that a good queen bee will lay a hundred thousand eggs in one season. You may



Egg in Cell.



Grub in Cell.

guess, therefore, how many swarms we should have every year if it were not for the many enemies and accidents to which bees are exposed. She lays the greatest number of eggs in April and May, a good many in March, June, and July, and some in February, August, September, and October. In the remaining three months there is not much going on in any hive, at least in England, although queens not unfrequently lay a few eggs throughout the winter. The whole prosperity of the hive depends upon the queen bee. The bees know this well; hence the great care and attention they bestow upon her; hence their frantic excitement when they either lose or recover her. It is a beautiful sight to watch the queen-mother as she perambulates the combs—wherever she appears a marked respect is paid to her. Every bee, however busy, instantly stops work and hurries out of the way. Should her majesty pause in her progress, all the bees in her neighbourhood collect round her; some offer her food, others lick her body—each one vying with his neighbour in ministering to her wants. She moves off, and they resume work again, while others succeed them with like attention and loving services wherever she goes.

P. V. M. F.

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

OCCASIONAL LETTERS FROM A PHYSICIAN.



I.—THE TEETHING BABY.

MR. EDITOR,—Without pretending to anything super-sentimental or preternaturally tender, I regard as one of the most interesting and affecting objects for study a "teething baby." When one thinks how all the physical creation has been distilled for the vital juices of which its tender tissues are formed, and how through that process the rocks are being reproduced in its little bones, the soil in its flesh, and vegetation in its hair; while the light of heaven is reflected by its eyes, and the flowers of earth are re-budding in its lips and cheeks; the interest grows with every recurring thought. But that interest is more than redoubled when we consider how much the temper, therefore the life and actions, of a being who in its day may possibly do much to influence the whole world, depends upon the way in which it is treated by us during that very trying period of its early existence.

Did you never ponder a while on the jolly, plump, cushiony appearance the bonny little creature presents just before teething commences, in contrast with that it will present about the time the trying process is over? Much could be said of the very different feeling it inspires in the two cases; but my object is to remark that the kind Father of all, wise in all His operations, is not anywhere more so than here. Foreseeing that in five cases out of six, or perhaps nine out of ten, there will be great heat of the mouth in teething, and therefore sympathetic irritability of the whole lining of the body, and that in consequence the mucous membrane, not only of the stomach, but of the bowels throughout, will be so disordered as to make any proper assimilation of nourishment difficult, even if it be received at all, two or three times more flesh than is absolutely needed for present use is given to the little one, to be held *in stock* and to be *lived upon* when the ordinary process of nutrition is for the time interrupted. And how beautifully is every preparation made in the infant's body for the exercise of this beneficent piece of natural economy. Every educated physiologist knows how wisely the whole body of the human being is interlaced with those spongy threads constituting altogether what is called the absorbent system, the great function of which is, as a portion of the body already constituted gradually dissolves into lymph, to *absorb* that lymph, and transmit it quietly but persistently along, from thread to thread, till at last the whole of the tiny currents converge where the emulsified stream can be sent by a tubular arrangement already provided, to be amalgamated and lustrated with the blood returning from the venous system once more to the heart, and so be used over again in the reproduction of the various bodily tissues, without having to trouble either mouth, stomach, or the little villi of the intestines about it. Let parents and nurses never forget this important fact—that so long as there is flesh on the bones, so long as the absorbent system is in proper action, and a small quantity of pure and cooling liquid can occasionally be taken (if thirst should in-

dicate a necessity), no patient, infantile or adult, can ever die of absolute starvation.

Therefore when the symptoms of approaching dentition commence—as they do with some children at the age of three or four months, and with others not till two or three times that age—watch carefully. Among the first signs will probably be a considerably increased and then a rapidly subsiding appetite for food. Next, or almost coincidentally with this, a greatly increased secretion of saliva—a natural provision to save the lining membrane of the mouth from inflammation, and with which the *brandy* recently advised by one of your correspondents might very seriously interfere.* Next, it is sometimes observed that the infant begins to refuse ordinary diet, and requires something to *chomp* with its gums, but splutters back with great determination any food that ignorance or inadvertence may be *forcing* upon it. The reason for all this appears to me very clear. Since, from present irritability of the whole passage, the food if it could be digested could hardly be assimilated—that is, adapted to the formation of healthy blood—nature, in thus rejecting it, is wiser than the nurse; and the view I am taking is strongly corroborated by the fact that sickness and relaxation of the bowels, if nothing worse, is almost sure to supervene if an obstinate course of urgent feeding or stimulation is persisted in, as it sometimes is, to the institution of a chronic habit both troublesome and injurious in after life. It would be much better at such a juncture if, after a trial of a change of milk or a few changes of light farinaceous diet (should the child still continue tolerably fleshy), to drop a little cold water into the mouth occasionally, and wait for its natural appetite for food "coming round," than thus force upon it what can only irritate and tire the stomach from the necessity of its speedy rejection or propulsion, and the continuance of which may prevent or destroy the natural appetite altogether. And I would further suggest, as my wife (who is a good and experienced mother) also suggests, that to keep the outer skin of the babe in proper tone at such a time by a genial bath once or twice a day, and by a careful fresh but not chilling airing, may also be of the greatest efficacy, not only in soothing the nervous system, but in saving the inner skin from having to do the outer skin's share of work. It is remarkable how much the discomfort attending teething may be occasionally lessened by all other causes of irritation being removed as early as possible.

The fact that just before teething commences the child's appetite in many cases increases and consequently its stoutness; that the provision of flesh resulting, as it subsides normally into lymph, can be thus made available through the economical aid of the absorbents; that the very hunger induced (if the natural appetite be not in the meantime destroyed by mismanagement) gives the child a tendency to bite and to chew, and therefore educates its jaws for their destined work as soon as the teeth appear; and many other kindred phenomena which any close and experienced observer cannot but have noted and compared—all help us to the natural conclusion that Providence has, in its wondrously wise economy, made arrangements for this most delicate and trying period of infancy, without resort to forced feeding or stimulation of any sort when the stomach and intestinal economy generally (requiring more than usual quiet and *healing rest*) cannot sustain them—a period which is frequently made still more dangerous by the results of bad vaccination—and what is, if I may repeat it, of still more importance, an emergency in which the temper and future character of the little sufferer are so greatly influenced, that not only its temporal but its eternal destiny may be deeply concerned. But there is little doubt that the symptoms attending dentition often owe much of their character to antecedent conditions, to which too much importance cannot be attached, and on which, should the present hints be well received, I may some day be induced to add a few more.

FRANK ENGLISH, M.D.

* We have received a further communication on this subject which will be referred to at a future opportunity.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER V.

THE HERO AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER.

IT would be useless to distress the feelings of the reader with a description of the termination of Mrs. Evans's illness. She died about a fortnight after her arrival in London. Her son and Mrs. Murphy were the only mourners at the funeral. The former wept bitterly during the service in the church, and it was

with some difficulty that his kindhearted friend could induce him to control his sobs, so audible were they. The funeral was what is generally called a very respectable one. At her death Mrs. Evans was still possessed of a few pounds in ready money, but not sufficient to pay the expenses of her interment; Mrs. Murphy therefore added the rest out of her own pocket. She was actuated by a curious kind of feminine feeling in thus spending every farthing the widow had on her

funeral. She wished to adopt the boy as her own son, and the whim seized her to take him without allowing the remotest chance for it to be said that she had received anything with him.

The funeral over, Mrs. Murphy and Robert returned home together, and when once in her little sitting-room, she pressed the weeping child to her breast and used every kind expression in her vocabulary to console him. She promised him that as long as he continued to be a good boy she would fulfil towards him the part of a mother, while, at the same time, she expressed her satisfaction at the love he had borne his parent. Nor were the good woman's words mere empty promises. She faithfully intended to carry them out, and she was by no means one to depart from a resolution she had once taken.

As soon as the first shock the death and funeral had occasioned was over, Mrs. Murphy began her domestic arrangements for the boy's reception into the bosom of her family. They were of the simplest description. A small bed was improvised for him on the sofa in the sitting-room, which in the daytime was returned to its original uses. In every respect he was now, to use her own phraseology, one of themselves. The domestic economy being now attended to, she next took into consideration the employment of his time. On this question a slight, and but a very slight misunderstanding occurred between Mrs. Murphy and her husband. With great weight in his argument, Mr. Murphy maintained that the best way to keep a boy out of mischief, and to make an honest man of him afterwards, was to accustom him at an early age to habits of industry; and to carry his ideas into effect, he proposed that Robert should work with him in the shop, and thus learn at once the rudiments of his trade. As for learning, he insisted that Robert had already received sufficient to carry him well through the world, without troubling him with any more. "Robert," he said, "has already more learning than I ever had, and I have contrived to make my way in the world respectably enough." All this his better half admitted, as far as it went; at the same time, she argued that his views might undergo some modifications, not only without the least injury to the boy's interests, but positively to his advantage. In the first place, though naturally of a good constitution, Robert was still too young for any amount of manual labour; and again, although his education might already be sufficiently advanced to enable him to become a skilful workman and carry on a trade equal to their own, still, she believed that a little more learning would be of advantage to him, if ever he should attempt to extend his operations, and she hoped to live to see her boy, for so she had already begun to speak of him, a person of standing and importance in society.

Mrs. Murphy argued all her points so well that her husband, without further demur, succumbed to them, not merely for the sake of peace and quietness, as some might imagine, but from a conscientious admission that after all his wife was in the right. Mrs. Murphy, on her side, was so pleased with her husband's submission that a modified arrangement was adopted, it being agreed that Robert should go to a small school in the neighbourhood for a part of the day, and during the remainder he should work with Mr. Murphy, when he was engaged in the shop; his wife keeping resolutely to her determination, however, that the boy should not be employed on any work away from home.

Mrs. Murphy also faithfully determined to fulfil the promise she had made to Robert's mother, that he should be religiously brought up. To do the kind-hearted woman justice, although at first her stimulus might have been to a great extent solely to oblige Mrs. Evans, she had acquired, since the visits of the clergyman to the dying woman, a strong personal interest in the matter herself. Her husband for some time submitted to her absence from home in the morning and evening of each succeeding Sabbath without much complaint, but at last he began to find his solitude irksome. He spoke to her on the subject, but all the satisfaction he could obtain from her was an invitation to accompany her. To this he made no remark, but remained quietly at home by himself for several succeeding Sundays. At last, on one occasion, when she was preparing for church, she was greatly, though agreeably, surprised by finding him in his best clothes, preparing to leave the house. She was too good a tactician to make any remark on the subject, nor did he attempt for some time to speak to her; but at length, while she was giving a finishing touch to Robert's hair, of which she was very proud, Murphy somewhat sheepishly asked her whether there would be room for him in the pew she was accustomed to sit in. On receiving an affirmative reply, he put on his hat, and quietly waited till his wife was ready, and then the whole party left home together. Fortunately, the sermon was admirably calculated to make a strong impression on the mind of an intelligent, shrewd mechanic. Murphy listened to it with great attention, evidently following in his mind every argument used, and weighing it as it was brought before him.

The service over, he accompanied his wife and Robert home. During dinner he was silent and thoughtful. In the afternoon he left the house, and strolled for some time about the streets, returning, however, in time for his tea. When Mrs. Murphy and Robert were on the point of leaving home for evening service, to her great surprise she found her husband take up his hat to join them. The same curate who had preached in the morning performed the evening service, to which Murphy seemed to pay great attention. At supper, for the first time, Murphy made a remark respecting his visits to the church.

"Does that parson I heard to-day preach often?" he inquired.

"Yes; why do you ask?" was the reply.

"Because I like him, and if I thought I should hear him often I should go there pretty regularly. I like to hear a man speak what I can understand. I don't see the use of listening to a fellow talking what you can no more understand than if he was speaking in Welsh. I shall go there again next Sunday."

And Murphy not only kept his promise to attend the church the next Sunday, but he became in the end a completely one of the congregation as his wife herself. Although it would be wrong to suppose that any extraneous or worldly views actuated Murphy and his wife in their change from indifference to a conviction of the necessity of attending to their religious duties and being regularly present at their parish church, it certainly did not act disadvantageously to them in other ways. In the first place, it had a most beneficial effect on the boy's future career. The rector one day sent for Robert to his private house, and having found him to be an intelligent, well-disposed lad, he interested himself to obtain a presentation for him in one of the

several small endowed schools which were then in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, and which have since been amalgamated into one large school.

The rector, with little difficulty, succeeded in his object, and Robert had now the means placed before him of receiving, and at no expense to Mr. Murphy and his wife, a good sound commercial education. Nor was the instruction given him in any manner thrown away upon the boy. He was diligent and submissive, and learnt easily, and at the end of the first year carried off more than one prize. Even Mr. Murphy was so pleased with the continued commendations he heard passed upon his protégé that he deferred for a time his wish for him to learn the practical part of a carpenter's and joiner's trade, with the exception of occasional lessons on half-holidays and at other similar opportunities.

Mr. Murphy's kindness to the boy was also in some measure beneficial to himself. Several influential persons in the neighbourhood, in consequence, made his acquaintance, and the result was that he was not only in full and lucrative employment, but he could easily perceive that he was forming the nucleus of an excellent trade when Robert should be old enough to assist him in it.

During the next five years Robert remained at the same school, nothing particularly worthy of remark occurring in the interval. True, he had been more than once thrown on a bed of sickness, but each attack had lasted but a short time. On these occasions he was tenderly nursed by Mrs. Murphy, whose love for the lad appeared to increase the longer she knew him. It should also be stated that he was by no means undeserving of her affection. Had he been her own, instead of her adopted son, he could not have displayed towards her more filial love and respect. His career at school had been in every way a most successful one. He had carried off several prizes, and was greatly liked by his teachers. Although his education was not what, in the modern acceptation of the term, might be considered a good one, he had acquired one of an ordinary description as satisfactorily as would enable him to pass through life with credit and respectability. He wrote a capital hand, and was a good arithmetician, and, moreover, had acquired the rudiments of book-keeping. He had a full average acquaintance with modern history, and was not altogether ignorant of those of Rome and Greece. Possibly his favourite studies were geometry and geometrical drawing. In fact, few boys of his age, even in schools of far higher celebrity, were better versed in Euclid than he was, and these, added to an innate taste for natural philosophy, furnished him with theoretical data which he was afterwards able to apply with good effect to his business operations.

In person Robert, for a lad of his age, was about the middle height, and rather strongly built. His face was exceedingly handsome. His forehead was broad, lofty, and clear; his eyes lustrous and intelligent; his mouth well formed, and displaying, when he smiled or spoke, a beautiful set of teeth. But, in Mrs. Murphy's estimation, his principal charm was his head of hair, and in this she had no little pride, taking it entirely under her own management, and occasionally inflicting on it such severe brushings that, had the lad not been endowed with more than common patience, it is more than probable he might have rebelled against her. Again, the very ornament of which she was so proud,

not unfrequently brought on her adopted son considerable annoyance, as she insisted on his wearing his hair far longer than was common with youths of his age—in fact, till the black, glossy curls hung partially down his neck, giving him a somewhat feminine appearance, and obtaining for him among his fellow-pupils the nickname of "Miss Evans."

When Robert was sixteen years of age it was judged necessary by the carpenter that he should be taken from school, so that he might learn his trade. Here a very serious difference of opinion arose between Mrs. Murphy and her husband, the wife wishing him to remain at school two years longer, so that, as she said, he might leave it with an education fit for a gentleman. But her husband argued that there was nothing derogatory to the character of a gentleman in acquiring habits of industry; and that as it was necessary for him to learn a trade, if he intended getting on in life, he insisted on his leaving school immediately. But here a secretly-nourished ambition of Mrs. Murphy's began to develop itself. She had long determined that Robert should be brought up as a gentleman, and not as an operative carpenter, or, in fact, any other mechanical trade. Without running directly in face of her husband's wishes, she had tried all in her power to imbue him with the idea of Robert's gentility, and, in fact, she had been accustomed to spend more on the boy's dress, to give him the appearance of a gentleman's son, than she could easily afford, or than her husband would have approved of had he known the truth. Still Murphy, though he liked to see the boy well dressed, never diverged a single point from his determination of bringing him up as a skilled mechanic.

As Murphy had resolved on taking the boy from school, in spite of all his wife's suggestions how advantageous it would be for him to remain there two years longer, she had now to decide on some settled plan of action. She had resolutely made up her mind that Robert should not be a carpenter, although she had not yet had the courage to inform her husband of her determination. Finding the subject could be no longer delayed, the evening before Robert was to leave school Mrs. Murphy summoned up her courage, and as soon as tea was over, and while Mr. Murphy was occupied in filling his pipe, she commenced operations.

"Have you sent Robert anywhere, dear, this evening?" she inquired, with much amiability in her tone and manner.

"No, nowhere; he has gone for a stroll, I suppose," was Mr. Murphy's reply.

"We ought now to decide what we shall do with him," said Mrs. Murphy. "He leaves school to-morrow, and I don't like the idea of a boy of his age idling about the streets by himself."

"Nor I, neither," said her husband; "and I'll take good care he does nothing of the kind. The day after to-morrow he sets to work with me on those repairs I'm doing at Jones's house."

"Don't you think, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "that he is of too delicate a constitution to be brought up as a carpenter? I'm sure he'll never be able to stand it."

"Nonsense," said Murphy, angrily, "I don't know a stronger lad of his age than he is. It's no use," he continued, in an expostulatory tone of voice, "you trying to make a molly coddle of him in that manner. The boy is a good, clever lad enough; as it is, and you can make anything of him; but, if you had your way,

you would bring him up more like a great girl than anything else."

"Still for all that," said Mrs. Murphy, "I maintain that Robert has not sufficient strength to be a carpenter, and I won't give way about it."

"And pray what trade would you bring him up to?" asked Mr. Murphy, taking his pipe from his mouth. "I only know one, and I've no interest in any other."

"I should like to see him brought up as a clerk," said Mrs. Murphy, "or something else in a genteel way. I am sure he has had an education good enough for anything of the kind."

"And pray who will find him the situation?" inquired Mr. Murphy. "You don't suppose I've got any interest in that way."

"Oh, you can't tell till you try," replied his wife.

"Well, then, I have no intention of trying," said Mr. Murphy, in a resolute tone.

"His appearance alone is sufficient for anyone to take an interest in him," said Mrs. Murphy. "I would not mind myself trying to find him a situation sooner than he should be brought up as a journeyman carpenter."

"Come, come, missis," replied her husband, "speak well of the bridge that's carried you safe over, at any rate. Carpentry has managed to keep a good roof over our heads for many years, to say the least of it, and I hope it will do so for many more."

"Still, as I said before," said Mrs. Murphy, "I should like to see the boy brought up to something genteel. Many a gentleman has been made out of a worse piece of stuff than he is. I know if I set to work I'd get him something to do that neither you nor I need be ashamed of."

"Very possibly not, mother," said the carpenter; "but take care you don't get him anything to do that will make him ashamed of us. Make a gentleman of him, and it's very possible he may forget the carpenter and his wife, and that I should be very sorry for, as I'm very fond of the boy."

"There's no fear of that with my Robert," said Mrs. Murphy, indignantly. "I've brought him up a great deal too well for anything of that kind."

Mr. Murphy now smoked quietly on for a few minutes, evidently ill at ease with himself. At last, without further remark, he rose from his seat, and, going into his workshop, smoked away there without interruption, wearing the while a countenance indicative of deep thought, and that by no means of an agreeable description. On her side, Mrs. Murphy remained alone in the parlour, resolving in her mind what steps she had better take to obtain for Robert a genteel situation. She really knew but of one person who could advise her on the occasion, and that was the senior curate of the parish, who, from the time of his first introduction to her, when she called on him to attend the death-bed of Robert's mother, had always shown her considerable attention and good feeling. On this gentleman she determined to call the next morning, at his private lodgings, and then to consult him as to what steps she should take in the matter. She felt at the time that it was rather presuming on his good nature, but his habitual kindness to her induced her to think he would excuse it from the interest he knew she took in the boy. She had scarcely decided on this mode of action when Robert returned home, and shortly afterwards Mr. Murphy joined them at the supper table. The meal passed off silently and un-

socially. Both Mr. and Mrs. Murphy seemed out of humour, and Robert jaded and fatigued by a long walk he had taken.

The next morning Mrs. Murphy carried out her idea of calling on the Rev. Mr. Jackson, the senior curate, to request his advice and assistance in the dilemma she was placed in. He received her in a very courteous manner, and, having requested her to be seated, he listened with exemplary patience while she narrated the object of her visit. She explained to him her idea that Robert, after having had what she called an excellent education, and being such a very genteel-looking young man, ought not to be brought up as a working carpenter and joiner. It was a duty, she argued, with us all to better ourselves if we could, and especially to look after the advancement of those thrown upon us for support. She was certain that if Robert, with his appearance and manners, could obtain a clerkship, or something of the sort, he would be able to make his way well in the world; but once an operative carpenter, always an operative carpenter. There he would be nailed to the bench morning and night, from which it would be impossible for him to rise, however great his talents might be.

When she had finished, Mr. Jackson, before making any remarks on her proposition, asked her what were her husband's feelings in the matter.

"To tell you the truth, sir, Murphy and I don't at all agree about Robert. My husband being a carpenter himself, thinks it a trade quite good enough for the boy, and he won't hear of anything else. He also says, that if I don't think so, I must get him a clerkship myself, as he has not any interest with anybody likely to get him an appointment of the kind."

"Are you acquainted with any one who can procure your lad a clerkship?" inquired Mr. Jackson.

"No, sir, I am not," said Mrs. Murphy, looking somewhat doubtfully at the curate. "I thought, perhaps, I might find some one who would be kind enough to help me."

"If you are alluding to me," said the curate, smiling, "you have come to a very wrong conclusion on the subject, I assure you. In the first place I have no interest of the kind whatever, and, I candidly tell you, that if I had I would not use it in your behalf, for I perfectly agree with your husband in the matter. In the second, an appointment in a government, or any good office, is a very difficult thing to obtain, and, in any inferior one, I am by no means certain that his social position would be much improved by it. That, at least, is my opinion, though others, and wiser heads than my own, might disagree with me in the view I take of this matter. I, personally, have a great respect for labour. I know few more honourable or praiseworthy members of society than your sober, industrious, skilled operative, especially when he has received the advantages of a good education. You say, 'Once an operative always an operative.' That is very far, however, from being a fact, and you have no occasion to step out of your own parish of Spitalfields to prove it. Some of the highest, and, at the same time, most intellectual families in the land, rose from the loom and the shuttle; and the heads of many of the most enterprising and honourable firms in the building trade began life at the carpenter's bench. I see what you are aiming at; you want to make your son a gentleman. You cannot do that. He may do so himself if he pleases, and, his beginning at the

bottom step of the ladder, instead of half way up, will not greatly hinder him; and, when he is at the top, from that very fact, he will be a great deal more respected by those who know him. Besides, you ought to take this probability into consideration: if you teach your boy that a carpenter's trade is beneath him, he may learn, at the same time, that the carpenter and his wife are beneath him as well. Let him get on in the world in your husband's trade, and the longer he lives the more he will respect you. Up to the present time both you and your husband have behaved nobly to that poor lad. Now take my advice, and keep him with you in your own trade, and it is far more probable that he will continue to love and respect you (he would be ungrateful, indeed, if he did not) than if you taught him that the handicraft you practise is beneath his gentility."

That evening, when Mrs. Murphy met her husband at tea, she said:

"I called on Mr. Jackson to-day, Murphy, to ask him if he could get a clerk's situation for Robert."

"And what did he say?"

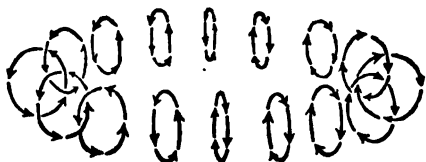
"He asked me what you thought of the matter, and I told him you wanted to make him a carpenter. He said he quite agreed with you, and that he would not help me, even if he could. So I'll give it up, John, and you shall have your own way with the boy."

"Peggy, you're a good soul, after all," said Murphy. "He goes to work to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

IV.—A PUFF OF SMOKE.



THERE is a well known song, beginning with the lines—

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
By the side of yon wood, that a cottage was near.

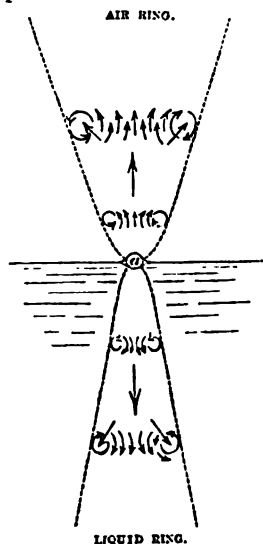
No word could be better chosen than "gracefully" in the first line. But it is not for the poet to define the conditions that constitute the grace of a wreath of smoke. The scientific man has studied it, and the result is certainly remarkable. The smoke issuing from a chimney, or curling in black masses from the funnel of a steamboat, consists really of a succession of rolling rings, expanding as they ascend, and of a somewhat complicated character. A factory chimney, when the fire is first lighted, will sometimes project into the air a number of separate rings, expanding as they ascend, with the particles of smoke in the circumference of the ring rapidly rotating in a vertical direction. The chimney of a locomotive will cough out, as it were, rings of great beauty and symmetry, not while it is in rapid motion, but just as it is beginning to prepare for flight. Heavy guns, firing blank cartridge, will belch out these rotating rings, which will continue a long time in the air, getting larger and larger, until they collapse and break up. A friend describes the firing of some cannon at Paris on a fête day, when the numerous spectators loudly ex-

pressed their admiration at the beauty of the smoke rings. A skilful smoker of tobacco can puff out of his mouth some of these rolling rings; but perhaps the most beautiful display of all is produced by the chemist. There is a gas known as phosphuretted hydrogen, which takes fire on exposure to the air. The gas that we burn in our streets and houses is carburetted hydrogen, in which hydrogen gives the flame, and carbon, made white hot by the flame, gives the light. In the gas now referred to phosphorus takes the place of carbon. It is prepared by heating phosphorus in a strong solution of caustic potash in a retort, the beak of which dips into a solution of potash. Every bubble of the gas, as it escapes from the beak, rises to the surface of the potash solution surrounded by a thin liquid envelope, which bursts with a flash of light; and the oxygen of the air, seizing hold of the minutely divided phosphorus, converts it into phosphoric acid, an opaque white smoke-like substance, which forms a ring that ascends in the air, expanding to the diameter of one or two feet, all the particles rapidly rotating in the direction of the arrows as shown in the figure.

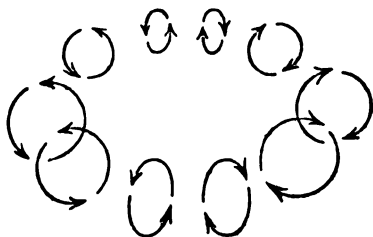
Liquid rings of precisely the same character, only descending in a liquid instead of ascending in the air, may be formed. If we fill a tall glass with water, and place over it a funnel containing a blotting-paper filter, and put into the filter a handful of common salt, a little water poured into the filter will form a solution of brine much heavier than water. This will pass through the filter and fall through the neck of the funnel drop by drop into the water. Each drop should have a fall of about two inches, that is, the neck of the funnel should be at that distance from the surface of the water. Each drop as it enters the column of water flashes out into a ring which rapidly descends to the bottom, expanding as it goes, the particles rolling round the circumference of the ring. On looking at the ring sideways a curious optical illusion will be seen: the rolling particles will have the appearance of a couple of Ionic volutes on each side of the ring. This arises from the rotating particles being seen in perspective and sideways, while on the side of the ring nearest to, and furthest from the spectator, the rotating rings present their edges, and these appear to be at rest. Some very pretty effects may be obtained by colouring the solution of salt with various pigments, so as to make the descending rings of a red, or blue, or green colour.

The first satisfactory explanation of these aerial and liquid rings was given by Mr. Tomlinson, and his figure, which we copy, renders the explanation quite clear.

We may premise that when a liquid is dropped into water it seeks to diffuse itself through the mass; a puff of smoke or of gas into air in like manner slowly diffuses itself. In the case of a liquid ring it is this force of diffusion acting equally all round which overcomes the cohesion of the particles of the liquid and causes it to flash out into a ring, and this ring, being heavier than its own bulk of water, descends. But in doing so it encounters friction, which retards not only the descent of the ring but also its diffusion. In the case of a ring of smoke the same



forces are at work, only the lighter smoke ascends, and friction retards the ascent. Both cases are combined in the figure, where the globule *a* may be either a bubble of phosphuretted hydrogen about to burst, and to project a ring of smoke into the air, or it may be a drop of liquid about to descend in water in the form of a liquid rolling ring. The ring of smoke or the liquid ring acts as if rolling up or down the inside of a hollow cone, and the direction of rotation of the particles will be opposite in ascending to what it is in descending. In both cases the tendency to enlarge by diffusion depends on the resistance of the liquid column or of the air. The resistance of the liquid column is much greater for the liquid ring than of the air for the smoke ring, so that the former expands much less than the latter. The resistance of course applies to the outer surface of the ring, or the ring may be said to bear on the surrounding medium by its outer surface, which would be the same as if it rolled up the inner surface of a hollow inverted cone. The straight vertical arrows in the figure show the motions of the ring up or down; the oblique arrows, the direction of the resultant of the forces that act on the ring and the direction of the resistance of the water or the air to this resultant; while the curved arrows show the direction in which rotation must occur according as the ring moves upwards or downwards.



BY THE KITCHEN FIRESIDE.

A STORY.



It was rather late in the autumn when I went to spend a week or two with Farmer Rendle at Pit. Pit, you must know, is a farm just on the borders of Dartmoor: it is so called, I believe, because it is in the middle of a pleasant little valley, with green undulating Devonshire hills all round it. Through the valley runs a laughing stream, where trout are plentiful, and not so wary as they might be, for the angler rarely finds them out. Alas! I may have already indicated too clearly that "Elysium of my

boyhood," and doomed it for ever to the desecrating tread of the tourist. Selfish carelessness! for, as I will shortly show, it can never bring back to me other than the most painful memories.

But, not to anticipate further, there are several things to be done at a country farmhouse in the autumn if you don't want absolutely to make yourself dull. We were not so entirely secluded at Pit that there was no hunting nor shooting to be had in the day-time, nor fair company in the evening. And I may add as a general remark, that there is no country so fresh and new to you as that of which you know every inch of ground. There was not a spot on the countryside at which Tom Rendle and I had not been at some mischief or other. Once, on a hot summer's day, when the grass was parched, we set fire to a furze-bush to

see how it would burn; the furze-bush set light to the grass, and the fire ran up the hill-side, and we ran away. But two hours afterwards, when we dared to come back, the valley was filled with a thick white cloud of smoke, and the hill was simply as black as your hat. That was one of our tricks. Another time we upset the rocking-stone, which used to crack nuts, close down by the bank of the stream. This, however, by a marvellous combination of levers, which Tom contrived, we succeeded in nearly setting right again; but it never would crack nuts with the same delicacy and precision as before. As for the poor stream, its life must have been a burden to it from the reservoirs and canals that we made out of it, and the bridges that we built over it, and the mills that we made it work—for Tom was an engineer from his youth, and "He'll blow himself up some day" was an universal prophecy concerning him too nearly fulfilled—so that while the water came in clear and sparkling and joyous at one end of the valley, it went out at the other in the muddy confusion of turbulent, angry passions.

But at the time I speak of Tom was at sea, and there was nobody in the old farmhouse but Farmer and Mrs. Rendle, two very charming children, who daily broke their pretty little necks, and Granny, the mother of Farmer Rendle and of Tom. Tom was a rising man by that time; he knew more about the machinery of a steamship than Mr. Scott Russell, and might have been trusted to take the Great Eastern to pieces and put her together again. And Granny was proportionately proud of him; she began to look down upon the farmer in comparison with Tom; and would indulge in pleasant little tiffs with Mrs. Rendle, junior, on this all-important subject. "Eliza, my dear," she would say, looking up from a huge worsted stocking with her spectacles all askew, but not pausing for an instant from her knitting: "George, you see, is all very well in his way; but he does no particular good, don't you understand; whereas Tom, you know; just consider, my dear; Tom!" In reply to which Mrs. Rendle would quote certain verses out of the poetry book which she learned at school; the said verses maintaining the innate and essential nobility of the tillers of the soil, and the presumptuous wickedness of going to sea.

Well, it fell out one day that the farmer and his wife drove away in the "trap" on business, and were not expected home till late at night, if indeed they were not to be detained until the following day. So Granny and I waited up for them when we had sent the servants and children to bed—the latter, poor little dears, had managed to fall into the horse-pond together, and got no supper in consequence. I suppose everybody knows what a farmhouse kitchen looks like, and more particularly a farmhouse kitchen fireplace; that great square recess with a log fire burning on the floor, and the wonderful narrow mantelpiece high up overhead, with its china dogs, and shepherds, and shepherdesses, and pepper-casters, and candlesticks, and the mysterious things coming down from the chimney on which divers kettles are hung. Well, we sat in front of the fireplace, Granny and I, and we talked, and talked, and talked, till we both became very sleepy, for the wind was humming a drowsy tune all round the old gables that he knew so well, and he sang in a gentle sleepy voice of the sweetness of quiet rest. Poor old wind! there is no rest for him till he dies.

Suddenly the old lady seized my right hand with her left (I was sitting on her left side), and looked, as if startled, at the fire.

It was perfectly true. The fire was not going out, for the flames remained of precisely the same size as before, but the light was gradually dying out of them; and at the same time I heard a sort of metallic ring in the moaning of the wind. Slowly, slowly, but

surely, the fire faded away, till the kitchen was altogether dark, while the metallic sound increased till it seemed as if the house were surrounded with iron plates which were being hammered all over. And Granny kept tight hold of my hand and said nothing.

Presently (I see it now as plainly as I see this paper before me) a little door was opened in the back of the fireplace. Now as a matter of fact there was of course no door in the back of the fireplace, but I am telling you just what I saw. Through this door, as soon as it was opened, there stepped in Tom Rendle (he was six feet three), holding a lighted candle in one hand and a hammer in the other. When he had got inside he shut the door after him. He took no notice whatever of Granny and me, but proceeded at once to hammer away at something which I could not plainly see. But the noise of his hammering was entirely lost in the horrible din which resounded all about the house, as if it were surrounded with iron plates which were being hammered all over. And all this time Granny kept tight hold of my hand and said nothing, but I could feel that she was trembling violently.

When Tom Rendle had hammered for a certain time he turned to go out again by the little low door at the back of the fireplace. But this he seemed not to be able to open. He tried hard for a long while, and then he began to hammer away at the door with his big hammer. But it was impossible to distinguish the sound of his hammer from the great din which was ringing all round. So, after a great many strokes, he gave up that also, and then he lay down on the ground and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he rose up again with extreme terror in his face, and walked about as if the floor were burning his feet. But he took not the least notice of Granny or me, and he seemed not to perceive that the fireplace was open towards us, and that he might come out that way. Only he walked about as if he dared not let his feet rest too long on the floor. Then he tried to open the door again and failed. Then he hammered away at it, and still the sound was lost in the surrounding din. And I observed that the room was becoming very hot, so hot, indeed, that I could hardly bear it. And poor Granny kept tight hold of my hand and said nothing.

Now I am not bound to tell you what I thought of all this at the time. But it did seem to me as if Tom Rendle himself were actually there, fighting hard for his life, in the imminent danger of being, somehow or other, roasted to death. And I sat there spellbound, and looked on, and could no more lift a hand to help him than I could have carried the farmhouse on my shoulders to the top of the nearest hill. I only heard the din that was all around us because it explained why the sound of his hammer could not be distinctly heard; I only felt the heat of the room because it helped to explain why the floor seemed to burn his feet.

Presently he could bear up no longer, and fell down. Then he writhed about upon the floor of the fireplace, as if it burnt every part of him that came in contact with it. This horrible sight, however, did not last long. He lay quite still, as one dead, with his face turned away from us. But even this was not all. After a little while the corpse moved again, only very slightly, with a little sudden jerk. I could see quite clearly that the dead limbs were shrinking from the still increasing heat. Then, and not till then, did Granny let go my hand.

Instantaneously the strange scene faded away, and everything came back. The fire was still burning brightly; the kitchen was light and pleasant from its cheerful flicker; the kettles and saucepans were hanging exactly as before in the fireplace. There was nothing to remind me of what seemed to have passed so shortly before.

"What a horrid dream," I said to myself. "And

here's Granny asleep, too; she'll fall off her chair if I don't wake her." So I took her hand and shook it, and said "Granny, wake up; you mustn't go to sleep down here." But she did not wake.

* * * * *

"Where am I? what has happened? what is the matter?" I said, as I woke up and found myself in bed, in bright daylight, with Mrs. George Rendle sewing by the bedside. She was in deep mourning.

"Hush! you must be quiet until you are better," she said, "and then I will tell you all about it. You have had brain fever, and the doctor said we must be very careful not to excite you after you came to yourself."

"But at least tell me how long I have been ill?"

"Three weeks. Now go to sleep."

I suppose I may tell you in a straightforward manner the story which was carefully broken to me. When George Rendle and his wife came home, which was about two o'clock in the morning, they found Granny and me still down by the kitchen fireplace; Granny quite stiff and cold; me already raving in delirium. The fire had gone out. They nursed me through the fever; but about a fortnight after this occurrence they received news of the death of Tom Rendle, under very peculiar circumstances.

I should have told you before that he held an office of great trust connected with an important line of packet ships. On board of that ship in which his duty lay there happened to be two people in command, namely, the captain of the ship and the manager of the line. Now the safety-valve of a marine engine is not accessible to the engine-man; but it is to be got at by a small iron chamber, just big enough for a man to move about in, which is situated on the top of the boiler. It so happened that there was something wrong with the safety-valve of this particular engine, and the manager, being told of this, immediately pitched upon Tom as the person who might be trusted to see to it. So Tom went down into the chamber with a big hammer, thinking—rightly—that there was only a rivet loose, which wanted fastening. But while he was inside, the captain, knowing nothing of this order given by the manager, ordered the door to be fastened on the outside; which was done, for so much hammering was going on all over the ship that no one could hear Tom working away within. Soon after this the order was given to get up steam; and it was not until the next day that they discovered poor Tom's scorched body in the valve-chamber.

George Rendle has gone to another part of the country; the boy is at Harrow, the girl at a finishing school. But independently of these facts, you may easily imagine why it is that I no longer feel any delight in catching trout from the Pit stream, or in cracking nuts under the rocking-stone.

HUMAN JUSTICE.

BLINDFOLD stands the form of justice,
With the sword and scales;
She is white-robed, she is noble,
Lacking sight she fails.

In her scales men fling their judgments,
These she fairly weighs;
But her soul would wither could she
But her bandage raise.

False the weights that fill her balance,
Often wrong is put for right,
Right for wrong—and she must blindly
Raise the sword and smite.

I. C. K.



PUNCH AND JUDY.

(A true incident in Melbourne life about fourteen years ago.)

FROM the north, across the ocean,
Once a strolling player came;
For in over-busy England
There was neither food nor fame.

He had shown his Punch and Judy
At a score of village fairs;
Few were now the public's pennies,
Many were the showman's cares.

Then he heard of foreign countries,
Of a land where all was new,
Where the pence were found in plenty,
And the shows and showmen few.

So he took a weary voyage—
To this land of hope he sped
And in reckless, busy Melbourne,
Hoped to find his daily bread.

Ah! the showman's heart was beating
As the careless crowd passed by;
Underneath a comic seeming
What a world of care may lie!

Now the puppets all are ready,
And the poor old show begins,
Telling, in the new-built city,
All the list of Punch's sins.

And the crowd comes to a standstill,
One by one their eyes are caught,—
"What! a Punch! Old Punch in Melbourne!
"Oh! how near old times are brought!"

Closer comes a bearded bushman,
Rough—a colonist for years—
O'er the hard blue southern heaven
Spreads a dimness like to tears.

Once again a little schoolboy,
In the foggy London streets,
He is idling at the corner,
Just to look at Punch's feats.

He can almost feel the satchel
That his mother buckled on;
She is growing old in England
Praying for her absent son.

By his side a wealthy trader,
Clever, canny in his ways,
Deigns a laugh at the old story,
Known in fairer, younger days;

When to him and to his sisters,
In a little country town,
Where the shows were very scanty,
Punch, one day, had travelled down.

Gentle Amy cried for pity,
Merry Alice laughed for glee;
Now between them and their brother
Roll all those long miles of sea.

Now a girl comes quickly past them,
Hides her eyes, and slips away;
And a boy, sometimes forgetful,
Writes his letter home to-day.

One and all are pressing nearer,
Cold, hard eyes with tears are wet;
"Tis so far away from England—
"Long years pass—and we forget.

"Pay him all we have to give him,
"Easily are nuggets won!
"Pay him well—he comes from England—
"Fill the hat—quick—pass it on."

So the showman made his fortune,
While his hearers went their way,
Finding once, amid their hurry,
Time to feel and time to pray.

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

THE CASTLE OF AMBOISE.

I wandered 'mid the wreck of days departed.—*Shelley.*

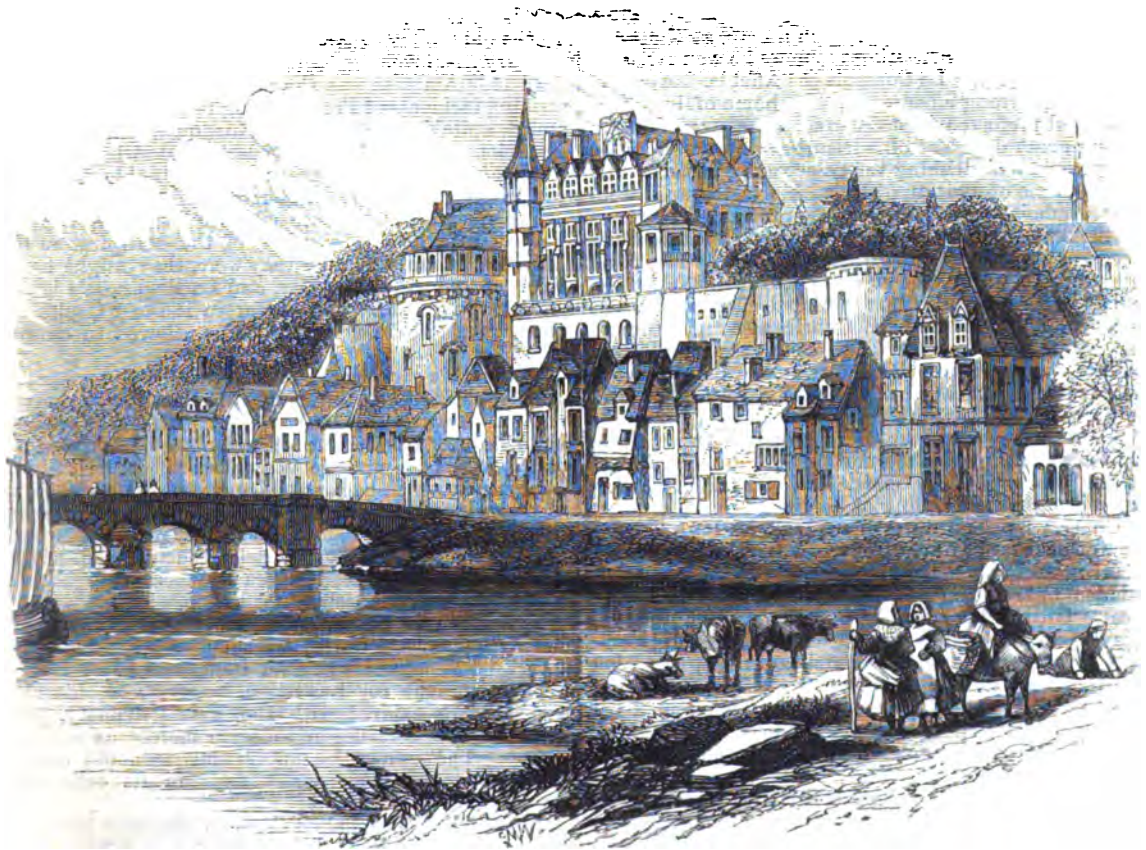
THE venerable Château of Amboise, like the great majority of these suggestive relics of feudal France, is wonderfully happy in its site. Placed at the confluence of the Loire and the Amasse, it stands on one of those towering eminences which surprise us here and there amid the gentle vine-clad undulations of the "garden of France." It commands the two bridges which connect the islet formed by these two rivers with their banks. Amboise is a strikingly picturesque spot, its primitive village of old gable-roofed houses, ancient churches, and a monastic building or two, now serving for secular purposes, nestles at the foot of the rocky elevation on which is perched the presiding edifice, itself a *pre-renaissance* building, reared on the enduring stones of its old Roman foundations.

Whether or not Julius Cæsar, who had a "camp" everywhere, really established the *Castrum Ambacium* of traditional memory, and erected the original tower still pointed out as his contribution to the general structure, it is difficult to say, but it has always been asserted to be the fact; and those strange, mysterious caves which yawn beneath and around the old fortress-palace are to this day known as "Cæsar's granaries," though by some these *silos*, which vary from two to four stories in depth, and are well worth a visit, are attributed to the first race of Merovingian kings.

The horizontal lines of roof and windows, which characterize the central portion dividing those "stern round towers" of massive proportions, combine with

them to impart to the whole a distinctive aspect, while the mixture of styles we detect everywhere betray the tale of its vicissitudes and of the additions and alterations it has from time to time undergone at the hands of its various possessors.

The early history of Amboise—by some supposed to have been the centre of a Druidical establishment—has faded into the dim obscurity of a long-forgotten and ambiguous past. That it changed ownership from the Romans to the Gauls we have reason to believe, from the circumstance of the frequent excavation at various subsequent periods of coins belonging to both nations; it would be long to tell of the contests between border tribes, of which it was the constant scene and the not less constant subject. Its position was an important one, and its strength tended to render it an object of covetous rapacity among the early hordes who in those lawless times when might was right wrested from each other whatever they were strong enough to seize, and retained whatever they had power to hold. To these anarchical struggles succeeded a temporary repose, during which Amboise fell into the hands of Hugues, the founder of the illustrious house of Amboise, so famous for its valour that it acquired the title of "Race of Mars." Until 1431 Amboise remained more or less peacefully in possession of this family, when Louis d'Amboise, having joined in the conspiracy against Georges de la Tremouille, the favourite of Charles VII., that monarch confiscated all his goods, and among them the lands and castle of Amboise, which thenceforward became the property of the crown. and from that time, more or less frequently, a royal residence. Charles VII., however, only occupied



himself with adding to its strength; and Louis XI., who only used it as a place of seclusion for his queen, Charlotte de Savoie, and their son, afterwards Charles VIII., did little during his reign to improve it either in beauty or convenience. Here, in 1470, was born that Dauphin whom his father's selfish tyranny condemned to a life of solitude and inaction, lest by the cultivation of his intelligence he should become a dangerous rival. Here too was performed the baptismal rite, the Archbishop of Lyons and Edward Prince of Wales, who was there with his mother, Margaret of Anjou, being sponsors. There it was that Louis XI. with some curious ceremonies instituted the order of St. Michael, and there also that he discovered the conspiracy of his ungrateful minion, the Cardinal de la Balue, on whom he revenged himself by confining him, some say for nine, others for fourteen years, in an iron cage. Towards the close of his despotic and miserable life the wretched monarch reappeared here unexpectedly at intervals, a wan and decrepit old man, bent with age and care, and carrying the stamp of death already on his brow; his face was that of an hypocrite, and his very costume was a disguise.

Hither it was that, finding his days numbered, the terrified king, aghast at what he had done, began when too late to repent of his odious policy, and sending for the son he had so irreparably injured, endeavoured, by his tardy deathbed exhortations, to atone for the cruel deprivation to which he had purposely subjected him. There it was that Louis XI. yielded up that life he had so sorely abused, and so fiercely struggled to retain; and there too did the melancholy Charlotte de Savoie, his virtuous and hapless queen, end her saddened days, only surviving two months to taste the liberty she had regained by the tyrant's death.

Charles on his emancipation first became a king, then he became a man, and then a hero, at the same time that by his conciliating manners he won from his subjects the title of *Le Courtois et l'Affable*. He always retained a strong affection for the home of his childhood, and preferred Amboise to all his other residences, taking great delight, in his leisure from war and state business, in embellishing the palace and gardens. His queen, Anne of Brittany, shared his tastes, and occupied Amboise during the king's protracted absences at the seat of war, watching with loving interest the progress of the improvements planned by her royal husband. To him we owe the exquisite little chapel, a very gem of architecture, built within the grounds, and dedicated to St. Hubert. Charles also raised the two large towers, and some say, devised the ascending spiral *cordon* within one of them, by means of which some years later Charles Quint, when he visited Francis I., was driven up to the plateau with all his cavalcade. Amboise thus passed by degrees from a fortress into a palace, but it remained for Francis I. to impart to it the touch of Renaissance taste which he has left upon every royal building of his time.

Charles VIII. returned from Italy in 1497 to plan new attacks and to anticipate new triumphs, destined, alas! never to be achieved. His brief career came to a sudden termination in the spring of the following year. On the 7th April, 1498, he was watching some players in the tennis-court, with his queen, when he was seized with a fit, attributed, some say, to a blow on the head he had received a week before while passing through a low doorway, and died in a few hours. The details of this closing scene, as recounted by Philippe de Commines in his quaint language, are very touching.

Anne was at first inconsolable; but the Duke of Orleans, now Louis XII., hastening to Amboise from Blois, where he was, contrived so well to dry the tears of the royal widow (to whom he had formerly been attached), that before the amiable prince she had lost

had been a year dead, she had consented again to become Queen of France, and Louis thus retained the rich and important dowry of Brittany. Louis now divorced his unloved but devoted wife, Jeanne de France, who retired into a convent; and his marriage with Anne was duly solemnized in 1499, at St. Denis. Although the king preferred Blois to Amboise, he occasionally resided there, and during that time laid out the pleasure-grounds surrounding the dwelling, and constructed a fine gallery.

Anne of Brittany had spent some of the happiest years of her first marriage at Amboise; and though it was there she had lost her three infant sons and the husband of her youth, the pleasing associations with which it was mingled must have overpowered those of a more painful character, for the court not only continually occupied this picturesque residence during her life, but she imparted her affection for it to her daughter Claude, whose infant and childish joys had been constantly shared there with her young kinsman, the fascinating Duc d'Angoulême, to whom she was early betrothed, and who was to become the illustrious Francis I.

At Amboise their first-born saw the light, as also three other children, all of whom, and among them the Dauphin François, the idol of his father's heart, preceded him to the grave, casting a deep gloom over the chequered but often bright career of his disconsolate father. Here were the ceremonies of the Dauphin's baptism solemnized with a pomp and costliness commensurate not only with the greatness of the occasion—for Pope Leo X. was godfather—but with Francis's passion for grandeur and pageantry.

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to give the details of all the festivities of which Francis made himself the hero—of the hunting parties, jousts, tournaments, feats of falconry, and other sports, witnessed by the old stones of Amboise in those joyous days of chivalry and love.

In 1539 Amboise was the scene of one of the most striking incidents of Francis's reign—his magnanimous and hospitable reception of his quondam foe, the suspicious, overreaching Charles Quint, who was not wholly incapable of appreciating the noble heart of Francis, and never even understood his generosity.

The next event of note was the famous—or shall we say infamous?—massacre of the conspirators of Amboise. Guilty though they were, they might have been treated with humanity, and La Renardie's ignominious punishment was too severe if the "Capitaine Muet," their real leader, was to be allowed to escape scot free.

While this sanguinary scene occupied the outposts of the château, a touching episode was occurring within. Francis II., the boy-king, with his beautiful little bride, "La Reinetto Marie Stuart," as she was called, were passing here the spring-tide of that brief honeymoon which began and concluded the short span of their clouded union; hapless children in the hands of a powerful faction, conscious of their responsibilities, and anxious to fulfil them conscientiously, but deceived and betrayed into fatal errors by those who should have been their counsellors and friends!

The name of Catherine de Medicis was but rarely heard in connection with the Château d'Amboise, but Charles IX. signed there an important edict in the year 1562; the royal prestige, however, of this historical place expired with the Valois dynasty, and from that time it began to serve merely as a state prison. The owners of many illustrious old names have worn out their weary days in its cells and dungeons.

Louis XIV. once halted there in the year 1640, on his way to Bordeaux; but in 1762, Louis XV. ceded the château to the Duc de Choiseul, in exchange for his lands in Limousin, which he could obtain on no

other terms. In 1789, after the death of the duke, the crown repurchased and gave it to the Duc de Penthièvre, making it into a *ducé-pairie*, as compensation for the principality of Dember. Confiscated at the revolution, the Château d'Amboise was given, during the first empire, by Napoleon to his early colleague, Roger Darcos; this modern Vandal, finding it too expensive to maintain, barbarously pulled down one half of this precious historical monument, and wofully mutilated the remainder. At the restoration, Amboise fell to the lot of the Duc d'Orleans, as heir to and representative of the Duc de Penthièvre, then deceased; and on the accession of this prince to the throne, as Louis Philippe, Amboise again became an appanage of the crown. This king never made Amboise his residence; and though he restored the chapel with religious accuracy and regardless of cost, the alterations he made within the palace were in the most wretched taste. The royal family once or twice visited Amboise, using the new room constructed in the large round tower as a dining-room.

In 1847 Abd-el-Kader, the Arab chief, was consigned to the Castle of Amboise, where he remained five years, being liberated on the 16th October, 1852, by Napoleon III., then president of the republic. Thirty-seven deaths occurred in the Mussulman's household during this period, the number of graves in the improvised cemetery attesting to the singular fact.

Although at the present day Amboise is a mere wreck of its former self, it is well worthy the inspection of the tourist; for notwithstanding its mutilations, it still offers a noble memorial of those monarchs who have left on it the traces of their passage.

THE SUPPLY OF IVORY.

AN enormous number of elephants are destroyed in the course of every year, often as unpleasant neighbours to man in the wild state, prone to make havoc with the rice and grain fields, but far more persistently and fully to meet the demands of commerce for the ivory of the tusks. Though the largest and the strongest of all existing quadrupeds, the animal is very readily decoyed into captivity in order to be domesticated, and is as easily slain by the hunter's rifle. The great bull elephant of three tons weight—leader of a herd—generally falls lifeless in an instant, if a ball is skilfully planted in the eye, or at the base of the trunk, or behind the ear; and "crack" sportsmen have been known to kill right and left, one with each barrel. In part of the northern province of Ceylon, upon the reward of a few shillings per head being offered by the authorities, 3500 were despatched in less than three years by the natives. Sheffield alone requires annually the slaughter of a large army of the huge pachyderms, estimated some years ago at 22,000, to furnish ivory for the various articles produced in its manufacturing establishments; and every civilised country needs a supply of the material for the useful and ornamental arts. Hence, not being prolific, it is by no means improbable, that long before our human story is over the elephant will be numbered with extinct species.

The tusks of the elephant are genuine teeth, but of peculiar form, and large dimensions when perfectly developed. They alone supply that variety of *dentine* or tooth-substance which is properly called ivory, though many other animals, as the hippopotamus, narwhal, and walrus, possess teeth, horns, or tusks of sufficient size and density to be used in the arts for the like purposes, and which hence popularly bear the same name. Of the two existing species of elephant, the Indian and the African, the latter has by far the larger tusks. They supply the manufacturer with

his best material, valued on account of its closer grain, superior whiteness, and capability of receiving the highest polish. Sometimes the tusks are stunted, being not more than ten or twelve inches in length, and weighing only a few pounds; but when completely formed a single tusk will sometimes weigh 170 lbs., and occasionally considerably more. A pair appeared in the Great Exhibition of 1851, taken from an elephant killed on the banks of Lake Ngami, which weighed 325 lbs. Each tusk measured eight feet six inches in length, and had a circuit of twenty-two inches at the base.

In very high latitudes, where the remains of animals are preserved for ages by the rigorous cold of the climate, a further supply of ivory is obtained from the tusks of extinct species, which, with the bones, sometimes even the flesh and hair, are found imbedded in the frozen soil, having undergone but little alteration. The northern parts of Siberia, especially the lower valley of the Lena, and some islands in the polar waters, are well-known localities for these "Adamitic things," or "things of Adam's time," as they are locally called, from their obvious antiquity. In the year 1770, an obscure fur trader named Liakhov, having occasion to visit the shore of the Arctic Ocean, saw while there a herd of reindeer coming over the ice from the north. Guided by the track of the animals, he travelled with sledge and dogs over the ice-fields for nearly fifty miles, and then came to an island, beyond which was another, the members of a small archipelago now known as the Liakhov group, or New Siberia. Few spots are more geologically remarkable. Hills of fossil wood line the shores, while large tracts are composed of tusks, bones, and other animal remains deposited in the superficial sand, gravel, and loam, cemented by ice. It is remarkable of this curious produce that the tusks decrease in size and weight from south to north, as if they had been borne to their present sites by some great drift in that direction, which carried the lighter ones the farthest. Those of the islands are the smallest, but are much whiter and apparently fresher than those of the continent.

The best known and most abundant of these relics of ancient life belong to the *Elephas primigenius* of Blumenbach, called *Elephas fossilis* by Cuvier, the mammoth of popular speech. The latter name signifies "an animal of the earth." It originated with the ignorant presumption, that being unable to endure the light of day, the creature was chiefly subterranean in its habits, like the existing mole. But some of the simple-minded natives had another theory, and were only concerned to have the remains undisturbed. "Take from us," said they to the first Russian adventurers, "our gold if you will; but leave us the bones of our great ancestors." Under a similar misconception, Pontoppidan reported the discovery of the bones of giants in Norway, doubtless those of the extinct elephant, which are very widely distributed, and found in the Pleistocene deposits all over Europe. Admirably well preserved in the cold climate of Siberia, where the soil is perpetually frozen at the depth of a few feet beneath the surface, the tusks are regularly searched for by "ivory hunters," and are disposed of at the annual fairs held in the summer months at Yakutsk, along with the teeth of the walrus, and the furs and peltry of the Arctic zone. The fossil ivory is of inferior quality to that obtained from the living species, being exceedingly dry, hard, and brittle. But it is used in the arts, especially in Russia, and boiling in a solution of gelatine imparts the waxy softness in which it is deficient.

The mammoth is the only fossil animal which has come under the observation of man in a perfect condition; but only two complete specimens of the gigantic quadruped have yet been met with. In the

case of all other remains the hard portions have alone been preserved, and these are frequently of a very fragmentary kind, requiring the highest skill to make out from them the form and character of the creature to which they belonged. It was at the close of the last century that the first entire example was discovered by a Tungusian fisherman. Near the mouth of the Lena and the shore of the polar ocean he observed a strange shapeless mass projecting from a bank of frozen earth covered with ice, which, in the summer of 1801, when the season was warmer and the thaw greater than usual, became partially disengaged, and proved to be the carcass of an enormous animal. It eventually fell from the bank on the sandy beach, but was not examined by any naturalist till Mr. Adams travelled to the spot for the purpose from Yakutsk, in 1806. By that time native hunters had carried off portions of the flesh with which to feed their dogs, while white bears, wolves, wolverines, and foxes had devoured the remainder. But the skeleton was entire, and is now one of the curiosities of St. Petersburg. It stands nine feet four inches in height, and measures sixteen feet four inches in length. Following the curve the tusks extend to nine feet six inches. The animal was a male, furnished with a long mane, and coated with a skin covered with a reddish wool, adapted therefore to endure a cold climate. During the last year our Royal Society received information of a second perfect example having been discovered by a Samoiede in the frozen soil near the eastern arm of the Gulf of Obi. It is not improbable that careful explorations in the vast region of northern Asia, very imperfectly known at present, may be made with benefit to the ivory market as well as to natural history.

Ivory has been known from remote antiquity, and appreciated as an ornamental material. Processions of human figures are extant on the walls of tombs and palaces in Egypt—black, crisp-haired men, evidently natives of central Africa—who appear as the bearers of presents, among which the tusks of the elephant are conspicuous. Phœnician traders had ivory in such abundance that the chief seats of their galleys were inlaid with it. "The company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory brought out of the isles of Chittim." Solomon's ships visited the shores of the Indian Ocean for the product; and "the king made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the best gold." The erection of a house of ivory is named among the acts of Ahab. By the Greeks and Romans this article of luxury was highly valued and extensively used. Homer, in a comparatively primitive age, makes mention of it in the palace of Menelaus. Phidias the sculptor produced a statue of Jupiter Olympus of the material, so beautiful and imposing, that it was considered a misfortune to die without having seen it. But modern times supply the most remarkable example on record of what may be called its barbaric use. In the sixteenth century Akbar, the Great Mogul, built an octagonal hunting tower of ivory, which is still standing, some twenty miles to the west of Agra. It bristles with one hundred and twenty-eight enormous tusks disposed in ascending lines, sixteen being on each of the eight sides.

The earliest mention of the product in our national literature is by Chaucer, who describes one of his characters in the "Canterbury Tales" as carrying

A staff tipped with horn,

A pair of tables (writing tablets) all of ivory.

Great Britain imports annually from all parts not less than 500 tons, which may be valued at 400,000*l*. The chief consumption is for knife-handles, the keys of musical instruments, mathematical scales, dice and chessmen, billiard-balls, inlaying, and artistic carvings, some of which are rendered extremely costly by the

taste and skill displayed in their execution. Vegetable ivory, derived from the nuts of an exquisitely beautiful South American palm, is in extensive use for umbrella-handles, buttons, trinkets, and other ordinary articles; but it soon tarnishes, and wears rapidly if exposed to much friction. In France an excellent imitation of ivory is now made from a mixture of papier-mâché and gelatine, called Parisian marble. But no substance, natural or artificial, is at present known so well adapted as the true material for the purposes to which it is applied. Yet long before the elephants are no more, and the mammoths are used up, an adequate substitute may have been found, and have reconciled the world to a loss which is inevitable.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

X.—THE LUXEMBOURG.

MANY and remarkable as are the vicissitudes of fortune associated with the royal palaces of the French capital, and various as the uses to which these buildings have been appropriated, not one among them has seen greater changes than the Luxembourg. The last occupant before the French Revolution was Louis Stanislaus Xavier, Count of Provence, to whom Louis XVI. assigned it in the year 1779. At the end of 1792 we find the Luxembourg changed into a prison, in which were confined principally the nobility of the quartier St. Germain, and among others, the President Nicholai, le Duc de Levis, the Count de Mirepoi, the Marquis of Fleury, M. de la Ferté, M. de Laborde de Mereville, and other notables. Many singular instances of the extraordinary vicissitudes of human life and human grandeur—and which might form excellent moral lessons—might be collected from the events which took place among the inmates of the Luxembourg during the time it was used as a prison. A writer who had been incarcerated in it says that on one occasion he saw arrive as prisoners, in a miserable fiacre, two marquesses, a duchess, a marchioness, a count, an abbé, and two countesses.

So full of prisoners was the Luxembourg at one time, that as many as ten or twelve persons were frequently placed together in one room. Here also was the perfect equality of grade (which was preached by the French Republicans as one of the articles of their political creed) kept up to the fullest extent. The duke, marquess, and duchess had no more respect paid to them than the shopkeeper who had served them, and who was suspected of being a friend to the aristocrats, or the valet who had assisted at the nobleman's toilet, and was therefore imagined to be cognizant of what had taken place in his master's establishment. All the furniture the authorities allowed to each prisoner was a common truckle bed, a mattress, and a coverlet. Day by day some of these unfortunates were taken from the prison and conducted to the guillotine. As a rule, great courage was shown by the unhappy prisoners when called forth to execution. Few indeed are the instances to the contrary. Some even went so far as to show, at the moment, a contempt for death which, considering the awful transition they were shortly to undergo, contrasted unfavourably with the calm dignity exhibited by the majority. In M. Emile de la Bédollière's admirable work, entitled "Le nouveau Paris," he quotes an instance of the kind. "The General Claude Victor de Broglie had been condemned to death for having refused, when with the army of the Rhine, to admit the decrees of the Legislative Assembly. He was, while awaiting the arrival of the carriage which was to conduct him to the place of execution, listening to some verses which had been composed by the poet Vigée, and in which he appeared much interested. Presently he

looked at his watch, and addressing the poet, said, "I am afraid I shall not have time to hear the whole—but no matter, pray continue till I hear my name called."

But the aristocrats were not the only political prisoners who were incarcerated in the Luxembourg. A change came over the spirit of the times, and in their turn the fierce Republican party were incarcerated—among them Danton, and many others of notoriety. Robespierre and his friends were among the last brought there, but the prison authorities—possibly fearing the palace might be attacked—refused to receive them. Shortly afterwards a complete change took place in the palace of the Luxembourg. The prisons were emptied, the apartments were again restored to their original uses, and after having been put in

make strong friends with the extreme party—established in it a committee, entitled *Commission de Gouvernement pour les Travailleurs*, of which M. Louis Blanc was elected vice-president, and M. Albert—with several other workmen—were among its members. The commission established in the Luxembourg did but little good for those whose interests it was especially nominated to watch over. It is true they formed three associations—one for weavers, another for saddlers, and a third for tailors; but the rules they attempted to establish were utterly impracticable, and the commission itself was shortly after dissolved. The Luxembourg now remained uninhabited for some years. The Constitution of January 14th, 1852, re-peopled it, however, by placing in it a senate, composed of such men as the *Chef de l'Etat* might consider



THE GARDENS OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

thorough repair and magnificently furnished, they then became the residence of Barras, the President of the Directory, who invited to the fêtes he gave in the palace all the principal authorities and notables of the city; and an air of excessive luxury and dissipation reigned in the building which had lately been the abode of so much misery. A few years afterwards, Buonaparte, then first consul, changed it into the palace of the consulate. On December 24th, 1799, it was again changed, and applied to the service of the senate. On the accession of Louis XVIII. to the throne the meetings of the Chamber of Peers were held in it. After the accession of Louis Philippe it was still used for the same purpose.

At the Revolution of 1848 another singular change took place in the Luxembourg. France was now again a republic, and the Government—possibly wishing to

it advisable to call together, including cardinals, marshals, and admirals, and they assembled on March 29th of the same year, in the hall in which the sittings of the Chambers of Peers had formerly been held, under the presidency of M. Mesnard.

Seven years since the Luxembourg palace had a narrow escape from being destroyed by fire. At two o'clock in the morning the flames burst out in such force in it as to threaten the loss of the whole building. The fire, however, was got under, though not until an immense amount of damage had been incurred. Fortunately that part of the building which possesses the greatest interest for the visitor remained intact—the museum of living artists, which contains the works of many of the first French painters of the day. Among these are the works of Horace Vernet, Eugene de la Croix, D'Aubigné, Isabey, Rosa Bonheur, and many

others. Among the statues also are some of the best works from the studios of the Parisian sculptors.

The gardens of the Luxembourg, which form the subject of the woodcut on the previous page, are little inferior in any respect to those of the Tuileries. They were first planned in the time of Marie de Medicis, but were then much smaller in extent than they are at the present day. Nor had they many ornaments to boast of, the principal among them being the Fountain of the Grotto, which is said to have been erected after the designs of Rubens—how far this may be true it is impossible to say. For many years after their formation these gardens were considered as exclusively belonging to the palace, and for the use of the inmates alone; and it was not until Monsigneur, the brother of Louis XVI., took up his residence there, that they were thrown open to the public. This act of kindness was a great boon to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and the gardens were much resorted to by the bourgeois and their families, by ecclesiastics, monks, literary men, and especially by nursemaids. The grand avenue and some of the lateral walks had wooden benches placed for the accommodation of the public, but in other respects the gardens had little in them to attract observation. There was neither symmetry nor perspective—in fact, nothing to please the eye, and the view was terminated by the backs of houses and stone walls. Nevertheless the gardens were generally crowded with visitors, especially on Sundays and fête days—in the morning in one of the alleys, and in the evening in the grand avenue.

From many prints still extant, representing the gardens of the Luxembourg at different periods, an interesting work on the changes in the fashions in dress might be written. In one, published in the year 1781, the ladies seemed to hold in particular favour a dress then called *Levites*—imitated from those which are generally seen in paintings as worn by the children of the tribe consecrated to take charge of the Holy Ark. Again, others wore an appendage behind of what was called à *la queue de singe*—that is to say, a very long and complicated tail or train. To such an extent did some ladies carry this absurd fashion, that on one occasion the Countess of Francourt wore one of such magnitude, that it occasioned an enormous crowd to assemble round her, and created so great a disturbance that the police were obliged to insist on her quitting the gardens. A few years later, when Barras, who was then President of the Directory, and Madame Tallien was the arbitress on all subjects connected with dress and *bon ton*, the gardens of the Luxembourg were the focus of Parisian fashion. But how changed was the costume of the promenaders! The men were now dressed in all the exaggerated style of the dandies of the Republic. Bottle-green coats with large ornamented buttons were then the fashion of the day. No gentleman was considered dressed in good taste unless he had several enormous cravats of muslin round his neck. Showy-striped waistcoat and knee-breeches were also in vogue. There was now no occasion for the interference of the police to keep within due bounds the length of the ladies' dresses; on the contrary, they were immodest in the extreme. Fortunately this state of things passed away before the termination of the first French Empire; indeed, it had ceased even before the Republic itself was at an end. During the reign of the Bourbons, although the gardens of the Tuileries carried away the principal portion of the fashionable population of Paris, a considerable number still frequented the gardens of the Luxembourg, and on fête days the enormous gigot sleeves and absurdly large hats replaced the costumes of the Empire.

The gardens of the Luxembourg, which have been greatly embellished during the reign of the present emperor, as well as that of Louis Philippe, are still a

favourite promenade with the Parisians who reside on that bank of the Seine. Although, as a rule, the society frequenting them may not be as fashionable as that to be seen in the gardens of the Tuileries, the variety of classes is greater. Here, on a fine day, may be seen the professors of the Schools of Law and Medicine trying to obtain an hour's exercise in the open air, as a relief to their sedentary occupations; students of various schools; nursemaids with children; soldiers; workmen—in fact, every class of the surrounding population, who can obtain a short respite from their daily occupations, flock to the gardens of the Luxembourg to enjoy the fresh air of the morning and the cool of the summer's evening.

Great improvements have lately been made in the approaches to these gardens. The unsightly lodge entrance and wall have given place to magnificent gates and iron railings, which commence at the Rue Vaugirard and are continued round to the Rue d'Enfer. In fact, a visitor who remembers the slovenly aspect of the place some ten years ago could hardly believe it possible so great an improvement could have been effected in so short a space of time. Strong opposition, however, has lately been shown to the determination of the government to sell the western portion of the garden, together with the Botanical Gardens on the eastern side, for building purposes. The government refused to give way, urging that the contemplated alteration in no way interfered with the portion of the garden hitherto thrown open to the public. Streets are already planned, and in a few years the whole space, not at present used for the public, will be covered with houses.

It was from the Luxembourg gardens that the first attempt was made to launch an air balloon of any magnitude. The experiment took place July 12, 1783. The balloon in question was 70 feet in circumference, and in its construction no less than 3700 yards of linen had been used. It was built by M. Joseph Montgolfier, and was constructed on what is commonly known as the fire-balloon principle—the motive power being obtained by the rarefaction of the atmospheric air passing through a furnace at the base of the vast machine. Great indeed was the interest excited by the experiment, and wonderful was the success predicted to attend it. Four eminent men of science—the Abbé Miollan and M. Janinet, friends of the inventor; M. le Marquis d'Arlandes, an eminent patron of scientific men; M. Bredin, a celebrated mechanician—were to ascend with it. Everything was now ready, and great indeed was the anxiety of the public to see the enormous machine rise in the air. Their hopes, however, were not to be realized. Just at the moment when it was expected to leave the earth the balloon took fire, and in consequence was so damaged as to be rendered useless. Great indeed was the anger of the spectators—many of whom had been upon the ground for twenty-four hours—at the failure, and they endeavoured to compensate themselves for their disappointment by tearing the balloon in pieces and carrying away the spoils; while for many months afterwards the unfortunate speculators and inventors were unpitifully ridiculed in every sort of caricature which ingenuity could invent.

An amusing instance of the necessity of obeying laws taught by science may be illustrated as follows. Ask a person to stand upright, with his heels closely pressed against a wall: then request him to pick up a coin on the floor of the room, by fairly stooping, and, on the condition of his not falling, offer to give it to him. He cannot pick it up without falling forwards, because the moment he attempts it the centre of gravity of his body is moved so far forward as to prevent the possibility of his keeping on his feet.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

MAGNESIUM LIGHT.—Everybody is familiar with the white powder called magnesia; if not taken as medicine it has been seen in the shop of the apothecary. Pure magnesia is a combination of two elements, namely, the metal magnesium and the gas oxygen; hence in chemical phrase it is styled magnesium oxide.

Sir Humphry Davy discovered magnesium in 1808. By means of a powerful galvanic current he dissolved the union of oxygen with magnesium in magnesia, and revealed the new metal to the world. There, however, Davy's discovery rested for a long time, and magnesium existed as little else than a name and a curiosity.

Nearly all the metals (save those named noble, as gold and silver) are found like magnesium in combination with oxygen. To deliver them from oxygen they are roasted or smelted with charcoal, which absorbs the oxygen and the metal escapes free. Magnesium, unfortunately, does not yield to this treatment. In vain is magnesia submitted to intense heat along with charcoal; not thus will magnesium be persuaded to abandon its alliance with oxygen; only by a roundabout method is its isolation effected, as follows:—

Hydrochloric acid in water is poured over magnesia in a large jar or vat. Hydrochloric acid (of old called muriatic acid) is composed of equal volumes of hydrogen and chlorine. As soon as the acid and the magnesia touch they cross partners—the hydrogen combines with the oxygen and the chlorine with the magnesium. When the action is completed, there is found at the bottom of the vat no longer magnesium oxide, but magnesium chloride, which is mixed with sodium chloride (common table salt) to keep off the aggressions of oxygen, and then thoroughly dried, and stowed away in airtight vessels till wanted.

So far little progress seems to have been made. We have simply got magnesium wedded to chlorine instead of to oxygen. The next move is to get rid of the chlorine.

This is accomplished by means of sodium, a very curious metal discovered by Davy at the same time as magnesium. Soda is sodium in combination with oxygen, table salt is sodium in combination with chlorine. Sodium is a silver-white metal, which grows dim in a few minutes on exposure to the air. It is soft, and may be cut with a knife like cheese. If cast upon water it floats, and burns fiercely, with explosions. It is kept under oil, and has to be handled carefully, for if touched with moist fingers it inflicts a severe burn.

Five parts of magnesium chloride are deposited with one part of sodium in an iron crucible. The crucible is covered and heated to redness. Its contents are thereby thoroughly fused, and the chlorine leaves the magnesium and combines with the sodium. The crucible is lifted from the fire and allowed to cool. It is then opened and its contents removed in a solid mass, which when broken up is found studded with glittering metal in nuggets like eggs, buttons, and pin-heads, and in powder; all of which are collected from the surrounding dross and purified by distillation. The metal is afterwards melted and cast in ingots.

Magnesium was first extracted from its chloride by Alexander Bussy, the French chemist, about 1830, and he is sometimes described as the discoverer of the metal; certainly he was the first to exhibit it in anything beyond microscopic quantities. Bussy's process was improved upon by his countrymen, Deville and Caron; and in 1862 it occurred to Edward Sonstadt (an Englishman of Swedish ancestry) that it might be worked on a commercial scale. Sonstadt succeeded in raising a joint-stock company for the purpose, which now produces the metal at its works in Manchester.

Magnesium is bright as silver when pure and clean, but its beauty is not permanent: it contracts a coat of oxide, and soon grows dull as zinc, with which it has several resemblances. It is a very light metal, its specific gravity being 1.75, or about one fifth that of copper, which is 8.96: silver is 10.50. An ounce of magnesium is therefore six times the bulk of an ounce

of silver, a fact worth noting, for at the present time the price of an ounce of magnesium and of silver is the same, namely 5s.

For any of the uses to which metals are usually applied, magnesium, as yet, is no substitute. Its glory consists in the light which it yields in burning. Since it has become a popular toy most people have seen its light—have lit a piece of wire at gas or candle, and painfully dazzled their eyes with the brilliance. The intensity of the light is such, that the flame of two or three twisted strands of wire has been discerned at sea twenty-eight miles off.

A valuable peculiarity of the light is, that it leaves colours unaffected, or, more correctly, displays them as in sunshine. This is a great boon to drapers, dyers, and others, who require to match tints at night or in foggy weather. The light is also very rich in actinic rays—the rays which act chemically, and enable the photographer to practise his art. Hence portraits are now easily taken in the evening, or on dull days, and views of caves and architectural interiors, where either sunshine is insufficient or absent.

The combined power and beauty of the light have been seen to most advantage at the Crystal Palace, where last autumn balloons were sent up to which rockets packed with powdered magnesium were attached. As the magnesium burned, the country over an extensive area was illuminated as by bright moonshine. The upturned countenances of the crowds on the terrace, the dresses of the ladies, and the flowers and shrubs of the palace gardens all appeared in the hues of daylight. At one of these displays upwards of fourteen pounds weight of magnesium was consumed, and in the blaze one seemed to discover a valuable munition of war: such rockets might insure an army from surprise in the dark. The Americans, who dearly love novelties, found out this use for the metal just as the great contest of North and South was at an end.

Many attempts have been made to burn magnesium continuously in lamps, in which it is paid out in wire by clockwork. Some of these act very well, but they cannot be trusted in actual use out of skilful hands. Much preferable is the lamp invented by Mr. Henry Larkin, in which the metal is consumed in the form of powder flowing from a reservoir down a tube, like sand in an hour-glass. The magnesium powder, it is important to observe, is mixed with sand as a means of giving it sufficient weight, and it also serves to modify the intensity of the light to any degree that may be desired. The flame of a spirit-lamp is made to play over the orifice of the tube, and as long as the powder flows and the spirit burns combustion is certain. The mechanism of this lamp is constant and simple as the force of gravitation. The stream of metal is let on and cut off by turning a handle, and the light displayed or extinguished at pleasure. The sand mixed with the powdered metal drops harmlessly through the flame into the ashbox.

At the meeting of the British Association in Nottingham a large refreshment tent was lighted up throughout two evenings with a couple of Larkin's lamps; it was the first occasion on which the new light had been so far trusted as to dispense with gas. Some fancied on the first night that it was too trying to the complexions of the ladies: on the second Mr. Larkin mixed a pinch of nitrate of strontia with the magnesium powder, which communicated a faint tinge of rose colour to the light, and so satisfied the most tremulous beauties.

Various experiments are now in progress, and it is not unlikely that in our lighthouses magnesium will shortly be burnt on Mr. Larkin's method. By that method a flame of any volume may be obtained. His smaller lamps may be carried about in the hand, and used to explore mines, caverns, and tunnels. In the garden or conservatory at night the lamp affords a treat which must be witnessed to be appreciated. Taken into a wood at dusk in summer time, and the light turned on, brings moths from every quarter to beat against the glass. To naturalists and sportsmen it furnishes a dark lantern of prodigious capabilities. In deep-sea fishing it is likely to prove of the highest utility. Indeed magnesium supplies the only powerful light which is portable. The tackle connected with its sole rivals—the electric and oxyhydrogen lights—confine them to fixed spots.

CHILDREN'S GAMES.

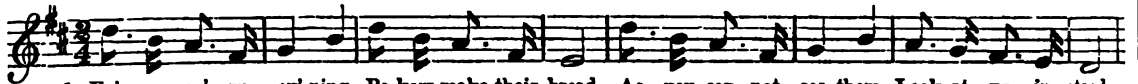
In the training of young children music is one of the most indispensable requisites. "The voice of melody commands the will of the child, or rather disarms the caprice, which is the principle of disorder." Scale singing is of course proper to begin with when methodical instruction in singing is intended, but something more cheerful and interesting—some-

thing that calls for action on the part of the child—is desirable when the object is change and recreation, or the cultivation of feeling and temper. In the infant-school system this has long been recognized, but it needs to be introduced into families, and with this object in view we propose to supply our readers, from time to time, with some original musical games.

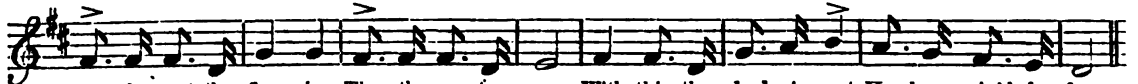
THE BAKER.

The children stand in two rows, facing each other, with their hands resting on their hips; the first, fifth, sixth, and ninth verses are sung in this position. At the second verse they imitate putting in the flour and pouring the water; third and

fourth they stir it round and knead it; seventh and eighth shape and pat the loaves and rolls, and prick baby's cake; tenth, shovel the bread into the oven.



1. Ev'-ry, ev'-ry ev'-ning Ba-kers make their bread, As you can-not see them, Look at us in-stead.



2. First they put the flour in, Then the wa-ter pour, With this the ba-ker's yeast Has been mix'd be-fore.

3. Now they stir it all round,
Mixing well the flour;
Knead it then with both hands,
For a long, long hour.

4. Knead it, knead it with a will,
Standing round the trough,
Knead, knead away, until
It has had enough.

5. Now the weary bakers
Home to rest may go;
While they all are sleeping
There will rise the dough.

6. Early in the morning,
Ere has dawned the sun,
Back again the bakers
To the bakehouse run.

7. Now the dough is ready,
They to work begin,
Make the loaves, and shape them,
Cottage, brick, and tin.

8. And the little rolls, too,
Long and round and light;
Baby's little cake, now,
Make it very light.

9. Cries the master baker:
"Is the oven hot?"
"Put in all the batches,—
"Who's my shovel got?"

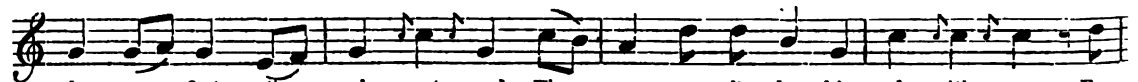
10. Now we shove them all in,
Larger ones and small;
Take care not to burn them
For we want them all.

THE CARPENTER.

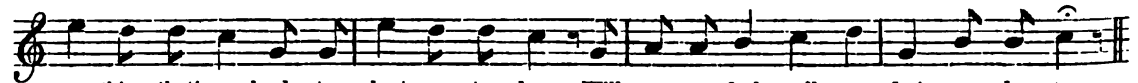
The children stand in a ring and imitate the motions of the carpenter as they are mentioned in the song. At "La, la," they join hands and dance round.



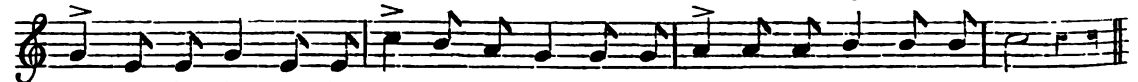
1. The car-pen-ter is a use-ful man, He can make a ta-ble, box, or chair; He



choos-es first the ni-cest wood, Then mea-sures it by his rule with care, For



no-thing that's crook-ed, too short, or too long, Will e-ver look well, or last, or be strong.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

2. He saws the wood into proper lengths,
Short he makes the ends and long the sides;
Large for the table and small for the box,
And all shapes for other things besides.
For legs thin and long, thin and short for the rails,
Square for the covers and round for the pails.

La, la, &c.

3. He planes all the wood to make it smooth,
Steadily planes while the shavings fall;
Round him they fly as he works away,
Some curly and long, some round as a ball.
With chisel he then makes the edges quite right,
That when he has done they all may fit tight.

La, la, &c.

4. He joins the pieces all with care,
And some of them now he sticks with glue;
While into some he'll hammer a nail,
Or with gimlet bore a hole for a screw.
And when all is done he's as pleased as can be,
I wish that we all were useful as he.

La, la, &c.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

In Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER VI.

MURPHY AND EVANS, CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

IT is only justice to the character of Robert Evans to state that he made no objections whatever to Mr. Murphy's decision. It is more than probable of the two occupations he would have preferred the clerk to becoming an operative carpenter, inasmuch as he was not altogether destitute of the vanity natural to his age and good looks; and, therefore, the idea of dressing

like a gentleman, and taking the status of one, was not without great charms for him. At the same time he held the laudable conviction that manual industry need be no impediment to a man's rise in the world, and he fully resolved that if he commenced as a journeyman he would end as a master.

True to his decision, Mr. Murphy, the morning after the conversation recorded with his wife, called Robert into the workshop.

"Now my lad," he said, "you are no longer a child, but

must begin to earn your own living. As long as I and your mother have a loaf of bread left, you're welcome to share it with us; but, with a good head and strong limbs, you ought not to be dependent on anybody. Understand me, I don't want you to work for me for nothing; I don't work for nothing myself, and I don't want others to do so for me. I shan't be able to afford you much at the beginning, and a part of that you must set aside to buy your tools with. Your board and lodging will cost you nothing as long as you choose to stop with the old lady and myself; and, if I aint very far wrong in my guess, it won't be long before you'll earn enough money to hold your head as high, and dress as well as any barber's clerk in London. For the next month I shall have plenty of work for you to do indoors, and by that time I have no doubt you will handle your tools sufficiently well not to be ashamed of being seen working anywhere."

He now gave Robert some work to do, carefully superintending him the while. When he found he was able to accomplish it with tolerable certainty, he allowed him to practise it by himself. Although Murphy had received no better an education than was, when he was a boy, to be obtained at a second-rate charity school, he possessed certain qualifications which would not have disgraced a first-rate professor. He appeared intuitively to understand the art of teaching. He was clear, kind, and patient in his instructions. He never allowed his pupil to be discouraged by failure, but persuaded him to try the same, at first unsuccessful experiment, over and over again, till he had fully succeeded in accomplishing it. He was lavish in his praise where praise was merited; but never blamed except for idleness or inattention, two faults rarely observable in his pupil's character.

Robert in a short time began to greatly like his new occupation; and Mrs. Murphy, her first chagrin over at the failure of her ambitious views, was perfectly contented with the present state of affairs, and candidly admitted that Murphy, after all, had been right in his opinion. True, during the first week, when, on entering the shop, she saw Robert in his rough working dress, partially covered with sawdust, she could not help drawing the comparison how different would have been his appearance had he been a spruce clerk in the city. The first Sunday, however, after he had commenced his new occupation, completely dissipated the worthy lady's discontent: never in her eyes had Robert seemed more attractive than he did on that day, when prepared to conduct her to church. He was positively handsomer, and more manly looking she thought, than on the previous Sunday. Possibly the conclusion she had arrived at was not altogether an erroneous one, the exertion he had taken in the week having given him a look of ruddy health, which accorded well with his delicate and somewhat effeminate features.

In a few months Robert had not only become tolerably proficient in his trade as far as its manual duties were concerned, but he began to be of considerable use to his adopted father in the more theoretical portions of his occupation. It has already been stated that, when a boy, Mr. Murphy's education had left much to be desired; and, moreover, he had but little natural talent of calculation or combination. These defects had been a serious impediment to him in his way through life. He was naturally cautious and prudent, and, at the same time, was well aware of his own

defects. The result was he was ultra-timid in the different transactions he entered into, never, by any chance, undertaking a job from which he was not certain of deriving advantage; but, at the same time, rejecting many which would have been most lucrative, had he possessed the ability to analyse more completely their respective merits before decidedly refusing them. He had shrewdness enough fully to perceive that Robert had precisely the qualifications of which he was deficient. The lad could calculate with great quickness and precision—to find him in error was indeed, a very difficult matter.

It was singular to notice the curious manner in which Mr. Murphy elicited Robert's talents. He did not like the young fellow to think that he himself was wanting in the point, still he wished to profit by his superior skill. He commenced by degrees, giving Robert small estimates to work out for imaginary contracts, which, when completed, Mr. Murphy would carefully look over, putting on at the time a most sagacious look, and then, patting Robert on the shoulder, would patronisingly compliment him on the perfection of a calculation, of the correctness of which he, Mr. Murphy, was by no means certain. On these occasions, when the calculation was over, Mr. Murphy, with an air of indifference, would place aside the slate on which it had been made, and continue the work on which he had previously been employed. After Robert, however, had retired to his bed, Mr. Murphy would again enter the workshop, candle in hand, and taking up the slate, carefully go over at his leisure the estimates Robert had worked out, and which, if he could not prove them to his satisfaction to be perfectly correct, at any rate he could not discover in them any errors.

For two years Mr. Murphy and Robert worked on together in the most amicable and satisfactory manner: their esteem for each other increasing as time passed on. Mr. Murphy had now conceived a great respect for Robert's abilities as a calculator, and he began to accept the estimates he worked out as correct, without troubling himself with any attempt to supervise them. True, he had never yet undertaken contracts but of the most trifling description, so small, in fact, that had he been a loser by the bargain, there would scarcely have been any deficit beyond the value of his own and Robert's labour. At last, however, Mr. Murphy's faith in his adopted son's ability had arrived at such a point that he resolved for once to quit his very circumscribed manner of conducting business, and tender for a contract of some importance. It should be stated, in justice to the worthy man, he was not impelled thus to enlarge the scope of his operations by any selfish views of personal aggrandizement: on the contrary, perhaps a man more content with his lot in life, or more thankful for the mercies that he received, did not exist. He was instigated in his wish to obtain the contract for the carpenters' work of the new parish schools, which had been offered him, solely with the view to benefit Robert. To say the truth, he was as ambitious respecting the young fellow's future career as was his wife, although it developed itself in a different way. Mrs. Murphy, though she now admitted the excellency of her husband's system, had, on Robert's outstart in life, wished to see him well dressed, and holding what she called a genteel position in society. Murphy, though speaking more rarely on the subject, had always cherished the idea of Robert becoming a respectable and thriving tradesman.

It now appeared to Mr. Murphy that the time had arrived for taking the first step towards the completion of his views, still he did not enter into the speculation without great fear and trembling. By dint of habitual, though not parsimonious economy, he and his wife had contrived to accumulate and set by in the savings bank nearly one hundred and fifty pounds. The amount of carpentry to be done in the schools would cost at least five hundred pounds. He had been informed by the trustees of the school, who held him in high favour, that as they did not bind themselves to accept the lowest tender, they would, if they could do so conscientiously, give his offer the preference; at the same time he was to bear in mind that his tender must be of that moderate description as would enable them to place the work in his hands. Mr. Murphy having resolved to put in an offer for the work, he visited, accompanied by Robert, the piece of ground set apart for the building, and having carefully inspected it, and minutely examined the architect's plans, Robert taking his notes from them at the time, they proceeded homewards to work out their calculations.

Robert was now upon his mettle. He paid great attention to his task, and went several times over his calculations. That nothing should disturb him, Mrs. Murphy had placed the little sitting-room at his disposal, while she paid a visit to the first-floor lodger. Mr. Murphy the while occupied himself in the carpenters' shop, calming the anxiety of his mind by sedulously planing a piece of wood, for which he had no earthly use whatever. When Robert had completed his calculations, he neatly drew them out on a sheet of paper, and, with a somewhat triumphant expression on his countenance, he took them to Mr. Murphy, who, putting aside the plane he had in his hand, was soon absorbed in the figures Robert had placed before him. Dull as the worthy carpenter generally was in matters of the kind, he had no difficulty in comprehending the manner in which Robert had worked out the estimate. Without any further hesitation he desired Robert to fill up the form of a tender for the work, which he then and there signed, and half an hour afterwards it was in the hands of the clerk to the trustees. After a lapse of two or three days Mr. Murphy received the intimation that his contract had been accepted, and that he could commence operations as soon as he pleased.

The next day, without the slightest trepidation, Mr. Murphy gave notice at the savings' bank for the withdrawal of a hundred pounds of his deposit; and he determined to commence the work as soon as he conveniently could, hoping thus to accomplish a considerable portion of the joiners' work, which he could keep in stock by him while the builders were occupied in their preliminary operations. In this he was admirably assisted by Robert, who had now become in every sense of the word a very skilful workman. When the time had arrived for placing in the timbers, they put aside the joiners' work, and busied themselves in the new building. They had also engaged to assist them a couple of steady, industrious workmen, with whom Mr. Murphy was well acquainted, and all went on in a perfectly satisfactory manner, not only to the trustees of the school and the architect, but to the feelings of Mr. Murphy as well. A singular little bit of pride developed itself in him on the occasion which was indirectly brought to light by his love for Robert and his interest for his success in life. In case the business should increase, he had long intended to take Robert into

partnership with him; in fact, a board with the words "Murphy and Evans, carpenters and joiners—contracts taken for general repairs," placed beside the door of a respectable house, had long been the summit of Mr. Murphy's ambition. He knew perfectly well that nothing gives a young tradesman a more secure position in his business than the reputation of having sufficient capital to carry it out efficiently; and he resolved, as far as in him lay, to give the idea of their being in no want of funds for the completion of any respectable contract they might accept. Thus, one day, when Mr. Murphy was requested to attend before the trustees, the chairman informed him that the architect having certified to a considerable portion of the work having been completed to his perfect satisfaction, he (Mr. Murphy) could, if he pleased, draw some money on account. With great affected humility, through which, however, a considerable portion of pride was distinctly visible, Mr. Murphy thanked him for his kindness, and admitted that, though offers of the kind might frequently be of great use to a tradesman, he was happy to say, in the present instance, he did not require it, and that he would rather wait till the termination of the work.

It must be admitted that the gratification of this little bit of pride caused Mr. Murphy some slight anxiety, as it not only obliged him to withdraw the whole of his remaining money from the savings bank, but also to go somewhat deeply into debt with his timber merchant, who, however, afforded him the required credit without the least hesitation. At last the contract was finished, and a cheque was forwarded to Mr. Murphy for the amount due to him, accompanied by a most complimentary letter on the satisfactory manner in which he had completed his engagement. The debt to the timber merchant was immediately paid off, but Murphy, instead of placing the residue in the savings bank, opened with it an account at a private bank, resolving to commence operations on a larger scale whenever he could have the opportunity of doing so with a reasonable prospect of success.

For the next three years every transaction entered into by Mr. Murphy yielded most favourable results, so much so, in fact, that on taking stock the day Robert was of age, he found that he had not only obtained a most respectable business connection, but that he had a floating balance of nearly five hundred pounds at his bankers'. The worthy man now determined to carry out what had been to him, for several years past, the utmost hope of his ambition. After due consideration with his wife, they resolved on moving to a more respectable street in the vicinity of the City Road, where they had discovered a commodious house, with good and extensive workshops in the rear, to which they shortly afterwards removed, Mrs. Murphy giving up for the future the idea of letting lodgings. Here, also, it may be stated, that Robert's name for the first time appeared as a master, and it was painted on the much-desired sign-board outside the house—the firm afterwards being conducted under the name of "Murphy and Evans."

Success still continued to attend the partners in every transaction they undertook; and at last they began to be looked upon, if not as proprietors of a large and flourishing business, at least of one of great respectability. They were, in fact, admirably adapted to work together. Robert had a great respect for his senior partner, and admitted his high integrity and

allowed to speak of them, or even mention their names in the house, and I know nothing about her. I never saw her but once."

"What sort of woman was she?" inquired Robert, rather to keep up the conversation than that he had any particular interest in the answer.

"I can hardly tell you, as I was very young at the time. What I remember of her certainly made a most favourable impression on me. I recollect she was dressed in very shabby mourning, and wore widow's weeds. She was crying so bitterly at the time I could hardly distinguish her features."

"What was she crying about?"

"She had called on my great-aunt and uncle to ask them to assist her and her little boy, whom she had brought with her, as her husband had left her in very distressed circumstances."

"Where did she live?" asked Robert, with great interest in his tone.

"Which of the two do you mean?" was Miss Smith's answer. "My great-aunt lived, as she does now, at Clapton. My aunt, I think, lived at Norwich; but of that I am not certain, for, as I told you before, I was very young at the time, and although the affair made a considerable impression on me, a good deal of it has naturally faded from my memory."

For some moments Robert walked by her side silent and thoughtful, indeed, so serious had become the expression of his countenance that it attracted his companion's notice. Not wishing the conversation to flag, she jestingly said to him—

"Now, as I have told you some of the affairs of my family, tell me something about yours."

"My father and mother," said Robert, "lived at Norwich. They were people of great respectability, but far from rich. My father died, leaving my mother in great poverty. Some friends advanced her the money to take us up to London, where my mother had an aunt living, who was reputed to be in good circumstances, and who she thought would assist her. She took our places outside the night-coach to London, although she was in a deep consumption at the time, so limited were her resources. The day after her arrival she took me with her to her aunt's at Clapton. The old lady received us in the most unkind and cruel manner. She told my mother she would do nothing for her, and, after insulting her grossly, ordered her to leave the house, and never to set her foot in it again. My poor mother obeyed her, and we returned to the lodgings she had taken at the house of a working carpenter. A short time afterwards my mother died, and I should have been left destitute in the world, had it not been for the kindness of the carpenter and his wife; with whom I have remained ever since. So you see, after all, we are cousins."

As may naturally be supposed, Miss Smith was much surprised at Robert's statement. She looked inquiringly into his face for some moments, as if endeavouring to recall his features to her memory, and then said—

"But you don't mean to tell me you are that black-haired curly-headed little boy whom the widow brought with her?"

"I am he as certainly," said Robert, "as you are the little girl, with large blue eyes, who was seated at the time on a stool by the fire, watching us with a half-frightened, half-interested look. But tell me how it is I find you in a house of business. I thought the

old woman—at least, so I understood from my mother—intended adopting you?"

"She always promised to do so, but, like most of her other promises, she failed to keep it."

Miss Smith now entered into a relation of the circumstances which had taken place in her great-aunt's family since the visit of Robert and his mother; but as her narrative was so frequently broken by questions from Robert, and diverges into collateral subjects, perhaps it would be better understood if we gave the reader a slight sketch of it, rather than follow Miss Smith in all her prolixity.

(To be continued.)

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.



THE Irish are a people of strong feelings and generous impulses, of a temperament warm and energetic, yet easily swayed for good or for evil through their feelings and affections. Their mode of expression is highly imaginative and poetic, combined with much dramatic force. Any person acquainted with Ireland and its people will call to mind the quantity of legendary lore associated with every old family and castle, and the wild stories of forts and fairies, leprachauns and banshees, that are listened to with bated breath and creeping flesh by the terrified but delighted hearers. The strong party feelings kept alive by religious differences are an inherent part of the Irish character, and they are exemplified even in the songs of the north and south; those of the north, which is almost altogether inhabited by black Protestants (so called by the southerners), indicate strongly their hatred of the pope and the papal religion; while the songs in use in the south and south-west, where Romanists are the principal portion of the people, as strongly mark their objective dislike of Protestantism and the *Sassenach*, meaning the English. In fact *sassenach* means *Saxon*, but is applied by the lower orders to all English people and Protestants without distinction, the adjective "dirty" being its constant accompaniment.

In the north of Ireland the strong party of Orangemen have their peculiar songs, which are sung with an enthusiasm as fresh as when the stirring scenes were being enacted which gave them birth. Our readers may not all be aware that the name of "Orangemen" was adopted by the Protestants in consequence of King William having been Prince of Orange; and part of the Orange toast is dedicated "To the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who freed us from popery, knavery, slavery, and wooden shoes." One of their great songs is "The Battle of the Boyne," which runs as follows:—

July the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
And the cannons they did rattle,
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines, for to retire,
But King William threw his bomb-balls in
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did vehemently cry
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came
And grazed King William's arm;
They thought his Majesty was slain,
But it did him little harm.

The entire ballad is too long to quote, but we must make room for another verse or two:—

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William he accosted
His warlike men for to move on,
And he would be the foremost.
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismay'd
"For the loss of one commander;
"For God will be our king this day,
"And I'll be general under."

The enemy being defeated, retire in the dead of the night on Dublin.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
"I'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
"Seem to be faint-hearted;
"So sheathe your swords and rest awhile,
"In time we'll follow after."
These words he uttered with a smile
The day he crossed the water.

The memorable siege of Derry, during which Lundy (the governor appointed by the false Tyrconnel) wished to surrender the city to James, gave rise to another famous song. On the first hint of the contemplated treason the apprentice boys of Derry rushed to the gates and manned the walls, binding themselves by a solemn oath that only over their dead bodies should the foe gain possession of the maiden city. In their enthusiasm they tore their white pocket-handkerchiefs into strips, and obtained other pieces of white linen, which they bound round their left arms, as an insignia of their oath and watchword—

NO SURRENDER.

Behold the crimson banners float
O'er yonder turrets hoary;
They tell of days of dauntless note,
And Derry's dauntless glory.
When her brave sons undaunted stood,
Embattled to defend her;
Indignant stemmed oppression's flood,
And sang out "NO SURRENDER."
Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,
Well fenced in every quarter;
Each frowning bastion grim along
With culverin and mortar.
But Derry had a surer guard
Than all that art could lend her;
Her 'prentice hearts the gates who barred,
And sang out "NO SURRENDER."

* * * * *

Long may the crimson banner wave,
A meteor streaming airy;
Portentous of the free and brave
Who guard the gates of Derry.
And Derry's sons alike defy
Pope, traitor, and Pretender;
And peal to heaven their 'prentice cry,
Their patriot "NO SURRENDER."

The valiant defence of the "'prentice boys" preserved the city until William's army came to their relief; and to this day, on the anniversary of their deliverance, the 'prentice boys of Derry close the gates, and march in procession round the walls, singing their commemorative song.

The songs of the Jacobite or Roman Catholic party are frequently full of veiled allusions to the cause they espouse, although in some cases they speak out

plainly enough the sentiments of the singers. One song in general use at the time of, and after the rebellion of '98, had the refrain of which this is a translation,—

The skin of King George
Will make shoes for Buonaparte.

And the celebrated ballad of the "Shan Van Vogh," written in 1796, is not only still sung in fair and market, always attracting a crowd of eager listeners, but, on every political occasion that will admit of it, additional illustrative verses are sung. "Shan Van Vogh" means "the poor old woman," and is a name for Ireland. Here are the first two verses:—

Oh, the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
Oh! the French are in the bay,*
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
Oh! the French are in the bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys † they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.
To the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will repair;
And Lord Edward‡ will be there,
Says the Shan Van Vogh.

Another ballad of '98, still much sung, gives a fair picture of the ideas of the people with regard to the means taken for the discovery of the rebels. It is always sure of a sympathizing audience, and there is a certain dramatic power and pathos in it which tempt us to quote it entire.

THE CROPPY§ BOY.

"Good men and true in this house who dwell,
"To a stranger bouchal|| I pray you tell
"Is the priest at home? or may he be seen?
"I would speak a word with Father Green."
"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen,
"Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
"But you must wait till I go and see
"If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has enter'd an empty hall,
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins;
"Nomine Dei," the youth begins;
At "Misa culpa" he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
"And at Gorey my loving brothers all;
"I alone am left of my name and race,
"I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter day;
"At mass-time once I went to play;
"I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
"And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing,
"But I love my country above my king,
"Now, father, bless me and let me go,
"To die, if God has ordained it so."

* Bantry.

† Rebels.

‡ Lord Edward Fitzgerald; later, O'Connell was substituted by the ballad singers.

§ Croppies—a name for the rebels, who wore short hair.

|| Bouchal—boy.

The priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain, with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of a blessing he spoke a curse:—
"Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float,
The priest's in one, if he isn't shot;
We hold his house for our lord the king,
And, Amen say I, may all traitors swing."

At Geneva* barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid;
Good people who live in peace and joy
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy boy.

The song of the "United Irishman," of 1796, would still appear to be paramount in the hearts of the Fenian party. Green has always been the national emblem of Erin, and on every occasion when it was possible green flags, scarfs, and uniforms have been displayed by its adherents. The "Eighty-two Club" sported it in gallant style when its members were beginning to go too fast for O'Connell; and in 1848 the "Young Irelanders" made it conspicuous in their processions. Therefore it is no wonder that a favourite song with the disaffected should be—

UP WITH THE GREEN.

'Tis the green—on, the green is the colour of the true,
And we'll back it 'gainst the orange,† and we'll raise it o'er the blue!

For the colour of old Ireland alone should here be seen,
'Tis the colour of the martyr'd dead—our own immortal green.
Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Oh, 'tis down to the lust and a shame to be seen;
But we've hands—oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Benburb;
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Foutenoy.
Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
Oh, 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green!

We shall merely give a verse or two more on either side, as specimens of the feelings of the rebels and Orangemen. The first is from a rebel song, the hero of which is supposed to be about to fly to a foreign land, as he dared not appear in his native place again. It might be sung by many of the misled dupes of the present day.

Then farewell father, and mother, too,
And sister Mary—I have but you.
A thousand guineas you would lay down
If I might walk in Wexford town.

That there would be danger in the experiment may be gathered from a song on the loyalist side, which breathes vengeance in such language as this:—

Holy water,
Slaughter slaughter,
Sprinkle the Catholics every one.

That the hero of the regretful ballad was not quite without hope, or untainted by similar hateful feelings, may be seen from the concluding lines of his farewell—

But if I live and that I come home,
I will whet my pike on their Orange bones.

The last verse we shall give, as an exemplification of the violent party spirit, is one from a rebel song,

* A barrack in Cork Co. so called. † The Orange colour.

which breathes not only intense hatred, but a certain amount of strange fancy.

The tree of liberty is planted
In the flames of burning hell;
And the fruit that grows upon it
Is the sowls of Orangemen.

The date of the following ballad is not known, but it appears to have been written when the flower of the Roman Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Irish Brigade. The air to which it is sung is mournfully tender, and the song is a great favourite all over the country.

SHULE AROON.

I would I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill;
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

Shule, shule, shule Aroon,
Shule go succir, agus shule go cuin,
Shule go den durrus agus clighlum,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

Shule, shule, &c.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,*
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

Shule, shule, &c.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

Shule, shule, &c.

"O, say my brown drimin" is a Jacobite relic, Ireland being allegorically represented as a cow, for which "drimin" is the Irish. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms into which the island was divided under the Milesian dynasty, Leinster, Munster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath.

A DRIMIN DOON DILIS NO SRODA† NA MBO.

O, say my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy live?
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen from the bright eye of day,
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my cries,
And since Lewis no aid gives, I cannot arise.

O, where art thou Lewis? Our eyes are on thee,—
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
In freedom's last strife, if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the king's son, now bereft of his right,
Come, proud in his strength, for his country to fight,
Like leaves on the trees will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The isles of his father, his rights, and his throne;
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.
O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
My sons, all united, shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far away.

"The Lament of Ognive," also written by Callanan, is another interesting specimen of this style of Irish poetry, but our space will not allow of its insertion. The favourite love songs of Ireland will form the subject of another paper.

* Probably as a sign of vengeance.

† Silk of the cows—an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle, which Callanan, the translator, has preserved.



THE BURIAL OF KNOX.

JOHN KNOX.

PRIOR to the commencement of the sixteenth century there was no country in Europe in which the corruptions and abuses of the Church of Rome had been carried to a greater, if we may not say to so great an extent as they had in Scotland.

At this period the condition of the Scottish nation, as far as religion and religious teaching are concerned, was most deplorable. The people were grossly ignorant and superstitious, and the clergy, who, with a few exceptions, were almost as unlettered as those whom they professed to guide and instruct, traded on the ignorance and credulity of the laity for the purpose of increasing their wealth and power in the state. Money and personal advancement were the great objects kept in view by the Scottish clergy of all ranks previous to the dawn of the Reformation; and, unfortunately, ignorance and worldliness were not the only failings for which they deservedly incurred reproach. There was a blot on their character even worse than these—the general dissoluteness of their morals—which rendered the lives of so many, both high and low, a scandal to religion and an outrage on decency.

Enough has been said to show how dark and hopeless was the state of the Scottish church in the early part of the reign of James V.; but even then Luther was at work in Germany and Zuinglius in Switzerland, combating the errors of the Church of Rome, and the means were in preparation by which the work of the Reformation would be commenced in Scotland at no distant period.

In 1504 was born Patrick Hamilton, the son of Sir Patrick Hamilton of Kincavil, who was closely related to the royal family of Scotland. Designed for the church from his earliest years, this young man attracted considerable attention, in 1526, by speaking openly, and in no measured terms, of the abuses that existed in the church at that time. He had been led to this in all probability by the perusal of some of the writings of Luther which had been brought into the country, although the introduction of these and similar works had been forbidden by an Act of Parliament passed in 1525. Quitting Scotland to travel on the continent, young Hamilton repaired at once to Luther at Wittenberg, and after studying for some time at the university of Marburg, he determined, against the persuasion of his friends, to return to his native land and preach the tenets of the reformed religion to his countrymen. This he did; but soon after landing he was decoyed, under the false pretence of a conference, to St. Andrews, where he was imprisoned by Archbishop Beaton, and burnt at the stake as a heretic, February 28, 1528.

With Hamilton's martyrdom the Reformation in Scotland may be said to have commenced. The heroism with which he met his death raised a spirit of free inquiry into the opinions for which he suffered; and in many cases inquiry led to conviction, and conviction to an earnest determination to contend resolutely for the truth. The clergy, alarmed at the rapid spread of the new opinions, commenced a bitter persecution of those who were suspected of holding them; and from 1530 to 1540 many perished at the stake, while several, among whom was George Buchanan, afterwards tutor to James VI., saved their lives by retreating to England and the continent.

In 1542 the Scottish reformers received an important accession to their body in the person of John Knox, who had taken orders about 1530, and had been teaching for many years in the university of St. Andrews. Tired of following the beaten track of the schoolcraft of the times, and the writings of the scholastic divines whose books were then in vogue, Knox's thirst for a more extended range of knowledge induced him to study

the works of the fathers of the Christian church, and by the writings of St. Jerome he was led on to become better acquainted with the teachings and precepts of Holy Writ by reading the Scriptures in the original. At this juncture the persecution of the reformers was commenced more hotly than ever; but violence begets violence, and in 1546 Cardinal Beaton was assassinated in the Castle of St. Andrews, which was held by those who had conspired against his life, and soon became a sanctuary for those who were especially obnoxious to the Scottish prelates on account of their attachment to the reformed religion. Among them was John Knox, who remained in the castle till the following year, when it was taken by a body of French troops, and the greater part of its garrison consigned to the galleys.

As a galley-slave, John Knox the reformer, who was guilty of no crime but that of seeking to serve God according to the dictates of his reason, laboured at the oar for nineteen weary months, when he obtained his release. But it was not yet safe for him to return to Scotland, and he remained an exile from his native land, first in England and then at Geneva, until the summer of 1555, more than a year after the regency had passed into the hands of the queen dowager, who, for political reasons, had for some time pretended to countenance the views of the reformers.

Up to the time of the retirement of the Earl of Arran from the regency the reformers had refrained from exposing themselves to danger by avowing their opinions and assembling themselves together even for private prayer in their own houses. When the queen dowager came into power they were emboldened to declare their sentiments openly, and John Knox, hearing, in his retreat at Geneva, of this favourable change, repaired to Scotland. He now preached and administered the Holy Supper, first privately and then in public, and induced the friends of the reformed faith to make a formal secession from the Church of Rome, by showing them the guilt and folly of their temporising conduct in continuing to attend her services, especially the celebration of mass, while they condemned them in their hearts as utterly opposed to the teaching of the Scriptures. After this the reformers in many parts of Scotland made open profession of their faith, entering into a solemn bond among themselves—the earliest germ of the "Solemn League and Covenant" of 1638—to abjure the popish communion, and "maintain and promote the pure preaching of the Gospel as God should favour them with opportunities."

Thus was an open breach made between the papists and the reformers of Scotland, which grew wider and deeper day by day, through the fearless preaching of John Knox, who remained in Scotland, making converts in all ranks, until July, 1556, when a summons from the English congregation at Geneva, who had chosen him as one of their pastors, rendered it necessary for him to return to the continent. The retirement of Knox from Scotland at this period is considered to have been more beneficial to the cause of the reformed faith than his presence would have been. Matters were not yet sufficiently ripe for a general reformation, and the popish clergy were less anxious to resort to extreme measures against the reformers when their principal champion had quitted the field and apparently withdrawn from the contest; while the seed that he had so lately sown had time to take root in his absence, and spread in every direction through the length and breadth of the land.

During his stay at Geneva, until his final return to Scotland in May, 1559, Knox was in constant communication with the leading reformers, and his letters and advice were of incalculable value in advancing the progress of the Reformation. In December, 1557, the Protestant nobility met at Edinburgh, and having

attached their signatures to a bond of mutual assistance, they sent a letter to John Knox, begging him to come among them once more and strengthen their hearts and hands by his presence. This letter did not reach its destination until nearly a year after it had been written, but Knox lost no time in repairing to Scotland, where popular feeling had been roused once more against the clergy by the martyrdom of Walter Mill, an aged priest, who was burnt at the stake as a heretic in August, 1558, by order of the Archbishop of St. Andrews.

This fairly roused the Protestant nobility of Scotland and the preachers of the reformed faith into action. The former laid their complaints in a formal manner before the regent, and obtained from her a promise of protection and liberty of religious instruction and worship; while the latter began to preach and administer the Holy Supper with greater publicity than ever. When Knox arrived in Scotland he found matters in a most critical state. The queen regent had thrown off the mask, and, regardless of her promise, had declared her determination to suppress the Reformation; while the reformers were steadily resolved to take any measures that might be forced upon them to secure freedom of religious opinion. As soon as it was known to the regent that Knox was in Scotland he was proclaimed an outlaw and a rebel, while sentence of outlawry was passed on all preachers of the reformed faith, and all persons were forbidden to harbour and assist them under pain of being considered guilty of rebellion.

At last an outbreak of the people in Perth, in which all the monasteries in the town were destroyed, caused both parties to have recourse to arms. It is impossible to give even a summary of the events of the civil strife that followed, between the queen regent and the papist party on the one hand, and the "Congregation," as the reformers then began to style themselves, on the other. It is sufficient to say that Knox was the life and soul of the armed resistance offered by the Protestants to their oppressors, visiting all parts of Scotland in turn, encouraging the faint-hearted, and preaching fearlessly day after day, undeterred by constant threats of assassination and the fierce resentment of his enemies, who publicly offered a reward to any one who should apprehend or kill him. After more than a year of unremitting exertion, his courage and constancy met with their reward in the complete establishment of the Reformation in Scotland by Act of Parliament, August 24th, 1560.

At this time Knox was officiating as minister of Edinburgh, and he continued to hold this position through the eventful period that followed the return of Mary Queen of Scots from France, and the successive regencies of the Earls of Murray, Lennox, Mar, and Morton, until his death in 1572.

The latter years of his life were often overcast by the storm of strife and trouble that was continually gathering and breaking over Scotland while Mary and her favourites held the reins of government. In perils often, and "weak in bodily presence," though by no means contemptible in his speech, it were no irreverence to call him the St. Paul of Scotland. When he died men mourned for him as for a father; and when his body was borne to its last resting-place in the churchyard of St. Giles, his funeral was followed by all, both gentle and simple, who had loved him when alive.

And when the sad ceremony was over, and those who thronged around his grave were casting a long last lingering look at the coffin which hid all that was mortal of Scotland's greatest reformer from their eyes for ever, the voice of the Regent Morton broke the solemn silence, as he pronounced the best and fittest eulogium that tongue could utter in his honour—

"There lies he who never feared the face of man."

THE QUESTION OF WAGES.

BY BONAMY PRICE.

"A FAIR day's wages for a fair day's work." This seems a natural right, a fair and reasonable thing. A man in asking for it thinks that he is only demanding what God intended that he should have; and it is an even bargain too. He who asks for the reward offers to do the service which is to give him a title to it. He does not want to eat the bread of idleness; he does not seek to live upon his neighbours; he is ready to give full value in return for what he receives; the request is just, considerate, and honest. The self-respect of both employer and workman is preserved by such an equal division between the two parties to the contract; the manhood of both is preserved entire; the labourer stands on equal terms with him who profits by his labour. The employer, too, must wish for such a way of carrying on his business. The contentment of his workman is a great gain to him, as well as a great satisfaction to his feelings. A dissatisfied labourer never works with a will; and we all know the difference between work done heartily and work done grudgingly. It is right, therefore, and it is profitable to both sides, that a workman should be well paid for his work; and this truth rests not only on a natural gratification of kindly feelings—the feelings of the man to the master and of the master to the man—but also on a law of our nature. Whatever is just is sure to bring out most good for every one in the long run. A poorly-paid people are never useful or comfortable persons to deal with. A few selfish and hard-grained men may fancy that they may increase their selfish gains by paring down wages to the lowest sum which they can make a poor man take; and they may succeed in their one-sided bargaining. Bad men are not always punished in this life. Ever since the time of David, they have even, at times, been seen to prosper; but these are few comparatively, and the experience of human life abundantly shows that wickedness in the long run, and common to a great body of people, does not thrive. That honesty is the best policy, is not merely a saying but a truth, which careful observers find to prevail even in this lower world.

We may feel quite sure then that it is God's will—His will as made known in Providence, and in the working of human life—that a man should get a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. It is a truth, not only because it is right and just, but also because it works the greatest amount of good for everybody. But though it is God's will, it is not all God's will. He has not placed men on earth in such a position that good wages will as certainly follow good work as that a man should have two arms and two legs. In this latter case God has not only laid down a rule, but also has provided that it should be carried out; but in all matters that depend on the behaviour of men, their conduct, or their relations to one another, He has left much for men to do themselves. He does not produce food and clothing in the same way as he gives to every animal its proper form, and to every mineral its proper nature. Men are not turned out wise and intelligent and thoughtful from their Maker's hands just as they come forth with natural faculties of body and mind. The laws of human life, laws which none of us can escape, compel us to bear the consequences of our folly or our wisdom; and we are thereby sharply taught to avoid the one and to seek the other. But this is not all; there is another circumstance which deserves to be always remembered in this matter. We are so made as to suffer, not only for the foolish things we do ourselves, but also for the wrong things which others do. A careless mother, a drunken father, do much harm to their children; a mistake made by rulers or by masters injures the workmen and the people; violent or unreasonable conduct in labourers does great

mischievous to property, and thereby suffering is brought upon every one. So we are led to the great truth that what ought to be cannot always be had; and we must not, when things work differently from what we wish to see and what we think right, immediately lay the blame on the first person we can find, especially if he is the one through whom the harm seems to fall upon us. Very often he is just the most innocent man in the matter. The manufacturer or the shopkeeper who discharges his people or reduces their wages may be himself the victim of a change of fashion over which he has no control whatever. It looks hard that he should treat his workpeople badly; in reality he suffers quite as much, very often a great deal more than they. Men working for wages must not run away with the idea that the rich are always in the wrong when they give less than they did before, or that the rich never suffer themselves. The real truth will never be found out in this way, nor will even justice be measured out to all the parties concerned. And if there is no justice, whosever's be the fault, master's or workman's, the more difficult will it be to find a remedy and the way to set things straight again.

If we wish right to prevail, and to see every one thrive in a reasonable and fitting manner, the one great thing to be done is to study and find out all the causes which act on the circumstances of each case. It is a very easy matter to say that a man ought to be well paid for his work; but it is not an easy matter—on the contrary, it is a very difficult one—to discover where the money is to come from which is to be given to the workman; and what it is that makes this money plentiful at one time and scarce at another; and if too little seems to be paid for labour, whose fault it is, or whether it is any one's fault at all, or whether the master might have given more if he pleased. These are very hard questions, and very puzzling even for great merchants and traders, who often make mistakes about them; and, thinking that business is likely to go on well, enter into large contracts, and afterwards lose their money, precisely because they did not calculate these matters right. What can a shilling or two matter to one so rich? a poor man is very apt to say. But a shilling or two more to many workmen runs up to a large sum at last; and there is no artisan of any intelligence who does not perceive that if a tap is allowed to trickle drop by drop the barrel must be emptied at last, and then there will be nothing for any one. So it is very necessary to study the course of trade, and for the workman to ask himself constantly the question, How his employer is off for means? The master is always obliged to think about his customers, about their likelihood to buy, and it goes badly with him if he miscalculates: and what the master does the workman ought to do too. In this way he will soon perceive that the settlement of wages is often a very hard question, and requires a great many circumstances to be taken into account. As soon as the labourer thoroughly understands this, and sees that he cannot settle the matter righteously by merely deciding "I must have so many shillings a day," he will be more just towards his master; and instead of chafing when wages fall, he will be prepared to learn that other causes far more powerful than the master's will and disposition regulate the rise and fall of wages. I do not say that masters always behave well—they are men, and partake of human infirmity as we all do; but what I say is this—that the workmen ought to understand that the master's own personal will, or the wills of all the masters put together, is not the strongest force that settles this question; and that it would be well for both, for their mutual comfort in working together, if the labourer should know that many things must be reckoned up when he tries to learn whether he has got his fair share of wages, and should endeavour to inform himself what these things are.

I have heard workmen, and some of their well-meaning but not well-instructed friends, maintain that a just and right-minded master will never think of lowering the wages he gives to his workpeople; least of all will he be so hard-hearted as to dole out a pittance which compels the workman to reduce his scale of living, and which would make life very hard for his wife and children. They first settle in their own minds how much the labourer ought to get per day, and then they lay it down as a rule that the employer must never give less. At one time (I do not refer to the present strike or any question involved in it) there was a great commotion amongst the tailors in consequence of a reduction of their wages, and loud was the indignation expressed that masters could be found so mean and so unjust as to think of offering such scanty remuneration to many excellent and deserving men. Now I do not undertake to give an opinion on this dispute. I have not the means of knowing whether the master-tailors were combining together against the workmen, or whether the workmen unreasonably refused to see that trade was bad, and to submit to an inevitable necessity. What I wish to insist upon here is this—that any how, the notion that a particular rate of wages could be fixed beforehand, and ought to be continued by the master whatever be the state of his business, is altogether unsound and untrue. If the master-tailors found their customers falling away, and going to cheaper shops, and putting up with inferior clothes, then to insist upon their employing the same number of people, and paying them the same wages per day, is simply to ask the master to allow his men to eat up his property. If he does not get from his customers the means for dealing out the usual wages to his workmen, either he must go on with his business at a loss, or must retire from it altogether. Now it is very important for the men to understand that whichever of these two things happens they cannot be benefited in the long run. To eat up the property of a few masters could not help them long: it would disorganize the trade; it would make men of substance very shy of going into the business; masters, workmen, and customers would all be the worse off. The masters would soon give up the business, and new masters would not be found willing to take it up; for it stands to reason that no one in his senses would put his money in a business which obliged him to pay full wages to the workpeople whether customers bought freely or not.

What then is the root of this matter? what is the thing which it is very necessary for both masters and workmen to understand clearly and thoroughly? This—that the money which has to be divided amongst the employer and his people all comes from customers, from buyers. The master and his men may have disputes about the division of the money; the men may think that they get too little and the master too much; and I do not at all say that they are always wrong, and that the master is never in fault. But it will help greatly to settle this anxious point correctly if wrong ideas that do not belong to it are kept away entirely. It is of first-rate importance for the success of both, if both clearly understand the greatest thing in selling is to find buyers—that all the money comes from the buyers—and that it is the strong and common interest of both masters and men to get as many buyers and as good prices from them as possible. The money must be earned first before it can be divided into wages for the men and profits for the master; and great care must be taken by both not to diminish the customers or drive them away altogether. If they leave off buying, and go to the next shop, or warehouse, or town, instead, masters and men alike must soon come to an end together.

Now what is it that would drive away customers? Too high prices, plainly. And leaving out for a

moment the cost of materials, what is it that makes prices too high? Too much money demanded by the makers, too high profits by the master, too high wages by the men. When this happens customers fall away, sales diminish, the business suffers, and there is less money to divide. Now it may happen sometimes, especially in new countries, that the business may dwindle down by prices being made too high by both masters and men, and yet neither shall be injured, and the loss fall entirely on the customers. A rush to new diggings may enrich both masters and men who go off and search for gold, and leave the people who stay behind very badly off how to get bread, or mend their shoes, or procure servants, or find coals. This can scarcely ever occur except in new countries, but it does happen there sometimes. In old countries like Europe the matter turns out differently. Unreasonable wages and unreasonable profits keep prices up too high, and customers go elsewhere if they have the means of doing so; for, happily for mankind, Providence generally provides remedies for human folly, and unreasonableness seldom takes hold of a whole people. Foolish demands on customers send them off with their money to others who are not foolish, and these prosper on the business which the first sent away.

But this subject is too large a one and too important to be discussed in a single paper. I must reserve what further I have to say for another opportunity.

ROBIN'S WIFE.

I LAID my baby in her grave;
And said to God, "I will be brave,
"That Robin may no more complain."
My heart cried with a bitter cry;
But I could put my weeping by:
The black sky does not always rain.

For ah! poor Robin had been lost,
Since first in love our pathways crost,
When we had neither strife nor fears.
Drink was the evil, and one day—
I could not help it—all gave way,
And I broke down in childish tears.

Then, after that, my heart grew weak,
Till hardly could I hear him speak
An angry word without such pain,
That I was foolish; and so sore
My sobbing vexed him, that he swore
"He'd beat me if I wept again."

I promised him I would not fret;
Weakness no more my eyes should wet;
I kept my promise very long:
But one still night—'twas Easter eve—
I went to baby's mound to grieve,
And there (oh, Father! was it wrong?)

I wept, I wept, I wept! unbound,
I sobbed, I beat against the ground;
Till I lay scared at my own grief;
And prayed aloud, that He who broke,
At Easter dawning, Satan's yoke,
Would stay my shuddering unbelief.

I rose—and there stood Robin! there
Had Robin heard my moan, my prayer:
What would he say? Would he forget?
He said, "Wife, weep into my breast."
Oh God! oh God! thou knowest best!
He kissed me; and his eyes were wet.

And now I cannot choose but weep,
I am so happy. He's asleep;
But I sit whispering his dear words.
The voice was Robin's, and the love;
Their prompting spirit dwells above:
That Spirit—it is Christ the Lord's.
FANNY WYVILL.



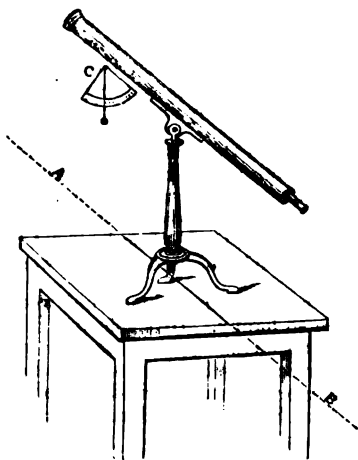
ROBIN'S WIFE.

ON THE USE OF SMALL TELESCOPES.

THE PLANET MERCURY—continued.

In order to find a planet, or any other celestial object by day, we require a meridian, or north and south line, in order to indicate the exact direction in which the telescope should be placed to see it at the time of transit. This had best be drawn on the spot where the telescope is intended to be placed, and is simply made by marking on some level and smooth surface the direction of the shadow of a plumb-line at noon. If the amateur has a window with a southern aspect he can place the telescope on a table at a convenient height for observation. In this case the table should be fixed, and he may draw his line across the top, as shown in Fig. 1, where the line is marked A B.

FIG. 1.



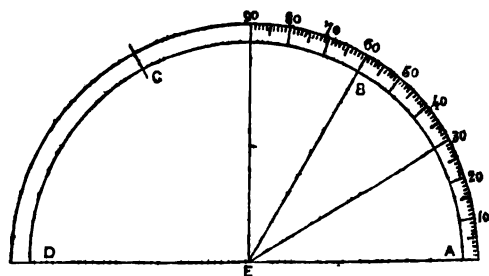
Railway time should not be used, this being the mean time at Greenwich, from which of course local time will differ, according to the difference of longitude east or west with regard to the national observatory. We must not take even mean local time, that is, such as is kept by a good local clock, but *apparent* time, as shown by a correctly-placed sundial, the twelve o'clock line of which is always a meridian line; and by this we might set a watch just for the occasion (of course omitting equation of time in this instance), and draw our line at once when the watch, after being set by the dial, indicates twelve o'clock. If we have not access to a good dial, which is not everywhere to be met with, we may find apparent or dial time from railway or mean time in the following manner.

First we must allow for our difference of longitude E. or W., at the rate of four minutes to a degree; this gives the mean or clock time of our station. Then we add or subtract the equation of time, the reverse way from that given in the almanac; that is, subtract if it is marked "clock fast," add if "clock slow." Thus we get back the apparent or dial time from the mean or clock time of the place. This being obtained, we can draw a meridian line by the shadow of a plumb-line, or any other truly vertical object, at twelve o'clock apparent time, quite correct enough for our present purpose. Then, on placing the telescope-stand on the line, as shown in the figure, we can easily place the tube parallel to the meridian.

The next thing we require is a quadrant to adjust the telescope to the altitude at which our object transits. One which I have found useful is carefully drawn on paper and then glued on to a like-shaped

piece of mahogany about a quarter of an inch thick. A tolerably accurate quadrant may be made thus: Draw a straight line (as A D, Fig. 2) with a straight edge, the accuracy of which may be tested by reversing the ruler end for end, when any deviation will be at once

FIG. 2.



apparent. On this line, with a pair of compasses, describe a semicircle, and with the opening of the compasses unchanged divide the semicircle into three equal parts, thus: put one leg on the end A, with the other leg cut the semicircle on the point B, and then proceed to C and then to D, when, if the work is rightly done, the leg of the compasses will exactly come round to the line again; then halving the distance between B C will give exactly the point of 90°, just as doing so between A B gives 30°; and having fixed the principal divisions accurately, we may complete the divided arc by the help of a circular protractor, to be found in most cases of mathematical instruments. The divisions should read to half a degree, and the quadrant should be as large as convenient, as the larger the quadrant the more distinct and less crowded are the divisions. A radius of six inches from E to A is a very convenient size, and if a pin be carefully driven into the centre, E, and a fine thread with a small plummet attached, as shown in the figure near the telescope, C, we may approach very closely to the truth in measures of altitude.

All things being thus prepared, we set about finding the planet as follows. Having placed the telescope parallel to the meridian line, we find in the nautical almanac, or that of Dietrichsen and Hannay, the planet's declination for the day of observation; this we shall see reckoned as so many degrees north or south of the equator, the altitude of which varies according to the observer's latitude, which it thus becomes necessary for us to know, and which we may approximate to by a study of any good map, on which the lines of latitude and longitude are always marked. When this is found the altitude of the equator is easily known, since it is always equal to the difference between 90° and our latitude. Thus the latitude of Greenwich is about 51° 30', and the altitude of the equator 38° 30'; and whatever our latitude, the declination, if north, must be added too, and if south, subtracted from the altitude of the equator. This will give the true altitude at the time of passing the meridian, and if we apply the straight edge of the quadrant to the underside of the telescope, we can set it with tolerable correctness to the required altitude, and a very little cautious moving of the tube will bring it into the field of view at the time of transit, which may be found for every day in the year in either of the almanacs just mentioned. A large telescope is not absolutely necessary, since the planet has been often seen with an object glass of two inches diameter, but when found he will never appear otherwise than very small; since when nearest his diameter is but twelve seconds, and at his mean distance, or that of the sun from the earth, it is but six and three quarters. This is about the times of

greatest elongation; but when he is in his superior conjunction, or greatest distance, his diameter dwindles down to less than four and a half seconds, but he is then invisible, both from minuteness and nearness to the sun. These statements may be rendered more generally intelligible by comparison with the moon, the mean diameter of which is about thirty minutes, or half a degree; from which it is apparent, that when his diameter is largest it will take one hundred and fifty Mercuries, side by side, to reach across the lunar disc.

MY GARDEN.

NO. IV.



AS I was potting up some large plants of zonal or bedding geraniums to-day, by one of those curious trains of thought which sometimes fly so rapidly through one's mind, the "People's Magazine" came before me; and as the object of that small portion of it which I occupy is to encourage a taste for horticulture, it struck me those geraniums will do very well as the text for my next paper, for they suggest to me the little history involved in "How we got up our flower show;" and I know of nothing which in this parish and neighbourhood has so much tended to encourage the taste for gardening amongst gentle and simple, while at the same time it affords an illustration of the truth how well all classes may work together in harmony.

It is now nine years ago since a few of my neighbours, men in a humble sphere of life, and of fair average intelligence, thought amongst themselves that they would challenge each other to produce the best vegetables of a certain class (and I should say our neighbourhood is famous for its fine vegetables); and they carried out their plan. Like many another plan, it expanded, and they then decided to have a show for flowers and fruits, as well as vegetables. They spoke of it to several, and the idea seemed to meet with favour. As I was known to have had for many years an interest in horticulture, they applied to me to deliver a lecture for them, the evening previous to their first show, on the advantages of gardening. Knowing, as every one who considers the subject at all must do, what a good thing it is to get people away from the public house, and that the man who takes pride in his little piece of garden is rarely a sot, I readily complied, and on the following day the exhibition was held. It was what people sometimes call a very mild affair, but it had one element of success—all who entered into it were really in earnest, and worked with a hearty good will to carry it out. The following year taught its projectors that everything here has its dark and bright side. The day was wet, the receipts low, and the society was consequently all but bankrupt. The construction of the committee was then altered; a number of gentry and clergy were solicited to become members of a separate committee, and to act as guarantees, while the original projectors formed a working committee. This worked for a couple of years, but it was then considered desirable that the two committees should be amalgamated, and that out of both a working committee should be formed. Of this committee I have had the pleasure of being chairman, and I can bear witness to the fact that it is quite possible for persons moving in a very different sphere of life to work together with great harmony, as we arrange all the details of the show, time, place, amount of prizes, and all other matters, I won't say without difference of opinion, but certainly without any jarring. We have had various ups and

downs in our career, but we hold fast together. The working man is not made to feel that we patronise him, and we on the other hand meet with none of that "I am as good as you" which some say must be the result of such admixture. I can honestly say I have met with as much good principle, delicacy of feeling, and kindness from some of my cowherds, as I have met with in any class. All are not alike, but where are they?—but by resolving not to take notice, one can very frequently ward off what might be unpleasant.

That this little society has been eminently successful far beyond the limits of the exhibition tent, we have daily evidence. I know a good many places, but I know none where there has been a greater love for flowers generated in a short time than here. We have greenhouses built in all directions, and with the idea of growing something in them for competition. Flowers and flower seeds are preserved. The number of our nurserymen has increased, and their operations still more so; and our annual flower show is looked forward to with no small amount of interest. The elements of our success are these, I think:—1. We do not make any of the prizes of large amount. We might have fewer, and make them larger, but we think that it is better to encourage a number of things, and to open the door wide for all comers. Thus none of our prizes are higher than ten shillings, while we have altogether about four hundred of them. We do not thus excite cupidity, and probably keep in check the desire to make money out of a flower show, which has been the ruin of many a society. Fifty pounds would cover the whole of our prize list. 2. We endeavour to act with thorough impartiality in the matter of judges. They are always selected from some little distance. Their expenses are paid, and they do not enter the place of exhibition until all things are ready; and thus, while we have had some complaints as to incompetency (for who does not think his own the best?) we have never had one as to partiality. 3. We obtain a liberal support in the matter of subscriptions from our more wealthy neighbours; without this we could not well hold together. The receipts on our exhibition day are small, and were we dependent on them we should not meet our expenses. Indeed our object has been, although in this we have not yet succeeded, to have sufficient to pay all expenses even if we took nothing on our show day. We hold ours in August, because it gives us the opportunity of getting the visitors to attend, and also because the largest number of out of door things (on which we mainly depend) are then to be had; and we endeavour to catch all classes, by varying the charge for admittance according to the hour of the day, and keeping the show open in the evening for the purpose of admitting those whose occupations do not admit of their coming in the day time.

Here then, as I believe, is one of those things in which many of my brother clergymen who live in the country may legitimately employ, I will not say their leisure, for very few now-a-days have this, but some portion of their time in endeavouring to benefit their parishioners. If they love flowers, and very few do not, it will come the more easily to them; but even if they care little for horticulture, the work is so pleasant that it will soon come easy to their hand. They will find, too, how much the gift of a few seeds, or a cutting of some choice plant, or even the old bedding plants, which would be conveyed to the "midden," are appreciated by those who have learned to love flowers for their own sake. If I shall have induced any one to take the matter up, I shall feel that I have not in vain occupied my little corner of the "People's Magazine."

D. DEAL.

TEMPERANCE, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness: intemperance, by enervating the mind and body, ends generally in misery.



EDWARD LONEGAN.—The complete sentence is *odi profanum vulgus*, meaning, "I hate the irreligious crowd." Read Lord Shaftesbury's "Characteristics."

L. M. B.—Send it to the office.

R. O. Z.—We hope in good time to give popular papers in every department of literature, and a glance at what we have already done will show that scientific subjects are included in our plan. But why does our correspondent object so strongly to what he calls "ridiculous fairy tales?" Is he aware that the great founder of modern science, Lord Bacon, held them in the highest respect?

J. F. R.—Any advice we could give you would probably be misleading. The literary profession is already overcrowded in every department. An industrious and useful mechanic is not in our estimation a poor man.

J. N.—The see was first established in the ninth century, in the small village of Sodor, in Iona, or St. Colomb's Isle, one of the Hebrides. In 1093, Magnus, king of Norway, having by conquest obtained possession of those islands and of the Isle of Man, united them under one bishop. Hence the ancient title, "Sodor and Man," which is still retained, though the bishop has long since ceased to have any jurisdiction in Iona. The see of Man was annexed to the province of York in the thirty-third year of the reign of Henry VIII.

*.—As the writer of the following letter is the well-known author of a book on meteorology, entitled "Sunshine and Showers," we venture to give publicity to his prediction concerning the weather during the coming summer. The last paragraph refers to the almost tropical heat which characterised the early part of May, when the letter was written; but this exceptional state of things has since given place to cold, accompanied with much rain; and the "effulgence of the sun" has by no means mitigated the unpleasantness of the change. The sudden cold has been attributed by some to the intervention of a large body of meteorites between the earth and the sun.

MR. EDITOR,

Although seasons may vary one from another very considerably, none of them will, be found inconsistent with themselves, simply because there is a reason for every atmospheric phenomenon, and there is very little difficulty in discovering it if we look carefully into the subject. As Lord Bacon remarked, "the air is seldom debtor to itself." Causes and their effects, appropriations and compensations make up the climate of every country. Temperature, moisture, pressure—a knowledge of these is the key to the weather-secret in all seasons and on all occasions.

Legitimate or scientific meteorology deals only with the established facts of atmospheric action, entirely rejecting the pretensions of astrology and astro-meteorology, which claim for all the planets direct influences on the weather. I do not deny the possibility of influence in this respect between the planets, but as yet the data are too vague for scientific induction; and, moreover, the physical facts immediately around us are amply sufficient to account for the weather without including any other external influence than that of the sun, and, as we believe, of the moon, although the influence of the latter has been hitherto rejected by most astronomers.

Continued observation and the study of recorded facts must be the basis of every science, and such is that of meteorology, not only in its inculcations from day to day, but from season to season and from year to year. Numerous hypotheses have thus been deduced by meteorologists—among the rest that of Dr. Kirwan—from the investigation of a variety of meteorological

logical observations made in England between the years 1677 and 1788.

I ought to premise that the vernal or spring equinox is a critical period, because the sun then begins his advance northward, daily increasing the temperature of the northern hemisphere, in which England is situated. It is the lighting up of our natural fire, which must be attended, as every other fire, with "draughts" or air-currents proportionate to the intensity of the burning.

Now, experience has attested the truth of the following axioms deduced by Dr. Kirwan:—

First—That when there has been no storm before or after the spring equinox, the ensuing summer is generally dry, at least five times out of six.

Secondly—That when a storm happens from any easterly point, either on the 19th, 20th, or 21st of March (the equinox), the succeeding summer is generally dry four times in five.

Thirdly—That when a storm arises on the 25th, 26th, or 27th of March, and not before, in any point, the succeeding summer is generally dry four times in five.

Fourthly—That if there be a storm from S.W. or W.S.W. on the 19th, 20th, or 22nd of March, the succeeding summer is generally wet five times in six.

Now, last March began with N.E. or N.N.E. winds, continuing with scarcely a change to the 17th, when the wind advanced to a point or so to the S. of E., but returned to E.N.E. on the 19th, and so continued to the 21st. There was a twelve-pound pressure of the wind from S.E. (a very strong wind) on the 22nd. In fact the weather was stormy from the S.E. from the 20th to the 22nd.

Thus, according to Dr. Kirwan's second axiom, the ensuing summer will be dry.

But there is another cause which seems to make it certain that the ensuing summer will be one of the hottest on record—the absence of *Spots on the Sun*. During the last six months the sun has been free from spots, blazing away with unobstructed splendour. Whatever may be the cause of these spots on the sun—openings in his atmosphere or the passage of solid planetary bodies (as I imagine)—it is certain that their presence must diminish the effect of his radiation.

The result seems manifest from the extremely hot summer experienced at our antipodes, in Australia, at the very time when we were visited with our first intense winter. This began on New Year's Day, and that day was intensely hot in Australia, the temperature at Melbourne Observatory marking 96 degrees in the shade. But the 12th of January was still hotter; the record was 108·4 degrees in the shade, and 145 degrees in the sun on the surface of the ground. At Kapunda, South Australia, the thermometer indicated 115 degrees in the shade on the latter of these days. Many bush fires were caused in the more cultivated districts, the grass and crops being unusually luxuriant and the fruit crops were much injured.

It was the down rush of our polar current towards the heated regions of the southern hemisphere that caused our severe first winter, followed by the second winter in March under the greater development of the southern temperature.

Now I believe that a similar result will ensue in our northern hemisphere. A north-west current (our fair-weather summer wind) will prevail in consequence—the air returning from the poles after depositing its excess of water.

But this will not prevent heavy downpours of rain in July, with severe thunderstorms—otherwise tolerably calm or free from tempests.

There is every appearance that a drought has now set in, to be the characteristic of the present month (May)—the moon's position tending to produce north-westerly, northerly, or north-easterly winds, which however will be mitigated by the great effulgence of the sun. Compensatory rains will follow towards the middle of June, which will attain their maximum in July. But the great temperature and the absence of tempests will prevent danger to the harvest, which, I believe, will be at least an average.

Yours, &c.,
A. STE.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS." "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER VII.—continued.

ROBERT EVANS IN LOVE.

AFTER Robert and his mother had quitted the house of Mrs. Gibbons, the old woman's rage became perfectly fearful. She had the habit, when out of humour, of venting her temper on the person present who might last have given her some cause of displeasure. In the present instance her unfortunate husband had to bear the whole brunt of the attack. She accused

him of cowardice, of everything that was mean and unworthy in a man, for having, as she said, sat quietly by and heard her insulted by those impudent mendicants who had just left the house. Had he had a proper spirit about him he would have immediately sent for the police, and given them into custody.

"But what for, Mary?" was his reply. "They did nothing contrary to law. On what ground could I have given them into custody?"

"On what ground?" she screamed, "on what ground?"

Why, for begging, to be sure! Do you not see cases in the papers every day where people are brought up before the magistrates, and severely punished for begging? and why should those impudent vagabonds be let off? If you had had a spark of gratitude about you, you would never have remained quiet till you had sent them to the treadmill."

"Gratitude! Mary," he replied, "that is a curious expression to use. To whom ought I to be grateful?"

"To whom ought you to be grateful?" cried the fury; "why, to me. Who and what are you? Are you not dependent on me for the very clothes you wear, and the bread you eat? Have you a shilling in the world you can call your own?"

"Indeed, I have not," said the wretched old man, after a pause, and, bending his head almost to his knees, "indeed, I have not; I have been robbed of everything. Say or do what you please, I will not answer you another word;" and he remained in the same position, his head bowed down, taking no notice of her continued attack, with the exception of a tear occasionally falling on his knees, or a slight quiver of his emaciated, bloodless fingers when she uttered any remark particularly aggravating or irritating.

For three years things went on in the family in the same miserable manner. The spirit of the young girl, if it did not break under it, certainly bent. A more joyless childhood than hers it would indeed be difficult to imagine. She had not a single companion of her own age with whom she was even on speaking terms. None were invited to the house, nor was its appearance or reputation such as would have induced any young girl to have wished to enter it. The scanty education the child received was from the old woman herself, and her lessons were given in that uncongenial manner which, while they impressed themselves firmly on the child's memory, made them at the same time most distasteful. A kind word she hardly ever received, either from the husband or the wife. Mrs. Gibbons had none to bestow, and the few kind thoughts which would occasionally rise in the mind of her husband towards the young girl, he dared not express.

Although the health of the wife seemed to be proof against the attacks of age and its infirmities, not so her husband's. He sank, both in mind and body, during the time; but so gradual was the decline that it was hardly perceptible. When at last the fact of her husband's failing health forced itself on the mind of Mrs. Gibbons, a singular change took place in her behaviour towards the old man. Some years previously he had made a will, which was a source of continued dispute between them: for, although she claimed everything he possessed as her own, it was indubitable that over property to the amount of at least a thousand pounds he still held a marital right. Of this amount he had left a legacy of two hundred pounds to the little girl, and two sums of twenty pounds each to two old servants, who were very aged and in very distressed circumstances. His wife had hitherto insisted that these legacies were a robbery upon her; she had, therefore, incessantly demanded that they should be cancelled, and he, on certain occasions being exceedingly obstinate, had refused to obey her, and the will had remained intact. Now that the fact of her husband's approaching death was apparent, she entirely changed her course of action.

Fierce and loud as her voice habitually was when angry, and uncongenial and harsh as it was in ordi-

nary conversation, she had yet the ability of adopting great sweetness and persuasiveness of tone when she pleased. On these occasions a more finished actress than she was could hardly be imagined. She could then induce any person who was not well acquainted with her nature to believe that she was kindhearted and sympathetic in the extreme. The present predicament was one to call out all her talent for hypocrisy, and she used it to perfection. She easily perceived that if she did not at once succeed in inducing her husband to alter his will it would soon be too late. She now became as gentle and attentive in her manner towards him as she was ordinarily abrupt and severe. His every little want was immediately attended to, and his every little wish humoured. By this assumed kindness she gradually began to attain a degree of power over the old man she had been unable to accomplish in her more natural manner. By degrees she broached to him the subject of his will. She told him that, in fact, she did not object to his liberality to the two poor old women. All she was afraid of was that, as they were both married, their husbands might possess themselves of the money, and thus their poor wives, for whose advantage it was intended, would, after all, be able to reap no benefit from it. "Why had he not more confidence in her? He ought to be well aware that his interest was here. Would it," she said, "not be better to erase the legacies from the will? I promise you faithfully they shall have the money; but, instead of giving it to them in one sum, I will give it gradually, as I see occasion. Now, for their welfare, Gibbons, do for once trust your wife in the matter."

With little difficulty the old man was induced to consent to the proposed alteration, and the lawyer was sent for to take instructions on the subject. When he arrived it was easy to perceive that he had already been prompted in the part he had to play. While Mrs. Gibbons described to him the alterations her husband wished to be made in his will, he listened with profound attention as if in total ignorance of the object it was wished he should carry out. After Mrs. Gibbons had given the reasons that she stated had induced her husband to make the proposed alterations, she turned to the old man (who had remained silent the whole time, evidently attempting, and, with difficulty, to follow her meaning as she went on), and said to him:

"Have I not exactly described your wishes, Gibbons?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but you promised me you would pay them the money yourself."

"Certainly," she replied, hurriedly changing the conversation. "What do you think, Mr. Braham, of the arrangement?"

"I perfectly agree with you in every way," was the solicitor's answer. Then, taking up the cue, he continued: "In the experience I have had in my profession I have met with many instances, not only among women of the poorer classes, but of the wealthier as well, in which a discretionary plenary power, placed in the hands of an individual in whom the testator has implicit confidence, would have been far more to the advantage of the legatees than having the money left directly to them, no matter how carefully secured. With married women especially a thousand adverse contingencies may arise, which a confidential friend, armed with full powers, may guard against, but in which any amount of legal ingenuity would be useless."

The conversation continued for some time longer in the same strain, the name of little Maria Smith, the child under Mrs. Gibbons' care, becoming gradually mixed up in it. At length the question of cancelling her legacy was entertained, and at last decided on, Mrs. Gibbons promising that she would see that the amount stated, namely, two hundred pounds, should be applied to the girl's benefit in the manner she (Mrs. Gibbons) considered most advisable. "After all, dear," said Mrs. Gibbons, in conclusion, to her husband, "I think it is the best thing you can do. I may not outlive you, and you will then have an opportunity of looking after the interests of the dear child (Maria was not in the room at the time, it should be remembered). If I should outlive you, is there a person on earth who is dearer to me than she is? She is the daughter of our niece. Her mother we brought up as our own child, and when dying, I might almost say, she placed her infant in my arms for protection. No: be assured that, in any case, she will not be a loser by either of us."

The will was drawn up in its amended form, and, after being duly executed, the old one was destroyed. The old man lived for nearly twelve months afterwards, his intellects, as well as his bodily powers, gradually sinking the while. At the funeral only two persons attended—the doctor and the lawyer, and when it was over, the farce of reading the will was gone through. It was short and explicit in the extreme. He had left everything to his wife absolutely.

For the next three years things passed on in Mrs. Gibbons' house without anything occurring particularly worthy of remark. Of course the old woman mentioned in her husband's will did not receive one shilling of the money she had promised to give them. With time her temper did not improve, while her parsimony increased till the love of money became almost a monomania with her. She had reduced all the household expenses to their apparent minimum, but still the old woman was discontented, and looked about her to see if they could not be further reduced.

At last, to her great satisfaction, a fortunate idea struck her. She had hitherto kept two servants, or, at least, a woman and a young girl. The woman, who now acted as her cook, had been with her for seven years. She had taken her from a charity school as an apprentice when about fifteen years of age, and by a due course of threats and harsh treatment the poor girl had been reduced to a state of mental subservency from which she had not the courage to rouse herself. She was in person exceedingly ill-favoured, being deeply marked with the small-pox, as well as disfigured by a frightful scar, from a burn, down one side of her face and neck, which had the effect of obliging her to hold her head rather on one side. She was short in person, and most ungainly in her movements, and altogether there was something exceedingly repulsive in her appearance. She was, nevertheless, a good and faithful servant, though occasionally, when suffering from ill-health, somewhat irritable in temper. It now struck Mrs. Gibbons that if she got rid of this woman and the young girl, and hired in their place one strong servant, she would be able to effect a considerable economy.

Having now determined on discharging Mary, she turned over in her mind in what manner she could best accomplish it. An open, straightforward suggestion on the subject never entered her imagination; more-

over, she wished to separate herself entirely from her old servant, doubtless actuated by the fear that, if the girl fell into distress, she might apply to her for assistance. The old woman now carefully watched for some occasion to hang a quarrel on, and one soon presented itself. The girl had committed some trifling domestic misdemeanour, for which she was scolded by her mistress in a most harsh and insulting manner. Mary, irritated at the treatment she was receiving, made some angry remark, and thus fell into the trap prepared for her.

"Is that the manner you speak to me?" said the old fury. "Is that your idea of the respect due from a servant to a mistress? You shall leave my house this day month!"

"It is a shame," replied the girl, "to treat me in that manner, after the number of years I have lived with you."

"Do you dare to tell me that anything I do is a shame!" said her mistress, casting on the girl, at the time, a look of the most intense malevolence. "Leave the room, and remember this (and I always keep my word), I will punish you for your impertinence."

The month's warning expired, and the girl left the house, nothing unpleasant occurring at her departure; on the contrary, when her mistress paid her her wages she was more than ordinarily civil. A week afterwards the girl called at the house and requested to see Mrs. Gibbons. When Mary entered the sitting-room, the old woman, casting a stern, cold glance at her, said, "What do you want here?"

"If you please, ma'am, I called to ask when it would be convenient for you to see a lady about my character."

"Your character?" said Mrs. Gibbons, with great surprise in her voice, "your character?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have got a situation, and a very good one; if my character suits, and the lady wishes to know when it will be convenient for you to see her about it."

The old woman looked at her with affected astonishment.

"And have you really the assurance," she said, "to call on me about a character, after your impertinent behaviour? Do you not remember I told you I would punish you for your insolence? and now I will keep my word. Since you have been in my service you have placed fourteen pounds in the savings bank. You see I know all about you. I find it will cost you seven shillings a week to live. With your appearance, no one will take you without a character, and you will not receive one from me till you have been sufficiently long out of place to spend the whole of that money. I have consulted my lawyer on the subject, and he tells me I have the right to do so if I please. Now walk out of this house, and don't attempt to set your foot in it again, or I will send for the police."

The girl, for a moment, was silent with astonishment, and Maria Smith, who was in the room at the time, was utterly aghast with horror at the infamy of the old woman's conduct. Mary was the first to recover her self-possession.

"What right have you, you infamous old woman," she said, "to withhold my character from me? I worked hard for the money I have saved. I served you faithfully for seven years, and have never wronged you of the value of a crust of bread during the whole of the time. If I had wanted to do so it would have

been no easy matter!" continued Mary, with a poor attempt at irony. "A greater skinflint than you are never lived. Why, you won't mend your stockings because you begrudge the cotton."

"Leave the room, I say," cried the old woman, in a voice of thunder, and clenching her fist with impotent rage (for she was unable, from infirmity, to rise from her chair); "leave the room, I say."

"I will not leave the room, you mean old wretch," said Mary, now in as great a rage as her mistress. "You shall give me a character, and you shall see the lady."

Maria Smith, having now somewhat recovered her presence of mind, perceived it was time for her to interfere. She saw in an instant it would be impolitic, if not impossible, to stem the current of the old woman's wrath, still more so to induce her to act honestly, so she resolved to adopt a temporising course. Advancing, with great affected coolness, she took the irritated girl by the arm, and, pushing her gently towards the door, said, in an authoritative tone of voice,—

"You had better leave the room at once. It is disgraceful of you to speak in that rude manner. Leave the room, I say."

While saying this, Miss Smith had contrived to place herself with her back towards the old woman, so that, without being seen by her, she could give Mary a look indicative that she was not in earnest in the course she was adopting. The girl, with true feminine acuteness, easily understood her, and allowed herself to be thrust out of the room into the passage.

"Miss Smith," cried out the old woman, "don't leave that jade till she is fairly out of the house, and see that she takes nothing with her."

Mary fired up at this insult, but Maria, pressing her onwards, soon got her out of earshot. As soon as she found herself perfectly safe, she whispered to Mary—

"Hold your tongue, and listen to me. Tell the lady Mrs. Gibbons cannot see her, but if she will write a letter to me I will answer it, giving you an excellent character; and, if that will not do, I will find some other means of helping you. Now go, there's a good girl. You've been shamefully treated, I admit."

"Thank you, miss," said Mary, in a whisper, going out of the front door at the time. "God bless you. How you can stop with that old wretch I can't think. I pity you from my heart, I do."

Mary now emerged from the front gate, but before quitting it she turned round to take one last look at the house. On doing so, she perceived the old woman, who had turned her chair partially round, glaring at her from the window with the expression of a tigress; to which Mary responded by making as ugly a grimace as her features, already ugly enough by nature, would allow, and then, closing the gate after her, she continued quietly on her road.

For some time after Maria Smith had entered the sitting-room the old woman maintained a dead silence, but her features, working spasmodically the while, proved how greatly she was enraged at the scene which had just occurred. On this occasion she had not the opportunity of venting her spite, as was her wont, upon some other individual in the family, for the new servant, a strong middle-aged woman, remained below in the kitchen, and Maria Smith, having apparently taken part against Mary, had absolved herself from any blame in the matter. Mrs. Gibbons' violent fit of passion having at last somewhat subsided, she entered

into a long tirade against the iniquity of the servants of the present age, and their great deterioration since the time when she was a young housekeeper; and in this frame of mind she continued for the remainder of the day.

The next morning, before the old lady was up, Maria took the opportunity of speaking to the new servant on Mary's affairs, and the injustice with which the girl had been treated. She also informed her that in all probability a letter would arrive addressed to Miss Maria Smith, from a lady, respecting Mary's character, which she should answer without informing Mrs. Gibbons of the circumstance. She therefore wished that when the letter came the servant would receive it as her own till she had an opportunity of placing it in her (Miss Smith's) hands unknown to Mrs. Gibbons. The woman, with the freemasonry of her craft, readily entered into the plot. In a few days the letter from the lady arrived, to which Miss Smith replied by giving Mary the excellent character she deserved, and thereby securing for her the situation.

For some time after Mary's visit not a word dropped from the lips of Mrs. Gibbons on the subject; nor, in fact, did she particularly mention it again till the time had nearly expired when, to her calculation, the money Mary had accumulated in the savings bank must have been nearly exhausted. She then gave notice to Maria, that in case any lady should call respecting Mary's character, she would see her. She said this with a peculiarly triumphant expression of countenance, as if she had formed in her mind some plan, certain of success, for doing the girl a further injury. Maria promised to obey her, and the conversation dropped. Some weeks passed, but no lady made her appearance, greatly to the surprise and disappointment of Mrs. Gibbons. One day, when Maria was absent from home on some errand, and the servant was in the room, Mrs. Gibbons said to her—

"Has any lady called about Mary's character?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply of the woman, who was somewhat dull-witted, and who was now taken entirely off her guard; "I did not know that any one was coming. I thought, on the contrary, that Mary was very comfortable in her situation."

"Her situation!" said the old woman, starting suddenly round. "How did she manage to obtain one?"

"Oh, ma'am, it was through Miss —" Here the woman stopped, utterly confused, perceiving for the first time the dangerous ground she was on. She attempted to recover herself, but found it impossible, as she was fully aware that the old woman would detect her in any excuse she might offer. Mrs. Gibbons was far too experienced not to be certain that the present was the moment for obtaining an explanation of her servant's confusion; and she pressed her on the subject with all the tact and cunning of an experienced Old Bailey practitioner, till she had drawn from her the truth—that it was through Miss Maria's interference that Mary, a few days after her visit, had succeeded in obtaining her present excellent situation.

Mrs. Gibbons' rage at Maria's treason (for so she was pleased to consider it) knew no bounds. By degrees she became calmer, and she then began to coolly turn over in her mind what mode of punishment she would adopt. During the whole of that day she did not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Although she said nothing on the subject to Maria, the latter had no difficulty in perceiving that something had occurred to

put the old lady out of humour, and she racked her brain to imagine what could be the cause. The next morning, breakfast was scarcely over before she was no longer in doubt on the subject. The old woman regarded her sternly for some time, and then said to her, slowly and distinctly—

"Do you know I have a traitor in the house?"

"I don't understand you, ma'am," was Maria's reply.

"Some one has been infamous enough to give that jade Mary a character, by which she has contrived to obtain an excellent situation. Do you know anything about it?"

Maria made no reply, but coloured deeply.

"I am glad to find," continued the old woman, "that you have sufficient honesty left to blush for your conduct. No one ever yet injured me with impunity, nor shall you prove an exception. Aged and decrepid as I am, I will, as long as I live, be mistress in my own house. You shall no longer live with me; yet, for your poor mother's sake, I will not totally cast you off. You must find some other situation, and that as soon as possible. I have said it, and nothing shall make me change my resolution; so prepare to leave the house as soon as you can."

"But what am I to do, ma'am?" said Maria. "Unless you give me some money I shall starve."

"Give you some money!" said the old woman, turning fiercely round on her, at the same time betraying in her countenance some anxiety. "Give you some money, indeed! What right have you to expect it from me, while you are as deeply in my debt as you are?"

"In debt to you, ma'am?" said Maria, astonished.

"How am I indebted to you?"

"How are you indebted to me?" said Mrs. Gibbons, feigning great surprise. "Do you imagine the few hundred pounds left you by your father have not been already expended over and over again by the cost of your board and lodging? and you have now the assurance to ask me for money!"

"I did not allude to that in any way," said the frightened girl. "I merely wished to explain to you that as I have no money, if you will oblige me to leave home I must starve, as I have nowhere to go to."

"Oh, is that all?" said the old woman, with something of suspicion still remaining in her tone. "If that is really true, the case is different. I do not wish to behave harshly to you, out of respect to your poor mother, as I said before, who did behave dutifully to me. I have no objection to your remaining here a week, or even a fortnight longer. At the same time," she continued, fiercely, as if annoyed at having been betrayed into showing some symptoms of humanity, "find a situation as soon as you can, for go you shall. Nobody ever deceived me twice."

Maria now busied herself in attempting to find a situation. She experienced, however, the greatest difficulty, inasmuch as there were but few which she was capable of undertaking. She could not accept a situation as a servant; as a milliner's girl she was not sufficiently expert with her needle; and her education was too defective to allow her to apply for an appointment as a governess. There seemed to be but one employment for which she was adapted, and that was to serve in a shop, her respectable appearance and amiable manners eminently qualifying her for such an occupation. But even for this modest situation she wanted patronage, for she knew of no one who could recommend her; and being naturally timid and retiring, she

hardly liked to apply to the few tradesmen who knew her, and at whose houses she had been accustomed to deal.

She was, however, continually stimulated to exertion by Mrs. Gibbons, who daily asked her, more than once, if she had any situation in view, and also frequently taunted her that it was solely from the want of exertion and proper spirit that she did not succeed. One day, driven almost to despair by the annoyances she experienced at the hands of the old woman, she summoned up sufficient courage to inquire of a respectable linendraper living near Mrs. Gibbons' house if he could assist her in the matter. He seemed somewhat surprised at the application, but he readily promised her that he would make inquiries among his acquaintances if they knew of any appointment which would be likely to suit her. In a few days he succeeded, and Maria was engaged, at a trifling salary, in the establishment of the linendraper in Bishopsgate Street, with whom she afterwards remained.

It would be curious to analyse the feelings which instigated the old woman in her behaviour to the girl. Her dominant feeling was evidently that of revenge for the trick which had been played upon her. This, again, was assisted by her avarice. She thought that the servant whom she had now in her service would be quite capable of waiting on her, and then she would have one mouth less to feed. But when she drove the girl from the house she had no intention of definitely parting from her. That she bore Maria no love was certain; still the girl was the only connecting link with her family and connexions which now remained on earth, and she seemed to feel an instinctive dread at breaking it. She told Maria, when the girl took leave of her, that in case she continued in the situation she had obtained, it was possible in time she might look over the treason she had been guilty of. She also informed her that she might visit her every Sunday afternoon if she pleased, and that she would be willing to receive her; but she warned her that if she did not continue diligently and faithfully in her employment, she need never look for any further favour from her while she lived, or any benefit at her death. Even in this slight sketch of amiability on the part of the old woman, there was a taint of selfishness. She knew perfectly well that her servant would insist on occasionally absenting herself from the house, and she now considered that if she allowed her to go out on the Sunday afternoon during the time Maria was on her visit, she could do so without any inconvenience to herself, or disarrangement of her domestic economy. Maria had no alternative but to accept the invitation, and regularly for two years, winter and summer, did she, to her great aversion, spend each Sunday afternoon with the old lady, and it was on one of these visits that Robert met her and accompanied her on her road.

(To be continued.)

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY has remarked that it is hard to forgive (a) one who adheres to the views which were yours, and which you have changed; (b) one who has proved right in the warning and advice he gave you, and which you rejected; (c) one who is preferred to you by the woman you are in love with, or has carried off some other prize from you; especially if he has attained with little or no exertion what you have been striving hard for without success; (d) one who has succeeded in some enterprise when you predicted failure.

ABOUT FERNS.



IN a previous number (No. 15, page 239) we gave some practical instructions as to the means which ought to be adopted to establish a fernery. The present writer proposes to follow up the subject by putting together a few notes on ferns, which we hope may enable some few of our readers to make out most of the different kinds they are likely to find. And first, what are ferns?

One section of the non-flowering plants (or Cryptogamia), distinguished with some few exceptions by their bearing their seed in masses on the back of their leaves or fronds, as the green portion of a fern is called. These masses of seed are called spore cases, and are arranged in different positions in different ferns; the true seed or sori being a minute brown dust, which escapes from the spore-case when ripe. As it is by the shape and position of the masses of seed that ferns are classified and identified, it is of great importance to procure seeded fronds; without them, all must be guess-work.

The fern possibly most familiar to us all is the common bracken (*Pteris Aquilina*),* which covers hundreds of acres on our mountains and highlands, and is extensively used as litter for cattle. It is one of the first ferns to spring into life with the warm spring weather, and the first to lose its summer livery of green, and assume its brown autumn dress at the slightest touch of frost. We have called attention to the bracken because it is so generally known, that it will at once show to the most ignorant what a fern is.

For more reasons than one, we shall place the *Osmunda* and its two near relatives, the moonwort and adder's tongue, first. They are all three distinguished by bearing their seed in little ball-shaped masses, either on the apex of the frond or in spikes. "*Osmunda Regalis*. The flowering fern. Frond twice divided; masses of seed on the branched terminations of a leafy frond."

The whole plant is stiffer and more woody than any other British fern. The fertile fronds appear first, the seed, in tiny green balls, occupying the upper part of the frond, while the stem is clothed with a soft brown downy substance, which disappears after a while. These fertile fronds are always upright and rigid, and when mature, the seeded parts are of a rich brown colour, as unlike a flower as can be imagined; yet fancy and fashion unite in calling it "the flowering fern." The plumules or leaflets are beautifully veined. It is said to be the only British fern now existing which is found in a fossil state. It certainly greatly resembles one form of *Neuropteris*, and has been found in nodules of iron-stone in Shropshire, and also in the coal-measures.

Osmunda is also king among his brethren. As the eagle is the king of birds, the rose of flowers, so has the tall sturdy flowering fern been named the "king of ferns."

There is a good deal of diversity of opinion as to the origin of his majesty's title. One author suggests that it is possibly derived from an Anglo-Saxon word, "mund," signifying "strength" (and hence "*Osmund*," an appellation of the Celtic deity, Thor), in allusion to the supposed invigorating virtues of these plants.

Another, quoting from "*Gerharde's Herbal*," says, "that the caudex or root-stem, when cut through has a white centre or core, called 'the heart of *Osmund*'

* Represented in the ornamental letter with which this article commences.

the waterman." Mr. Moore, in one of his many valuable and charming books on ferns, has a graceful legend about the little daughter of Osmund, the waterman of Loch Igne. "An alarm spread through the country that the Danes were near at hand. Osmund hastily conveyed his wife and little daughter to an island covered with the sturdy fern, and concealed them among its arching fronds. The Danes arrived, and all day and all night Osmund rowed backwards and forwards, ferrying troops of these fierce men, till they were all gone. The child, grown a woman, in grateful remembrance of that day called the noble fern by her father's name."

Another legend, familiar to us from childhood, but for which we can give no printed authority, relates that it owes its distinction to the fact that, in days gone by, when kings were as plentiful in these parts as princesses in a fairy-tale book, a certain King Osmund, flying before his enemies, took refuge in a vast thicket of this fern, and effectually eluded detection. The scene of this adventure we have forgotten, but have rather a leaning towards Killarney, where the flowering fern attains a vast size.

Osmunda is a plant more local than rare, seemingly delighting in the neighbourhood of streams, though occasionally found on the face of cliffs directly exposed to the sea-breezes. It is exceedingly easy of culture forming a handsome object on a lawn when grown in large masses, and often attaining the height of six or even eight feet.

Our next fern is a great contrast to his predecessor. He measures his height by inches, not by feet and boasts of but one slender stem instead of dozens. This is



Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.

the "*Botrychium Lunaria*, or common moonwort. Stem solitary, barren part of the plant once divided, leaflets fleshy, half-moon shaped. Fertile spike branched."

The shape of the leaflets accounts for the common name of this fern, the fertile portions of which are copies in miniature of the fruitful terminations of *Osmunda Regalis*. The botrychium is a magic plant. If you go on Midsummer-eve and catch the seed of the moonwort, whatever you wish will be yours. But you must manage to get a full moon on Midsummer-eve, and then, as the clock strikes twelve, you must go carrying nine pewter plates, and carefully shake the seed of the moonwort into the topmost one, and then—well, if by the time you get home there is any seed to be seen on the plate, no doubt you might do wonders. But as we have never known any one who tried the experiment, we are inclined to think it is merely a fable, setting forth how little we know of the propagation of ferns. Still, when we see a botrychium, we cannot help thinking of nine pewter plates, and wondering what would be best to wish for.

Ophioglossum Vulgatum. Common adder's tongue. Stem solitary, barren part of the plant an egg-shaped leaf, fertile spike linear and erect, the masses of seed arranged along the upper part in a double row."

The barren leaf is not unlike a small lily of the valley leaf, and embraces the fertile spike just as the lily leaf protects the pretty stem of snowy bells. We have never seen this plant above three inches high, and have often obtained perfect specimens not more than half that size. Its curious name is due to the resemblance of the fertile spike to the tongue of an adder. Ointment made from its leaves was considered a cure for the bite of a viper, and in some parts of England it was recently and still may be used in dressing wounds.

The adder's tongue is a difficult plant to find, except in spring and early summer (at any rate, in the west of England), on account of the luxurious growth of the herbage. This is one of those plants gradually becoming extinct, thanks to enterprising farmers. How we shudder when the ploughing season begins. "Will Farmer X. cultivate the cleve this year, and rob us of our ophioglossum? He has ploughed up steeper land before now; but year after year passes by, and still he spares our friends. What a famous thing it is that Mr. Z. lives at a distance, and has let his fields to a grazier on a long lease! As long as that arrangement lasts our botrychia are safe. Oh! this horrid cultivation (we are speaking as botanists). What chance has one now of walking ankle deep in a carpet of scilla verna, when every bit of ground is planted up to the very edge of the cliffs? What can a botanist do in a country where people plough up orchards because they "are so full of daffodils," daffodils that had been the delight of generation after generation of children; and how we tremble lest a similar fate should overtake a meadow where each spring the sweet-scented narcissus in thousands delights the eye, and refreshes the senses with its delicious odour!

The adder's tongue (with us) generally grows in company with botrychium, possibly appearing a week or two sooner. The first and finest botrychium we ever found was on the top of a wall near Reechenan, a village in Switzerland, situated near the junction of the two Rhines, and memorable as being the place where Louis Philippe, late King of the French, taught in a school, when he had to fly from France after the execution of his father, the Duc d'Orleans.

On our return to England, fancy our amazement at finding both ophioglossum and botrychium in fields we had constantly traversed for years without finding either plant. The fact is, we had not looked in time; and that is why we have put the king and his two tiny attendants on the very first page of "fern gossip."

SOMETHING ABOUT THE EIDER-DUCK.

BY A TRAVELLER.

OF all the numerous creatures that the hand of Almighty Providence has created for the benefit of man, perhaps few are more interesting or of more service to a vast number of our fellow creatures than the eider-duck. We know something in England of the useful qualities inherent in the down of this bird, and frequently the extreme lightness, combined with warmth of the eider-down quilt, affords great comfort to the delicate and the aged, though its use among us is limited to a certain class from the costly nature of the material. But in northern countries of Europe, as Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, it is the common covering of all classes, and is their equivalent for the blankets in use among us. Perhaps under these circumstances it may be interesting to the readers of the "People's Magazine" to learn a few facts connected with this bird, gathered from conversations with the peasantry, whose chief employment it is, during the proper season of the year, to collect and clean the down.

Although the name of this bird is supposed to be derived from the river Eider, separating the late Duchy of Holstein (now part of Prussia) from Lower Schleswig, the bird itself is seldom to be seen far south of latitude 63° N., or rather of the town of Molde, which is situated just below that parallel on the west coast of Norway; from which point to the North Cape they are found in vast quantities all along the coast, and up the fjords which indent it in every direction. It is said by some naturalists that the eider is found in some of the islands off the north coast of Scotland; but though in a few rare instances one may be found, it is very questionable whether the bird generally supposed to be the eider in these localities is not merely a bird of the same family, indeed, but not the genuine eider at all. We can answer for the fact that in our own experience we have frequently sought for the eider in latitudes far north of the most northern point of the Scottish coast; and though guide-books and books of natural history told us they were to be found, still we have always been met with a laugh and the finger pointed to the north; and though we have travelled along the whole line of the Norwegian coast, we never could hear of one lower than the point above mentioned.

But we are reminded that we have used a word which may be unfamiliar to many of the readers of the "People's Magazine," the word fjord, and this leads us for a moment from the main subject of this paper to say something of the beautiful homes of these birds, where nature is to be seen in perhaps one of its grandest and most impressive aspects. The fjords of the Norwegian coast are long arms of the sea, stretching sometimes for two hundred miles inland, in some places as narrow as a small river, and in others opening out into wide spaces of water like lakes. You enter perhaps what looks a small bay, rock bound on all sides; but pursuing your course you find that it is not a bound bay at all, but just in the further corner, in an obscure spot that you had never noticed before, the rocks divide, and you pass through into a narrow channel, from which you again emerge into an open space, where the same appearance of being shut in on all sides comes upon you, till you find some other opening in some other obscure corner. So you journey on for miles, till you at last arrive at the fjord's head, where there is generally a little village and a river. On either side of you giant mountains rise up perpendicularly out of the water, and down their sides tumble waterfalls innumerable, while here and there is a small break in the rocks, in which is situated a little wooden house, where some poor peasant manages to earn a living by keeping a goat or two or a cow, and cultivating a little bit of

Fig. 1. *Osmunda Regalis*, the flowering fern.

Fig. 2. *Botrychium Lunaria*, common moonwort.

Fig. 3. *Ophioglossum Vulgatum*, common adder's tongue.

land. He always has a boat to enable him to get about. Generally he rows with a pair of oars, but when the wind is favourable he lessens his labour by putting up some green boughs, which serve the purpose of sails.

Such is the home of these valuable birds; now for the birds themselves. They are unlike any other duck, for they confine themselves entirely to salt water, never going on fresh by any chance. They are expert divers, and can remain an enormous time under water. In appearance they differ little from the numerous other species of duck that abound in these parts, the female being a common looking brown bird, and the male of the same colour, only with a white breast, and the usual cock of the tail which marks the difference between the sexes in the ducks of our own native island. But though so common in appearance, the down of this bird is of a rare and exquisite fineness, and of an elasticity so great, that the same quantity that can be pressed between two hands is sufficient to stuff a large quilt.

In common with all other birds, the eider-ducks build their nests in spring time. First they erect on the ground a small structure of marine plants, and then the female bird proceeds to line it with the soft down before described, after which she lays three eggs of a pale green colour. The peasants then come and rob the nest of the down, taking care not to disturb the eggs; the bird then relines her nest until her breast is quite bare, when the male comes to her assistance with his white down, and proceeds to follow her example and strip himself. As long as the eggs are not disturbed the birds will continue to line and reline their nest three times, but on a fourth attack they will desert their nest and remove to another place. There is little or no difference, excepting as to colour, between the down of the two sexes; both

possess the same valuable qualities, and are equally serviceable for stuffing quilts. The nests all along this coast produce on an average a profit of 5*l.* apiece in the year; so that a small barren rock frequented by these birds becomes a very valuable property, and has often been the subject of litigation among Norwegian landowners. Some years ago these poor birds were so hotly pursued, and killed in such numbers, that their extinction in the country seemed imminent; but in 1847 the Norwegian parliament passed a law for their relief, and since that time their pursuers have been obliged to confine themselves to robbing their nests. The consequence is, that the birds are now very plentiful, and from the perfect security in which they live, have attained a degree of impudent assurance unsurpassed by the most complacent London sparrow, or their own distant connections on the ornamental water in our parks. In the town of Tromsøe, in the far north, they come to the house doors to be fed, and walk about as if strongly impressed with the consciousness of their own importance. We must not omit to mention that the eagerness of these birds for progeny is so great, that when robbed of their eggs they have frequently been known to steal the eggs, or even the young of others; and though so constantly disturbed in the preparation of their nests, nearly every pair of ducks manages to produce two broods in the course of the breeding season.

Besides Norway, all the northern coast of Russia and Siberia, and further on (following the same line and keeping in the same latitude), of North America, can boast of producing these most valuable birds; but we have alluded merely to Norway in connection with them, because we have been recounting facts gathered in the course of our own experience, which has been entirely confined to that country.



EIDER-DUCK HUNTING IN THE FJORDS OF NORWAY.



FLINT JACK.

i.

On the 6th of January, 1862, a considerable gathering of geologists and their friends took place at the rooms in Cavendish Square, in which, at that time, the meetings of the Geologists Association were held, under the presidency of Professor Tennant. Two popular subjects were announced for the evening's consideration; the one being "On Lime and Lime-stones," by the President; the other, "On the ancient Flint Implements of Yorkshire, and the Modern Fabrication of similar specimens," by the Rev. Thomas Wiltshire, the Vice-president.

These announcements attracted a full attendance of

members, and of their wives and daughters. The ladies rapidly filled the upper portion of the lecture-room nearest the platform; but courteously left the foremost row of seats to be occupied by the friends of the President and the Committee. It soon became evident that it was to be a crowded meeting, and as the back seats gradually filled, many a wistful glance was cast at these reserved seats; yet, by common consent, they were left vacant. Presently, however, an individual made his way through the crowd whose strange appearance drew all eyes towards him, and whose effrontery in advancing to the foremost seats, and coolly sitting down in one of them, was greeted by a suppressed titter on the part of the ladies. He was a weather-beaten man of about forty-five years of

age, and he came in dirty tattered clothes, and heavy navy's boots, to take precedence of the whole assemblage: it was natural, therefore, that the time spent in waiting for the President's appearance should be occupied in taking an inventory of his curious costume and effects.

He wore a dark cloth coat, hanging in not unpicturesque rags about the elbows; it was buttoned over a cotton shirt which might once have been white, but which had degenerated to a yellow brown. About his neck was a fragment of a blue cotton handkerchief; his skin was of a gipsy brown, his hair hung in lank black locks about a forehead and face that were not altogether unprepossessing, except for the furtive and cunning glances which he occasionally cast around him from eyes that did not correspond with each other in size and expression. His corduroys, which were in a sorry condition, had been turned up; and their owner had evidently travelled through heavy clay, the dried remains of which bedaubed his boots. Altogether he was a puzzling object to the ladies; he had not the robust health or the cleanliness of a railway navvy; he differed from all known species of the London working man; he could scarcely be an ordinary beggar "on the tramp," for by what means could such an individual have gained admittance to a lecture-room in Cavendish Square? Yet this last character was the one best represented by the general appearance of the man, who carried an old greasy hat in one hand, and in the other a small bundle tied up in a dingy red cotton handkerchief. The most amusing part was the comfortable assurance with which he took his seat, unchallenged by any of the officials, and the way in which he made himself at home by depositing on the floor, on one side his hat, on the other side his little red bundle, and then set to work to study the diagrams and specimens which were displayed on the platform.

At length the President, Vice-president, and Committee entered the room, and the business of the evening commenced. Many glances were cast at the stranger by the members of the Committee, but no one seemed astonished or annoyed at his presence; and, in fact, he was allowed to retain the prominent position which he had chosen for himself. He listened attentively to the President's lecture, and to the discussion which followed; but his countenance betrayed a keener interest when the second paper of the evening, that on Yorkshire Flint Implements, was read. And here the mystery of the stranger was suddenly revealed, for in the course of his remarks on the clever fabrications of modern times, by which these ancient flint implements were successfully copied, the Vice-president stated, that, through the efforts of Professor Tennant, a person was in attendance who, with the aid of only a small piece of iron rod, bent at the end, would, with remarkable dexterity, produce almost any form of flint weapon desired. He then desired the stranger to mount the platform, and the man, taking up his hat and bundle, seated himself in a conspicuous position on the platform, and prepared to exhibit his skill. He undid the knots of his red handkerchief, which proved to be full of fragments of flint. He turned them over, and selected a small piece, which he held, sometimes on his knee, sometimes in the palm of his hand, and gave it a few careless blows with what looked like a crooked nail. In a few minutes he had produced a small arrow-head, which he handed to a gentleman near, and went on fabricating another with a facility and rapidity which proved long practice. Soon a crowd had collected round the forger, while his fragments of flint were fast converted into different varieties of arrow-heads, and exchanged for sixpences among the audience.

This was the first appearance before the public, in London, of the celebrated "Flint Jack," whose life and adventures have since been traced with some minute-

ness, and have recently received their finishing touches from his own confessions and from his committal to Bedford Jail.

According to his own account, the individual known, among other names, as Flint Jack, was born in the year 1815, at Sleights, near Whitby, in Yorkshire. His real name is Edward Simpson; his father was a sailor; and the boy appears to have led a respectable life, earning his living, from the age of fourteen, as servant or assistant to gentlemen engaged in geological pursuits. Against this, we must mention that some of those who know him best deny that his dialect is that of a Yorkshireman, and point to one of the names by which he was known twenty years ago ("Cockney Bill,") as suggesting a more likely origin. However this may be, Simpson has gained credit, and has satisfactorily accounted for his own knowledge of geology, by stating that for five years he was in the service of Dr. Young, the historian of Whitby, and was a constant attendant on all his fossil-hunting expeditions. Subsequently (as he affirms) he entered on a similar engagement with Dr. Ripley, also of Whitby, with whom he remained six years. On the death of his master, in 1840, he seems to have commenced business on his own account, wandering about the neighbourhood of Whitby, gathering and selling fossils. At any rate, it was at this time that he became well known on the Yorkshire coast, and acquired the name of Fossil Willy. He was then engaged in honest traffic. The young man is described as more than ordinarily intelligent; and he appears both then and afterwards to have had a great delight in beautiful scenery, and in the rambling life which continually brought him into fresh localities.

In 1841 Fossil Willy was carrying on a successful trade with two gentlemen in Scarborough, who were collectors of fossils. He included Filey and Bridlington in his walks, and became "very handy" in cleaning fossils. All his rambles were performed on foot; and he seems at this period to have led a pleasant life, and to have been tolerably well off. We have no clear account of the circumstances under which he began to act dishonestly. It was at Whitby, in 1843, according to his own account, that he saw a British barbed arrow-head for the first time, and *was asked* if he could imitate it. If this really was the suggestion of some other mind than his own, the tempter has much to answer for. The flint arrow-head which he copied led to his downfall; it was the commencement of a long series of forgeries, and the extinction of Jack's honest trade. To search for the real objects was a work of time and labour; to manufacture spurious ones became so easy and so profitable that the temptation was too great for the individual henceforth appropriately named Flint Jack. His earlier efforts, however, in this new traffic, were comparatively clumsy. He could not settle on the best form of tool, and at last he discovered it by mere accident. Taking up one day, the hasp of a gate which was loose, he struck a blow with it on a flint, and a fine flake fell off of a size and form which, by a little chipping of the edge, could easily be converted into an arrow-head. Thus it became evident that a curved piece of iron was the tool required, and Jack was no longer at a loss. A bit of iron rod six or eight inches long, and curved at the ends, is still his chief tool, to which he sometimes adds a small round-faced hammer of soft iron, and a common bradawl. But Jack can make a water-worn pebble from the sea-beach to answer his purpose, on an emergency, as well as the hammer.

The trade on which Jack had now entered required a considerable knowledge of antiquities, and he took care to avail himself of any opportunities which came in his way of visiting museums and private collections. In this manner he became acquainted with the forms and materials of urns, beads, seals, &c., with a view to

their imitation. In the beginning of 1844 he was assisting an antiquarian at Bridlington to form a collection of British flints. The genuine ones are abundant in that neighbourhood; but Jack was able to supplement his gatherings to any extent by his own fabrications. In the sale of these, and in the collection of materials for his manufacture, he is said to have walked, ordinarily, thirty or forty miles a day, distributing among purchasers his *ancient* stone and flint implements with a lavish hand, of which the neighbourhood still bears traces. One of his Bridlington customers (Mr. Tindall), speaking of a purchase made by him of thirty-five flint implements, says, "I bought them because they differed much in their make and shape from any that I had found myself. They were very dirty, and I could not get them clean with cold water, so I put eight or nine of the dirtiest into a saucepan, and boiled them. When I drained off the water I found that several of them were made up of splinters struck from the flint when in course of being made, and which Cockney Bill had joined together with boiled alum to make them perfect."

Jack was always careful to give the history of his specimens, and to describe the localities and the tumuli whence they were obtained. He sold to the gentleman just named an apparently ancient urn, which he said he had extracted from a tumulus on a certain farm called East Hunton. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Tindall took three men with him to the locality, and having discovered and opened the tumulus, he actually found two urns, several flint implements, and an axe-head of stone; but he is quite certain that this tumulus had never been opened previously. What, then, was the history of Jack's ancient urn? It was simply this. The cunning fellow knew that the neighbourhood was pretty well stocked with arrow-heads; he was also aware that these implements are often found accompanied by urns, and that it might reasonably be expected by his patrons that in finding the one he would sometimes light upon the other. He had therefore established, in a secret place among the cliffs of Bridlington Bay, a manufacture of "ancient pottery," and this urn was probably the fruit of his own industry. A wild and solitary life must have been that of this ancient potter, as he moulded his clay into the rude shapes of which he had seen specimens in museums, and then set them out to dry in sheltered places among the rocks, finishing by a slight firing of the articles by means of dried grass, and brambles. Jack's early productions in this way appear to have galled the public; but they did not satisfy his own correct taste. Later in his career he spoke with great contempt of his early manufacture of urns. The windy cliffs among which he worked were found unfavourable, and he removed to a more sheltered and wooded region about Stainton Dale, between Whitby and Scarborough, where he was equally screened from observation, and where he built himself a hut, and carried on his pottery works. After a large baking of urns he would set off to some favourable mart for their sale. On one occasion he sold an ancient urn to a gentleman in Bridlington, which was so much valued by the owner, that on accidentally letting it fall, and breaking it to pieces, he gave it back to Jack for repair, and paid him handsomely for joining the fragments together in a clever way. A few days afterwards, however, there was discovered, in a corner of the room where the accident had happened to the urn, a large portion of the bottom and side of the same, which had been overlooked when the fragments were given to Jack. This untoward discovery shook Jack's credit in Bridlington, and doubtless caused him to turn his steps in another direction.

In a future notice we shall trace his further wanderings, and the audacious counterfeits on which he subsequently ventured.

A NIGHT WITHOUT A NEST.



NE bright April morning, after a great deal of twittering and chirping, two robin redbreasts decided that they really would begin to build a nest. They chose out for it a snug, leafy corner of a great oak tree, and then they flew away to the wood close by, for the best twigs and moss they could find. After they had put all these nicely together, they spent two or three days hunting the hedges and farmyards for wool that had fallen off the sheep's backs, that the nest might have a soft lining, and be very warm and comfortable through the cold winds that do come sometimes even in April. The nest was finished at last, and then, after a short time, there were four little eggs lying on the woolly lining, and soon three little heads popped their beaks out of three broken eggshells (for a young bird never came out of one of the eggs), and three small voices twittered out into the fresh spring air. The father and mother robin were very proud of their new children, and they used to sing to each other, when the other birds were not listening, that they believed there were not such pretty young robins as theirs in the whole wood. Their breasts were as red as the inside of a red rose, and their backs were as soft and as brown as a beech-nut. The poor parent robins did not know how soon two sad accidents were to happen, for a great cruel bird swooped down and killed one of the little robins just as it was beginning to fly, and soon after the second little robin fell from the nest one very windy day, and died from the fall. So now the father and mother had only one little bird left, and they sung to it, and watched over it, and fed it with a great deal of care; it seemed as if they could never take enough care of it. One day they were going out to hunt for fat, juicy worms for its supper—these worms were to be found in a mudbank some way off, so they bid their little child good-bye and flew away, chirping to it as they went. The little robin was now in the nest by herself, and her heart began to beat very fast; for though she was now some months old, and could fly pretty well, still she was very timid, and easily frightened. Once she heard a bee buzz close to her ear, and she trembled all over; then came a sound like voices speaking, and she shivered again, and made herself very small in the great empty nest. The voices seemed to come nearer and nearer, and after a few minutes the robin heard a loud rough sound just underneath the nest. Peeping out her little head, she saw down below two things—two beings—moving about there that she had never seen in her life before. She knew, however, from what her mother had told her, that these must be two of her worst enemies—men—boys, who often dragged down nests from the trees, and carried the young birds away to torture and kill them, or to shut them up in cages, from which they could never escape, or fly again under the blue sky. The poor little robin caught the glimmer of two strange blue things that looked like eyes, and she shook all over with fright. Then she heard the two creatures moving about, the boughs of the tree began to crack, the leaves to fall, and she knew that danger was coming nearer and nearer, and that the beings she dreaded so much would soon be close up to the nest where she was. Anything would be better than that; and so putting forth all her strength, she made a great jump, and away she flew, away, away, so fast, faster than she ever thought she could fly. At last, out of breath, she stopped, but she did not know where; everything was strange, the trees

were so thick and close together, and nothing seemed to be in the least like her old home in the oak tree. It was now far on in the afternoon, the sun was near the west, and the red clouds were gathering round him; the bees and butterflies were flying home, and some of the flowers were beginning to close their eyes and to fall fast asleep. The little robin, perched on the bough of a chesnut tree, saw all these signs of approaching evening, and she knew enough to know that the cold night would soon set in, and that it would be well if she could soon find some kind of a resting place. Her wings, too, were stiff from her long flight, and she was quite ready for any worms, even a thin one, if she could only get it. A chirping sound overhead made her look up; it came from a thrush's nest in one of the branches, where the mother thrush was singing softly to its little children. The sound seemed so homelike, that the little robin took heart and cried out timidly—"Oh! please let me into your nest; I won't take up much room, indeed I won't, and I can't find my way home; and I'm afraid to go, if I knew it."

"Go away," called out the mother thrush, looking down. "Go away, I never encourage beggars. Why didn't you stay at home?" And her voice was so cross and sharp, that the little robin was afraid to answer her, and flew off a little further to a white hawthorn tree.

On one of the boughs was a wren's pretty little nest, and the robin thought how very comfortable it would be if she could only get into a corner of it, put her sleepy little head under her wing, and rest for a while. She perched close beside the nest, and presently out started a little brown head, and a voice cried, "Who's there?" and then a number of smaller brown heads started up, and a number of sharp bright eyes stared the robin in the face, and a number of small voices tried to say, "Who's there?" too.

"Please, please let me in," was all the poor little wanderer could say; for she felt quite ashamed at meeting so many strange curious eyes.

"Let you in indeed!" cried mother wren, indignantly. "A likely story. Why we've barely room for ourselves; it's hard work squeezing and packing, as it is, with this large family I have round me. We must build a larger nest next year. No! no! away with you, young redbreast! we've no room for you, not an inch."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" chirped the poor little bird, as she flew off to one of the boughs of a thick hazel hedge, for she was now so tired that she could not fly high any longer. A nest was in the hedge, and she tapped her beak against the nearest branch, hoping that the birds inside would hear her and look out. So sure enough they did; two heads instantly appeared, and a hoarse, noisy voice called, "Who's that! and what do you want here?"

"It's only me," said the little robin; "and I'm afraid of being out all the night by myself. Would you let me into your nest—only for one night—I'm very small, indeed I am."

The hedge-sparrows burst out into a hoarse noise that sounded like a laugh.

"Not we," they cried; "we've had enough of visitors. That old wretch of a cuckoo came and left two of its plaguing young ones here, and here they are still, eating us out of house and home. We don't want any more visitors, I can tell you, young redbreast, and the sooner you're off the better."

So saying, they put their heads under their wings again, and settled themselves for a comfortable, long sleep. The poor little robin's heart began to sink within her, for the night was coming on fast, and it was beginning to be quite dark. She shivered with terror as she thought of the bats and owls and terrible night monsters that might kill her, or hurt her terribly;

and she was now so cold and stiff that she felt she could not fly fast or far to get out of their way. It seemed as if she was forgotten by every one. All the other little birds had warm nests and good suppers, while she knew not where to find her beautiful nest; and as for her father and mother, they might be miles and miles away. No one cared for her; all the birds seemed to think of their own ease and comfort, not one of hers, poor desolate wanderer; and, perched on a lime bough, she cried bitterly with cold, hunger, and fright. "Oh! if some one would only let me in," she sobbed; "if some one would only let me in."

"What are you doing there? be off, I say, be off," cried an angry voice; and looking up, the little robin saw a large crow's nest high up in the tree. Half dead with fright, she flew away with all speed, for the great black head and the loud harsh voice frightened her out of her wits.

It was now far on in the night; the moon came out now and then, but often a dark cloud hid it from sight, while the stillness and strangeness of everything around struck fear into the poor little bird, and chilled her to the heart. She seemed alone in the wood-world; alone, except when the flapping of owls' wings or the rustling of branches warned her that danger was at hand. Tired and worn out, she hopped along on the grass; but she could not get on fast, for her wings were dragged and wet with dew, and the cold night wind numbed her with its chilly breath. She thought if she could find some long tuft of grass or fern she might creep in and rest a little; but just then a rustling in the hedge close by made her start, and by the moonlight struggling through a cloud she saw, indistinctly, a great bushy thing moving quickly along. It was a fox's tail, and to the little robin it seemed a monstrous frightful apparition, something that was coming upon her, and from which she must escape as she would escape from death. Fear gave her strength, and up, up she flew, never once stopping to take breath; still up, till, panting with fright and weariness, she sank down upon the branch of a tree, her heart beating as if it would burst her pretty red breast. All the birds that lived in this tree seemed to be, greatly to her relief, sound asleep; for as she never thought of finding a friend now, it was something to meet with no enemies. Her bright little eyes were dim with watching and fatigue, and the moon was not out of the cloud yet; but as she looked about again she caught a glimpse of a nest on the next bough. Two birds were there, and awake, too, for she heard them talking to one another—their voices sounded low, and as if they were very sad. What birds could they be? They were not thrushes, nor blackbirds, certainly not crows. They must be robins. Perhaps they would be kind to her because she was a robin. She drew nearer to the nest; the birds inside popped out their heads; they stretched out their necks far, far, still farther, and then they gave one great cry of joy, that made a great many birds wake up, thinking it was morning. The little robin had found her father and mother, and the father and mother had found their little robin: they had been all round the wood looking for her, and at last, after a long search, they had given her up for lost. Now they chirped and twittered over her in the fulness of their delight, and in a minute she was in the nest, covered by their warm wings. So she knew that during all her long wanderings she had been only coming nearer and nearer her safe home; and that though she did not know it at the time, all the scoldings and cross words, that had seemed almost too much to bear, had only made her fly the closer to her father and mother. They all three made a great supper on the big fat worms, and then, wrapped closely together and filled with a great joy, they fell fast asleep, and slept till the sun was far up in the blue sky.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

XI.—MARKETS AND MARKET WOMEN.—PART I.

IN no improvement of late years has Paris made a greater advance over London than in the organization, erection, and management of the public markets. In making this assertion we do not allude to the Islington Cattle Market, but to Covent Garden, Billingsgate, the Borough, Clare Market, and others of the same description. Even in the comparison between the most celebrated of these—Covent Garden—and the corresponding one in Paris, there is something humiliating to us, boasting as we do of our metropolis

of Paris, or less accommodation for the immense amount of business performed in them; now, all is order and cleanliness. The Halles of Paris then were frequently in so disgraceful a state of dirt and neglect as even to threaten a contagion; and it is considered more than probable that the virulence of the first attack of cholera in Paris was aggravated by it. Certainly the effluvia in warm, close weather, spread for a considerable distance around it. The fish market in it—though then transacting not a tithe of the business it does at the present day, when the railroads afford so much facility for bringing fish up to Paris—was disgracefully managed, to a proverb. Miserable sheds covered the stalls of the dealers in poultry, butter, and eggs, under which they were nearly stifled



FRENCH MARKET PEOPLE.

being the richest and most populous in the world. The greatest credit that can be given to Covent Garden is the immense amount of business carried on in spite of its inconvenient locality and restricted space. The new Halle, or Grand Central Market in Paris, with possibly less business transactions in it, is ten times larger and wonderfully more convenient; and the minor markets, that in the Rue St. Honoré especially, are equally in their way to be admired.

The Halles Centrales are quite of modern erection. A harlequin's wand (supposing it to be really endowed with the power it appears to exercise on the stage) could hardly have effected a more wonderful metamorphosis in the aspect of the locality than has been made by the more practical agency of the architect and builder. Prior to the year 1830, greater confusion could hardly have existed than reigned in the Halles

by the heat in summer and almost frozen by the cold in winter. All the marketable produce had to be unpacked in the open air, no matter what the weather might be. At last the nuisance increased to such an extent as to call for the intervention of government. Still, little was done for some time, the Halles seeming to be considered by the authorities as a sort of time-hallowed nuisance; just as our own civic legislators for so many years seem to have regarded Smithfield, till public opinion proved too strong for them, and they were obliged to give way.

It was not till the year 1851 that the reorganization of the Halles Centrales of Paris was fairly taken in hand by the government, and it was in December of the same year that the President of the Republic laid the first stone of the present market buildings. In his speech on the occasion he reminded his auditors

that the work they had that day commenced was one which had been contemplated for more than forty years. He hoped they might all live to see the new building completed; a building which would not only be vast in its proportions, but almost monumental in its designs. "I look," he continued, "upon the work we have here undertaken as a benefit to humanity at large. It ought therefore not to be considered solely as a municipal undertaking. Paris is the centre of France, and in proportion as its organization approaches perfection, so also will its benefits be felt indirectly in all parts of the nation."

The miserable sheds which characterized the old market have now disappeared, and in their place we have the present Halles Centrales; and a magnificent erection they are, well worthy of the fame of the celebrated architects who designed them. The buildings consist of eight pavilions. Their cost has been enormous, and is another proof of the liberality of the Paris municipality when carrying out their improvements. They have already expended on them the enormous sum of twenty-five millions of francs, or a million sterling, and the work is not even yet complete. There are, in fact, nine pavilions, but the last, after it was erected, was found to be of too heavy a design. It was the first built, and it was originally intended that the others should be of the same style, but the dealers complained of it, as excluding to a great extent both light and air. It was condemned, and will soon be pulled down to make room for another of lighter construction. The best description that can be given of this great market is the one to be found in Galignani's excellent work on Paris.

"Each pavilion is one hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred broad. Garden produce, fish, butter, cheese, fowls, game, and butchers' meat, are all sold here. The last pavilions to the west will border on the Halle au Blé, the axis of which coincides with that of the central street which bisects the Halles. The eight existing pavilions are remarkable for lightness of design and good ventilation. Their roofs rest upon three hundred cast iron columns, ten metres in height, and connected by dwarf brick walls. The rest of the space up to the arches is enclosed with blinds of ground glass, encased at their extremities in india-rubber, to allow for dilatation. The flooring is partly of stone flagging and partly of asphalt; the roofing is of zinc, with large skylights over the carriage ways. The pavilions for vegetables, butter, &c., are fitted up with neat stalls; that for fish, with marble slabs on cast iron supports, with an abundant supply of water at command. There are eight electrical clocks over the principal arches, the apparatus being located in the overseer's lodge of the pavilion nearest to the church of St. Eustache. The vaulting is of brick, supported by four hundred and thirty iron columns, forming a curious perspective. Light is admitted through bulls'-eyes. There are wire cages for live poultry; a stone tank, divided into compartments by wire partitions, and provided with a fountain, for the convenience of the fishmongers; besides other necessary contrivances for stowing away provisions and keeping them fresh. Three parallel lines of tramways are to extend from these cellars to a tunnel under the Boulevard Sebastopol, which communicates with the railroad surrounding Paris. By this means provisions will be conveyed to the markets in carts drawn by horses, and by the same conveyance the rubbish and sweepings of the market will be carted away and thrown in through grated trap-doors."

The reader may easily understand from the above description that the Halles Centrales is a magnificent structure, and does great credit to the public spirit of the Parisian authorities. Nor are the arrangements for conducting the business of the market less worthy of praise than the building itself. Fish is sold whole-

sale from 3 a.m. to 9 a.m. in summer, and from 4 a.m. to 9 a.m. in winter; other articles from 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. in summer, and from 7 a.m. to 11 a.m. in winter. There is also a herb market held once a week. Another excellent feature remains to be noticed. To allow the poor to purchase bread (a far more common article of diet with them than with our own poor), a bread market has been instituted, where any baker in the neighbourhood may send his bread for sale, under the condition that its price shall be less than that charged in the shops. This they are enabled to do by avoiding the heavy rent and other expenses which increase the price when sold in shops.

Outside the market, and between it and the church of St. Eustache, is also a market of a totally different description. There a number of small tradesmen have established stalls, and sell their goods at prices varying from two to four sous. These consist of an immense number of articles more or less useful or ornamental; among which a very considerable trade is carried on in specifics for the toothache, and plasters and ointments for corns and bunions. A celebrated dealer in pencils also, a few years back, drove a roaring trade here—the celebrated Manzin. This person, said to have been a man of education, obtained his notoriety by dressing himself in a fantastic manner, and wearing a helmet surrounded with a magnificent plume of feathers. This trick of singularity appears to have stood him in good stead, for it not only served to give éclat to his eloquence, but enabled him to dispose of a greater number of his pencils than he would otherwise have done. The branch of trade carried on in the Halles Centrales which perhaps will appear the most singular to the English reader is that of snails, and the trade seems to be annually increasing. Eight years since more than a million were here sold annually. This dainty, which formerly was sold only in the shops of the herbalist or druggist, has now the honour of having a portion of the Halle allotted to it, beside that for fresh-water fish.

The bustle and animation of the Halles Centrales—if not greater—is certainly more continuous than in any other part of Paris; in fact, it appears never to cease. The business commences at midnight, at which hour loaded carts arrive through all the streets leading to the market, and the eating-houses in the vicinity begin to be filled with customers at an hour when other establishments of the kind are closed all over Paris, with the exception of those in the neighbourhood of the other markets. Before daybreak the business of the Halles commences, and the wholesale department is carried on with great vigour. No sooner is it over than the retail trade begins, and customers from almost all the principal parts of Paris flock to it to make their purchases. The traffic continues with little intermission during the whole of the day, and when it ceases the dealers are occupied in cleansing their compartments and preparing for the next day's business.

In consequence of the abuses which occurred from the cabarets and eating-houses in the neighbourhood of the central Halle being kept open all night, and the number of customers in no way connected with the market who flocked to them frequently causing disturbances and great confusion, the police were called upon to interfere. On investigating the complaints which were made against this irregularity, the police found that not one half of those who frequented these houses were in any way connected with the market. Not only vagabonds who were without a home frequented them, with the double intention of obtaining food and shelter, but persons of a superior grade as well. It was common for young men leaving balls or evening parties to make a practice of finishing the night in these houses; and many of the restaurants had already obtained considerable notoriety for the

excellence of their cooking. M. de Labedellere, in his work on Paris, mentions the fact that one night, on the occasion of a masked ball at the opera, the police noticed, during the space of one hour and a half, that no fewer than six hundred persons took their places round the tables at these cabarets, and of that number not one in ten were employed at the Halles. The result was that permission to keep open house after midnight was withdrawn from many of the proprietors, and the rest were placed under such restrictions as to put a stop to the abuse.

Utility has not been the only object of the municipality of Paris in the improvements of the Halles Centrales and the space surrounding it. They also took into consideration its ornamentation. Around the pavilions is a broad foot pavement planted with trees. The Place des Innocents was formerly the principal cemetery in Paris. In consequence of the immense accumulation of human remains, great fears were entertained that it might breed a pestilence; and by order of government the cemetery was closed, and the bones taken from it were removed to the catacombs, where they have since remained, and the soil was renewed. On a portion of the ground the present markets are built, and the greater part of the remainder has been converted into a handsome garden, which is kept up with great care and skill. There is also a celebrated fountain, known as the Fontaine des Innocents, constructed by Pierre Lescot in 1551, a portion of the sculpture on it having been executed by the celebrated Jean Goujon. He was occupied on the work during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and was carving one of the figures, undisturbed by what was going on around him, when he was shot dead, whether accidentally or with malice prepense is doubtful. Formerly the fountain had only three sides, the fourth having been afterwards added by Pajou.

(To be continued.)

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

V.

OF THE DRONE, OR MALE BEE.—One of the best signs of prosperity, as the spring advances, is the presence of drones in populous hives. The drone is the male bee. There are often as many as 2000 of them in a good stock in the prime of the year. In fine weather they may be seen in large numbers flying about and enjoying themselves. Their life, while it lasts, is a life of pleasure only, for they collect no honey and add nothing to the wealth of the hive. For this reason the bees soon get rid of them, so that by the end of July hardly one is to be seen. But although drones are an idle and selfish folk, and one feels little pity for them when their life closes, there is no greater pleasure to the bee-master than to see their life begin.

OF SWARMING.—*Early drones, early swarms*, is an old saying. In other words, as soon as you see drones look out for swarms. Now has arrived the busiest season of the year and the most interesting to the bee-keeper. When drones appear there ought to be some one always on the watch, between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, or the swarms will be very apt to escape notice and be lost; and as soon as possible after the bees have settled they should be hived. No time indeed should be lost, because they merely settle in order to collect their forces previous to migrating to some hollow tree or other spot which they have already fixed upon for a home. This is especially the case with first swarms, which are invariably led off by the old queen, and are chiefly composed of old bees. Therefore everything requisite for the purpose should be in readiness. As soon as they are well hived let the swarm be put in the place which

it is intended permanently to occupy. Many persons, after hiving a swarm, cover it over with a cloth, and leave it near the spot where the bees settled till the evening; but this is a mistake, for the bees at once begin to work if they like their new hive, and it only disturbs them and checks their industry to move them again to another place.

You may dress your hives, previously to putting swarms into them, with sugar and sweet herbs, but it is not at all necessary. And you may also beat pots and pans to make a noise, if you please; it may serve to tell your neighbours that a swarm is in the air, and thus help you to recover it should it stray beyond your own garden.

Some people try to force their bees to swarm early, by uncovering the hives when the sun shines warmly. This is a very bad plan. The swarm cannot come forth with safety to the stock till the queen is ready; and she is never ready till young queens are coming on in the hive. Not only does a hot sun distress the bees, but it will often kill the young bees inside, and even melt the combs. It is well, however, to put your hives in a warm and sheltered nook, under protection of a wall or hedge. Here you may reasonably expect early swarms.

HOW TO MANAGE SWARMS WITH THE GREATEST PROFIT.—I stated above that it is well to put the swarm, as soon as it is hived, "in the place which it is intended permanently to occupy." This is always good advice. But the question remains, What is that place to be? Your neighbours will tell you to put your swarm on a new stand near the old hive. It is much better, however, to *put it always in the place of the old hive*, and to remove the latter to a new stand at some little distance off, and I will explain why. First of all, by putting the swarms in the place of the old hives you will always have large swarms—however small they may be when first hived—because nearly all the full-grown bees of the old hive will join the swarm. Many of them, under the old plan, always remain with the parent hive; indeed, sometimes the greater number, especially if the swarm happens to issue suddenly when the bees are abroad in the fields. In the next place, and for the same reason, you will seldom have any other swarm from the old hive. Here then you will gain a great advantage, for, as every bee-keeper knows, much swarming does not tend to the production of honey. However strong a stock may be when the middle of May comes, the bees will yield you hardly any honey at all if the hive throws off swarm after swarm. And the more populous the hive the greater danger there is of this excessive swarming under the old plan of management. But by putting the swarm in the place of the parent hive this danger is avoided; only be sure to give a large hive to your swarm, or else it may swarm itself off before the summer is over. Remember then that *one good swarm*, together with the parent stock in a strong and populous condition, will yield more honey than a multitude of swarms and a thinly-peopled old hive. For it is plain that in the former case there will be more bees to spare for honey-gathering than in the latter, where the bees will be necessarily occupied in attending to the nursery requirements of so many more queens.

The second swarm generally rises about the ninth day after the first swarm; sometimes, if the weather is unfavourable, it may be delayed for a week or ten days later. If, after all precautions, a second swarm should unfortunately arise, you cannot do better than you did before, namely, put the swarm in the old hive's place, and remove the latter to another stand. But this will rarely be necessary. Let me here remind you, however, in every case to put the swarm *immediately you have hived it* in the old stock's place.

P.V.M.F.

THE WAGES QUESTION.

* * The following letter on the article in our number for June 29th, concerning the "Wages Question," is from the pen of a gentleman who has for many years been familiar with the great industrial and co-operative movements which have taken place among the artisan class of our population, and who has recently given evidence before the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into Trades Unions.



IR.—Whilst I admire the good-will and kind intentions of Mr. Bonamy Price, I must say that I cannot see anything approaching to a settlement of the differences of opinion existing on the wages question in the paper which appeared in the 26th No. of your very excellent magazine. For a long time it has been admitted that "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work"—could the just relationship of these two things be fixed—would be most desirable. When, however, the various trades and professions in which men engage themselves are looked at, individual powers and aptitudes

examined, and demand and supply considered, it will be seen that any strict settlement as to quantity of work or amount of service, and the individual reward to be apportioned to either, is altogether out of the question.

Neither can masters nor men be asked to treat each other on grounds other than those of self-interest, although it is highly desirable that each class should take a wise and generous, and not a narrow or selfish view of what is permanently best for the promotion of its interests. Workmen as a rule will not give up any portion of their wages willingly, or simply because they may be told that the masters' profits are diminishing. It would be most unreasonable to look for such a thing, seeing that they have no means of knowing what the scale of an employer's profits are. Nor would it be less unreasonable to ask an employer to forego his profits, out of a desire to increase the household comforts of those in his employment. There are cases no doubt where masters and men refrain from taking every advantage they might take of each other, and it is a pity that such cases are not more common than they are. There is no use however in expecting that this should be the rule. That which prevails is perhaps upon the whole sounder and better, if worked in a wiser and more kindly spirit than we see at the present day so commonly exhibited.

What we call wages is simply the money value of the commodity taken by the working man to market, and called labour. Its value in the fields of Hampshire or Wiltshire is one shilling and sixpence a day; in the workshops of London or Lancashire it is sometimes seven or eight shillings a day. Nobody blames the southern farmer for not giving more than his neighbours, nor does anybody praise the London or Lancashire employer for paying so much as he does; as each pays simply the market value of the kind of article he wants in the market where he has to make his purchase. If labour is unskilled and over-abundant its price is low; if highly-skilled and scarce a high price has to be paid for it. The trades union so much talked about is simply a system of arrangement amongst the sellers of labour, whereby they keep the surplus of their commodity out of the market, and prevent such competition that would bring down its price. A strike is a demand by common consent amongst the members of any of these trades unions for a price higher than the current rate, or a general refusal on the part of the sellers to take a lower rate when offered by the buyers; and so long as masters and men keep within the law in carrying out their several arrangements for the promotion of their separate interests, it would be wrong to interfere with them.

The manufacturer of every article, before he can take the produce of his workshop or factory to market, must purchase first the raw material; then the necessary labour. If his balance at his banker's is low, or his contracts badly made, or

his competitors in the market too strong to be successfully contended against, he never thinks of going to the man from whom he has to purchase his raw material, and demanding an abatement of his charge because his personal exigencies required it. He would be laughed at if he did so. But it is not at all an uncommon thing to demand a reduction in the price of labour on grounds such as these. If trade leave the country in favour of some foreign rival, or if the cost of production checks demand, prices must recede and the wages of labour diminish. But on the contrary, if demand increases faster than the means of supply, either through increased wealth on the part of the general body of consumers, or through an extensive emigration to America or elsewhere on the part of the working producers, prices will advance. The law by which this ebb and flow is made inevitable cannot be set aside or reversed; it had better therefore be recognized and acknowledged, and the proceedings of masters and men made to accord with it. What is really needed is a more thorough understanding than now exists, penetrated by a profounder respect for each other, between employers and employed. A system of arbitration which brought the best intentioned and most intelligent from both sides together, even though it were not a perfect success, would do much. Friendly contact would enable employers when trade was brisk to meet the demands of the men by anticipation in a reasonable way, as it would also enable the men to find out when trade was in such a condition as to make demands for increased wages undesirable and impolitic. The knowledge when to strike would secure victory to the men, as not knowing when not to strike brings defeat. But this knowledge once acquired, would convince them that strikes are always undesirable, and that a settlement of differences by negotiation and arbitration, in a friendly way, would have all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of an ordinary strike or lock-out.

Industrial partnerships, where the working men have an interest beyond mere wages, now in successful operation in several parts of the kingdom, are a vast stride in the right direction, and to these no doubt the workmen and employers of England will in time feel their way. In the mean time it is satisfactory to know that every year brings an improved spirit into these old contests, which, not so long since, were full of hatred and violence; and however I may differ from Mr. Price in certain of his positions, I entirely agree with him when he pleads for mutual forbearance and a kindlier consideration from both sides as to each other's necessities and requirements.

L. J.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

MUCH misery arises from the fact that people who have understanding, culture, and some talent, esteem themselves as more endowed, more highly-gifted mortals than others; and hence allow themselves the right of disregarding ordinary barriers and stepping beyond the circumscribed sphere of duty allotted to them.

TRUE wisdom directs us, when we can, to turn even evils into good: we must take men as we find them and try to make the best of them.

SOME real lives do—for certain days or years—actually anticipate the happiness of heaven; and, I believe, if such perfect happiness is once felt by good people (to the wicked it never comes), its sweet effect is never wholly lost. Whatever trials follow, whatever pains of sickness or shades of death, the glory precedent still shines through, cheering the keen anguish and tinging the deep cloud. I will go further. I do believe there are some human beings so born, so reared, so guided from a soft cradle to a calm and late grave, that no excessive suffering attends them on the journey. And often these are not pampered, selfish beings, but nature's elect, harmonious and benignant; men and women mild with charity, kind agents of God's kind attributes. But it is not so for all. What then? His will be done, as done it surely will be, whether we humble ourselves to resignation or not.—*Charlotte Brontë*.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERT EVANS PROPOSES FOR HIS COUSIN'S HAND.

WHEN Robert and his cousin had arrived within a few hundred yards of the old lady's house, Maria told him he must go no farther, as she was afraid he might be seen. He inquired at what time she would be likely to return, as he would wait about the neighbourhood, so as to be able to escort her home. To this

she objected, as the old lady always sent the servant with her to the coach; and, although the latter was a good-natured creature, and perfectly in Maria's interest, still she was thoughtless and talkative, and, without any unkind intention, if she saw any one speak to her she might mention the circumstance to her mistress. Robert, after some demur, submitted to her wishes, and wended his way slowly and thoughtfully homewards. That night he slept but little. Not only was he much

surprised at the accidental discovery that Maria was his cousin, but he was now so fully in love with her that he determined to write to her the next morning offering her his hand. For some hours his mind was occupied on the manner he would frame his letter; not that he had any very great doubt as to the success of his suit, but, being unaccustomed to a composition of the kind, he wished to accomplish it in such a way as would not make him appear ridiculous in Maria's eyes, and which yet should be warm and persuasive enough. In spite of all his cogitations, he could not frame it to his satisfaction, so he wisely resolved to put off all further consideration of it till the morning, when he would be able to undertake it with a clear brain, and then be enabled to judge better of its merits.

The next day he rose early, and as soon as the men had gone to their work, and Mr. Murphy had left the office to attend to some building operations in which he was especially interested, Robert began his letter. It was somewhat short; nothing inflated, but strictly to the point. He informed Maria that he had greatly admired her the first day he had seen her, and that his admiration for her had increased each successive time he had met her. He had frequently wished to make her an offer, but that he hardly knew how it would be received, and that he had a great dread of a refusal. Their rencontre the day before, and the discovery of the relationship which existed between them, had at last decided him. If she would accept him, he faithfully promised he would do all in his power to make her happy. He conscientiously believed he should be able to make her a good husband. He was happy to say his worldly affairs were such as would insure her every comfort, and if his business continued to prosper and increase in the manner it had done during the last few years, he might add, many luxuries as well. He concluded by stating that he thought it would be better to make her the offer in writing, as he otherwise might have experienced some difficulty in speaking with her on the subject without exciting suspicion at the house of business, and that he hoped shortly to receive from her a favourable answer to his application.

As there would be sufficient work for him to attend to at home for some days, he abstained from visiting the house at which his cousin was engaged till she had sent him her answer. At last it came, and if it did not contain the positive acceptance of his offer, at least it was worded in such a way as proved to him that in the end all would terminate favourably. She admitted that she was much pleased at the receipt of his letter, as well as much flattered at an offer of the kind coming from a person in his position. She further acknowledged that she had heard him most favourably spoken of by everybody who knew him. She did not state who they were, nor was he aware she was acquainted with any one of his friends; but, at the moment of reading the letter, he was by no means hypercritically inclined. Still, she continued, it was necessary that they should know more of each other before she gave him a decided answer. In the meantime she should be happy to consider him as a friend, and if the next Sunday afternoon he should have no better occupation, she would be happy to walk with him to Clapton, and they could then talk over the matter more at their leisure. She concluded by advising him not to speak to any one, otherwise, if it came to the old lady's ears, a stop would be put immediately to the whole affair, as she was still as prejudiced against him and his family as ever.

Slight as was Robert Evans' experience in matters of the kind, he had but little difficulty in perceiving that his suit was all but accepted. He now rapidly went on with the alterations of the house in Bishopsgate Street, superintending them with so much zeal as to call forth the warm commendations of the proprietor, who little imagined the cause of his punctual attendance. Robert had now frequent opportunities of meeting his cousin, and he endeavoured on these occasions to carry out the advice she had given him, not to let others know of his intentions. Whether he altogether succeeded is another affair. Probably he did not as thoroughly as he could have wished. There were several other young ladies in the house besides his cousin, and it would have been strange indeed if some of them, with the natural acuteness of their sex in matters of the kind, did not guess what was going forward. If so, they kept the secret to themselves so perfectly that the proprietors of the shop had not the slightest suspicion on the subject. Robert was, on more than one occasion, on the point of making Mrs. Murphy (from whom he rarely concealed anything, and who was frequently in the habit of advising him to marry), the confidante of his love affair; but he had sufficient resolution to abstain from it, resolving that he would do so after he had again escorted his cousin on her road to Clapton, and then, if she offered no further objection, he would let his adopted mother into the secret.

Sunday at last arrived, and great indeed were the efforts Robert Evans made to set himself off to the greatest advantage. To do him justice, he fully succeeded; for a handsomer young fellow than he then appeared it would be difficult to meet with. Moreover, he had dressed himself in excellent taste, so much so, indeed, as to call forth the warm praise of Mrs. Murphy, who happened to see him before he left the house. He had scarcely quitted her before she became somewhat suspicious of the reason for his taking so much pains in his dress. Although he was always scrupulously neat in his person, it was evident to her that he had, on that occasion, taken far more care in his costume and appearance than was his wont. In a short time she came to the conclusion that her adopted son was enamoured of some damsel, but of whom she could not imagine. She now began to be very uneasy, or, at any rate, anxious on the subject. Strongly as she wished to see him married, it was only to some young woman of respectable family, and whose character for steadiness was irreproachable. She knew Robert well enough to be aware that none other would have any attractions for him; still she perceived the possibility of his being deceived by some artful creature, who for the purpose of entrapping him might wear an appearance of respectability which did not belong to her. The subject continued to haunt her the whole of the day; and her anxiety was further increased by the last words Robert had said to her when he left her—not to wait dinner for him, for he could not say at what hour he should be back.

His cousin Maria, on her side, was from the time she opened her eyes in the morning in a state of great nervous agitation. True, she endeavoured to conceal the feeling from the others, but with scant success. The air of indifference she tried to wear was easily seen through by the sharp eyes which watched her movements: still they could only suspect, for Maria would say nothing. They joked her about the extreme

care she was taking with her toilet, and asked her whose peace of mind she was bent on destroying; but Maria only laughed, without making any verbal reply. Her young friend who generally accompanied her to church, and sat with her in the same pew, and with whom she was habitually on terms of great intimacy, was not more successful than the others, although by every means in her power she attempted to make herself mistress of Maria's secret. Finding she could not succeed by legitimate means, she kept up an incessant surveillance upon her during the whole of the service; but fortunately, as it happened, although Robert was present in the church he was unable to obtain a seat in sight of Maria, and all the inquisitive damsel could discover was that her friend looked about her far more than was her wont, as if expecting to see some one who was not present. When the service was over Robert Evans left the church, as Maria had advised, without being seen, and discreetly waited for his sweetheart to join him on the road.

Although the time in reality was but short before Maria overtook her lover, to Robert's impatient anxiety it seemed hours; in fact, at one time he began to fear that something had happened to detain her at home. His alarm, however, at last subsided, for he saw Maria approaching him. Never, in his eyes, had she appeared so attractive. She was well dressed, and the excitement of the occasion had given a flush of health to the ordinarily pallid complexion of a girl shut up in a house of business for six days out of the seven. Her eye was more animated than usual, and the smile on her somewhat sedate, placid countenance became her admirably. Robert, after the few first sentences of meeting were over, offered her his arm, and they continued their road together. They were certainly a very handsome couple, and many were the remarks made on them, and often did those who had passed them involuntarily turn round to have another glance at them. But neither Maria nor her lover took the slightest heed of the remarks uttered, or the admiring looks cast on them, so perfectly were they absorbed in each other. The conversation between them soon became animated. Evans pressed his suit with all the eloquence he was master of, and the feigned objections of Maria soon gave way under the force of his arguments. He pleaded the great love he had for her, which dated from the first moment he saw her, to which she replied she could not imagine what he could see in her to attract his attention. There were several other young ladies in the shop, she said, who were far better looking than she was. There was Miss Jones, for example, with the black ringlets and dark eyes; she would have made a far better match for him, their complexions would have suited so well together; in fact, she thought her remarkably like him. Then there was Miss Watkins, who had such a beautiful figure that nobody could come into the shop without noticing it. Why had he not taken a fancy to her?

To these objections Robert replied that the charms of the two young ladies she had mentioned put together did not, in his opinion, come up to half of hers. He added many other compliments of a similar description, all very gratifying to the damsel, although she pretended not to believe them, but which, if recorded here, might appear to be very vapid and silly. In fact, love seemed to throw a charm over the whole conversation, and gave to very senseless expressions an importance

and beauty which the lovers themselves would have failed to discover had they heard them spoken by any other two individuals. It would be a useless waste of time to detain the reader longer on the subject. Suffice it to say that, at last, Maria ceased her simulated objections, for she had never for a moment really intended them, and the cousins became betrothed to each other.

The conversation now took another and more reasonable turn. They spoke of their future prospects, and the manner their plans should be conducted. Robert explained his affairs to her, and his perfect capability, in a pecuniary point of view, of maintaining a wife. He suggested that his means were sufficiently good to set Mrs. Gibbons and her prejudices at once at defiance. To this Maria demurred. Flattered as she was at the offer Robert had made her, she had yet sufficient good sense not to set prudence altogether aside. Besides, considering Mrs. Gibbons's infirm state of health, as well as her great age, for she was between eighty and ninety, she could not live long; and in spite of all that Maria had suffered from the old woman's avarice and ill-temper, there was still some remnant of feeling for a person in whose house she had lived since her childhood. The argument she thought it best to use with Robert, however, was the prudential one. Would it be right, she asked, to sacrifice, unnecessarily, an advantage to which no one living could prefer so good a claim as themselves? True, Mrs. Gibbons often threatened she would leave the whole of her property to some charitable institution, but there was little danger of that. No one had ever known her give a shilling to the poor, and there was no reason to believe she would become charitable now.

Anxious as he was to possess Maria as his wife, Robert Evans was obliged to admit the force of her arguments. After all, he considered, that the time he might have to wait before Mrs. Gibbons' death occurred would not be longer than that which propriety required for an ordinary courtship, and, though with some sorrow, he agreed to wait for some few months longer. Maria now again urged on him the necessity of keeping their betrothal a secret from all, for if the slightest suspicion of it should reach the old lady's ears the result would be very unpleasant to them both. Robert promised to follow her advice, with one exception. He requested permission to inform Mrs. Murphy of their secret, and also to introduce Maria to her. To this, however, Maria, for some time, strongly demurred, probably having some doubts of Mrs. Murphy's capability to keep the secret. "After all, Robert," she said, "she may not like me, and then she will speak of it out of sheer spite. You don't know old women as well as I do."

"You do not know my mother," was Robert's reply, "or you would be certain there would be nothing to fear from her. She is a good, kind, amiable soul, and I am sure she has my happiness more at heart than her own. Any one I may love I am sure she will love. She will also love you, Maria, for your own sake, when she comes to know you—of that I am sure, for she could not do otherwise. Now, make yourself perfectly easy on the subject. I shall tell her all, and you must contrive to get away some evening next week, that I may introduce you to her. You see I intend having a little of my own way before marriage, whatever may be my luck afterwards."

Maria, possibly pleased at the well-placed flattery concealed in her lover's remarks, withdrew her objections, and promised to obtain leave of absence for some evening in the ensuing week to be introduced to Mrs. Murphy.

Robert then went into a somewhat lengthy narrative of his connections with the Murphys. He described their kindness to his poor mother on her death-bed, and the care and affection they had bestowed on him when he was a helpless orphan. How they, though only an operative carpenter and his wife, had adopted him as their son, and, out of their limited means, not only provided him with food and raiment, but had placed him in the way of receiving a respectable education as well. How their kindness to him had indirectly been the means of improving their own circumstances, by finding them customers who would have remained unknown to them had it not been for the reputation they had acquired by their benevolence. He further told her how, when he had left school, Mr. Murphy had taught him his trade, and the manner they had worked on together till they had entered into partnership, and the success which had afterwards attended all their speculations. That, from at first gaining little more than their daily bread, they had at last become substantial tradesmen, well looked on and respected by all who knew them. "You will find Murphy," he continued, "a somewhat rough, but very kindhearted, honourable man. His wife, I am sure, you will love. A more tender or affectionate mother man never had than I have found in her. I do not mean to say she is altogether what you would term 'a lady;' but still, she is so little removed from one, that you will have some difficulty in perceiving the difference. At any rate, you will find her kind and hospitable; and if you should happen to remark any trifling defects in her, I am sure you will look over them, out of kind feeling to me."

Maria readily promised she would do so. At the same time she could not help drawing a comparison between the good Samaritans into whose hands Robert had fallen, and the happy life he had led with them, and the miserable subjection she had herself been under for so many years.

The lovers conversed on in this manner till they had nearly arrived in sight of Mrs. Gibbons' house, when they stopped, as Maria did not wish the old lady, who would probably be seated at the window, to see her in company with Robert. Their leave-taking was somewhat of the longest. Before it had ended, Robert again proposed to remain in the neighbourhood till her visit was over; but Maria would not listen to the suggestion, and Robert obeyed her, returning home alone in as happy a frame of mind as it was possible for mortal to enjoy.

Robert Evans' return at so early an hour caused Mrs. Murphy no little surprise. As soon as he was seated in the parlour she attentively examined his countenance, to judge, if possible, whether his suit had been a successful one, as she had fully come to the conclusion that he had been on a courting expedition. At first she was somewhat in doubt, for although he was in good spirits, she imagined she detected an expression of anxiety on his face, which possibly only arose from the fatigue he had undergone in walking to Clapton and back. After he had taken some refreshment, however, the expression vanished. He continued chatting with her and her husband till it

was time for evening service, which she always made a point of attending, when Robert gallantly offered to escort her to church, Mr. Murphy, who was suffering from a severe cold, remaining at home. Mrs. Murphy, of course, gladly accepted Robert's invitation, and the pair started off together. When the service was over and they had returned to the house, they found Mr. Murphy had gone to bed, so his wife and Robert sat down to supper together. Their meal over, they remained for some moments in silence, which was broken by Robert saying—

"Mother, I have a secret to tell you which I think will greatly surprise you."

"What is it, my dear?"

"I am in love, and going to be married," said Robert, trying not to look sheepish.

"Why did you not tell me of it before, Robert?" said Mrs. Murphy, with a slight touch of reproach in her tone.

"Because I was not altogether certain of it myself till this afternoon," was Robert's reply; "so I hope you will admit I have not kept it long from you."

"Certainly not, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, now completely pacified; "and who may the young lady be?"

"She is one of the young ladies I saw at Mr. Watson's—the person at whose house we are making the alterations in Bishopsgate Street."

"You surely don't mean to say it's one of the young women who serve in the shop?" said Mrs. Murphy, with much sorrow in her tone, for the estimation in which she held her adopted son made her believe that he had only to make an offer to any one to be accepted, no matter how high the lady might be in the social scale.

"Indeed I do, mother," replied Robert; "what have you to say against it?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Murphy, in a tone which clearly proved she had a great deal to say. She remained silent for some moments, and then continued, rather sharply—"And, pray, how did you get acquainted with her?"

"Why, as I told you before, by meeting her at the house."

"Do you know anything of her?"

"Yes, a great deal. She is good, handsome, and intelligent, and will make me an excellent wife. Come, come, don't look so serious about it, mother, for I am sure you'll be very fond of her."

"You seem to have found out all about her in a very short time," was Mrs. Murphy's somewhat sarcastic rejoinder.

"But I have not yet told you all I have found out about her," said Robert, determined not to notice the old lady's ill-humour, knowing perfectly well it would soon vanish. "I have also discovered that she is my own cousin."

"Your cousin!" said Mrs. Murphy, greatly surprised. "I didn't know you had one."

"Yes, the daughter of my mother's sister. She is the little girl I saw at Mrs. Gibbons's when I went there the day after our arrival in London."

"You don't mean to say, Robert," said Mrs. Murphy, with strong indignation in her tone, "you would marry into the family who treated your poor mother so shamefully? I never could have believed it of you." and here the good soul burst into a violent flood of tears.

Robert now rose from his chair to console her. He first kissed her affectionately, and then said—

"Now listen, dear mother, to reason. Maria was not to blame in the matter; and, more than that, no one could have been more unjustly treated than she has been by that old woman. When a child, her life was one of perfect misery. When older, and after the old man's death, his widow made almost a servant of her; and, when she thought she could do without her, she turned her out of the house to get her own living. She told her, however, that she might come every Sunday to see her; and although Maria has but little pleasure in her visits, she thought it would be only prudent as well as humane not to neglect her, especially as she had no other relative in the world. I assure you, mother, that Maria has no more sympathy with her character than you or I have. You have no reason to object to her on that account. You see, things are not so bad after all. Come now, dry up your tears, and don't be angry with me any longer."

Mrs. Murphy now dried her eyes, and prepared to listen with greater patience to Robert's arguments. To say the truth, there was rather a conflict of ideas in the good woman's brain. She could not support the thought of Robert's ever being on good terms with Mrs. Gibbons, whom she cordially detested; still her innate worldly wisdom pointed out to her that Robert, after all, was not about to make so bad a match as she had imagined. After a few moments' consideration, she said—

"But tell me, my dear, how it can be brought about. I have too good an opinion of you to believe that, even for a moment, you would be on speaking terms with that old wretch; and, on her part, I am sure she would never consent to the match. I would do anything I could for your happiness, and you know it; and I would willingly receive your wife as my own child, whoever she might be."

"Don't imagine, mother, that I would ever speak to Mrs. Gibbons on any consideration whatever; even if she would see me, which is not at all probable, except to abuse me. No, our courtship must be carried on without her knowing it; and Maria also wishes it may be kept a secret among ourselves, that it may not by any chance get to the old woman's ears, who would never speak to her again if she knew it, so intense is the hatred, I understand, she still bears to my poor mother. From all I hear, Mrs. Gibbons cannot live long. She is dreadfully infirm, and, with the exception of her mind, which is still as active and as wicked as ever, she is almost helpless; so, in all probability, we shall not have to wait long for her death."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, now greatly mollified, "when she goes, it will be no loss to any one. When will Maria come here? for I am anxious to see her. She need not fear that Murphy and I will receive her unkindly."

"She promised me she would ask for leave to spend the evening out some day next week, most probably Tuesday. However, she will send me a note to-morrow, and then we shall know for certain. Now, you tell Mr. Murphy all about it, like a good soul, as you are. I don't like doing so myself, as a man looks so foolish when telling anything of the kind to another."

Mrs. Murphy laughed, and promised she would inform her husband all about it, and at the same time bind him over to secrecy. Shortly afterwards she and Robert parted for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

ROBERT INTRODUCES HIS COUSIN TO HIS FAMILY.



HE next day Robert received a letter from his cousin, informing him that she had obtained the leave of absence she had applied for; and that she proposed

spending the evening with Mrs. Murphy on the following Tuesday, if he thought her visit would

be received in a friendly manner. She also begged of him, if he had occasion to call at her house, not to attempt to talk to her, as the other young ladies evidently suspected that something was going forward, and were very curious to know the rights of the matter. She also requested he would not meet her on the road on Tuesday, as it was very likely some one connected with the firm might accidentally see them. To Maria's letter, Robert replied that Mrs. Murphy had commissioned him to say she would be most happy to receive her as her future daughter; and as to the rest of her letter, though he would obey her, at the same time he considered her no better than a little tyrant, who wished to have her own way before marriage as well as after.

The Tuesday evening arrived, and Mrs. Murphy made great preparations to receive her future daughter-in-law. She took especial pains with her dress on the occasion, as she had heard from Robert, that Maria, though neat in her toilet, was always dressed in excellent taste. To do Mrs. Murphy justice, when she made her appearance, she looked remarkably well. She was attired in a handsome and well-made black silk dress, almost destitute of ornament, and looked in every respect a lady-like matron. For her time of life, both her face and her figure were attractive. She was certainly somewhat inclined to be stout, but not so much so as to be heavy; while her face, which was set off by a very neat cap, had something remarkably intelligent and pleasing in it. Even Mr. Murphy, to do honour to the occasion, had taken great pains with his get up; but he was hardly as successful as his wife. In his every-day dress he looked the substantial well-to-do tradesman, but in his stiff, starched, white cravat he seemed hardly at-home, and certainly somewhat miserable. Robert looked well, possibly never better; and if Maria, when she saw him, held the same opinion of his appearance as Mrs. Murphy, she must have been well content with her lover.

All being in readiness, the family seated themselves in the drawing-room to await Maria's arrival; the tea things ready displayed upon the table, and the kettle singing on the hob. Presently her knock was heard at the door, and the maid servant (who also seemed to have considered it her duty to make herself smarter than usual, and had, with that intent, inserted some showy ribbons in her cap) ran to open the door; and Robert also left the drawing-room to receive her. Presently he re-entered with Maria, somewhat agitated,

leaning on his arm. Mrs. Murphy rose to meet her, and, after kissing her affectionately, held her for a moment at arm's length, looking at her attentively the while. She then kissed her again, and led her to a chair, while Mr. Murphy shook her warmly by the hand, and told her how pleased he was to see her. Poor Maria, on her part, was so overcome by her reception, that she could hardly speak; but Mrs. Murphy, with womanly tact, soon put her at her ease. Rising again from her chair, and advancing towards Maria, she said—"Let me take off your bonnet, my dear; I want to see if you look as well without it as with it, and if so, I shall be perfectly contented with Robert's choice." So saying, she unloosened the bonnet strings, and then, after a glance at Maria's face, she gave her an approving kiss, and placing the bonnet on the sofa, resumed her seat. This little manoeuvre completely dispelled the momentary embarrassment Maria had been under. The tear which had gathered in her eye disappeared, and a smile of happiness supplied its place on her countenance. Everything now went on smoothly enough, and what trifling diffidence remained, a well-made cup of tea completely absorbed.

After the tea things were removed, the conversation was carried on with perfect ease on all sides, and as Maria became better known to her host and hostess the better they liked her; while she began, on her part, to entertain a warm friendship for them in return. In the course of the evening Robert asked her how her visit to Olapton, on the previous Sunday, had passed off. "Oh, I had nothing whatever to complain of," was Maria's reply; "on the contrary, Mrs. Gibbons tried all in her power to make herself agreeable. I could not at the time understand it, but since I have found out the reason. She has written me a letter," she continued, taking one from her pocket, "and I will read it to you, if you please."

Of course, all expressed a wish to hear the contents of the letter, and Maria, after unfolding it, commenced reading it. To the surprise of the whole party, it was worded in the most affectionate manner, and remarkably well written, for the old lady had still unimpaired the use of her right hand and arm. She stated that she began to feel the infirmities of age weigh heavily upon her, and that she occasionally felt severely her solitary condition. Maria was, she continued, the only relative she had in the world, as well as the only being she loved; and although a slight misunderstanding had arisen between them, she had, on her part, no wish that it should continue. She would therefore propose that a reconciliation should take place between them, and, if Maria had no objection, she could leave her situation as soon as she pleased, and for the future live with her, and that she trusted they should never again be separated.

The letter caused the greatest surprise to all the party, and they remained for some minutes silent. At length Maria continued—

"Now, I know perfectly well the reason of her having written that letter. It is far less out of kind feeling to me (although to a certain extent that may be mingled with it) than for her own convenience. She begins to find that she requires far more attention than can be afforded her by her one servant, and it will be a greater economy for her to have me with her, without remuneration, than to engage another. At the same time, I believe she is aware that she cannot live long, and perhaps she thinks it would not be amiss

to quit the world attended in her last moments by some one connected with her."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Murphy, "it is time for her to make herself liked by some one, for she appears to have spent a long life in making others miserable. What do you intend doing, my dear?"

"On that subject I wanted to consult you and Robert. For my own part, I should be much better pleased to remain as I am. She speaks civilly enough in her letter, but I know she intends her invitation to be in the light of an order. Now, tell me what you advise, and I will do exactly as you wish."

"But if you go there," said Robert, "I shall never have an opportunity of seeing you. Of course, I could never go into her house, even if she would allow me, after her behaviour to my poor mother."

"There is no danger of her permitting anything of the kind," said Maria, laughing; "so make yourself perfectly easy on that score. But if I accept her offer I mean to take higher ground with her than I have hitherto done. I will tell her at the commencement that since I quitted her house I have formed some agreeable acquaintances, and that I promised I would occasionally spend a day with them. Possibly at first she may demur to an arrangement of the kind; but I will contrive to make myself so useful to her in her present infirm condition, that she will be afraid to quarrel with me, unless under some gross provocation, such, for example," she continued, turning to Robert, "as having the honour of your acquaintance, and other misdemeanours of the same kind."

"Besides you know you can write as often as you like," said Mrs. Murphy, who began to be somewhat dazzled at the prospect of her adopted son marrying an heiress. "She cannot hinder you from doing that."

"I am not altogether certain about that," said Maria: "you little know the suspicious disposition of Mrs. Gibbons, and the cunning she will show, infirm as she is, in carrying out anything she wishes. Before Robert writes to me at her house I must see how it can be managed without its coming to her knowledge. Perhaps it may be arranged after all, but it will require great caution, I can assure you."

A silence of some minutes now ensued, which was broken by Robert Evans.

"After all," he said, "I do not like the idea of your returning to that old woman's house, Maria. That I should like you to inherit her property is true, but my aversion to your receiving either insult or annoyance at her hands is still greater."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Murphy, "there could be no objection in her trying the experiment for a week or so. If Maria finds she can take a higher position with her than she has hitherto done, perhaps it would be as well for her to remain with the old woman for a short time longer, just to see how things go on. But take my advice, my dear (for I know what the old lady is made of), and determine from the beginning that you will not be put upon, and it is very likely you may get your own way in the end. She may put herself in a passion or two at first, but keep your own temper, and do not irritate her beyond quietly insisting on having your own way. Old women like her are more puzzled by quiet determination than by any amount of squabbling. Remember that if you are no match for the passionate old woman in abuse, it is more likely you will be more than her match the other way. Now, I would advise you to begin by saying you will have a

holiday every week. It is better to commence at once. Tell her as soon as you see her that you have promised to spend this day week with some friends; and do not let anything she may say alter your determination. Now will you make me that promise?"

Maria readily agreed to the proposition, determining to make it a proof to Mrs. Gibbons that she would have a greater amount of liberty allowed her than she had been accustomed to when formerly an inmate of her house. It was further resolved that in case Maria found the old lady refuse to modify her habitual tyrannical conduct, she should then leave her altogether.

The conversation continued in the same strain till it was time for Maria to think of leaving. At last it was arranged that she should accept Mrs. Gibbons' proposition, and enter on her new duties as soon as possible. After a very affectionate leave-taking, Maria quitted the house, and Robert Evans escorted her home. Mrs. Murphy sat up till his return, which was so late that she began to think he and Maria must either have lost their way or that their pace must have been a remarkably leisurely one. The latter supposition was the true one, for they had so much to talk about; and it is more than probable that Maria received a lecture the next morning on the propriety of young ladies in a house of business returning home at a sufficiently early hour to preclude the possibility of the other employées making unpleasant remarks, or offering a bad precedent for others to follow.

(To be continued.)

HOW THEY MAKE SOVEREIGNS.



HE operations of coining, as pursued at the Royal Mint, are among the most beautiful presented by any branches of manufacture, owing to the extreme accuracy required in the quality, size, shape, weight, and device of the coins. The difference between the gold, silver, and copper coins rather lies in the value of the metal than in the process of coining. The various steps by which a sovereign is produced may there-

fore conveniently be taken to represent the whole art of coining.

Gold is sent from the Bank of England to the Mint in the form of ingots, each weighing about 180 ounces. These ingots have been previously tested by the Bank assayer, and they now undergo a similar process by the Mint assayer, in order to ascertain exactly in what measure each particular ingot differs from the standard of absolute purity. As pure gold would be too soft for coins, a little silver or copper (usually the latter) is added to harden it; the regular proportion for *standard* or *sterling* gold being that every twenty-four parts of standard shall contain twenty-two of pure gold and two of alloy.

The total quantity of gold and alloy, in these proportions, is first divided into lots of 1200 ounces, for the purpose of being melted down into bars of standard gold. The melting pots in which this is effected are made of a mixture of Stourbridge clay and plumbago, or black-lead, and are about nine inches deep by seven inches across the mouth. Each pot or crucible is made white-hot in a highly-heated furnace; the ingots and the alloy are introduced, and the melting takes place. The moulds into which the molten metal is poured are made of upright iron bars, temporarily held together

by clamps and screws. About sixteen of these moulds are placed side by side in a frame, and four pots of molten gold fill them all. When the gold has slightly cooled, the moulds are taken to pieces and the bars of gold liberated.

We have now bars of standard gold. The workman seizes each bar with a kind of tongs, and plunges it into cold water, to expedite the cooling; after which the bars are stamped with certain letters and figures, and two assay-pieces are cut from each. The bars are 24 inches long, 1.375 inches broad, and one inch thick for making sovereigns; those for other coins, whether gold, silver, or copper, differ in dimensions. The two assay-pieces from each bar are sent to two assayers, one to each, and are by them subjected to a most scrupulous process of assaying or analysis, to determine whether the proper share of alloy, neither more nor less, has been mixed with the gold. The assayers give in their report to the master of the Mint, and if he is satisfied the master-melter is considered to have done his duty, and the bars are passed into the hands of the weighers. The balance used at the Mint for weighing standard gold bars is so delicate, and at the same time so strong, that it will turn with one single grain when loaded with a thousand ounces. Each bar, when weighed, is passed through a *breaking-down mill*, by which two steel rollers so compress it as to lessen the thickness—at the same time increasing the length but not the width. Seven times over is this done, the rollers being brought closer together each time. The gold being made hard by this rolling, each elongated bar is cut into portions of eighteen inches long each; and these portions, when annealed by heating and cooling, are called *fillets*. The fillets are rolled again and again until they are 0.117 of an inch thick; then transferred to another mill, and then to another, until at length they are brought very accurately to 1.829 inches wide by 0.053 thick—that is, rather less than two inches wide and one nineteenth of an inch thick. Not only thus, but there are even still other delicate machines used, to assure that every fillet shall be exactly of the same thickness in every part, even to the thousandth of an inch; and then there is a process of drawing, something like wire-drawing.

At length, after a long series of rollings and testings, weighings and gaugings, the fillets are cut up into blanks or circular pieces each for one sovereign. This is effected by means of cutting-out presses, of which there are twelve at the Mint. A workman pushes the fillet underneath a cutting punch, which descends and cuts out a circular piece; and this is repeated until as many blanks are obtained as the length and width of the fillet will yield, the remainder, called *scissel*, being laid aside for remelting. Some of these blanks, taken indiscriminately, are tested as to weight and size, to see that the cutting-out punches are working properly. About 720 ounces of blanks are put into a bag and taken into the weighing room, where are at work several machines of marvellous beauty in construction and accuracy. They not only weigh the blanks singly, but separate them in a way which one would suppose human intelligence could alone effect—throwing into one receptacle those which are of the proper weight, into another those which are too heavy, and into a third those which are too light. A workman places a pile of gold blanks in a kind of trough, and then leaves the machine to do all the rest. We see the blanks fall one by one into little slits at the bottom of the machine, and to determine which of the three slits shall receive any particular blank, the machine weighs it. By law, a sovereign is allowed to vary a little from an average weight of 123½ grains: this is allowed because absolute accuracy is really unattainable, but the error must never be greater than about one quarter of a grain, either in excess or deficit. A visitor never fails to admire the action of these exquisite machines, which

thus weigh and separate twenty-three blanks in a minute. The light blanks are consigned again to the melting pot, while the heavy blanks are passed through a peculiar filing machine, which files away the edges until the proper size and weight are produced. A very odd process then ensues. A boy grasps two heaps of blanks in his two hands, and dashes each blank down on a block separately: by the ring or sound he can tell whether it is cracked (a result of any air-bubbles which insinuate themselves during the melting), and each of these defaulters is laid aside for remelting. The rapidity with which the boy applies this test to every blank is something amazing. The blanks then pass, at the rate of seven hundred per minute, through an edge-compressing machine, where they are slightly lessened in diameter and slightly thickened at the edge. Then they are annealed in an oven, cooled in water, boiled in diluted sulphuric acid, cooled again in water, dried partly with sawdust, and fully dried in an oven.

At length the actual coining or stamping takes place. There are two steel dies, one for each side of a sovereign; and by means of an alternate hardening and softening, with great pressure, these dies can be greatly multiplied from one original, so that when one is worn out another may be ready to replace it. One single blow suffices to stamp every part of a blank, the two surfaces and the edge. There is a die above, a counter-die below, and a collar, to give a milled or serrated edge to the coin. This milling of the edge is adopted to afford an immediate *expose* of any attempt to deteriorate the coin by clipping. The presses by which this stamping is effected are wonderfully complete pieces of machinery, but they produce a deafening noise while at work, and sorely bewilder a bystander unaccustomed to the place.

The sovereigns are now made, each of them almost exactly 0.868 of an inch in diameter. The sovereigns fall from the presses into a tray, and are examined one by one, to pick out imperfect specimens or "brockages." Bags containing seven hundred each are taken to another room, where a small number of sovereigns, indiscriminately chosen, are weighed and assayed, as a last test of the accuracy of the whole manufacture. Forty pounds troy weight of standard gold makes exactly 1869 sovereigns, so that the legal weight of each can be determined to a minute fraction of a grain.

The law allows a certain margin of error, called the *remedy*, on account of the impossibility of insuring absolute accuracy. But the remedy is, as we have said, exceedingly minute; and the authorities of the Mint have therefore every reason to observe the most searching exactness in all their proceedings. Once now and then the government hold a curious ceremony called the *Trial of the Pyx*, at which specimens of all the gold and silver coinages, struck since the last preceding trial, are scrupulously weighed and tested. If they are beyond the limits of the remedy or allowance the Mint authorities lose the difference. In nearly every Trial of the Pyx the errors have been found to be within the allowance, so wonderful is the care with which all the operations are conducted. The quality of the gold more frequently errs by being a little more than a little less pure than absolute standard; insomuch that, as far as regards this minute difference, the public are gainers rather than losers.

Crowns and half-crowns are not now coined: we are swiftly using up those which were coined many years ago. The same is the case with fourpenny pieces. Copper coinage is now superseded by bronze, which consists of ninety-five parts copper, four of tin, and one of zinc. The small admixture of the two last-named metals gives hardness and durability to the copper; while the bronze money is so much less weighty than the copper, value for value, that it is more easily carried in the pocket.

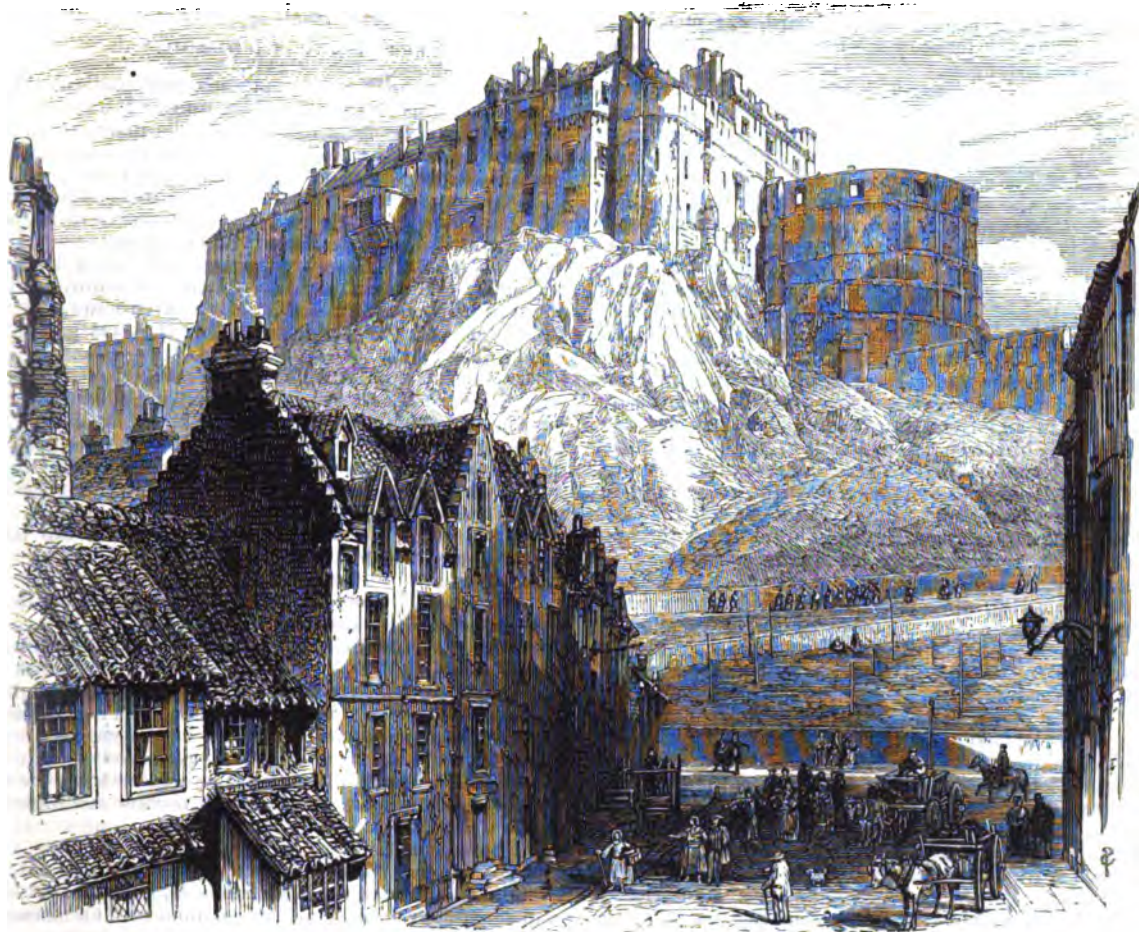
THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

BUILT upon the top of a huge mass of dark whinstone rock, this romantic fortress covers eleven acres in area. Its height above the level of the surrounding country is about two hundred feet, and the rock being precipitous on all sides except that next the city, the castle was all but impregnable, in which respect it resembles the hill-forts so common in India. Its history, as we go back to the early centuries, becomes purely mythical. The least dubious thing we can say of it is that it was chosen by the Ottadeni, a Pictish tribe, as a dun or fort, very long before the invasion by the Romans. Its most ancient name, according to Camden, was *Castel Mynedh Agnedh*, or the Maidens' Castle, because of its having been the residence of certain young maidens of the Pictish royal blood, but why they should have been kept there no one can tell. Certain however it is that the name by which the fortress was called in Latin was *Castrum Puel-larum*. Subsequently it took the common or vulgar appellation of Edinburgh, from Edwin, king of Northumberland, who flourished between 617 and 634. The Saxons had possession of that part of Scotland as far north as the Forth for two hundred years, and Edwin is said to have resided in the Maidens' Castle with his queen Edelburga; but when Edwin was slain, by the spear of some Pict called Penda, the fierce Caledonians swept like a torrent over his dominions, thus recovering with their old lands the castle which defended them.

It was about this time that the town of Edinburgh began to be built in the form of clustering huts round the church of St. Giles, originally a chapel of the bishopric of Lindisfern. Afterwards came the wars between the Scots and the Picts, in which the Saxons took part, and during which the castle often changed hands. In a contest between a son of Kenneth II. and a usurper called Grime, the territory was divided, Malcolm getting the castle; but it is related that Grime's queen resided there, and a terrible story is connected with these turmoils. Grime, while hunting in Polmoor, chanced to meet Bertha of Badlieu, a young woman of great beauty, whose charms proved more attractive to him than the pleasure of hunting wild boar. Grime, in short, became her captive, and Bertha was soon a mother. The queen, in her solitude of the castle having heard of these things, took a terrible revenge. She sent assassins to murder Bertha, her infant son, and even her aged father; after which she became distracted with horror, and died before the return of her husband.

The history of the castle is much associated with the good Margaret (a Saxon), the beautiful queen of Malcolm III. "She daily fed three hundred with the tenderness of a mother," and performed many other beneficent acts scarcely understood by the rough Malcolm, who, unable to read the missals given to him by his fair-haired queen, had yet sense enough to kiss them and press them to his heart even for her sake. She died in 1093; and for many a succeeding century the rude apartment in the castle in which she expired was known as "the blessed Margaret's chalm." Donald the fair-haired, the younger brother of Malcolm, after the death of the latter, usurped the government; and presuming, from the steepness of the rock, that Malcolm's orphan children could obtain egress only by the gates which faced the then rising town, he caused them to be guarded; but the children escaped by other means, and one of them, Edgar, lived to avenge himself on the usurper. Edgar was buried in "Dunedin," another name given by the chronicler to the old fortress.

On the accession of David I., in 1124, the castle became permanently a royal residence—though at this



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

time it is supposed to have been merely a rude embattled tower. Under Alexander III. it was the depository of the records and regalia—the latter at that time consisting of a circlet of gold for a crown and a silver battle-axe for a sceptre. On his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Henry III., in 1251, he and his young queen were conveyed to the castle, though it was a place which the lady had not liked; for in 1255 we find Henry's queen sending her physician to inquire into the situation of her daughter, who by letter had complained that "she was confined to the castle of Edinburgh, a sad and solitary place, without verdure; and was excluded from all conjugal intercourse with her husband, who had now reached his fourteenth year." Margaret was in her sixteenth.

Passing a number of years, during which the castle was being added to and Edinburgh greatly enlarged, we come to the darkest and bloodiest part of our annals—the period of the contested succession after the death of Margaret, Maid of Norway, granddaughter of Alexander III. In 1291 the castle was unwisely placed in the hands of Edward I., who carried off the old records. His declaration for Baliol was succeeded by the well-known wars. The castle changed hands more than once. Wallace was taken, Bruce continued the contest, and Randolph at last stood as a besieger before the walls. He might stand till doomsday: the work was an impossibility; for who could climb those rocks? William Frank, one of Randolph's friends, was the son of a former constable of the fortress, and

when a youth had been in the habit of scaling the precipice. On a stormy night of March, 1312, Randolph, with thirty followers, so profited by Frank's leading that the perilous exploit was accomplished. The serious story is relieved by an anecdote of an English soldier up aloft, who rolled down a large piece of rock for a mere frolic, and called out, "Away! I see you well." The words were heard by the listeners on the ladder as a death-knell; but drawing breath again, up they mounted to the desperate conflict and to success.

For twenty-four years afterwards the castle remained a desolate ruin, the residence of the owl and the bat. Refortified by Edward III., it was garrisoned by him in 1336. Some time after we find Sir Richard de Lemoisen governor, during whose charge the castle was taken by the Knight of Liddesdale, after a style which, from the romance of it, has inspired the historian into enthusiasm. Coming down to the period of the assassination of James I., we find that Edinburgh had at last attained to the honour of being the undisputed capital of Scotland. Thereafter comes the story of Queen Jane's flight from Perth with her boy, and her refuge in the castle. A division into factions separated her from her son, who was held in the fortress a prisoner under Chancellor Crichton; but the artful mother, true to her instincts, and aided by beauty and a winning manner, so contrived that she got Crichton's permission to visit her son, and then carried the young king off in a trunk. The factions were reconciled for the purpose of destroying the

young heir of Douglas, who was inveigled into the castle, and being set down to a banquet where the bull's head was placed on the board, was mercilessly slain. The consequence was a long siege at the instance of the next Douglas.

The next feat connected with our subject was the escape from the stronghold by the duke of Albany, brother of James III. Having made the guard drunk, he stabbed the captain to the heart, despatched with the aid of his chamber-chield the soldier, threw their bodies on the fire, and locking the doors, escaped by the northern precipice in a manner the description of which is like fiction. Wars and feuds succeeded, and so annoyed was the king by the conduct of the nobles, that he purposed inviting them to a great banquet in the castle, and cutting them off root and branch—a plan which was happily defeated. In the following reign, that of James IV., there occurred the terrible tragedy whereby Lady Mary Drummond, whom James intended to marry, was, along with her two sisters, Euphemia and Sybilla, taken off by poison, in one of the rooms of the castle—a stroke of policy in the lords to make way for Henry VII.'s daughter. On the death of James, his widow Margaret with her young son held the castle amidst many of those feuds for which Scotland was so remarkable. The political intrigues continued, involving the extraordinary fate of the beautiful Lady Glamis, who was burned to ashes on the Castle Hill, while her son and her husband beheld the scene from the castle towers. During the next reign (James V.) occurred the invasion by the English Hereford, in the course of which he besieged the castle in vain for four days. After the death of James, Mary of Guise was a resident there, expiring in an apartment in the north-east angle, which is yet shown.

The reign and residence of Mary Stuart, the daughter of the last-named princess, has bestowed more honour on the old fortress. She and Darnley frequently resided there; and in a little wainscoted room, still remaining, she was delivered of a prince, afterwards James VI. Subsequently, on the flight of Bothwell and Mary, her brother, Regent Moray, entered the castle with his friends, where he slept in the same apartment which Mary had occupied on the birth of her son. After the regent's death, and during the conflict of the two factions for possession of the queen and the heir apparent, the castle was held by Kirkcaldy of Grange for the queen, and was again the scene of many exploits, but was latterly obliged to succumb before the forces of Morton. The horrible story of Mowbray of Baronbugle next presents itself as connected with our subject. He was a prisoner at the suit of the king, James VI., and had prepared a rope as a means of descending from a window; when on hearing a noise at the door he hurried to perfect his plan, but the rope was cut and he fell to the bottom, where he was found senseless with every limb broken.

In 1633 the castle was visited by Charles I.: at which period and for a century before the pile had been much added to, showing the great ravelin facing and overawing the city, above it the square turrets of the royal lodging, and a range of detached gables at the other faces. On the breaking out of hostilities between Charles and the parliament it was invested by Leslie for the Covenanters, and defended by Ruthven for the king. In 1648 Argyle entertained Oliver Cromwell in the castle hall. Then came the terrible siege in 1650, the periods of the Restoration and the Revolution, filled with the stirring events of the time, in which the castle formed the scene of numerous strange proceedings. The military history of the fortress is wound up by the blockade of 1745. The visitor is shown many old chambers and historical relics in the hoary pile. Among the latter we may mention the famous cannon, "Mons Meg," and the Scotch regalia found in an old kist.

EVENINGS AT A LIGHTHOUSE.

I.—ROLLED UP IN A MAINSAIL.

WE often meet with quaint, rough fellows, particularly in seaport towns and among old seamen. I have seen and talked with many such; but one of the quaintest, and at the same time the most original of these characters, was old Duggins, the lighthouse keeper at Flimley.

For many years I have been in the habit of visiting this port, and not a few of my evenings have been spent at the lighthouse, listening to his yarns.

"You see, sir," began Duggins, on one of these occasions, "I was a'most born'd on the water, so I couldn't help being fond of it. But never mind that: what I'm going to tell you is about the first gale o' wind I was out in.

"My father was a fisherman—that is to say, he went fishing when there was any fish, and when there wasn't, which was in the summer time, he used to paint up the old bo-at and take people out pleasuring, and I used to go with him.

"I was only six years old when this here happened as I'm going to tell you about.

"People used to say to father, 'Ain't you afraid to have that young child out with you, Mr. Duggins—he'll be sure to be drowned some day?'

"'No mum,' father used to say; 'he's safe not to be drowned—he was born with a can.'

"You see sir, father and mother both believed in cauls. I don't. I've heard of people giving as much as five and ten pound for one of these things. But what I want to know is, what's the good o' 'um? People say as them as has one 'ull never be drowned; but that's right down ridiculous! It ain't likely as a bit of skin like that 'ull be any use to a feller when he's overboard in a gale o' wind—it's regular nonsense, that's what I call it.

"I never put no trust in cauls, I can tell ye. If I'm in danger I puts my trust in God. Says I to myself, He can save me if it's His will; but as to cauls and such like rubbish I never took no account o' them. When I got into a gale o' wind, or on a lee-shore, wasn't the time I used to begin to pray, as a good many people do. What I mean is, I didn't leave it till I was nigh being shipwrecked before I begun; neither did I pray specially to be saved when I was in a storm, because you see there was wuss things nor drowning as I wanted to be saved from. Besides I know'd as God was as able to take care of me at sea as on land, in a storm as well as in a calm. I ain't one of them as thinks if you're to be drowned, you will; and if you're to be saved, you will; and so don't keep their weather eye open. No; what I used to say to myself was this: 'Jim, my lad, if ever you get overboard in a gale o' wind, just you put your trust in God and strike out hard.'

"But," he went on, "I'm getting out of my latitude. I was going to tell you about my fust gale o' wind.

"Well, as I said, I was used to the water from a baby, and when father was gone away to sell his fish, and mother wanted to get rid of me, she used to get him to put me aboard the bo-at, and there I used to play quite contented. One day, however, it was at the end of September, father was gone round with some fish, and mother hadn't said anything to him about putting me aboard the bo-at. Mother was washing, and I dare say I was pretty troublesome, and that made her cross, so she gives me a box o' the ears, and tells me to be quiet.

"'I want to goo aboard the bo-at mother,' says I: 'then I'll be quiet.'

"'You can't goo,' says she; 'ye'r father ain't here to put ye aboard.'

"'May I goo when it's low water, mother?' I says: 'I can get aboard have her myself then?'

"No," she says; "you goo out on to the cliff and play, and don't worrit so. Don't you go anigh the bo-at!" she called out as I got outside. "If you do I'll give you a tanning."

"Away I went, and played about contented enough for ever so long, and presently it was low water."

"The Thomas and Ann (that was father's bo-at's name) was a laying on her side quite comfortable, high and dry on the sand. I sits down and looked at her, and as I did so I kep saying to myself, 'I ain't a gooin' to get aboord, 'cause mother said I waun't.'"

"Then I set a little longer, and I said: 'Taint the tanning as perwents me, I don't care for that; but I ain't going to be a naughty boy. I shan't get aboord 'cause mother said I waun't to.'"

"Presently it was like as if somebody was saying to me, 'It's werry nice aboord the bo-at my, lad; you'd better goo—nobody waun't see you!'"

"No," says I, 'I waun't; mother said I waun't to, and I ain't a gooin'.'

"For all that, though I kep playing about, I couldn't think of nothing but the bo-at. Then I went down on to the beach, and gradually I got nigher and nigher, till at last I thought I'd goo and have a look at her. 'Mother,' I said to myself, 'didn't say I waun't to look at her.'

"When I gets alongside it was just as though a voice said to me, 'Goo along my lad, jump in, nobody's looking; and you can get out before the tide comes up.'"

"Well, sir, the long and the short of it is that I scrambled into her; and when I had, I begun to play and sing and pretend I was out at sea. How long I had been there I don't know; but presently she gives a cant and I looks over the side."

"Hullo!" says I, 'here's a pretty go; the tide's up and she's nearly afloat.'

"I didn't know what to do. I couldn't get ashore, that was sartain; so I sits down agin and pertends not to care."

"But I did, and then I thought, 'Shan't I catch it!'"

"It was quite calm when the tide begun to flow, but as the flood made the wind come in shuffs. At last, in about half an hour it blew a stiffish breeze, and the sea begun to get up."

"Presently tea-time come, and I begins to get hungry. I was half a mind to cry, but I didn't, for just at that minute I saw mother come out at the door. Fust she looked about, and when she couldn't see me she called out; leastways I thought so. After a minute or two she went to some of the other cottages to see if I was there, and when she couldn't find me I could see she was getting worried. Then some of the neighbours come out, and they all begun to run about like mad."

"I stood up and hollered as loud as I could, but it was blowing hard, and they couldn't hear me; and though I waved my cap they didn't seem to see me."

"By this time it was dark, and I set down and had a good cry; but arter a while I comforted myself by thinking that father would be home soon, and I was sure he'd know where to find me."

"I got terrible hungry, and as I know'd father used to keep some biscuits in one of the lockers, I furraged out a couple, and with them and a drink of water out of a stone bottle I made a hearty supper."

"Well, it came on to blow harder and harder, and the wind shifted right in shore. How it did whistle and sing in the old bo-at's rigging; and how she did roll and dip, to be sure! I'd never been out in such a gale, and though I don't know as I was exactly frightened, I felt very queer, for I know'd God was angry with me because I had been disobedient to my mother."

"Well, father didn't come, and the wind blowed as I never see it before; such a sea there was, too! First the old bo-at seemed as if she was going right up into the sky, and then she'd roll and dive down again

as if she was going fathoms deep under water. Then she'd stop and shake herself, as if for another bout, and then up she'd go agin."

"After a while I heard a great booming sound coming from out to sea, and then I know'd there was a ship ashore on the sands. I crept aft into the stern sheets and stood up—at least I tried to—but no sooner had I got my head above the gunnel than away goes my cap to leeward, and down I goes crack."

"I didn't hurt myself, and so I crawls up agin, and there was the ship a sending up rockets. It was a fine sight, I can tell you, to see 'um go up and bust out into stars. Presently I heard the booming agin, and thought as perhaps there was poor sailors out there as was going to be drowned."

"Then I got sleepy, and I began to hope father wouldn't come off to fetch me now, 'cause it was too rough, and I was afraid if he did perhaps he'd be drowned. I asked God, if He pleased, not to let father come off to be drowned, because he hadn't been naughty, as I know'd of, and I had; and so if anybody was to be drowned I thought it ought to be me."

"Every now and then I heard the booming of the guns, and that and the noise of the wind seemed to make me more and more sleepy. Presently I thought I'd undo some of the mainsail and roll myself up in it, for I was getting terrible cold."

"When I'd coiled myself up in it I asked God to take care of poor little Jim, though he had been a naughty boy, and to bless father and mother, and uncles and aunts, and all good people; and soon arter this I got quite warm, and the booming of the guns and the howling o' the wind got all of a muddle, and I fell asleep."

"How long I laid there I don't know; but I was suddenly waked up by being rolled right out o' the sail into the bottom of the bo-at; and when I looks up it was broad daylight, and there was father with his mouth wide open."

"Hullo, father!" says I, 'I'm so hungry.'

"But father didn't make no answer. All he did was to holler out, and laugh a great big laugh."

"When he'd done he catches me up and kisses me, and says he, 'I'm joggered if I didn't think he'd turn up somehow—I know'd he warn't born'd to be drowned.'"

"Next he histes me up a'top of his shoulders, and begins to wave his sou'wester, and holler—how he did holler, to be sure."

"Well, fust out comes one of our neighbours, and she looks and waves her hand back, and begins to holler too; and then she scutters off into our house and brings mother out; and when she looked I waved my hand to her, and she throw'd her arms up and clasped her hands."

"Then father hollers to her and I hollers too, and father throws me up in the air and catches me. In a minute or two mother and all the people, men and wimmen, come running down to the water's edge, shouting and hollering like mad."

"When we got into the dinky to pull ashore, every now and then father gave a great big laugh, saying, 'Bless his heart, I know'd he warn't born to be drowned.'"

"Presently I begins to think about the tanning. 'Father,' says I, 'is mother going to tan me for getting aboord the bo-at?'"

"If she does I'll tan her," he says.

"Well, as soon as the dinky touched the shore all the men lays hold of her, and away we flies, I and father and bo-at and all, right up to high-water mark. Mother ketches me up and begins to kiss me till I was almost smothered, and then the wimmen they all kiss me; and after they'd done with me the men takes me and begins to chuck me about from one to the other like a cheese; and everybody laughed and was so pleased,

and so was I, only I couldn't help saying, 'Mother I'm so hungry!'

"Bless his heart, I dare say he is!" cried she; and she laid hold of me and carried me home, and give me some breakfast—tea and sugar-bread-and-butter, and I set too with a will.

"There stood father and mother looking at me. Fust mother laughed and then cried, and then father laughed at her till he cried; and then they fell a kissing of one another, and then me, and by that time I'd finished my breakfast.

"After a little while grandfather comes in, and he shakes father by the hand and don't say nothin', and he kisses mother and don't say nothin', but all the while he puckered up his old gib as though he was going to cry, too, but he doesn't; but turns and takes me on his knee, and says, 'Well, mate, how did ye like your wyge?'

"Father didn't go out that day, but set down to mend his nets and smoke his pipe. He got on capitably with his pipe, but I don't think he did much to his nets. Fust one come and talked to him, and then another, so there was more talk nor work.

"In the afternoon Uncle James, him as I was named arter, he comes down, and says he to father, 'Come Tummus, tell us all about it.'

"I will," says father, and so uncle set down. 'This was how it was,' father begun. 'When I'd sold out I went into the Red Lion to get me a pint o' beer and some bread and cheese, and I and old Coombes fell a talking, and I had another pint and a pipe, so it was nigh upon eight o'clock before I started home. Well, as you know, it came on to blow great guns, and I couldn't get the donkey to face it, so it was more nor half-past nine when I got home. When I did there was a pretty rumpus; the boy warn't to be found, high nor low. Says I, when they told me, 'I know where he is; he's aboard the bo-at.'

"Well, I got some of the lads about me, and we launched old Bell's galley; but, law bless ye, it warn't no good whatever; we couldn't make no headway, the wind was dead on the shore, and we shipped such a lot o' water we was obligated to give it up.

"As to going to bed, that was out of the question; so I sets down and fills my pipe with a terrible bad heart, and tried to comfort the missis. Just as it was daylight Wallis Bell comed round agin, and said, "Tummus, it don't blow quite so fresh, now; don't you think we could reach her? If ye like to have a try we're all ready." So out I goes, and arter a stiff pull we gets alongside; but she was quite empty, there warn't no boy there.

"As we was coming back, Frank Bell sees something black in the water, and we goes and picks it up. Well, when he'd took it off the bo-at-hook he turned as white as a sheet, and when he gave it to me you might have knocked me down with a feather; it was the young footer's cap!

"We all thought now as he was drowned, and when we got ashore we felt like fellers as had committed a crime—nobody liked to go home.

"You may be sure when I did, and showed her the cap, Ann took on dreadfully. There was she crying ready to break her heart, and what could I do? I couldn't fetch the poor little feller back. At last I couldn't stand it no longer; so arter breakfast, about nine o'clock, I takes the dingy and goes aboard the bo-at to loose the sails to dry. I clapt on to the haul-yards, and I hadn't given above two or three rouses, when out rolls the boy. My eye! what a wallop my heart did give to be sure!

"Then it was, you see, sir, as I know'd why father opened his mouth so wide—he thought that I was drowned."

Duggins was silent for a few minutes, and then he went on—

"That was a lesson to me, was that night I was rolled up in the mainsail. I used to say to myself, years arterward, 'That's all you got, my lad, by being led into temptation.'

"I remember, when I was about thirteen, I and some boys was playing near hand to a apple orchard. One of 'um said, 'I know where there's a tree as is ripe; come here and have a look!'

"But I said to myself, 'Jim, my lad, do you remember that night as you spent aboard the Thomas and Ann? Well, then, don't you go anigh that apple orchard, else something wuss might happen to you than did then.'"

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XI.—MARKETS AND MARKET WOMEN.—PART II.

THE Halle au Blé, or corn market, is a vast circular building not far from the Halles Centrales. The spot of ground on which the market stands has changed proprietors several times, and the buildings on it, in their turn, have been of a very varied description. In the thirteenth century the Hôtel de Neale was built on it by King Jean, who afterwards made a present of it to Louis IX., who again bestowed it on his mother, the Queen Blanche. In 1327 it became the property of Jean of Luxembourg, King of Bohemia, and received from him its name of Hôtel de Bohême. In 1388 it belonged to Louis of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII., who turned it into a convent. By order of the Pope the convent was afterwards suppressed and the buildings destroyed, in order to build on the ground a palace for Catherine de Medicis. After her death it was sold to Charles de Bourbon, and called the Hôtel de Soisson, which was destroyed in 1748, and the present Halle built ten years afterwards. At the southern extremity of the building is a Doric column, which is the only portion left of the palace of Catherine de Medicis.

Besides the Halles Centrales mentioned in our last number, there are several other provision markets of great magnitude in Paris. The principal among them are the Marché St. Honoré, built on the site of the ancient Jacobin convent which occasioned so much notoriety during the Revolution. This market is of very modern erection, and built after the model of the Halles Centrales. The Marché des Augustins, near the Luxembourg, is erected on the site of the convent of Augustin monks which formerly stood there. No particular description of these markets is needed; none of them, either in size or importance, come up to that of the Halles Centrales.

Of all the Paris markets or Halles used for the sale of one class of articles, the Halle aux Vins, or wine market, is the largest. The extent is even greater than the Halles Centrales—or, perhaps, than all the markets in Paris put together—covering as it does one hundred and nine English acres. The ground on which it stands, like most of the other Paris markets, was formerly church property. It formed part of the vast dependencies of the ancient monastery of St. Victor, which was suppressed in the year 1790; and afterwards, by order of the Emperor Napoleon I., the gardens were given to the municipality of Paris for the purpose of forming a Halle aux Vins. In this market there are no fewer than five streets, two large yards, sixty-five fountains, and 444 cellars and warehouses, capable of containing 500,000 casks of wine, 80,000 of brandy, and 3000 of olive oil. The streets are called after the different wine countries, viz., Rue de Champagne, Rue de Bourgogne, Rue de Bordeaux, Rue de Languedoc, and Rue de la Côte d'or. The whole is enclosed by a wall on three sides, and iron railings on the fourth, fronting the river. There is also a branch establishment on the opposite wharf for the sale of inferior

wines. Altogether the Halle aux Vins has cost the city of Paris not less than 1,300,000*l*.

As may naturally be imagined, the business carried on in the Halle aux Vins—being as it is the *entrepôt* of the wines and spirits consumed in the French metropolis—is enormous, about 1500 casks of wine, for example, being sold here daily. The whole is managed with admirable regularity, and does great credit to the executive and governing authorities.

All articles of food and fuel, on entering Paris, pay what is called an octroi duty. The sum annually collected from this source is enormous, amounting to not less than 88,000,000 francs, or about 3,230,000 pounds sterling. Common wine in wood, which the French working classes drink as ours do beer, pays twenty shillings English for a hundred bottles. Brandy and

which brings on us the ridicule, if not contempt, of all Europe. A larger sum of money than the three millions produced by the octroi duties passes annually from the pockets of the London working classes alone over the counters of the public-houses and beer-shops into the pockets of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Besides the octroi duties, the city of Paris has a large income arising from other sources, amounting in all to 218,158,000 francs, or 10,700,000*l*. Notwithstanding this enormous income, the city is greatly in debt.

We must now return to the Halles and markets, for it should be understood that there is a distinction to be drawn between them. In the Halles, properly so called, only wholesale business is transacted; in the markets, only retail. At the same time, the business of the market, or retail traffic, is frequently



FRENCH MARKET WOMAN.—THE CUSTOMER WITH THE SMALL MILK-CAN.

all spirits, 4*l*. Butchers' meat, three halfpence the kilogramme, or three farthings per lb. Hams and sausages, nearly three times as much. All other provisions are proportionately highly taxed. Fuel also pays a high duty, each bushel of coals being fourpence.

When speaking of the enormous municipal duties of the city of Paris, and comparing them with those of London, it is frequently said that John Bull, with his high spirit, would never allow the necessities of life to be taxed to such an extent. But upon a little consideration, it will appear that a statement of the kind is after all nothing but a little bit of national boasting, as the London working man is taxed even more than his brother workman in Paris; and that, not simply on all the necessities of life, but in the indulgence of one vice which is the greatest curse to our country, and

transacted in the building erected for the Halle when the wholesale department is over, as already shown in the Halles Centrales, where several retail markets are held on the same ground, if not precisely under the same roof. In Paris there are apparently markets for almost every sort of commerce. There is a market for shrubs and plants, and no fewer than four for flowers. These are in high vogue among the Parisian ladies, who carry their love for flowers almost to the verge of enthusiasm. But apart from the special attractions of the flowers, these markets have others of a different description. They form a favourite morning lounge for the Parisian ladies, as may especially be seen in the one near the church of the Madeleine. It may readily be supposed no inconsiderable number of gentlemen attend these markets as well. In fact,

there is frequently as much flirtation carried on in a fashionable flower market as in a ball-room. There is a fruit market, an oyster market, a bird market, a calf market, and a horse market. The latter is of somewhat ancient origin, having been established in the reign of Henry IV., and under his direct patronage. At its commencement the horse market was held on the Boulevard des Capucines, but it was afterwards transferred to the present locality near the Salpêtrière. Although the police regulations are stricter than in any other market, occasionally a good deal of dishonesty is practised in it by the horse-chanting community, notwithstanding all the precautions taken against it. There is a singular system adopted in the Paris horse market, to try the strength of the draught horses put up for sale, which we believe is not adopted in England. An *essai*, or artificial hill, with a steep ascent and descent, is made on the ground. When a cart-horse is for sale, he is harnessed to a cart with its wheels locked, and the difficulty or facility a horse shows in mounting the hill, is, with its age and condition, a test of its value. Very few horses of much value are sold here.

The dog market is much frequented: the class of persons attending it may be judged from the fact that it is held on Sunday afternoons. Its locality is not very distant from the horse market; and the more disreputable of the horse-chanters form the aristocracy of the dog market. Occasionally an over-dressed flashy sort of man may be seen here; but his "get-up" rather increases the disreputability of his appearance than otherwise. Among the sportsmen of Paris the English *bouledogue*—as they term him—is in high repute, and they sell for higher prices than perhaps any other specimen of the canine race. The French poodle, formerly considered as much the type of the French national character as the bull-dog is of the English, is also occasionally to be seen here; but the race is fast deteriorating, and it is to be feared will soon become extinct. For this there appears to be some obscure natural cause, for he is still patronized and much cared for by old ladies. On inquiring of a dog fancier (who was a sort of philosopher in his way) what was the cause of this dying out of the French poodle, he told us it was somewhat difficult to be accounted for. The only plausible reason he found was, that all animals were destined by nature for a certain use; and as the wolf-dog was intended to hunt the wolf, and the greyhound the stag, so was the poodle intended for the consolation of old ladies who wore juvenile wigs and took snuff. As these are now fortunately vanishing from the face of the earth, the poodles are gradually becoming fewer, and their race will probably become extinct with their mistresses.

FLINT JACK.

II.



IN our last article we related the circumstance which led to the breaking up of Jack's pottery business in the neighbourhood of Bridlington, and caused him to turn his steps elsewhere. It is impossible to trace all the wanderings of this very erratic individual; but at a later period we hear of him at Pickering, where an archaeologist showed him a collection of spurious flints which had been purchased as genuine ones. They were of Jack's own make; and in a weak moment, won by the kindness of the gentleman, Jack said he knew where they came from, and could show how they were made. Accordingly he taught his patron how barbs, hand-celts, &c., were made, and never regretted doing so,

for the recipient of his confidence was a good friend to him on several occasions. It was about the year 1846 that Jack first made his appearance in Malton, where, doubtless to his great disappointment, he found a rival urn-maker in possession of the field. Whether this man, a barber by trade, had heard any rumours of the "ancient pottery" manufacture of Flint Jack, or whether it was an original idea of his own to establish such a trade, certain it is, that Jack was superseded in that branch of his business at Malton, and was obliged to have recourse to others. He accordingly appeared before a Malton antiquary with a stone hammer, which was so cleverly made as not to leave a doubt of its genuineness. Better still, he walked into Malton on another occasion wearing a piece of "ancient armour," which fitted him well, and had holes for thong-lacings over the shoulders, and round the waist. This relic he professed to have discovered near the encampments at Cawthorne; whereas the truth was that he had fashioned it out of an old tea-tray, which he had picked up on his journey. At first he designed it for a shield, but not being able to manage about a boss in the centre, he turned it into a Roman breastplate. This article he had no difficulty in disposing of in Malton; and it is now, we believe, in company with the ancient stone hammer, in a collection of antiquities at Scarborough. Little thought Jack that these and other doings of his would one day form part of a memoir of his life, to be published in a Malton newspaper in lieu of a Christmas tale, and then to be republished in a separate form. From this memoir we have derived some of the foregoing particulars, and also the following account of other clever forgeries effected in the same neighbourhood.

It was stated in Jack's hearing that a Roman milestone had been discovered. The idea was new to him, and he at once set to work to make a similar relic, taking care to make the inscription as puzzling as possible. He found a convenient slab on the roadside near Bridlington, and after chipping, grinding, rough lettering, &c., he buried it in a field, in order to discover and dig it up again. It was then wheeled in a barrow to Bridlington, and not finding a purchaser, was taken to Scarborough, where a member of the medical profession is stated to have given five pounds for it, and to have presented it to a museum—Jack's own impression being that it is in the British Museum. This milestone imposture is reckoned among Jack's most brilliant exploits. It was certainly the most bulky and ponderous antique which he ever devised, but his genius was equal to the occasion, whether employed on the vast or the minute. While yet his credit was good at Malton, he appeared before a collector there with a small inscribed stone, and the following story. He was passing the railway gatehouse in the Pickering Marishes, and went to the stream to drink. In doing so he noticed a dark stone at the bottom of the beck. On taking it out he found that it bore a cross, and the inscription: IMP CONSTAN EBVR. The stone was wet, dirty, and heavy, and seemed to be a curiosity, therefore Jack was rewarded for its discovery. This stone was subsequently examined by connoisseurs, and long remained a puzzle to them. Of course its origin was due to Flint Jack.

The time had now arrived when it became necessary for Jack to take a wider circuit, and break up new fields of labour. Towards the end of 1846, Jack crossed the Humber, and walked to Lincoln, where he sold a few flints and fossils, and then proceeded to Newark, where he remained a week, making and selling fossils and flints. For he had now commenced the making of fossils as well as flints, and managed to deceive many who esteemed themselves good judges. Some of his chalk fossils are said to have been very clever. His early-acquired geological knowledge was of great service to him in this department, for he was acquainted

with the general character of the fossils peculiar to different strata, and seldom made a mistake in assigning their localities. Every fossil of course had its history, and the story which he told of its discovery in such a neighbouring quarry or railway cutting, being confirmed by the known geological features of the locality, entirely disarmed suspicion in those who were making their first acquaintance with Flint Jack.

The wanderings of the man next led him to Grantham, and to Stamford. His gains were not great at these places; but he visited many quarries, encampments, &c., and picked up fossils from the oolite. Apparently it was on this first visit that he made the acquaintance of the editor of the "Stamford Mercury," who in a letter to the "Malton Messenger," dated March 8th, 1887, writes thus:—"Being an antiquary of some twenty years' standing, about that time ago Jack gave me a call, with a very ancient seal for sale, warranted genuine. At that time Jack presented a shabby genteel appearance, and had a somewhat better address than he had when he honoured me with a call last summer. Somehow or other Jack and I did not get on very well, for the first time he called on me, I pronounced his antiquities spurious. He contended some time that they were not, but upon pointing out to him certain marks of a modern cast upon them, he frankly admitted that I seemed to know something about the study, but I might have them for what they were—good imitations of the originals. He has been in this quarter rather frequently of late; and on his last visit he asked me for a cap with a peak to it, for he said when he made his flint heads the pieces flew into his eyes." This was not a mere pretext for obtaining a gift. No one could look at Flint Jack without discovering that one eye had been injured and partly closed by an accident of this sort.

The archaeologists of Peterborough were next favoured with Jack's presence, and he did not fail to visit all the Roman and other remains within reach. His natural love of rambling, and his curiosity about ancient remains, were stimulated by the necessity of considerable knowledge on his part, undertaking as he did the fabrication of so great a variety of articles. But at Peterborough Jack made some approach to his older and more genuine trade, for he remained there a month, often assisting Dr. Porter of that place in his fossil-hunting expeditions. On the slightest temptation, however, he went off into his old tricks. Dr. Porter possessed a valuable piece of fossil wood, which he wished to preserve in a portable form. He gave it to Jack to make a portion of it into a seal. Jack took the opportunity of secreting another portion, and getting rid of the inner annular rings, he made a signet ring, cleverly executed, and having a head, and the name IVGVLFVS, with a history as follows:—A labouring man, employed in removing soil from the churchyard of Croyland Abbey, picked up the ring and sold it to a small dealer in Peterborough, in whose possession it had remained for years, but being accidentally seen by Flint Jack, he at once recognized it as the ring of Jugulfus, who presided over the monks of Croyland about 1272. This was rather too much for the Peterborough antiquarians, and Jack's fraud was discovered. At Cambridge, according to his own boast, Jack drove a roaring trade in antiquities, and, ever alive to improvement in his various arts, he made excursions to a great gun-flint manufactory, and learnt much of the method of cutting and splitting flint. Subsequently at Norwich Jack studied a good collection of antiquities, and gained many hints which were valuable to him. At this time a confiding clergyman gave him an order to search for specimens of Roman and British antiquities for his collection, and Jack delighted him with a liberal supply, some of which were valued as being *quite unique*, being in fact the invention of Jack's own brain. In the course of further

rambles, Jack fell in with a travelling Jew, who told him of certain marts in London where such wares as his might be disposed of. This made him all the more eager to reach the metropolis; and when at last he arrived there, he carried on a vigorous trade in manufactured flints and celts, which were all sold as genuine. He carried on his manufacture in London for a whole twelvemonth, getting his supplies of flints by taking boat to Woolwich, and procuring them from the chalk. At length the dealers were so well supplied with flint implements that Jack thought it best to let them rest awhile. Professor Tennant also had seen the man, and discovered some of his tricks, which he was afterwards the means of bringing to light. Flint Jack coolly told the professor that there were plenty of his things in the British Museum—and very good things they were too. From several such examples it is evident that Jack never blushed at the discovery of his frauds, nor attached any idea of dishonesty to them. He was proud of his own skill, and considered all his cheats as clever strokes of business. There is a curious example of this in an anecdote told in the memoir from which we have already quoted, and which may be related here, although belonging apparently to a later period of Jack's career. Meeting with a clergyman who was also a good geologist and archaeologist, Jack tried in vain to sell some of his forged flints. The vicar was too clever for him, and would not take them even as "dooplicates," which was Jack's mode of recommending them to those who had discovered them not to be the originals. This piqued the manufacturer, and he determined to be even with the vicar. Two or three years later, being in the same neighbourhood, he called to inform the gentleman that a widow in poor circumstances, residing at a considerable distance, had a nice collection of fossils to sell. The vicar could not spare time to visit the place, but agreed to buy the whole lot, if Jack would bring them, and if they were then approved. He also commissioned him to buy a Roman water-jug, reported to have been dug up in the same neighbourhood. A fortnight later Jack appeared in great glee to say that he had brought the fossils, in five hampers, which were waiting at the railway station a mile and a half off. This was on a Saturday evening, and the vicar said nothing could be done till Monday, when a horse and cart would be sent to the station. Jack then made a modest appeal for a few shillings, to "carry him over Sunday." The vicar refused this, but gave Jack a supper, and appointed to meet him on Monday morning. Just as Jack was leaving the vicarage, he said, "If you should get the things before I arrive, sir, will you take care of my hammer and tools, which you will find in the hamper containing the Roman jug?" "How stupid!" exclaimed the vicar, "to put your old hammer, &c., with a Roman jug. It will be broken to a certainty." "Oh no, sir," replied Jack, with his most assuring smile; "it will be all right. I was very careful in packing it—you will be delighted with it; you could not let me have a few shillings, sir, just till Monday?" The vicar could resist no longer; the Roman jug was too much for him. He made the required advance, and on the Monday sent his cart to the station, which returned without jug, fossils, or Flint Jack. Two years passed away, and then the rogue had the assurance to appear again. He was asked why he had told all those lies about the widow's fossils. With charming frankness he replied, "You never *would* buy any flints of me, sir, and being unable to 'do' you put me upon my mettle—but I did it at last, I think, sir." The vicar forgave him, and purchased specimens of his art; and it is said that some of these were so wonderfully like the genuine remains, that the vicar possesses a stone hatchet of which (the history being lost) he is utterly unable to determine whether it was made by Jack or by the ancient Britons.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

MR. EDITOR,



AKING, as I do, a great interest in the subject discussed in the *Sharp and Broom* correspondence in the "People's Magazine" for May, I hope you will permit me to make a few observations upon the same subject.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as regards details, there can be no doubt at all that the relationship generally existing at the present time between a family and its domestics is most unsatisfactory. It is by a mere exception only that we meet with a servant happy and contented in her situation, performing her duties ungrudgingly, and feeling perfectly satisfied with her lot and station. On the other hand, few are the masters and mistresses who take any interest in their servants beyond what is necessary to secure the due performance of their household duties; and this neglect is of the most marked character in regard to the way in which they spend their leisure.

The subject of amusements for the working classes is one deserving of serious consideration on the part of masters and mistresses. Many, no doubt, have erred hitherto solely from want of thought, and would find their own happiness and comfort advanced, to the full as much as their servants', by a more loving and considerate method of treating their domestics—a method more in accordance with the golden rule of our Saviour. I know of families where the servants are occasionally invited upstairs to listen to the reading of an interesting book or paper, or to hear music performed either by visitors or members of the family. Nothing has more surprised and gratified me than to witness the enjoyment afforded them by the latter slight indulgence. The selfsame instrumental pieces or songs which they have heard practised, time after time, while moving about the house in the performance of their duties, seem to have a quite peculiar charm of their own when performed expressly for their benefit. If such trifling efforts for their happiness were more general, and servants were encouraged to find their recreations indoors, by the loan of books and periodicals being granted them, under proper regulations and restrictions, and by being allowed at fitting times and seasons to take a share in the family pastimes and pleasures, many social evils would be avoided, and gain would result to all parties. Doubtless, some parents would fear the result of such intercourse between their children and the domestics; but we believe experience would show that it was perfectly harmless compared with that which exists independently of the parents' knowledge and control. We see no reason why a third kind of servitude should not thus spring up, in addition to the only two deemed possible by a dogmatic, eccentric, yet greatly admired writer; the first of which is, "a sound, wholesome, thorough-going slavery, which is the heathen plan; the second is to bring up your servant from a child, that he may become a son to you at last."*

But the class of domestics whose case is by far the most pitiable and urgent is the numerous one of servants of all work. These poor, slatternly, dirty, lost-looking objects, are chiefly to be found in lodging-houses, and form an important body from their number. As recently pointed out in newspaper articles, referring to the extension of the suffrage to lodgers, whole streets and neighbourhoods in London are monopolized by lodging-house keepers, veritable ghouls, who feed upon this morally and intellectually dead portion of humanity. Their sole object seems to be to get as much work as possible out of the girls' poor bones, in default of their heads, from which it would be absurd to expect anything. Springing from the ranks of the lowest and most ignorant, it is rare that they have a recollection of any other home than the workhouse. Poorly paid, seldom properly fed, never allowed

a moment's rest indoors, kept up till midnight or later, obliged to rise betimes in the morning, compelled to sleep in the damp, dirty, smoky kitchen, subjected to temptation and insult from the noble individuals now so loudly clamouring for a share in making our laws, sent out to shops and public-houses up to the latest moment those places are open, even the best disposed of them can scarcely fail to sink under the accumulation of wretchedness and degradation. In order to induce them to put up with the hard work and ill-treatment to which they are subjected, their mistresses are in the habit of allowing them to go out on the Sunday, and for a whole day, or the greater part of one, once a month, when they are not expected to return until late at night, and are seldom questioned as to the manner in which they have spent their holiday.

It would be scarcely possible to conceive a more fertile source of sin and shame than this. With no respectable friends to visit, what can a young girl do with herself for several hours at a time but take up with the chance companions of either sex who may be thrown in her way? If not addressed by some one in the street, and invited to make an excursion to Greenwich or elsewhere, which very frequently happens—our base social cormorants having a special fancy for domestic servants—she will most likely spend the greater portion of the time in a public-house until the evening, when low places of amusement, in many cases in connexion with the public-house itself, attract her by their glare and brilliancy. Here singing, dancing, drinking, quarrelling, love-making, and the etoeteras of low gaiety enable her to forget her sorrows for a while, but far too frequently only to find them multiplied and intensified a thousand-fold. The fact can call forth little surprise that the most unfortunate of our unfortunate classes is recruited mainly from domestic servants. "I stayed out after my time and was afraid to go back to my place," is the answer given over and over again to the query why one in the depths of degradation has sunk to her present state.

The necessity is then imperative that the class of poor and youthful servants should have wholesome and safe amusements provided for them, if they are not to go on for ever falling under temptation, and, in their turn, offering temptation to others. Christian effort could be nowhere better expended than in the endeavour to improve the condition of this unfortunate class, whose leisure, owing to its very rarity, it seems nobody's business to see rightly turned to account.

The ladies of a neighbourhood or of any religious body might unite for the benefit of their own district, church, or congregation. It would be well if this plan, already carried out to a limited extent, could be extended and more generally adopted. Meetings are held periodically expressly for the servants of the locality, in some cases of one congregation alone. Mistresses are visited and entreated to allow and encourage their domestics to attend on their holidays. In the instances which have come under my own knowledge a good tea has very properly formed an important feature of the entertainment; but the proceedings, both before and after, have been strictly religious. While I would not wish the religious element to be excluded from any attempt of the kind, I would wish it to be united with simple amusement, in the form of light readings and lectures, music, games, and anything proved by experience to be most attractive.

But while this or any other plan of like nature and object may be confidently expected to produce good results, it will be well if every mistress will seek individually to ameliorate the lot of her own servants, so far as may be in her power, and avail herself of every occasion to offer sympathy, help, and counsel to her serving sisters generally. When it becomes more usual to see mistresses caring for the interests of servants, the complaint will be far less frequent that servants care nothing for the interests of their mistresses.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours obliged,

TABITHA HOPKINS.

* Mr. Ruskin, in a letter to the "Daily Telegraph."

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

ROBERT INTRODUCES HIS COUSIN TO HIS FAMILY.

IT must not be imagined that by Maria's obedience to Mrs. Gibbons' summons to live with her again in the dubious character of half companion half servant, she was in the slightest degree of a mercenary disposition. Certainly, with all its disadvantages, her position

in a house of business was far more to be desired than to be subjected to the whims and caprices of a bad-tempered old woman. The habit of obedience, it should, however, be remarked, which Mrs. Gibbons had taught her from earliest childhood, had become chronic. Notwithstanding all her harshness, Mrs. Gibbons had obtained a singular power over the mind of Maria, from which she found it difficult to relieve herself, and

she obeyed her almost against the dictates of her own reason. How far the power of Mrs. Murphy's argument, and the magic of her love for Robert, might go in relieving her from the mental thralldom she was under, it is impossible to say. But the habit of obedience was not alone the reason for Maria's accepting the invitation of Mrs. Gibbons to reside with her. The girl was naturally of a most affectionate and humane disposition, and she had acquired a certain love for her, even against her better judgment, and to this feeling was added the wish to assist the decrepit old woman in her present helpless state.

The day week after Maria's introduction to the family of her future husband she spent, as agreed, at Mrs. Murphy's. She arrived about the middle of the day, and was received by Robert, who had taken a holiday for the purpose of passing a few happy hours with her. He was alone when Maria arrived, for Mr. Murphy was attending to some business in the counting-house, and his wife—possibly actuated by reminiscences of days long past when she herself was courted by the spruce young carpenter, now an old man and substantial tradesman—had determined on leaving the young couple a little time by themselves. Robert conducted his betrothed to the drawing-room, and, as soon as she had removed her veil, he perceived, from the redness of her eyes, that she had been weeping bitterly.

"My dear Maria," he said to her, in a tone of alarm, "what has occurred? Has anything happened to distress you?"

"No, Robert dear," said Maria, taking off her bonnet and throwing it on a chair; "nothing beyond the cruel behaviour of Mrs. Gibbons. I really am afraid I shall not be able to support it any longer."

"But what has she done?" said Robert, conducting her to the sofa, and seating himself beside her.

"Oh, it is a long story, Robert, and not a very interesting one. I do not know why I should trouble you with my sorrows."

"But, Maria dear," said Robert, taking her hand and pressing it affectionately, "your sorrows are mine, and I trust ever will be. Now, do tell me, like a dear girl, what has happened."

"Well, this morning Robert, she put herself in such a passion, and made use of such language to me, that I fairly broke down under it. Perhaps I was the more astonished at it, as during the whole of the week she had behaved to me kindly enough—that is to say, for her—and I began to think that a great change for the better had taken place in the old lady. However, I was terribly disappointed, for this morning the cloven foot showed itself again, and proved to me that her temper had not improved in any manner. After breakfast she told me she wished me to do some needlework for her in the afternoon. I replied that it was impossible, as I had promised to spend the afternoon with a friend whose acquaintance I had formed when I was in the house of business. That was true enough, Robert," she continued, "for, after all, you know I did make your acquaintance there."

Robert seemed to hold the excuse a perfectly valid one, but showed his concurrence without speaking, by pressing her hand, which he still continued to hold tenderly in his own.

"Well, Robert," Maria went on, "she turned her head sharply round and inquired why I had not informed her before of my intention. I reminded her

that I mentioned, the day I came to her house, that I should require a holiday every week, and that on this day especially I was engaged. 'Do you imagine,' she said, 'that I care so little for the respectability of those living in my own house, as to allow a young woman residing in it, and under my care, to visit any one without my permission, or knowing whether the persons with whom she is acquainted are fit for her to associate with?' Upon this I somewhat fired up, as I could not bear the idea of her alluding to you in such a manner; and I told her that during the years I had been absent from her house I had acquired the faculty of judging for myself what acquaintances were fit for me to make. She now flew into a violent passion, and told me she insisted upon knowing who were the persons I was going to visit, as she had no idea of allowing any relative of hers to do so in the families or associates of any common shop girls. Her position in society was far above anything of the kind. Instead of following Mrs. Murphy's advice, and holding my tongue, I was foolish enough to tell her that she, at any rate, had no cause to speak against shop girls, seeing that she had obliged the only relative she had in the world to become one. Well, of course, she put herself into a far greater passion, and, after insulting me grossly, told me that it was better it should be ascertained at once who was to be the mistress of the house, and that if I attempted to leave it that day, I should never be allowed to enter it again. I replied, that I would take her at her word, which seemed somewhat to surprise her, and I left the room to put on my bonnet and shawl. As I was upon the point of leaving the house, she called to me from the parlour. When I went into the room I found she had been crying bitterly. She told me I was a wicked ungrateful girl to leave her after all the kindness she had shown to my poor mother and me. 'You know perfectly well,' she said, 'that I am a poor, broken-down old woman, with very likely but a few days to live, and you want to leave me to the care of total strangers, but God will punish you for it, mark my words.' I have now somewhat recovered my coolness, and said quietly to her, 'I have no wish to leave you, Mrs. Gibbons, as long as you can behave yourself to me with common civility. Remember, you told me I was not to come back again. Now, do you wish me to obey you?' She made me no answer, although I waited for one some moments; but, as I was upon the point of leaving the room, she said, 'Do not be too late home, Maria.' So Robert, I shall go back again to-night, but I cannot remain with her, for, even in her best of tempers, she makes my life miserable."

Here Maria began to cry, and Robert said to her, "You shall not go back again, Maria; I will not have you remain longer in the power of that old woman."

"But what am I to do, dear?" said Maria. "You must remember I have no place to go to."

"Go to!" said Robert, sharply. "Why cannot you come here?"

"I am afraid, dear," said Maria, hesitatingly, "people might not think it altogether proper."

"Nonsense," said Robert, indignantly, "what right has any one to make remarks, I should like to know?"

"But, Robert dear," said Maria, raising her head from the shoulder on which, in her distress it had sunk, "there is another subject that ought also to be taken into consideration. Bad as she is, Mrs. Gibbons is still in a dreadfully infirm condition, and requires a great

deal more attention than any stranger would be likely to give her. She tells me (how far it may be true I know not, for not one half she says is worthy of belief) that she was very kind to my poor mother on her death-bed, and it would be cruel in me if I were to desert her now, notwithstanding all her ill-humour."

"But I remember also," said Robert, "the little humanity she showed my poor mother on her death-bed. Now, like a dear girl, do not go back again. Never mind what people may say. I am sure Mrs. Murphy will make you as comfortable as possible. Now do stay."

"No, Robert," said Maria, after a moment's consideration, "it is better I should go back."

"Then," said Robert, "I shall consider you do not love me."

"Robert," she said, "how can you say such a thing!" and a tear stole from her eyelids, which Robert tenderly but respectfully kissed from her cheek. No word was spoken, but they understood each other, and were happy. They were, however, soon disturbed by hearing a cough (which, by-the-bye, sounded remarkably like a fictitious one), and the moment after Mrs. Murphy entered the room, where she found the two lovers seated, one at each end of the sofa, with an air of stern propriety on their countenances which was perfectly edifying. It is more than probable, however, that the old lady was not as much deceived by appearances as the young couple fondly imagined. She was too experienced in the ways of the world to make any remark, and she commenced the conversation on totally indifferent subjects, which gradually turned on Mrs. Gibbons and her treatment of Maria, all of which the latter narrated in nearly the same terms she had used to Robert. When she mentioned the concluding remark of Mrs. Gibbons, "that she should not return home at a late hour," Mrs. Murphy laughed, and said,

"You see, my dear, I was quite right when I told you I knew the old lady better than you did. If you intend to stay with her, go on in the same way, and you will be thought more of in the end."

Robert then told his mother that he had been advising Maria to leave Mrs. Gibbons, and take up her abode with them. To this proposal Mrs. Murphy made no objection, though she by no means pressed Maria to accept the invitation. At last it was resolved that Maria should return home, and if she found that she gained sufficient ascendancy over the old woman, as to make her own life tolerably comfortable, she should remain with her a short time longer; but, if not, to leave without further difficulty. In the mean time she was to spend a day with Mrs. Murphy every week; and during their visits, the subject of their future arrangements could be gone into at their leisure.

CHAPTER X.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

WE will now leave Maria domiciled at Mrs. Gibbons', and trace the progress Robert Evans was making in his business. The alterations in the house of business in Bishopsgate Street were at last completed, as well as several other contracts he and his partner had on hand. Others were also offered to them, which they took, and among them one of some magnitude, and requiring a considerable quantity of timber of a superior quality. That there might be no mistake in the matter, Robert went himself to the timber-yard of

Messrs. Wilkinson and Co., a firm extensively engaged in that trade, who carried on their business on the Surrey side of the water. As Robert was well known to the firm—in fact, he had been a customer of theirs since first he began business—the foreman showed him great attention, and remained with him till he had selected the timber he required. Before leaving the premises, Evans went into the counting-house to pay an amount owing, and there found Mr. Wilkinson, the senior partner, in conversation with a gentleman upon some subject of importance. Robert did not attempt to interrupt them, but transacted the business he had come about with one of the clerks. When he had concluded, and was on the point of leaving the counting-house, Mr. Wilkinson addressed him—

"Let us have your opinion in this matter, Mr. Evans," he said. "My friend Mr. Macmurdo and I have been looking over the quantity of timber he would require for the great works going on at —, and we do not altogether agree. Now, tell us who is right;" and here he explained to Robert the work required to be done, but with the technicalities of which we will not trouble the reader. Robert carefully looked over the description, and then decided in favour of Mr. Macmurdo's conclusion. "At the same time," he continued, "I believe a great saving might be effected in the quantity of timber to be used, by a very simple modification of the plan, without the slightest loss of strength;" and here he described the alteration he proposed. Mr. Macmurdo, however, did not agree with the suggestion, giving his reasons for his objections. Robert saw in a moment he had not understood him, and, by way of giving a better explanation, he took up a blank sheet of paper which was placed near him, and began drawing a sketch of the alterations he proposed. Here was another proof how useful is education to the skilled artisan, and how frequently collateral studies may assist him in many ways he had little dreamt of when acquiring them. One of Robert's favourite amusements in his leisure hours had been drawing, especially geometrical drawing, and in it he had acquired considerable proficiency. His accomplishment now did him good service. With great rapidity and exactitude he sketched off the plan he proposed, and in so lucid a manner that Mr. Macmurdo not only caught his meaning in a moment, but also admitted the correctness of his conclusion.

"That is very ingenious, indeed," he said to Robert. "I am very much obliged to you for the hint; I certainly should not have thought of it myself."

The conversation continued on the same subject a short time longer, and then Mr. Macmurdo prepared to leave. Before quitting the counting-house, he again took up Robert's sketch and examined it very minutely. After contemplating it for a few moments, he said:

"Is this of any use to you? If not, you would greatly oblige me by allowing me to take it with me."

"It is perfectly at your service," said Robert; "at the same time I should prefer drawing it over again for you, as that is so very roughly done."

"No, I will not trouble you; this will do perfectly well; and I am much obliged to you for it."

He then shook Robert warmly by the hand, and was on the point of leaving the counting-house, when Mr. Wilkinson called out to him:

"By-the-bye, Macmurdo, do not forget Thursday, at seven—sharp; I do not like waiting dinner for any one."

"I will be punctual, never fear," was Mr. Macmurdo's reply, as he quitted the office.

"Are you engaged on Thursday, Mr. Evans?" said Mr. Wilkinson. "If not, you will do me a favour if you will meet Mr. Macmurdo. You know my private house, I believe. It is No. —, Russell Square."

It would have been impossible for Robert Evans to have received an invitation that would have given him greater pleasure. In the first place, he would have the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Mr. Macmurdo, who was well known by name to Robert, who entertained for him the highest respect. Mr. Macmurdo was a style of man rarely found but in England. He was self made and self taught. From the humblest origin he had risen to be one of our principal engineers and contractors—one who from being a workman under one master, now employed some thousand workmen of his own. His start in life, if not like Robert's, from the carpenter's bench, was no higher, if so high. Report said he had at the commencement of his career carried the bricklayer's hod: it is certain he had used the bricklayer's trowel. And he was now not only a member of Parliament, and his opinion much respected in the House of Commons on all social and economical subjects, but he had been offered the honour of knighthood as well, which he had declined. Altogether, Mr. Macmurdo was one of those men whom the British workmen love to look upon as their own, and one for whom Robert Evans entertained the highest admiration.

Again, Mr. Wilkinson's invitation promised to open to him the gates of a class of society with whom, as yet, Robert had had but very little connection, and that solely of a business character. Mr. Wilkinson was a man of large fortune, and lived in considerable style, and many persons of high official position, as well as civic dignitaries, were frequent guests at his house. Though naturally of an independent character, Robert Evans was not without ambition, and the idea of moving on equal terms with those whose social position was superior to his own pleased him immensely.

Great as was the satisfaction of Robert Evans at the invitation he had received from Mr. Wilkinson, it was trifling when compared with that felt by Mrs. Murphy. She seemed positively to count the hours which remained till the day appointed. The care she took in seeing that the linen Robert was to wear on the day was "got up" in the most artistic manner, and the inspection she made of the clothes he was to be dressed in, was extremely minute. When the evening arrived, in a state of great excitement she seated herself in the parlour, that she might see him before he left the house, and be certain there was nothing wanting in his appearance that might deteriorate from the effect she hoped he might produce. When he left his room, after having completed his toilet, she was obliged to admit that her anxiety had been without cause—she had never seen him look so well. In the joy of her heart she kissed him, and her parting injunctions were, that he should remember everything which occurred, and faithfully narrate to her the whole proceedings of the evening when he returned. When the servant had procured a cab, she followed him to the door, nor did she quit it till he was out of sight.

There were several guests already assembled when Robert Evans arrived at Mr. Wilkinson's house. Besides the host, there was his only daughter, a very pretty girl, who was betrothed to her cousin, an officer

in a cavalry regiment then quartered in Ireland, but who was expected shortly to come to London; and an elderly female relative, who acted as her companion. There were also a barrister of eminence and his wife, an alderman and his daughters, a portrait-painter of great celebrity, with whom Robert frequently conversed, and one or two others. Mr. Macmurdo had not yet joined the party, but he came shortly afterwards with his wife, a portly, amiable woman, somewhat over dressed. When dinner was announced Robert was requested to take her down stairs, and was also seated beside her. At first she was rather grand in her conversation, evidently wishing to astonish Robert with the number of aristocratical personages with whom she was acquainted, and at whose houses she visited, but finding he hardly knew them by name, she soon gave over the attempt and subsided into the motherly good-natured sort of woman, a character in which she seemed far more at home. In the dinner itself there was little especially to remark beyond that it was a very grand affair, and after the first stiffness which seems indigenous to the commencement of an English dinner party, everything went off happily enough, and the guests appeared to enjoy themselves greatly.

When dinner was over the gentlemen gathered round their host, and the conversation was carried on with animation. Mr. Macmurdo singled out Robert, and they soon became excellent friends; indeed, there seemed to be a strong sympathy between them. They had both risen from the ranks, and although Mr. Macmurdo was a long way ahead of his young acquaintance, he had a great respect for one whose career so closely resembled his own. Their conversation was principally on the subject they had spoken of on the morning they first met; and the more Mr. Macmurdo heard of Robert's remarks, the more he admired his ability and ingenuity. At last he asked Robert whether he would like to take a part in the contract. Robert, though highly flattered by the proposition, declined it, as he considered it was an affair of far too great magnitude for him to undertake with prudence.

Little passed worthy of notice after they had joined the ladies till Mr. Macmurdo's carriage was announced. There were then but few guests left, and while Mrs. Macmurdo was taking a somewhat prolonged leave of Miss Wilkinson and her companion, Mr. Macmurdo, Mr. Wilkinson, and Robert conversed together.

"I asked our friend here," said Mr. Macmurdo to Mr. Wilkinson, "whether he would like to take a share in the contract of which we were speaking the other morning, but he declines to entertain my proposition."

"I think he is wrong," said Mr. Wilkinson, "for it will evidently be a very lucrative one, and the carpentry is just the thing he could manage to perfection."

"I would willingly undertake it," said Robert Evans, who had no false pride about him, "but, frankly, it is above my means. If I had the capital there is nothing I should like better."

"But are you sure it is above your means?" said Mr. Wilkinson.

"Certainly," said Robert. "Probably I might embark sufficient for the labour, but to purchase such an immense amount of timber would be to me an impossibility. I could not command more than a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds at the outside."

Mr. Macmurdo burst into a laugh. "When I was

of your age," said he to Robert, "and I took my first sub-contract, I hardly possessed as many shillings, and yet it has not hindered me from making my way."

"Come," said Mr. Wilkinson to Robert, "let me see if I can assist you. I will tell you what I will do. I will give you credit for the whole of the timber required. Understand me; as you receive money on account, on the engineer's certificate, I expect you will pay me for the proportionate amount of timber employed."

"Most willingly, sir; I promise it," said Robert; "but before definitely accepting the offer, I must consult my partner. I feel sure it will only be a matter of form, and that he will readily accede to it. I will speak to him on the subject the first thing to-morrow morning, and let you know his answer about the middle of the day."

"That will do very well," was Mr. Macmurdo's reply. "Call on me at my office in Parliament Street to-morrow, and I will show you the drawings, and you can make your calculations at your leisure; but I see my wife is ready, so good night."

After Mr. Macmurdo had left, Mr. Wilkinson said to Robert, "Let me advise you to be very correct in the estimate you make. Macmurdo is a very kind-hearted, liberal fellow, but in business matters he is exceedingly strict. What you agree to with him you must stand to, and he will be equally exact with you."

"Robert promised he would use great caution in the matter, and shortly after he took his leave of Mr. Wilkinson and proceeded homewards. On his arrival he found Mrs. Murphy impatiently awaiting him. She hardly gave him the time to enter the sitting-room before she began her inquiries.

"Now, Robert dear," she said, "tell me everything that occurred, how many people were there, and how the ladies were dressed."

Poor Robert was somewhat puzzled where to begin. Like many other gentlemen who have been at parties, the points of most interest to his female relatives who remained at home were precisely those to which he had paid the least attention. In the article of female dress he was particularly deficient; in fact, he could not even describe satisfactorily the toilet of Mrs. Macmurdo, who sat next to him at dinner. After many fruitless attempts to draw him out on the subject, Mrs. Murphy at last gave it up in despair. She now examined and cross-examined him upon what he had had for dinner. Here he was scarcely more fortunate. He was unacquainted with the names of one half of the dishes which had been presented to him, and of those he did know, he had forgotten the greater portion. In reporting the conversation which had taken place, he was more at home. He mentioned a good deal of what had occurred between himself and Mr. Macmurdo, especially dwelling on the contract which had been proposed to him, and the kind offer of Mr. Wilkinson.

"And what answer did you give them, Robert?" Mrs. Murphy asked, with some anxiety in her tone.

"That I was obliged to them for the offer; and that, for my own part, I should like to accept it, yet I could not do so without first consulting my partner. I would do so, however, the first thing to-morrow morning, and give him an answer about the middle of the day."

When Robert ceased speaking, Mrs. Murphy gave him a look of intense satisfaction and love. "Robert," she said, "you are right, and you are a dear, good

boy. Murphy is not as clever as you are, but he is an excellent, honourable man. He has been a good husband to me, and I like to see him treated with respect. He also will be content, I know; you need not be in any fear about it. I know he has a great opinion of your judgment; still he will be pleased with your consulting him in the matter. To tell you the truth, Robert," she continued, her eyes filling with tears, "I am getting very unhappy about Murphy, and I don't think he can be well. He don't take the interest in things he used to do, and he's not so active. Perhaps, after all, it's owing to our getting old. We have been young as well as others, but we can't 'eat our cake and have it too.' We have had our turn, and now it's yours, and if yours is a good one—which I feel certain it will be—both Murphy and I will die contented. Now, kiss me, my dear, and take your candle and go to bed, for after all your excitement I am sure you must be very tired."

Robert kissed her, but did not take the candle as she desired. "Before I go, mother," he said, "I want to have a little talk with you about something else. I met at Mr. Wilkinson's one of the first artists in England, and a very good fellow he seemed. He has painted Mr. Wilkinson's portrait, which was hung up in the dining-room, and I could hardly keep my eyes off it. I never saw anything like it in my life; you would have thought it was the man himself there. Now, I want you to do me a favour, and that is to let him paint your portrait for me."

"My portrait!" said Mrs. Murphy, laughing. "Nonsense, Robert, I will do nothing of the kind."

"Oh, but you must, mother; you must come with me some day and see his pictures, and then, I am sure, you will change your mind. He invited me to come, and bring any of my friends with me I pleased."

"Once more, Robert, I will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Murphy, evidently not displeased, however, at the idea of her adopted son wishing to have her portrait. "What is the use of an old woman like me having her portrait painted! Why, everybody would be laughing at me. If I had been twenty years younger it would have been a very different affair."

"Still," said Robert, in his most persuasive tones, "you should consider how much it would oblige me."

"That's all very well, Robert, and I am much obliged to you for the compliment, but I am not going to make an old fool of myself for all that. But, at the same time, if you would have your own and Murphy's portraits painted for me, I should very much like it."

"Well, then," said Robert, "he shall paint them both, and I will make you a present of them."

"But will they not cost a great deal of money, Robert?" said Mrs. Murphy, having some compunction at the idea of putting him to expense on her account. "If you could have them done by some one who would paint them cheaper than such a man as he is, I should like them quite as well."

"Nonsense, mother; if they are done at all they shall be well done. I will call on Mr. Turner in a day or two, and speak to him about them."

The conversation continued a short time longer on the same subject, and then Robert and Mrs. Murphy separated for the night.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Robert Evans took Mr. Murphy into the counting-house, and broached the subject of the contract to him.

Murphy willingly agreed to entertain it, and Robert went with him into the preliminaries. He showed roughly what was to be done; the probable amount of money required for labour; and also told him of Mr. Wilkinson's offer of giving credit for the timber. Mr. Murphy paid the greatest attention to all he said, but when Robert had done speaking, he showed that he had by no means understood the matter. Robert went into it again, making at the time some rough drawings to elucidate his meaning. Mr. Murphy examined the drawings attentively, but showed he had great difficulty in understanding them, although they were very cleverly done. In vain Robert again went through the whole subject. Murphy had still but a very vague idea of what he meant, and Evans then bethought him of the remark made by Mrs. Murphy the evening before, about the change which seemed taking place in her husband. Evans also had noticed that lately he had hardly been so alert in business matters as he used to be, but, having been very much occupied himself, he had given the matter but little attention.

Murphy still continued to examine the drawings, Robert watching him anxiously and attentively the while. At last, Murphy, pushing the drawings aside, said to Robert—

"I have no objection to the contract whatever; but, my dear boy, you must manage the whole matter yourself. To tell you the truth, my brain is not as clear as it used to be. I have full confidence in everything you do, but I am not of much use to you. I am very sorry for it, but I cannot help it."

This remark, coupled with what Mrs. Murphy had told him the evening before, caused Robert great uneasiness. He was much attached to Murphy, and the idea of his being ill pained him exceedingly. He resolved to persuade Mrs. Murphy to take the advice of some eminent physician on the subject before her husband got worse, so as to stop in time any disease which might be threatening him.

At noon, according to his promise, Robert presented himself at the office of Mr. Macmurdo, who was waiting to receive him. He gave Robert a very cordial reception, and on hearing he was willing to take a part in the contract, he conducted him into another apartment, where the drawings were placed ready for his inspection. "I will now leave you," said Mr. Macmurdo, "to work out your figures by yourself, as I have to attend a board of directors about another contract I have undertaken. Call for anything you may require, and it will be brought you. Mr. Moss," he said, addressing one of the clerks, "I wish you would attend on Mr. Evans, and assist him as much as you can. As I think it very probable I may be detained some time," he continued, addressing Evans, "you had better dine with me to-day, and we will talk over the matter in the evening. I live in Bedford Square. There is my card, and I shall expect you at seven, if I do not see you before, so good-bye for the present."

After Mr. Macmurdo had left him, Robert employed himself in working out his estimates, in which—thanks to the hint which had been given him by Mr. Wilkinson—he took special care. Assisted by Mr. Moss, he also took tracings of several portions of the work which required particular attention, to take home with him, as he determined to go through his figures again previous to his meeting Mr. Macmurdo in the evening.

After he had completed everything to his satisfac-

tion he left the offices, and proceeded to the house of Mr. Turner, the artist, in Wimpole Street. He found that gentleman at home, who conducted him into his studio, and showed him several works he had on hand, and others which he had completed, and which were ready to be sent home. Great as had been Robert's estimation of Mr. Turner's abilities from seeing Mr. Wilkinson's portrait, it was vastly increased from the works he saw in the studio. Robert now broached the subject of Mr. Murphy's portrait, and inquired whether Mr. Turner would undertake it. "I am rather busy at present," said Mr. Turner, "and if you could defer it till the spring, after the Academy has opened, I should like it better." Robert told him he would willingly do so, but that he feared his friend Mr. Murphy was in a bad state of health, and that he should be better pleased if Mr. Turner could undertake it at once. "I also wished you to take my portrait," he continued, "but I am exceedingly busy at present, and I will willingly put it off till the spring. Now let us talk about terms."

When Mr. Turner mentioned his terms, Robert was thankful indeed that he had deferred the time for sitting for his own portrait, as he now required every pound he could scrape together to complete the contract he was about to undertake. As it was, he by no means regretted the sum Mr. Murphy's portrait would cost him. He had a great affection for his old friend, and something whispered to him that his health was falling. He made an appointment with Mr. Turner for the purpose of introducing Mr. Murphy to him; and then, leaving the studio, he drove home, again to go through his estimates before meeting Mr. Macmurdo.

When he arrived at home he told Mrs. Murphy of the appointment he had made for her husband to meet Mr. Turner. Mrs. Murphy seemed at first pleased with the idea, but suddenly a probable difficulty started up before her that neither she nor Robert had calculated on: what would Murphy himself say to the arrangement? While they were talking over the best manner of introducing the subject to him, the old man entered the room. His wife immediately addressed him with—

"Murphy, we want to speak to you. Both Robert and I have a great wish to have your portrait taken, and he knows a gentleman who can do it beautifully. Now, you must oblige us."

For some moments Murphy was silent, wearing at the time a very serious expression on his countenance, so much so, in fact, that both his wife and Robert began to expect an unqualified refusal. They were, however, in error.

"I am very much obliged to you for the offer," he said. "I dare say you will think it very vain on my part, old man as I am, but I have a strange idea over me that I am not long for this world; and I should like to know that when I leave it I shall leave something behind me that will serve to remind those I love of the old carpenter; for although, thanks to you, my boy, I have got to something beyond it, I am not ashamed of my old trade. I will go with you to the painter's whenever you please, and the sooner the better to avoid accidents."

The tone of melancholy in Murphy's voice when he said these words made a strong impression both on his wife and Robert, and for some moments they were silent. Robert was the first to recover himself. He

saw the necessity for changing the conversation, and introduced the subject of the contract.

"I have been down to Mr. Macmurdo's office," he said, "and have examined the specifications and drawings. I am sure we shall be able to do the work perfectly well, and if you will come into the counting-house we will go over the matter together. I should like to have your opinion on it before I see Mr. Macmurdo again."

"Some other time, Robert," was Mr. Murphy's reply; "my head is not very clear for business matters to-day."

"But I am to dine with him this evening, and we are to arrange everything; so you see there is no time to be lost," said Robert.

"No matter, my boy; you can manage it very well by yourself. I am perfectly ready to stand by anything you agree to. You will do better without me than with me."

Finding he could not induce Murphy to take an interest in the matter, Robert left him, and, shutting himself up alone in the counting-house, he went again carefully through his calculations. When he had finished it was time to dress to go to Mr. Macmurdo's. This time Mrs. Murphy gave him no instructions on leaving the house, for her mind was evidently painfully employed on some other subject.

There was no one at Mr. Macmurdo's table but his wife and Robert, and the dinner passed off with little to relate. Mrs. Macmurdo was exceedingly friendly with him, not a particle of the fine lady being seen about her. After she had quitted the table, her husband and Robert went into business matters together, which ended in a perfectly satisfactory manner; and it was agreed that the contracts should be signed the next day, or, at any rate, as soon as they were prepared.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

V.—A HAILSTONE.

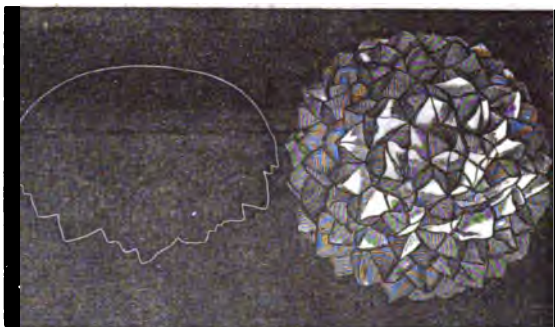


FIG. 1.

were once caught in a hailstorm where the stones were of the size shown in the accompanying engravings, and on measuring them, the lookers-on said they would not have believed in the size unless they had seen the stones.

We were travelling from Cassel to Leipsic by rail, on the 27th of August, 1860. The day was hot, the temperature rising to 81½° F. About four o'clock some copper-coloured clouds were noticed in the west, and on approaching Leipsic the sky became dark, when soon after 6-30 a dense black cloud streaked with white bands shot up like a pillar, a vivid flash of lightning

was seen, and soon after the thunder had ceased a rattling noise was heard, and hail fell in such quantities as, in a few minutes to convert a summer's into a winter's day. We were just leaving the station in a drosky, when a fierce wailing wind seemed to twist the leather covering from its fastenings, while heavy



HALF SMOOTH HALF CORRUGATED HAILSTONE.

blows on the leather, the crushing in of the glass, and the rearing of the affrighted horse, marked the beginning of this remarkable shower. We escaped back into the station, and collected and measured some of the hailstones, which were as large as hens' eggs. Some of them had within them a kind of kernel, or, as it is often called, a nucleus, of perfectly transparent ice, in form very flat and rounded like the glass of a microscope; this was surrounded by semi-opaque ice, radiating to the circumference, as Fig. 1; others were brain-shaped; others again half smooth and half corrugated. A remarkable stone (Fig. 3) broke through

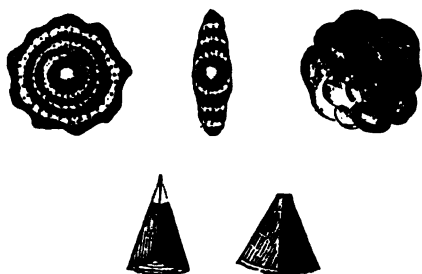


FIG. 3.

the studio window of an artist named Georgy, who made a drawing of it, which we here copy from one of the Leipsic journals. It was of bright transparent ice, hard and strong, with a cavity at the top large enough for the insertion of the little finger. This probably contained the nucleus, around which other masses of ice had formed in a symmetrical manner. Some of the stones that fell weighed five ounces. A curious story might be told of the damage done by this storm.

As a general rule, hailstones are more or less rounded in form. They are sometimes finely polished and of a greyish-white colour: others are more or less angular. The form appears to depend on the temperature, and to vary with it, as we have seen that snow crystals do. Thus stones in the form of six-sided pyramids were succeeded by very flat rounded ones on the wind changing to the north-east. These spheroids were so transparent and nicely shaped that they could be used as

magnifying glasses. In the centre of some hailstones flakes of spongy snow may be found, while the rest is transparent, or the surface may be covered with a fine flour-like dust, or the stones may be formed of alternate layers of opaque and transparent ice. Air entangled in the ice is the chief cause of the opacity. The following figures represent some of these forms.



Hailstones have been formed artificially by placing water in transparent india-rubber capsules, and exposing it to a low temperature. It was found that the globule of water begins to freeze on its external surface, while the air in the water is separated and driven into the centre. The compressed air causes the crust to crack, while a fresh act of freezing takes place and another layer of ice is formed. So in nature, if the hailstones fall before they are completely solid, the central portion may contain air bubbles, water, and needles of ice; but if the cold has been very great, the nucleus will be opaque from the entanglement of the air. Where the nucleus is transparent the air has had time to separate from the centre during the freezing of the water; as we have seen in a former paper that water in freezing excludes, where it can, and if time be allowed, all foreign matter, whether air, salts, or colouring matter. As water expands in freezing, the outer crust must frequently be split or distorted, and thus perhaps produce the pyramidal-shaped hailstones shown in the engraving. This bursting of the ice produces a crackling noise, which may sometimes be heard during a hailstorm.

Hailstorms usually occur during warm weather, and are frequently limited to a narrow tract of country. They are probably produced by the sudden mingling of very cold air from the upper regions with the warm and moist air below. If the upper current were not very much colder than the lower it would produce rain, as we have seen in a former paper; but if we suppose a small eddy or whirlwind with its axis projecting upwards into the higher regions of the atmosphere, it would account for the effects. The small whirlwind would travel along at a certain speed, and draw down the line of its axis (where the air would be greatly rarefied) very cold air from the upper regions to mingle with the warm moist air nearer the earth. Or, under other conditions of the spiral, the whirlwind might draw up the warm air into the freezing upper regions. In either case the moisture of the warm air would be condensed and frozen. The reader knows, of course, that as we ascend in the air the temperature diminishes, until at a certain height, even in tropical regions, we get into the abode of perpetual frost. The mingling of a warm current with an extremely cold one is believed to be one efficient cause of a hailstorm. Not that the subject is, or can be, in the present state of our knowledge, clearly accounted for; yet it must be due to differences of temperature that at one time we get a fall of snow, at another a fall of rain, and at another a fall of hail. The part that electricity plays in bringing about these effects has not been clearly made out.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

GEORGE III. was the first English king of his house. The two previous kings were devoted heart and soul to Hanover. They had the German love of the Fatherland, and clung with German pertinacity to its ways, its food, its virtues, and its vices. These sturdy, brave little monarchs believed in the superior excellence of all things that were German. The German nobility was nobler than ours; the German horses and the German farms were the first in the world; and—heresy of heresies—the German beef was better worth eating than the ennobled beef of England. If these kings could have had their way they would have made England a province of Hanover. But we had fortunately a bold and subtle minister, Sir Robert Walpole. A bad man, a coarse man, but clever, resolute, good-humoured. He played upon the two Georges; he played upon the nation; he kept his great horse-leech parliament—always crying "Give, give,"—in a base accordance with his views, by pouring gold like blood down the throats of the members. It was a degraded way of saving us, but he did save us from being Germanised.

The two Georges could not have their own way in England, so they gave all their love and interest to their darling Hanover. George II. spent two whole years there in 1729-30, and nobody cared in England. Year after year he went to his little state, to swallow the delightful dust of the long linden avenue of Herrenhausen—to eat his heavy suppers, and play his dull game of cards with the same dull persons day after day in dull monotony. It was a good thing for England. It left the country time to settle down to recover from the Jacobite enthusiasm, to gain strength in peace, to lose the last remnants of the old cavalier spirit which had died for loyalty but resisted liberty.

It was different when George III. came to the throne. He had no Hanoverian tendencies. "Born and educated in this country," he said in his royal speech, "I glory in the name of Briton." The popular enthusiasm was great. Lords, commons, and people sent up addresses teeming with loyalty and devotion. The levées were thronged. Even the old Jacobite families were once more seen at court. The king was voted delightful. "The sovereign now," writes H. Walpole, who remembered George II.'s gruff reserve, "walks about and speaks to everybody." One of his first acts was to issue a proclamation "for the encouragement of piety and virtue." Such a proclamation issued by George I. would have been a farce; issued by George III. it was a reality. During more than fifty years he set an example of unaffected Christian piety to his subjects. The court was kept, at least in semblance, pure. The queen enforced, as far as she could, the virtues which she practised. The higher classes found it stupid: no great balls—no wild gambling—no suppers; but the people began to take a pride in the unheard-of morality of the court. Men began to set up a new ideal to which a royal life was to aspire—an ideal which has been reached in the present reign. To have succeeded in thus purifying the atmosphere of the court was a work worthy of a king; and while we remember this we need not hesitate to acknowledge defects, which when viewed apart from other considerations have made some people doubt the real, though not shining, merit of George III. He had been imperfectly educated for his high position, but was clear-sighted within his own range of subjects. He could master with ease the commonplaces of life, but lacked power for the appreciation of literature and art. "Was there ever," he says to Miss Burney, "such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? only one must not say so. What? is there not sad stuff? What? what?" He was not at ease with men of genius: he felt his



GEORGE III. AND THE BEGGAR.

own inferiority, and preferred inferior men as his companions. He had a certain love of art, but he neglected Sir Joshua Reynolds and patronized Benjamin West. He liked poetry, but he could not climb Parnassus higher than the region where Beattie sentimentalized.

But it was the kindly simplicity of his nature, his rather rustic good-humour, his mild jokes, his indifference to state, which endeared "Farmer George," as they called him, to the populace. The large mass of the English people admire genius, but they do not love it. They like something they can understand—something which appeals to everyday experience and commonplace feeling. And the life of the king and queen was charmingly comprehensible—delightfully stupid. They were never more at home than in simple pleasures—simple, quiet, home life. The king rose at six. At eight the queen met him, and they went to the royal chapel to hear prayers. Every day he rode for hours, in sunshine or in rain, round about the farms at Kew or the wide plains below Windsor. He talked to all the farmers, and the girls at work, and the little boys going to school. He asked a hundred questions and never waited for an answer. Every one remembers the story—told with more quizzical cleverness than good-nature by Peter Pindar—how his Majesty once entered a cottage and found an old woman making an apple dumpling, and how quaintly the royal wonderment was expressed at the insoluble problem of how the apple got in to the dumpling. It is more certain that he once entered a cottage, and no person being within, found the roast burning. He turned the string till he grew tired, and then left the meat to its fate. But when the old woman came back, she found that monarchs could be kind as well as useful. There was a paper tied to the string, and on it written: "Five guineas to buy a jack." Such were his simple amusements. There was something ridiculous in them, but his people passed over that and thought only of the goodness. After dinner he walked on the terraces with his darling Amelia and the queen. The people gathered round him, pleased with the good old man—he had a smile and bow for all—the Eton boys looked on at royalty in undress—the band played cheerfully in the summer air, and the setting sun gilded the grey walls of the grand old castle, and sank slowly behind the spires of Eton and the winding Thames.

In the evening there was backgammon, or a concert, for the king loved music—and the day was often finished by a country dance. That is a picture of the royal life, and it reads like a page out of the annals of a country village.

How this simple life was dignified by goodness and adorned with piety might be shown by many well-known stories. One day, for example, the king was riding in Windsor Park, and in one of the glades he came upon a woman who was at the point of death. Her little girl was hanging over her piteously crying. The king was touched, and spoke kindly to the woman, who had seen better days. She expressed a great desire to see a minister. "I will be your minister," said the king; and he took out his Bible and read the words of life in her ears. His attendants came up unperceived, and saw the good old man. They waited, and beheld how, when he had finished reading and speaking, he knelt down with uncovered head and commended the parting soul to the peace of God and the love of Christ. It was a scene they never forgot. It throws a delicate light of tenderness and sacred feeling round the character of "Farmer George." A similar scene of unaffected benevolence is represented in our engraving. If the king's intellect was not very strong, his affections were deep and true.

He loved dearly his little wife, even when she grew old and somewhat stern. And she clung to him faithfully, guarded and guided him when his terrible disease

made tragic the simple life at Windsor. He gave to his little daughter an intensity of love which raised the poor old man's life into the region of accepted tragedy. When she died he could not bear it. His reason fled—his heart was broken—but his figure becomes poetical then in history. Whose words are these which we hear from his lips?—

No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more!
Never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button:—thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there—look there.

From November 1810 he never recovered his reason. He became blind and deaf. He saw no more the sunny slopes he had so much and so simply loved. He heard no more, or but faintly, the music to which he used so quaintly to beat time with his roll of paper. A set of rooms in Windsor was allotted to him. In every room was a harpsichord, and he used to wander, with his sightless eyes and his long white beard, mournfully on from chamber to chamber—peopling them with courtiers to whom he spoke—living in a shadowy world of shadowy parliaments, and armies, and bygone scenes, in which his youth had expended its harmless joys. But deep beneath his misery slept his love of God, his faith in his Saviour. Once the queen came in to see him. She found him singing a hymn, accompanying himself softly on the instrument. For a moment the well-known air brought back his reason. He rose and knelt down beside her and broke into tearful prayer. He besought the heavenly Father for her, for his children, for the people of England. Then he spoke of himself. Would God free him from the burden of his disease, or if not, make him say, "Not my will, but thine be done?" Then the whole crushing weight of the knowledge of his disease came upon his brain, and he sank back into idiocy again.

There is no more to say. He died and made no sign. But that one moment of lucidity makes us know that he who read the story of immortality and life and love to the dying woman, had drunk deep at the same fountain, and found, when life's fitful fever had burnt out, the peace which passeth understanding of his Father's home.

LITTLE EVILS.

THE sum of life is made of little things;
Life is not shower'd on us in one vast flood
To overwhelm us in our littleness!
But we are led into it step by step,
Through childhood and through youth into ripe age.
Ready to gather when the time is come.

So as all life is made of little things,
And all our joys, and all our happiness,
Depend on little things as much as great;
So are our sorrows and our pains and ills
Most mercifully meted out to us
In portions fitted for our strength to bear!

No evils then are they—though called such;
Little or great they tend unto our good,
If we accept them as the gifts of Heaven,
Blessing the hand of Him who chasteneth,
Because we therefore know we are beloved.
Then will that love make every burden light,
And for the burden, and the power to bear,
We shall give thanks to Him who is our help,
Who doeth all things, and doth all things well.

O. H. W.

HOME MEMORIES OF THE POETS.

SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY is one of the most voluminous writers in the language, and he has acquired fame as a poet, historian, critic, and biographer. His knowledge was immense, his assiduity untiring. He toiled as steadily as the labourer whose daily work earns the daily food, and almost his only relaxation was a change of literary employment.

Perhaps no man ever worked harder or led a happier life. "I have lived in the sunshine," he said; and on reading his biography it can scarcely be doubted that he made much of the sunshine in which he lived. He was born at Bristol, on the 12th August, 1774, and has related in his own beautiful English the story of his school days, and sketched with much humour the character of the aunt in whose house much of his holiday time was spent. Miss Tyler was a very extraordinary personage, full of strange habits and crotchets. She took more precautions against dust "than would have been needful against the plague in an infected city." "I have seen her," writes her nephew, "order the teakettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had a cup once buried for six weeks to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean: all who were not her favourites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man who called upon business seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not." Most great men have had good if not great mothers, and Southey is not an exception to the rule. "Take her for all in all," he writes, "I do not believe that any human being ever brought into the world, and carried through it, a larger portion of original goodness than my dear mother. Every one who knew her loved her, for she seemed made to be happy herself, and to make every one happy within her little sphere. Her understanding was as good as her heart. It is from her I have inherited that alertness of mind and quickness of apprehension, without which it would have been impossible for me to have undertaken half of what I have performed. God never blessed a human creature with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit, a sweeter temper, or a tenderer heart."

The boy's life although solitary was cheerful. Very early he acquired that love of reading which remained with him through life. His father's library indeed consisted only of "The Spectator," "The Guardian," and a few pamphlets and plays; but Robert found the food he loved at a circulating library, which to his infinite delight contained a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen." He read Shakespeare, too, and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and other fine old books which stirred his imagination, and led him into a world of beauty. Out of doors there was the freedom of country life, and with his aunt's servant-boy Shad he would roam about the rocks and woods on the banks of the Avon in search of wild flowers.

We must pass over this happy time, which ended when Robert was sent to Westminster School, from whence, after three or four years, he was summarily expelled for writing a paper against corporal punishment. Then we follow him to Balliol College, Oxford, where he tells us that he learned to row and to swim, but did not make great progress in academical studies. But he was eager for general knowledge, and lost no time in idleness or dissipation. Years afterwards he recorded gratefully, that with many temptations to vice he was happily preserved from it. When in his nineteenth

year Southey wrote his first epic poem, "Joan of Arc," and before that time he had burnt and lost 10,000 verses. Thus early did he discover his vocation as an author, and after several efforts in other directions, for he tried medicine and the law, the poet returned to his first love. At this time his political creed was in favour of republicanism, and his religious creed was unsettled. His uncle, a clergyman to whom he was much indebted, wished Southey to enter the church, but he was too honest to undertake a solemn office for which he knew himself unfitted; and when afterwards he was able fully to accept the doctrines of the church, it is probable that he served her better as a layman than he would have done as a priest.

Many of our readers will have heard of the scheme called Pantisocracy, which, in their youthful days, Southey and Coleridge, and a few men less eminent, embraced with enthusiasm. They would migrate to America, take possession of some virgin soil, and support themselves by manual labour, while their wives would undertake all domestic duties. The earnings were to be placed in a common purse, and their leisure hours were to be devoted to literature and poetry. It was a pleasant dream, from which Southey was one of the first to awaken. There were three sisters at Bath to whom three of the Pantisocrats were attached. Lovell married one of the trio, Coleridge another, and Southey, having promised to accompany his uncle to Portugal, married on the day of their departure. Husband and wife parted at the church door, and Edith Southey preserved her maiden name and wore her wedding ring hung round her neck until the event became public. "Should I perish by shipwreck," the poet wrote, "or by any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudice will yield to the anguish of affection, and who will love, cherish, and give all possible consolation to my widow."

Months afterwards the young couple are in London, struggling bravely with a narrow and uncertain income, and yet ready, as Southey ever was, to hold out a helping hand to others, whether relations or strangers. He lived from hand to mouth throughout the greater portion of his life; yet he gave sympathy and money and time, more precious to him still, to all who had any claim upon him, and to many who had no claim whatever save the brotherhood of letters. No one ever made more splendid sacrifices for those he loved, no one ever thought less of his own ease, or cared less for mere worldly aggrandizement.

In 1804, at the age of thirty, Southey took possession of Greta Hall, Keswick, a lovely mountain home; and there for nearly forty years he devoted himself to literature, refusing more than one munificent offer which would have drawn him from the mountains that he loved so well to the distractions of a London life. Years passed on and children grew up around him. "Every house," he wrote, "should have in it a baby of six months and a kitten rising six weeks." How he loved the music of the little ones; how ready he always was to romp with them or to teach them; how he would shout with them over the house, and rejoice in making the loudest noise; how sometimes he would write nonsense verses for their amusement, and sometimes nonsense letters; and how in more serious moments he would point them wisely and cheerfully from the parents' love on earth to the love of the great Father in Heaven; how death visited that happy household, taking from it the dearest lamb of the flock; and how, after many, many years of home happiness, the faithful pair were sadly parted, and a cloud, never more to be lifted up in this world, fell upon the family—all this will be found in the "Life and Correspondence," in which, for the most part in the poet's language, his career is recorded. All we can do here is to give one or two bright glimpses of the poet's home while the sunshine was resting on it.

"The happiest lives," said Southey, speaking of his own, "are those which have the least variety;" and in a letter to a friend he says: "My actions are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour till dinner time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta—for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must—for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea I go to poetry, and correct, and rewrite, and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life—which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." His writings do not make him a rich man, but he knows

that she should live, is a thing too delightful in itself, and too valuable in its consequences both to her and me, to be given up for any light inconveniences, either on your part or mine. An absence of a year would make her effectually forget me. . . . But of these things we will talk at leisure; only, dear, dear Edith, we must not part."

At another time, when invited by some great men to London, he writes:—"Oh dear! oh dear! there's such a comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and own fireside, one's own writing-desk and own library—with a little girl climbing up to my neck, and saying, 'Don't go to London, papa; you must stay with Edith!'—and a little boy whom I have taught to speak the language of cats, dogs, cuckoos, jackasses, &c., before he can articulate a word of his own—there is such a comfort in all these things, that transportation to London seems a heavier punishment than any sins of mine deserve."



that they will give him a permanent name in literature; and that "one overwhelming propensity has formed his destiny, and marred all prospects of rank and wealth; but it has made him happy, and will make him immortal." Southey cared nothing, however, for the kind of applause which a man of genius gains in society. All his happiness was centered beneath his own roof-tree; and once when in Edinburgh, and after spending a few days with Sir Walter Scott, he writes thus to his wife: "What I have now to say to you is, that having been eight days from home, with as little discomfort, and as little reason for discomfort as a man can reasonably expect, I have yet felt so little comfortable, so great sense of solitariness, and so many homeward yearnings, that certainly I will not go to Lisbon without you; a resolution which, if your feelings be at all like mine, will not displease you. . . . But for your sake as well as my own, and for little Edith's sake, I will not consent to any separation. The growth of a year's love between her and me, if it please God

Southey's library consisted of several thousand volumes. It was his joy and pride, and he deemed the arrival of a box of books "the highest possible terrestrial pleasure." "My study," he writes, "commands the finest view in England;" and in his "Colloquies" he says: "Here I possess the gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations laid up in my garners; and when I go to the window there is the lake, and the circle of mountains, and the illimitable sky." The writer of this paper obtained admittance to Greta Hall a year or two since. It contains no longer any trace of the poet laureate, and the room once his library was crowded with articles of vertu, pictures, stuffed birds, and curiosities of every description, packed against the walls or lying about upon the floor. It was sad to think of the change which time had wrought; yet surely not altogether sad, for wise and beautiful thoughts and blessed deeds live on through ages, and in a life like Southey's there can be no failure. Standing in that room once consecrated to

genius and virtue, it was natural to recall the exquisite lines written there, in sight of his beloved books, by the scholar and the poet:—

My days among the dead are pass'd,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.
My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partials their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.
My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Southey, we are told, was "a most regular and child-like reader of his Bible;" and whether in sorrow or in joy, he manifested an unwavering faith in the goodness of the Almighty.

The sentiment he expressed in the following noble line—

Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven—

actuated his course through life. He had special need of this religious trust and resignation before the end came; and when, on the 21st of March, 1843, he passed quietly away, those who loved him, and they were many indeed, felt glad to think that he had resigned—

This weary load
Of death called life, which us from life doth sever.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XL.—MARKETS AND MARKET WOMEN.—PART III.

WE must now turn to the second portion of the heading of our article. In the Paris markets, as well as in many other branches of commerce, women perform a far more important part than with us. The market women of Paris, or *Dames de la Halle*, as they were formerly called, are a very numerous body, and have on more than one occasion made themselves both influential and troublesome, especially during the first French Revolution, when their conduct was infamous in the extreme. It could hardly be imagined that the motherly good-tempered looking women we at present see in the Halles are the descendants of those who so largely recruited the ranks of the "furies of the guillotine;" and yet the predecessors of these women were among the most cruel of those who followed the half crazed and afterwards wholly insane republican enthusiast, Theroigne de Mericourt, when on horseback, and attired in a blood-coloured riding dress, with a sabre by her side, and pistols in her belt, she rode from Paris to Versailles beside the ferocious Jourdan, known as the man with the long beard, one of the most bloodthirsty miscreants of the first French Revolution. Yet hardened and ferocious as Theroigne de Mericourt was, she was too mild for the furies who formed her body guard. As a punishment for having shown some slight symptoms of pity, they nearly tore her to pieces; and although her life was saved, she soon afterwards became a confirmed maniac, and was sent to the lunatic asylum of the Salpêtrière, where

she remained till her death, which occurred about twenty years afterwards.

Among the predecessors of the Paris market women were those wretches who assisted the men to break into the Palace of the Tuileries, and when inside far exceeded them in heaping insults on the unfortunate royal family. Unlike their male companions, who were somewhat touched at the sight of Marie Antoinette waiting to receive them, holding the hand of her daughter, a beautiful fair-complexioned girl of about fourteen years of age, and the Dauphin, a child of seven years old, seated on the table before her, their behaviour to her was especially infamous. Most of the men silently hung back, as if shocked at the sight of the humiliated greatness before them; but some stood by, and with derisive and vulgar gestures grossly insulted the queen. Their companions, ashamed of their insolence, insisted on their leaving the room, and were sufficiently numerous to make themselves obeyed, but on the women they were powerless. By way of turning opinion in favour of the queen, one of the men requested her permission to place the *bonnet rouge* upon the child's head. The queen herself took the cap from the man's hand and placed it on the Dauphin. The men applauded, and considered it as a compliment; not so the women. They heaped on the unhappy lady the grossest insults, couched in the vilest and coarsest language, and used every imprecation against her that malice could dictate. Fortunately the children were too young and innocent to understand the meaning of the language used, but the queen had the greatest difficulty in supporting her dignity and presence of mind under their insults. But even among the women of the Halle all womanly feeling was not extinct. A young girl of pleasing appearance came forward, and in the vilest terms insulted the queen, whom she called *l'Autrichienne*. Marie Antoinette, struck by the contrast of the girl's rage and the naturally mild expression of her face, gently said to her—

"Why do you hate me? Have I ever knowingly done you any injury, or given you offence?"

"No, not to me," said the girl; "but you have been the cause of the misery of the nation."

"Poor child," replied the queen, "some one has told you so, and deceived you. What interest can I have in making the people miserable? The wife of the king, and mother of the Dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman by all the feelings of my heart, and as a wife and mother. I shall never again see my own country. I can only be happy or unhappy in France. I was happy when the people loved me."

These gentle words affected the heart of the girl, and she burst into tears. She begged the queen's pardon for her behaviour, saying, "I did not know you, but I see you are good."

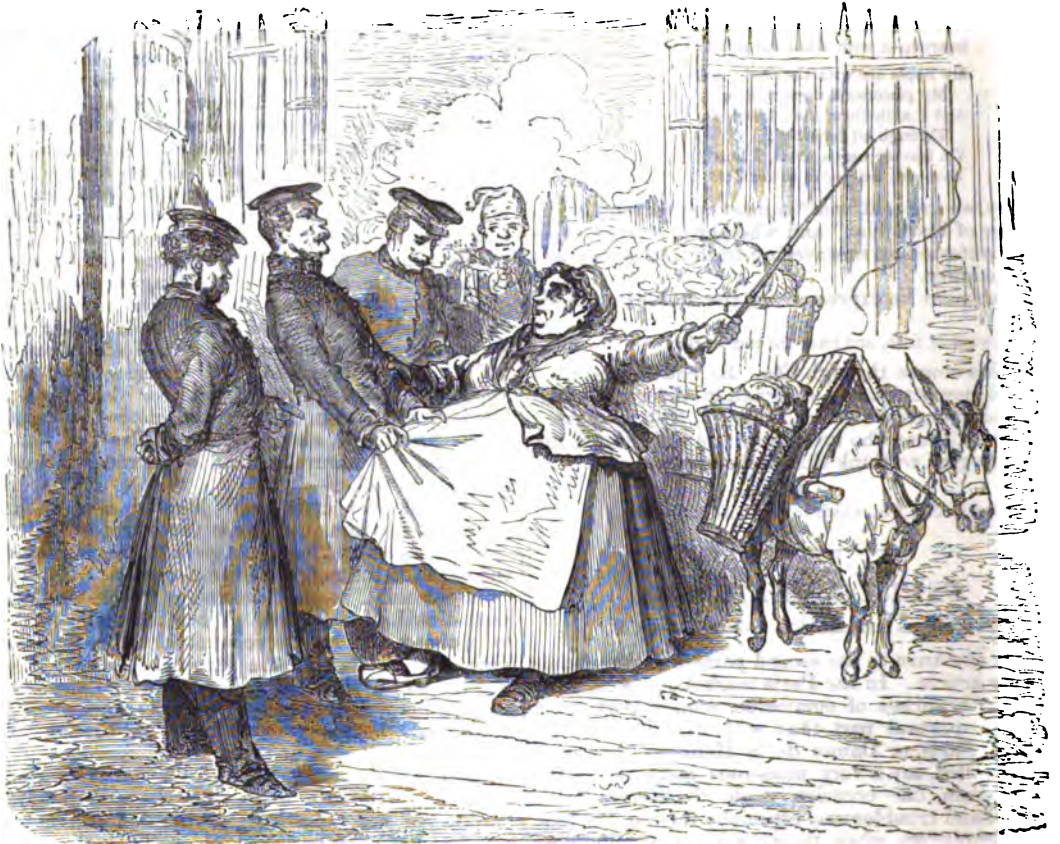
Her companions however were displeased with the feeling she showed, and upbraided her for it. A violent scene was about to commence, when fortunately Santerre, one of the leaders of the Revolution—a rough, coarse-minded man, but with far more of the milk of human kindness about him than was common with his party—entered the room. He was precisely the description of man to rule a mob. One of the people himself, he knew well their method of thinking, and the arguments which would have most force among them. He possessed, moreover, a herculean frame, and the voice of a stentor, and had as well a good deal of rough eloquence at command. But with all his coarseness, Santerre had a kind heart, and was easily moved to compassion by the sorrows, not only of those of his own class, but of those above him. Perceiving the position the queen and her family were in, he pushed through the crowd and advanced towards them. Seeing the Dauphin's brow was bathed with perspiration beneath the *bonnet rouge* on his head, he

said to those near him, "Take the cap off the child's head; don't you see he is half stifed with the heat." And then turning upon the crowd of women who were pressing around the table, he commanded them, in an imperious tone of voice, to leave the room; and the same furies, who shortly before had thrust aside with their hands the bayonets of the soldiery, and set the royal authority at defiance, now cowed before a single man, and left the room without further opposition.

As the power of the revolutionists increased, so did the power of the Dames de la Halle and their sisterhood increase in proportion. There was hardly a popular disturbance or massacre in which they did not take a prominent part. Lamartine speaks of them as being "Terrible during the combat, and cruel after victory." They assassinated the vanquished, spilt their

For some years after order was restored the Dames de la Halle occasionally made themselves exceedingly troublesome. The Emperor Napoleon at last completely subdued them. A strong detachment of their body once attempted to advise him on some part of his military policy. He cut them short, however, in their arguments, by saying, "We have each our particular duties to perform; I will do mine, and you had better attend to your own. I have no wish to interfere with your cabbages, nor shall you with my policy. Now go!"

From that time the Paris market women gave no more trouble, but settled down into an inoffensive, hard-working, much-enduring community. Like our own Billingsgate ladies, they have their peculiar vocabulary, particularly rich in invectives, but it is rarely used unless in cases of great provocation. Their



FRENCH MARKET WOMAN AT THE BARRIÈRE.

blood, and mutilated their bodies. The Revolution, its agitations, its days, its sentences, and its executions, had become for these furies as the combats of the gladiators were to the corrupted female patricians of ancient Rome. Annoyed at being excluded from the clubs of men, these women founded among themselves "Societies of Republican and Revolutionary Women." They even trained children in their own infamous ideas, and established among them the club of "Red Children." To such an extent did these wretches carry their cruelty, as to call down the frequent reprobation of the leaders of the Revolution themselves. Chaumette even went so far as to order their leader, Rose Lacombe, into arrest for disturbing with her band the deliberations of the Assembly; and Robespierre on more than one occasion denounced them as bringing shame upon the republic.

courtesy seems to have increased and their bad language to have diminished in proportion with the increase of accommodation which was being provided for them. In fact, many expressions which, prior to the rebuilding of the Halles Centrales, were in common use among them, are now considered as unparliamentary, and are fast becoming obsolete.

A portion of their old tendency to set the authorities at defiance even now occasionally develops itself in the manner shown in our woodcut. Many of the women attending the market live in the outskirts of Paris and are in the habit of driving small carts into the city, laden with vegetables and other garden produce. Now all articles of consumption entering Paris pay, as we have said before, a tax called the octroi duties. On some articles this tax is enormously heavy, and thereby the temptation to smuggle is very great. To

prevent it, at each entrance to Paris there is an octroi office, with a strong staff of officials, at which every driver of a cart is obliged, before he enters, to make a declaration of the goods he carries, to show his way-bill to the officers on duty, and to pay the octroi dues, under a penalty equal to the gross value of the articles he has with him. To carry out their duty the more effectually, the officers are provided with long iron rods, with which they pierce the goods on the carts, unless they are packages which upon declaration may be injured by such a process. No individual entering Paris is exempt from this examination, and the carriage of the nobleman is no more excused than the donkey cart of the market woman. Even the examination of the person is permitted, should the officer on duty have reason to suspect that the individual has goods upon him subject to the octroi dues. The officers have but little trouble with the men attending the market, any bulky article concealed under their clothes being easily detected. With women, however, the case is very different; the amplitude of female attire giving them far greater opportunity for smuggling than the men. And this facility is greatly increased by the fact that these women generally enter Paris between one and two o'clock in the morning, the darkness favouring them considerably. It is no uncommon occurrence for a lady of the kind to enter Paris a remarkably stout-looking woman, and to leave it a thin if not a graceful figure, the difference in bulk being caused by the smuggled goods which were concealed under her clothes. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is remembered that should she have so much brandy in bladders about her as would fill half a dozen bottles, her profit is about four shillings English, when her legitimate earnings would not be half that sum. When the officers are convinced that a woman has smuggled goods about her, they show but little ceremony; and scenes, such as that in our woodcut, are by no means of unfrequent occurrence.

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

VI.

HOW TO GIVE BEES ADDITIONAL ROOM.—If the plan of management be adopted which I recommended in the last chapter, plenty of room must be given both to the swarm and to the old hive from which it issued. For both should be very populous by the time honey abounds; and in good years even the largest hives which I have recommended will be found insufficient for the wants of the bees. There are various ways of increasing the accommodation of a hive. There is the common *eke*, with which all are familiar, consisting of one or more hoops of straw, placed under the "lippens," so as to lift them up two or three inches. By this means much useful space is afforded to the bees, and with very little trouble. But to these ekes, whether of straw or wood, there are several objections, which are obviated by giving room at the top instead of at the bottom of the hive. Bees store their honey chiefly in the upper parts of their dwelling, while the breeding of the young bees goes on in the lower parts of the combs. Consequently very little honey is ever found in the eke itself, and the comb which is added there is always more or less black and dirty. Moreover, it is always troublesome and often injurious to the hive to remove the eke at the end of the season. On the other hand, the comb which is made in straw caps or super-boxes is always clean, and it is but seldom or only partially used by the queen for the deposit of her eggs. If straw caps are used they should be of much the same shape as the common straw "lippen"—miniature hives, in short—capable of holding about a peck of wheat. They can be easily applied to the common

straw hive after cutting a hole about two inches across in its crown. If so used the whole must be covered with a substantial hackle. When flat-topped hives are used, of course the hole in the centre of the top board will be opened, for the bees must never pass into these caps or *supers* from the outside. No hive, in fact, should ever have more than one entrance. The best time to give these caps is about three weeks after the establishment of the swarm. They may then be given both to the swarm and to the parent stock. Those who have glass windows will be better able to judge of the fitting time from the appearance of the combs within. It is better to wait till the hive seems quite full and the honeycomb near the glass is sealed up. In very good seasons two or more of these caps will be filled, but it is better to remove them before they are quite full, especially if the bees seem incommoded for want of room.

HOW TO PREVENT BEES FROM SWARMING.—When a sufficient number of stock-hives are possessed by the bee-master, swarming is no longer desirable, and it may be very generally prevented. In this case very large quantities of honey may be obtained. I have myself harvested as much as seventy-nine pounds of the finest honey from a single hive managed on the non-swarming system. This, of course, is not to be looked for ordinarily; but in a well-managed apiary it will be no uncommon thing to obtain from forty to sixty pounds per hive, if you can prevent the bees from swarming. The way to do this is simply to give them plenty of room at the right time, and to plunder them of their stores as they fill the supers. There are seasons, however, when the utmost care of the bee-master will fail of success; so that his best and strongest stocks will be the least profitable in his apiary. To manage them on this principle you must give them top-room early in May, as soon as the hive is full of bees and you perceive honey glistening in the cells. Give them a bit of comb, securing it to the top or sides of the super. My plan is to heat the wood-work, and then press the comb against it till it sticks firmly. And when I plunder my supers I take care never to cut away the entire comb, but leave a small portion of it here and there to tempt the bees another time. When the first super is about three parts filled with comb—and even sooner, if the bees hang out at the entrance of the hive—it will be advisable to interpose another super between the one first given and the stock itself. This second super will now be the favourite store-room, but if honey is very plentiful the first will soon be filled. It may be removed as soon as you perceive the combs mostly sealed up close to the glass at the windows. You must then at once interpose another super as before—provided it is still early in the season. After the 20th of July it is of little use giving them additional room. Should the bees swarm in spite of all efforts to prevent them, you had better put the swarm in the stock's place, as before instructed, first removing all the supers. If the latter are pretty full, plunder them; if half empty, and the season is still before you, give them to some other hive to fill—first taking care to get rid of the bees.

Some little care is required in taking off a box of honey, therefore it is well to be armed against all accidents. A novice should always be well protected. A pair of long and thick garden gloves tied over the sleeve, and a loose bag of leno tied over the hat and collar, are indispensable appurtenances of the apiary. With their help the most timid operator can proceed calmly with his work, surrounded by hundreds of these angry insects. Nor is it when taking off a box of honey that their aid is alone required. Whoever suffers from the sting of a bee should have his bee dress ready at all times.

P. V. M. F.

CHILDREN'S GAMES—continued from page 400.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

Some of the children must stand in two rows facing each other; each couple must join hands and raise them so as to form a tunnel; two must stand apart for the bridge; those forming the tunnel must, when the train has passed, drop their hands to form the cutting. The smaller children form the train by

standing one behind the other, and laying hold of each other's frocks and jackets. While singing the first verse they must start off slowly, then getting quicker, pass through the bridge, the tunnel, and the cutting. At the end of the second verse they must stop gradually, at the end of the third start again.

1. The rail - way train is start - ing off, The en - gine gives a has - ty puff, The
2. Through the bridge it shoots a - way, Through the tun - nel dark all day.

bell is rung, the whis - tle blows, The guard says "right," and off it goes.
Thro' the cut - ting, o'er the plain, Un - til it comes to a sta - tion a - gain.

Ring a ding, ring ding, puff, puff, puff, Ring a ding, ring ding, puff, puff, puff!

3rd verse.

The por - ter calls out "Lon - don train, Please take your seats, we're off a - gain. Now
make haste with your lug - gage there, The sig - nal shows the line is clear. Time and trains for
no man wait, Off, off, 'tis get - ting late." Ring a ding, ring ding,
puff, puff, puff, Ring a ding, ring ding, puff, puff, puff!



THE WHEELBARROW.

The children stand in pairs; one stoops down and puts his hands behind him, he is the wheelbarrow; the other takes his hands and they all march (one pair behind the other) round the room. At "Gee-up" they trot.

Come, bro - ther, take your bar - row strong, We've got a load of stones and weeds, So
if you're rea - dy, come a-long, And in their place we'll sow some seeds. This rub - bish we will
throw a-way, A-mong the flow'rs it must not stay. Come, now, you're wheel-ing ve - ry slow, My
load's as heavy as yours I know; I wish you would make haste and go. Gee up, gee up, gee
up! I wish you would make haste and go. Gee up, gee up, gee up!

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE READER FORMS THE ACQUAINTANCE
OF MR. WALTER MOSS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the increased attention Robert was obliged to give to his business, his love affair progressed most satisfactorily. True, he could not see Maria as often as he wished, as every time she left home Mrs. Gibbons scolded her for two days afterwards,

using on those occasions the most unwarrantable and harsh language. So angry was she in more than one instance, that it is more than probable she would have insisted on Maria again residing somewhere else; but the girl had contrived to make herself very useful to the old woman, whose infirmities were now so great that she required a constant and skilful assistant. After her anger had somewhat abated her selfishness predominated, and things went on with tolerable smooth-

ness till Maria's next visit to London. Robert, on these occasions, used to meet her on the road, and in the evening conduct her home—at least, as near as prudence would permit. Mrs. Murphy's love for her future daughter-in-law seemed to increase on each successive visit she received from her, and Murphy also looked forward to seeing her with great pleasure. If the lovers met but seldom, they indemnified themselves, in some degree by writing almost daily. This they could easily do, as Maria was able to receive and answer letters without her aunt's knowledge. Indeed, had it been otherwise, she would have insisted on her right to correspond with her friends, even at the risk of a serious quarrel with the old woman.

Murphy attended several times at the studio of Mr. Turner, and at last the portrait was finished. It was, in the fullest acceptance of the term, a perfect success. He was a fine looking, venerable man, notwithstanding his ill-health, and made a very excellent picture. Mrs. Murphy was delighted with it, and thanked Robert warmly for the interest he had taken in the matter. She now requested him to sit for his own, and then, she said, she would have nothing to wish for; but Robert informed her that Mr. Turner was at the time so fully employed, he would not undertake another commission for some months. Although somewhat annoyed at the delay, she had no alternative, but submitted to the disappointment with the best grace she could, making Robert promise her, however, that as soon as the artist was disengaged he would have his portrait painted. Possibly, as she was something of an economist, had she known the price Robert had paid for her husband's, she would have hesitated before she put him again to so heavy an expense for her own gratification. After a handsome frame had been purchased for the picture, Mrs. Murphy had it hung up in their ordinary sitting-room, where it remained, the principal ornament in the house.

In the mean time the arrangements for carrying out the contract Robert Evans had entered into with Mr. Macmurdo progressed in the most satisfactory manner. Before operations had fairly commenced, and even during the progress of the works, he frequently had occasion to call at the office in Parliament Street, and he thus made the more intimate acquaintance of Mr. Walter Moss, the clerk (who, in consequence of the absence on the continent of the head corresponding clerk, had been temporarily called upon to perform his duties), which afterwards ripened into a close friendship.

Walter Moss was many years Robert Evans' senior; in fact, when they first met, he could not have been less than thirty-five years of age. In person he was tall, stout, and well made, though somewhat inclined to obesity. He was always well dressed, but hardly in gentlemanly taste, being fond of colours as well as jewellery. His face was handsome, with something of a Hebrew expression in it, and his complexion, like Robert's, was dark. There was also an amount of cunning in his looks, which considerably impaired any good effects he might have otherwise produced on a first introduction. This unpleasant effect, however, completely wore off after a short acquaintance with him, for his manners were pleasing and courteous; though, at the same time, when speaking to his superiors, there was perceptible in them a certain amount of servility, which seemed to indicate that he had been accustomed through life to fill a subordinate

position. As this person will frequently appear in the course of our narrative, it will, perhaps, be advisable to give the reader a short sketch of his previous career; of which, it should be stated, the greater part was unknown to Mr. Macmurdo, who had been acquainted with him only a few years, but who had received with him strong recommendations in his favour from a firm by whom he had been employed during several years. Perhaps his history would have remained completely unknown had it not afterwards been prominently brought under the notice of Robert Evans.

Although Mr. Walter Moss professed himself to be a Christian—and was most certainly not only well versed in the tenets of that faith, but could speak on religious subjects with considerable fluency—he was the son of Jewish parents, and had been brought up in that creed. His correct name was Ephraim Moses, but for certain reasons, which will presently be stated more in detail, he, when a man, changed it to that of Walter Moss.

Ephraim Moses was the son of low, disreputable Jewish parents, who lived in a by-street in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch. His father kept what was ostensibly a small second-hand clothes shop, and was also a frequent visitor to the clothes mart established in what was then called Petticoat Lane. But the traffic which he carried on in old clothes was but a blind to another more to his taste, and which, had it not been for the heavy risks and losses occasionally attending it, would have been far more lucrative—that of a receiver of stolen goods. Again, in this disreputable traffic, he was a trader of the lowest order, generally confining himself to purchasing the produce of petty thefts, such as pocket-handkerchiefs, umbrellas, books abstracted from book stalls, or shoes and other commodities stolen from the shop doors of tradesmen, with occasionally a silver spoon or fork, when his clients had been particularly fortunate. The persons of whom he purchased were, again, of the poorest and most miserable description. He had not a burglar, a footpad, or a forger on his list. His clients were generally half-starved boys, whom he alternately cajoled, bullied, or swindled, as occasion might require.

The wife of Mr. Moses was a fitting partner for such a husband. She was a tall, dirty, swarthy Jewess, exceedingly stout, and, though very slovenly in her person, was generally bedecked with showy earrings and rings of a quality more or less real. She was the principal means of communication with the young thieves with whom they transacted business, there being a division of labour between them on the subject, she having the purchasing portion thrown upon her, while her husband generally disposed of the goods which had come into their possession. Again, in their transactions with their young clients, Mr. and Mrs. Moses had each separate duties to perform. Mrs. Moses, from her superior knowledge of the nature of children, practised the endearing part; and by her cajolings, aided by presents of mawkish delicacies (for which young thieves in general appear to possess a strong predilection), she not only contrived to obtain from them the goods they had stolen infinitely beneath their value, but induced them as well to look upon her as their friend. Her husband, on the contrary, took upon himself the stern duties of threatening to betray them to the police when they did not appear to him to be sufficiently energetic in their labours. As it was, with all his cunning in eluding justice, he did not always escape with his

punity; and he not only on several occasions had most unpleasant interviews with the police and magistrates of the district, but more than once he had been an inmate of a jail.

During the first visitation of the cholera in London Mr. and Mrs. Moses fell victims to the disease, which, in their case, was probably aggravated by the confined atmosphere in which they lived, and their habitually uncleanly habits. Ephraim Moses, their son, was about eleven years of age when left an orphan. He was then utterly destitute, for creditors, real or fictitious, made such an onslaught on the effects left by his parents, that out of the whole their child did not inherit one shilling. But Ephraim Moses was not destitute of friends and acquaintances, although they were certainly of a most objectionable class. The persons who took him by the hand were precisely the young thieves with whom his parents had been in the habit of transacting business. With these he lived and associated, and more than a year passed over without anything occurring worthy of remark. If his parents had left him no money, he had, at any rate, inherited a considerable portion of their cunning; and notwithstanding that he and his friends lived on the produce of the depredations they committed on the public, he generally contrived to escape in any encounters they had with the agents of justice, though possibly the most criminal, while the least culpable of his associates suffered in his place.

This method of life he continued till he was fifteen years of age, when he was seized with fever, and taken to the London Hospital. His attack was of the most serious character, and for some time his life seemed to hang upon a thread; but, the crisis being over, he gradually, though slowly recovered. When in the hospital, he was placed in the ward appropriated to the Jews, which was occasionally visited by certain benevolent members of the Hebrew persuasion, to give consolation and assistance to the sick poor of their community. On one of these occasions an amiable Jewish lady had the case of Ephraim Moses brought under her notice. She conversed with him for some time, and found, with the exception of knowing his letters and reading simple words with great difficulty, he had received no education. Of his religious creed he knew nothing whatever beyond certain formalities which he had occasionally seen practised by his father, and which possibly were used more as a charm to obtain good luck than out of any feeling of worship or respect for the Almighty. The lady made inquiries of him respecting his method of life, and received from him such unsatisfactory replies, that she easily guessed the true state of the case. She now cross-questioned him on the subject, and the boy, whom illness had reduced to a state of great weakness, broke down under it, and, bursting into tears, acknowledged the whole truth.

The lady was greatly touched with what she considered marks of his repentance, but which were really nothing but proofs of physical inability to continue his deception, and she determined to take him under her patronage, and try if it were not possible to effect a reformation in him. She was wealthy herself, and had also many wealthy acquaintances, and with the assistance she received from them, added to money contributed from her own purse, she contrived to raise a fund sufficient for the boy's economical maintenance, and then made preparations for his reception into one of the excellent schools which the Jewish community,

to their great credit, provide for the gratuitous instruction of the poor of their nation. In this school Ephraim Moses remained for six months, learning with astonishing rapidity, for he was quick-witted in the extreme. At the end of that time he left the school, and a situation was procured for him in a tobacco and cigar manufacturing establishment. He was now not only able to read with perfect facility, but could express himself in good grammatical English as well. He could write an excellent hand, and was well acquainted with the elementary rules of arithmetic up to the double rule of three.

He was now fairly on the road to respectability, had he only been possessed of industry and integrity, but on these two necessary points he was unfortunately lamentably deficient. Although in his present situation the duty was heavy, and the wages comparatively small, he went on regularly enough for six months, occasionally grumbling at his unfortunate lot. Singular to say, he made no objection to attending an evening school, to which he was sent; though, perhaps, this was rather occasioned by his wish to improve his handwriting, that he might obtain an appointment in an attorney's office, than from any direct love of study. How long he might have kept his appointment at the tobacco manufacturer's, had it not been for an act of dishonesty of which he was strongly suspected, but which could not directly be brought home to him, it is impossible to say. As it was, in consequence of a break down in the evidence, he took the initiative, and after abusing his employers soundly, and threatening them with all sorts of actions for defamation of character, he, with an air of injured innocence, left their employment.

But Ephraim Moses soon found he had cause to repent his conduct, for he could obtain no other situation. Without a reference he could gain no introduction into a Christian firm, and he had none to give. To apply to a Jewish firm would have been useless, as they would easily have detected his nationality, and thus have traced his previous career. There now appeared no alternative before him but to adopt his old course of life. The only repugnance he felt on the occasion arose from the dangers and privations occasionally attending it, and not from any newly-acquired principle of integrity. Ephraim Moses was now really a dangerous character. He could adopt on occasions so much plausibility of manner as to neutralize to a considerable extent the expression of low cunning in his countenance. He soon collected around him a sufficient number of such of his old associates as were not dispersed or in prison, and with them he soon formed a systematic plan for plundering the public and living on the proceeds. For some time a considerable amount of success attended him. Occasionally, it is true, certain of his associates found themselves in the grasp of the police, but Ephraim Moses had the cunning to escape. Impunity, however, had the effect of reducing the amount of caution he was in the habit of employing, and he was one day detected with some others in a direct act of robbery. Too poor to obtain legal assistance, he defended himself with considerable ingenuity, but the evidence was dead against him, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour in the Middlesex House of Correction.

For some time after his liberation from prison, Ephraim Moses appeared to be undergoing a course of

protracted starvation. His experience of prison life, short as it had been, had given him an immense disgust for it, and he resolved to be honest, not from any love of the virtue, but simply from a dread of a second incarceration. He now endeavoured to obtain a livelihood in the streets, or by hanging about the wharfs and railway stations for the purpose of what is technically called "chancing it," or, in other words, obtaining whatever odd jobs good fortune might throw in his way, such, for example, as holding horses, or carrying parcels for travellers arriving by the different steamboats or trains. In the former occupation he occasionally succeeded in picking up a few pence, but in the latter very rarely indeed, few persons liking to trust their parcels in the hands of so disreputable-looking a personage. His life was now one of sharp privation indeed. If in the daytime he succeeded in obtaining a few pence, he indulged in the luxury of half a bed in some low lodging-house; if, on the contrary, he had been unsuccessful, a dry archway, or the sheltered entrance to a house, from which he was in incessant danger of being driven by the police, served him in its stead.

One fine morning, when almost in despair, he was standing at the corner of a street in Houndsditch, leaning against a post, and warming himself in the rays of the sun after a bitter cold night he had spent in the open air, a gentlemanly-looking man of a somewhat clerical appearance passed him, eyeing him attentively. Ephraim Moses noticed him, and turned partially round to examine his coat pockets, not with the slightest dishonest intention, but from force of habit. The gentleman, after having proceeded a few paces, suddenly stopped and turned round for the purpose of examining Ephraim Moses, but with far different intentions. He had judged that the lad, from the tattered condition of his clothes and his general half-starved appearance, must be in great poverty, and, actuated by a kind feeling, after a moment's hesitation, advanced towards him.

"Are you not well, my boy?" he said to him.

"No, I ain't," said Moses, somewhat superciliously; "and I don't know how a fellow who has been cooling his heels in the street such a precious cold night as this has been should be."

"Have you no home?" inquired the gentleman.

"No, I haven't, sir," said Ephraim Moses, "or I shouldn't be here."

"Have you not a trade?" inquired the gentleman.

"I am sorry to say I have not, sir," was Ephraim's reply.

"How do you get your living then?" asked the gentleman.

"By chancing it, sir, if you know what that means—doing odd jobs or anything that comes in the way."

The gentleman looked at him attentively for a few moments, as if hesitating whether he should put a question to him he wished to have answered. At last he said—

"Are you not a Jew?"

Ephraim Moses regarded the gentleman with some suspicion, as if in doubt what reply he should make. Suddenly, as if he perceived some point of advantage to be gained, the expression of his countenance cleared up, and in a straightforward manner he replied—

"I am, sir, worse luck."

"Why do you say worse luck, my lad?" asked the gentleman.

"Because I would willingly be a Christian if I knew how, but I have no one who can teach me anything about it, and what am I to do? I have got no friends among Christians, and if it was known I wanted to become one, all the Jews in London would set against me. Why," he continued, looking around him with an alarmed expression of countenance, "if any of them saw me speaking to you here they would persecute me shamefully."

"From that," said the gentleman, "you ought, at any rate, to be protected by Christians. Here is sixpence for you to get some food now, and if you really wish to become a Christian (mind, I do not want to influence you if you conscientiously do not), call on me to-morrow at the Craven Hotel, in the Strand, and I will see what I can do for you. There is my card."

"I should like it very much, sir; but I am afraid the servants won't let me in when they see how poor I am."

"You need not fear on that account," said the gentleman, "I will give orders that you shall be admitted." So saying he placed his card in the hand of Ephraim Moses, and left him.

Great was the satisfaction of Ephraim Moses at his meeting with this gentleman, not that he had the slightest wish to become a Christian, beyond the possibility of his being able to turn his conversion to account. That night he occupied himself in turning over in his mind what tale he would tell the gentleman the next morning, and he tried all in his power to invent one suitable to the occasion. After all, he could not succeed to his satisfaction, and the idea struck him that very possibly his best policy would be to tell the truth, reserving to himself the power to mitigate his errors as much as he could. He had cunning enough to see this would be the best course for him to follow, for, if the gentleman should make any inquiries respecting him, it would prove he was worthy of credence; whereas if he were detected in a falsehood he might lose a friend instead of gaining one. Having now fully made up his mind on the subject, and night coming on, he engaged half a bed, and slept comfortably until the next morning.

On the morrow, as agreed, Ephraim Moses called on the Rev. Mr. Nisbet at the Craven Hotel. As his arrival had been anticipated, the servants admitted him without any objection, and he was at once conducted into a private sitting-room, where he found himself in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Nisbet. Being left to themselves, Mr. Nisbet opened the conversation.

"Now, my boy," said he, "let us clearly understand each other. If you really conscientiously wish to become a Christian I will assist you by every means in my power. But first I must know something more about you. I shall ask you some questions, and remember I expect they will be honestly answered. If you tell me the truth (and mind I shall make inquiries about you), even though your answers may tend to criminate yourself, they shall not act with me to your prejudice. I am quite ready to believe that a lad of your time of life may have gone wrong, and yet be able to recover himself. Now, tell me truly, have you ever been in trouble?"

"I have, sir, once, and only once."

"What for?"

"Dishonesty, sir. I was induced by some other young men to commit a robbery, and I received six months' imprisonment with hard labour for it."

"How long is it since you left prison?"

"It is now three months, sir; and since that time I can conscientiously say I have never committed a dishonest action, although I have frequently been on the point of starving."

"What made you commit the theft for which you were sent to prison?"

"Great distress, sir; and, as I said before, some other young men induced me to join them."

"Were you ever in any employment?"

"I was, sir; but my master accused me of an act of dishonesty, which I had not committed, and I left him. He was a Jew, and he set the other Jew masters against me, and I could get no work, so I fell into distress." Then, noticing an expression of doubt on Mr. Nisbet's face, Ephraim continued—"I will give you the name of my master, and you can make any inquiries you please. You will find what I have told you is the truth."

"Very well," said Mr. Nisbet; "I will take his name and make inquiries. Now, tell me what makes you wish to become a Christian?"

"Well, sir, all I know about Christianity is from what I heard the prison chaplain say, and it struck me there was a great deal of truth in his words; and so I should like to know more about your religion. But who is there that can tell me anything about it? I know no Christians."

All this seemed plausible enough to Mr. Nisbet; but, not wishing to be imposed upon, he resolved on instituting some inquiries into the matter, determining, if he found Ephraim had told him the truth, he would befriend him. He then gave him two shillings, and told him to call upon him again in two days; and that in the meanwhile he would make inquiries on the subject, and that, if he found the tale which had been told him was correct, he would then see what he could do for him.

Ephraim Moses, in high spirits, now left the hotel. He clearly saw he had fallen in with a dupe, and one of exactly the description most to be desired; for if he kept to the semblance of honesty, there was no fear of his coming under the notice of the police, or receiving any punishment for his rascality. When the two days had expired, Ephraim again called on Mr. Nisbet, who in the interim had contrived, through the agency of the police and the prison chaplain, to make inquiries respecting his proposed neophyte; and finding the lad's narrative in great part to be true, he resolved to close his eyes to two or three more than doubtful points in it, and endeavour not only to get him instructed in the principles of religion, but also to effect his social reformation, by finding him honest employment.

Mr. Nisbet had but little difficulty in instructing Ephraim Moses in the principles of the Christian religion, as he was shrewd and intelligent, besides learning rapidly and accepting as an article of faith not to be disputed every principle taught him by the kind-hearted professor. At last Mr. Nisbet, considering that Ephraim was not only perfectly sincere in his desire to become a Christian, but was also well versed in the tenets of the faith, had him baptized at the church of a friend living in London, Mr. Nisbet himself standing sponsor on the occasion.

The second portion of Mr. Nisbet's intentions—that of finding Ephraim honest employment—was not so easily effected; in fact, for some time, he had consider-

able difficulty in the matter. Ephraim had been taught only one handicraft, that of cigar making, a trade in which Mr. Nisbet had no patronage whatever. At last, finding Ephraim wrote a remarkably good hand, he resolved on asking his solicitor, who was naturally a kind-hearted man, and also one of his congregation in the country town in which he resided, if he could assist him on the occasion. To his great satisfaction, the reply was in the affirmative, the solicitor being at that moment in want of a person in his office who could make himself generally useful, and especially one who could write a sufficiently good hand to make rough copies of notes and memoranda.

Although the emolument offered was but small, Ephraim Moses eagerly accepted the appointment, as it was one of exactly the kind he had wished to obtain. He had always had the impression that, if once he could get into an attorney's office and obtain some little insight into the law, he would be far better able to make his way in the world without coming into collision with the officers of justice than he was at all likely to do without that advantage. All being soon arranged, Ephraim Moses, after receiving from Mr. Nisbet a respectable outfit, left London with him, and the next day was installed in his new occupation.

It would occupy too much space to go into any detail as to the behaviour of Ephraim during his stay in the solicitor's office. At first, his conduct was unexceptionable. He was diligent, respectful, and attentive, and he soon acquired a beautiful handwriting. He was, moreover, indefatigable in his endeavours to please his employer, and a regular attendant at church. At the end of the first year his salary was considerably increased; he was raised to the dignity of clerk, and continued gradually rising in point of salary till he was four-and-twenty years of age. It must not be imagined, however, that during the whole of that time he gave the solicitor no cause for complaint. After Ephraim had been two years in his employment, his manners underwent a considerable change for the worse; and in fact, as time passed, on more than one occasion there was great cause to suspect his perfect integrity; not that his employer was personally a loser by him, but he had reason to believe he had tampered with witnesses and clients in a most reprehensible manner. Still nothing could be brought home to him, and the solicitor, being a most conscientious man, hardly liked to dismiss a person from his employment unless he had certain proof of his misconduct.

At last Ephraim Moses got to the length of his tether. Although his salary had been greatly increased since he had been in his situation, his love of pleasure had increased in still greater ratio, and the result was his being incessantly in debt. At length his liabilities became so great that he was unable to meet them honestly, and he abstracted some money which had been paid him on account of his employer. The fraud was detected, Ephraim was arrested, tried and found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour.

As soon as he had entered the prison walls Ephraim Moses began to occupy his mind as to his course of action for the future. After due deliberation, he resolved a second time to be converted to Christianity, as his previous attempt with Mr. Nisbet had been attended with such favourable results. He now declared himself a Jew, stating, at the same time, that he had no objection to attend the service in the prison chapel.

The worthy chaplain, of course, easily fell into the trap Ephraim Moses had prepared for him. He noticed the extraordinary amount of attention and curiosity on Ephraim's countenance—which, of course, were simulated—and naturally concluded that the seeds of Christianity were taking root within him. He now frequently visited Ephraim in his cell, and talked with him on matters of religion, and he soon became convinced that he should be able to make a convert of him. In this, of course, he succeeded, though not without the prisoner urging such objections as should give due *éclat* to the reverend gentleman's powers of argument; but at last he succumbed, and was duly baptized in the prison chapel.

During the whole of Ephraim's incarceration, his outward conduct was without reproach. He was humble to his superiors, diligent in his tasks, never incurring a punishment for bad behaviour, and always expressing himself most grateful for any little favours received; while at the same time he really held the prison and all it contained (not even excepting the chaplain) in the utmost detestation. When the time arrived for his liberation, the worthy chaplain considered it was his duty to assist Ephraim, if possible, in finding some employment; and to this he was stimulated by Ephraim himself, who described to him, in most glaring colours, the hatred and opposition the Jews would show him for having become a Christian. Fortunately, the reverend gentleman had little difficulty in obtaining his wish. One of the county magistrates, under whose notice, when visiting the prison, Ephraim's excellent conduct had been brought, being on the point of leaving England for Paris, where he intended to reside for two years, resolved to engage him in a sort of doubtful capacity, something above a servant, and yet hardly an amanuensis, to write his ordinary letters for him and read the newspaper, his own eyesight being exceedingly defective. He promised Ephraim, that if his conduct continued good, so as to enable him to give him an honest recommendation, he would, on his return to England, obtain for him some permanent employment. During Ephraim's residence in Paris with the old gentleman he did not commit one act on which the slightest blame could be cast. Although sums of money frequently passed through his hands, his integrity continued irreproachable; nor was this altogether a false appearance. Ephraim was one of those characters on whom the prison, and perhaps the prison alone, is capable of impressing an excellent moral lesson. He had twice tasted its discipline, and the effects had not been lost on him; for, by the lesson thus taught, he had come to the conclusion that, after all, "honesty was the best policy." While in Paris, Ephraim assiduously studied the French language, and made himself a proficient in it, so much so as to enable him not only to read, but to write it with perfect facility—an accomplishment which he afterwards, on occasion, found of great service.

On the gentleman's return to England he fulfilled his promise by obtaining employment for Ephraim (who, by-the-way, had now changed his name to that of Walter Moss, as he stated he should be less likely to be known by it), and succeeded in procuring him an appointment as corresponding clerk in the office of an eminent Irish railway contractor, where he remained for seven years—in fact, till the death of his employer. Mr. Macmurdo was then offered by the executors the option of carrying on the works, which he accepted; and

it was on his first visit to Ireland for that purpose that he formed the acquaintance of Walter Moss, whose services he retained till the works were completed, and then gave him an appointment in his office in London.

(To be continued.)

ST. SWITHUN.



Saint Swithun's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
Saint Swithun's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

SUCH is the popular belief, and like many popular beliefs it has no foundation in fact. But the legend has a curious history connected with it, and the life of the saint himself, as far as it is known, is not without interest.

Little did the good man dream that his name would be in everybody's mouth a thousand years after his death! And this not for his many good deeds—though not only his native Winchester, but all England may well hold him in grateful remembrance for them—but for a particularly useless miracle which has been attributed to his dead body.

The common tradition, expressed in the verse above, has doubtless arisen from the fact that when rain falls about the middle of July, as is frequently the case in England, the weather often continues stormy for some weeks. The same fact may be noticed towards the end of October, and hence the following passage in an old play:—"I know it as well as I know 'twill rain on St. Simon and St. Jude's day (Oct. 28).

St. Swithun was born at Winchester, about the year 800, of noble parents. He took holy orders early, and was prior of the cathedral during the reign of King Egbert, who died in 837. That monarch made him tutor to his son Ethelwolf; and the latter, on ascending the throne, made his preceptor lord chancellor of the kingdom and Bishop of Winchester, which was then the capital city of England. An excellent bishop he made: the old chronicler, William of Malmesbury calls him a "treasury of virtues." He kept his clergy to their work, making visitations to all parts of his diocese on foot (travelling by night to avoid ostentation), built many churches, and the first stone bridge which Winchester possessed. Not less useful or successful were his endeavours to reclaim Ethelbald, successor to Ethelwolf, from an evil life, and to fortify the city against the attacks of the savage Danes. Perhaps the nation owed him gratitude for yet higher service. In conjunction with Ealchstan, a monk, he

was the early tutor of Alfred, justly called "the Great." "Swithun taught him," says an old writer, "to give his attention to the art of governing, and to the importance of industry." We suppose that Swithun undertook his morals, and Ealchstan "the three Rs," in which case Swithun certainly shows to greatest advantage, seeing that when Alfred was twelve years old he did not know his letters. At the same age the young prince went to Rome, and Swithun accompanied him, but died the next year, 862, and gave a last proof of his humility by desiring that he might not be buried in the cathedral, but amongst Christ's poor in the churchyard. There are still to be seen, in the north-west corner, some ruins of a little chapel which was afterwards built over his grave.

Then began, according to the traditions of a credulous, uninquiring age, a whole bookful of miracles. Just as a child reads "Jack and the Beanstalk" with avidity until he has acquired a taste for realities, so the human mind, until it has acquired the historical sense, craves for mythological stories with greediness. It cares, not for actual events, but for an ideal of wonder, or of sanctity. It is the mind not of a fool, nor of a cheat, but of a child. But the fact is too obvious that folly and falsehood are not far from such a state of mind, and that they were often found in the legends of the middle ages. We forbear then to tell how sick people came to the grave and were healed, not by tens or hundreds, but by thousands; how you could not get through the churchyard for the crowds of sick, and how they went away well.

But the legend on which the popular belief concerning the rain is founded was as follows. The bishop, as we have already said, was buried in the open churchyard. But the monks, on his being canonized three years afterwards, taking it into their heads that it was disgraceful that he should lie thus, determined to remove his body into the choir with procession and solemn chant, and appointed July 15th for that purpose. But when the day came it rained so violently that they postponed the ceremony. Next day was no better, nor the forty days succeeding. Thereupon they concluded that their design had been a sinful one, and the body of the saint was left in peace, they contenting themselves with building a chapel over his grave.

Years afterwards, however, probably when prime minister St. Dunstan had shrewdly guessed that the translation of the saint's body would help on his purposes of glorifying the monastic life, it was reported that Swithun had changed his mind. Many indications of this were supposed to be given, but at length a vision of the saint appeared to "an awfully hump-backed churl," and gave him directions. They were obeyed (the churl being thereupon relieved from his infirmity), and the body was conveyed into the cathedral. The magnificent shrine which enclosed it was removed at the Reformation.

The poet-philosopher Wordsworth, speaking of the fancies of his childhood fading away in his manhood, exclaims, "There hath passed a glory from the earth." But we believe the idea to be more poetical than true. Who is there who in sober fact thinks his former belief in fairy tales and legends a glory which he has lost? Rather, who is there, who, looking with reverent eyes upon the world and upon God's written word, does not see that the glory is yet to come, the eternal sunrise, the light piercing every recess, and all the secrets of nature lying like an open book? "The Christian religion," said the greatest of English philosophers, "is the perfection of common sense;" and who does not feel that the mighty works of Christ and the idle legends of the hagiology are very antipodes? It was the craving after monstrosities and mere objects of wonder that He Himself rebuked when He said, "An evil generation seeketh after a sign."

ROSAMOND'S PRAYER.

A STORY OF THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

IN the eleventh century, counting from the birth of our Lord, the cruelties practised on Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land aroused the indignation of Christendom, and armies were marshalled and commanded by the ablest heroes of the Chivalric Age, who went forth literally "not knowing whither they went," but bent on the punishment of the infidels and the possession of Christ's Sepulchre.

Frison, one of the Counts of Flanders, was of those who girded on their harness, and who swore on the cross-handles of their huge swords to win the Lord's land, and purge it thoroughly from the Moslem race. But they were men of hot tempers in those days, and very soon it came to pass that the Count de Frison quarrelled with his companions in arms, and, deserting the cause he had joined, retired hastily to his feudal castle. He strengthened the garrison, victualled the stores, and prepared for a siege. Now and again he rode forth with his retainers, and made a grasp on the lands of one or other of the men with whom he had quarrelled, firing a village or capturing a drove of bees. By this conduct the resentment of the whole country was roused. The Emperor, hearing of his misdeeds, threatened condign punishment. The King of France declared he would march an army and entirely destroy the rebel and all who belonged to him. Count Eustache, once a comrade, but now a bitter enemy of Frison, arrived and settled down before the castle walls, challenging him to single combat.

A trumpeter rang out the challenge, and the men of the army of Count Eustache shouted defiance. What need to relate every detail of the preparations. The lists were formed, and each knight taking his lance of elm faced round with plates of steel, spurred forward. Eustache was thrown with violence. Frison, leaping from his saddle, and with a dagger at the throat of the prostrate man, called, "Yield thee—rescue or no rescue." "I yield to thee." Then forth there came a company of men-at-arms, and carried the knight a prisoner into the court-yard. Frison, remounting his horse, followed, and the heavy portcullis fell behind him.

The army of Count Eustache received within an hour an order from their lord to withdraw, to place themselves under the command of his brother-in-law, and keep the Crusaders' vow.

While the duel had been fought, far away from the scene of combat, in a quiet and lonely part of the castle, a girl, very beautiful, with golden hair, and clothed in virgin white, had been praying. She was the only child of Count Frison; her name was Rosamond, and it was her hand that had fastened the white rose in his casque. She was very dear to him. He had loved her mother with all the force of his fiery nature; her death had maddened him; he had railed at heaven, had refused to believe that she was really dead, thrown himself beside the corpse, rained on its pale still face a shower of hot tears; then had been sullen, morose, vindictive, his hand against every man and woman, except this child of his, and he loved her with passionate tenderness.

A distant shout fell on the ear of the kneeling girl; she rose from her knees and listened. Presently she heard a footstep, sprang to the door, and threw her white arms round her father's neck.

"God has heard me!"

Count Frison, exultant at the triumph over Count Eustache, became more arrogant and daring. He tore a summons from the Emperor to appear before him into shreds, and cast it into the fire; drove out the bearers with contumely, averring that he took them to be spies,

and no imperial messengers, fitter to mate with turnspits than men of gentle birth.

This conduct brought matters to a crisis. A French army, under the command of Count Reigny, brother-in-law of Count Eustache, was ordered to advance on the lawless Frison, and lay siege to his castle. The Count saw the danger. He felt that the indignation of both Germany and France was aroused against him, and that successful resistance was very doubtful. Holding a council with his chief men, he disdainfully rejected all the advice they tendered; dismissed them with contempt, saying he would consult with his "little oracle," a pet name given to his daughter.

He found her alone, and told her all his trouble. "Counsel me—sweet one—a word of thine is better than a thousand of those of the prating varlets who feed at my cost and betray my trust."

"If I may speak, dear father, promise to hear me patiently, for I shall try thy patience."

"I promise on the word of a true knight—by my sword, my spurs, and my love to you."

"First, then, release Count Eustache; and then keep your vow. It were a shame your good sword should rest in its scabbard or crimson with Christian blood while the Lord's Sepulchre is defiled."

"How can it serve me to release Eustache?"

"You will make him your friend and your peacemaker."

He rose up, kissed her, and left the room. He shut himself up alone for two hours or more, and then sought his prisoner.

"Count Eustache, thou art a free man."

"At what ransom?" asked the Count.

"Your friendship."

Eustache regarded him for a moment with astonishment, and then caught his hand and said—

"It is thine, in life and death!"

"Your horse, your arms are prepared; an humble escort will attend. Eat bread with me before you depart."

There was high feasting in the hall that day.

The honourable dismissal of Count Eustache re-

sulted in a suspension of hostilities with the Count Frison. Count Reigny accompanied Eustache to the court of the Emperor, bearing letters couched in courteous and humble terms from Frison. The Emperor was strangely agitated as he read these letters.

"I have seen these letters before."

"Impossible!"

"I have seen them in a vision, while meditating the destruction of this man alone in my chamber. A girl appeared to me; very beautiful she was, with golden hair, and clothed in virgin white. She bore these letters, and in mute entreaty besought me for their writer. 'If such letters are ever brought,' quoth I, 'there shall be pardon free and full,' and she vanished out of my sight."

So Count Frison was again received by his old companions in arms, and prepared to keep his vow and join the Crusade. Everything was ready; he was to depart on the morrow. He sat with his child and watched the sunset. Then he asked her: "What meant you, child, when I returned after the duel with Eustache, by those strange words, 'God has heard me'?"

"Father, I had been praying for you."

"Ay; and what was your prayer?"

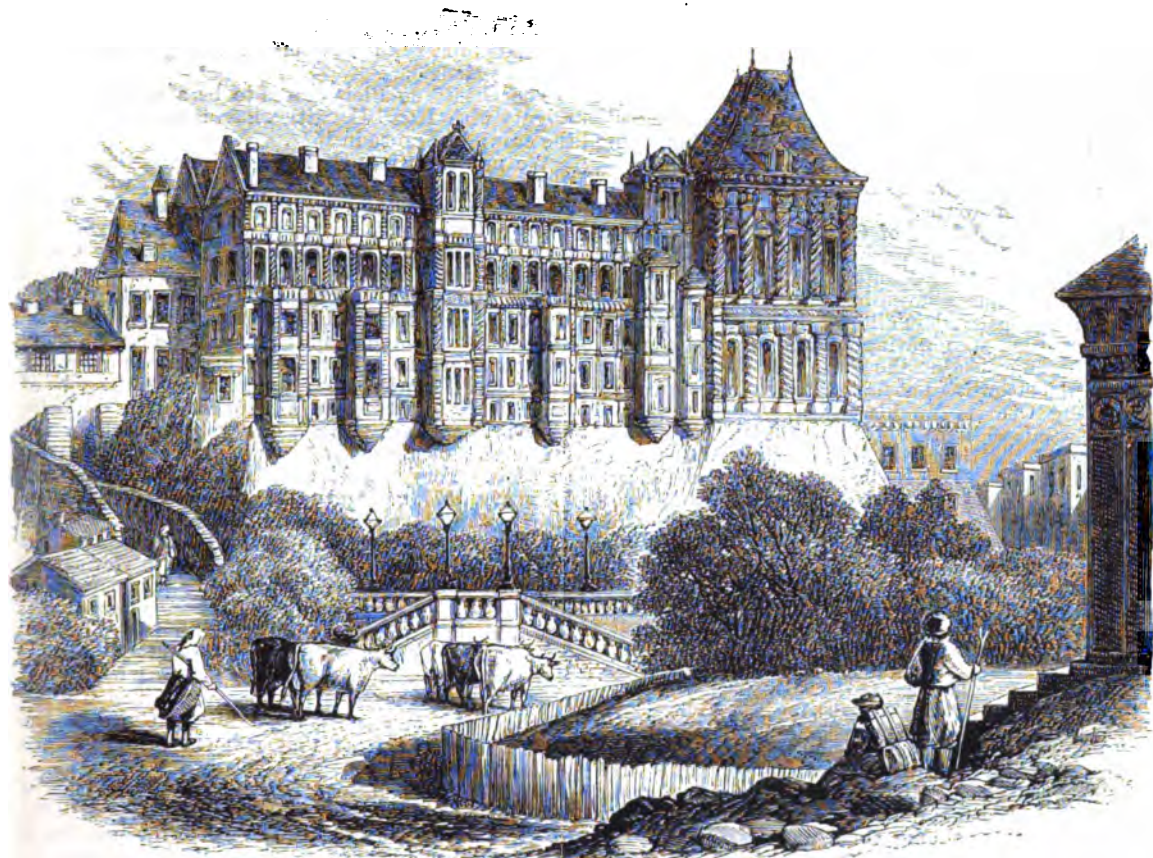
"That you might not be slain; that you might be restored to all your honours, and keep your vow; that if I might see this I would be well content to die."

He looked at her tenderly. "Nay, speak not of dying: we shall find for thee some brave knight, and the minstrels shall sing the stories of thy faithful love."

She smiled sweetly upon him, and answered, "It may never be, dear father; but I am well content to die."

Rosamond slept her last long sleep that night. Her father, after brief delay, joined the Crusade; distinguished himself in many engagements, won the praises of all—but he was never known to smile nor to be angry. He died on the field. When a comrade knelt beside, and bent his head to listen to his parting words, he heard him say, "She is waiting for me—and her mother is with her."





CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS.

THE CASTLE OF BLOIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

These stones, alas! these grey stones; are they all?
All, of the famed and the colossal, left
By the corrosive hours, to fate and me?—Edgar Poe.

IF we are to be guided by the testimony of tourists and travellers of all times, we are bound to believe that Blois has always been what we ourselves found it, one of the most picturesque and attractive towns in France.

A Benedictine monk—Frère Noel Mars of Orleans, who visited it in 1646—left so flattering a description of this old "Cité aux Rois," that his MS. has been preserved in the library of that town. He begins with the sky, which he says is serene and temperate, and to this he adds that the soil is fertile, producing all the choicest gifts, whether of Bacchus or Ceres; while abundant streams run through verdant plains, and the warmth of the sun is tempered by the cool shade of extensive forests. He sums up this glowing account by affirming that Blois, situated on the crystalline waters of the majestic Loire, built on different gradients, and therefore most picturesque in aspect, surrounded by historical châteaux and noblemen's hereditary seats, combines all that can be desired in nature or art.

La Fontaine, who was at Blois in 1663, partly confirms this impression, and declares that it would be difficult to find a more smiling and attractive spot.

The history of Blois is interesting and eventful, so much so that we can only touch upon the incidents,

whether of war, love, chivalry, crime, pageant, or art, which have illustrated the annals of its old grey stones.

Its origin is merged in the mist of the obscure ages, but its name is derived from *Bleiz*, which, in the language of the Carnute (also that of the Celtic tribes), signifies a wolf, and that animal has been adopted as the emblem of the city.

Subsequently a Roman settlement was formed there; and at one time gold coins were often disinterred at Blois, bearing on one side the inscription "*Bleso Castro*" surrounding a crowned head, and on the other a cross.

Gregory of Tours mentions the Counts of Blois as early as the year 584, but the first who made himself in any way remarkable was William of Blois, who died in 854, at the time there was a dispute between Louis le Débonnaire and his son Lothaire.

Eudes succeeded him, and the territory of Blois remained in the hands of the Counts, who took the name, until 924, when it came into the hands of Thibaut le Tricheur, Comte de Champagne. Thibaut was a fierce and powerful Baron, who kept all the country in alarm by his rapacious disposition while he lived, and by his reputation of black and midnight huntsman after his death.

Three dynasties of these puissant Counts of Blois succeeded each other, and during the last, history records the death of Louis Comte de Blois at the battle of Crécy. His brother, the famous Charles de Chatelet, competitor for the duchy of Brittany with Simon de Montfort, was killed at the battle of Auray in 1364.

In 1387 Count Guy had with him as chaplain the illustrious Froissart, when he received at the castle

Jeanne d'Armagnac, Duchesse de Berri, and her sister-in-law, Catherine de France.

In the following year the celebrated chronicler, an eye-witness to the event, supplies an interesting account of the reception of the Dukes of Brittany, of Burgundy, and of Berry at the Château de Blois, which he describes in his naïve language as "bel, grand, fort et plantureuse, et un des beaux royaumes de France."

In 1391 Louis de Châtillon, only son of Guy, dying without issue, Count Guy, already old and ruined with debts, sold his domains to Louis d'Orleans for the sum of 200,000 gold crowns.

In 1394, on the death of Guy, Louis d'Orleans took possession of his territory, and became the chief of the fourth dynasty of the Counts of Blois. To commemorate this occasion a large banner of azure with gold fleurs-de-lis—painted in oil by John Bersigan, painter of Blois—was seen waving before the castle gates. Louis began collecting the library of the Château de Blois, which consisted at first of five volumes given by the King Charles V., his father. These were two Bibles, a missal, a book entitled the Government of Kings, and the travels of the Venetian Marco Polo. After the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., had been assassinated in 1407 by order of John Duke of Burgundy, Valentine Visconti, Duchess of Milan, his widow, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time, retired to the Château de Blois, where she gave herself up to grief and thoughts of vengeance. She took for her emblem a watering-pot between two Ss, initials of *soupir* and *souci*, with the motto:—

Rien ne m'est plus,
Plus ne na'est rien.

"Valentine died on the 4th of December of the following year," as says Juvenal des Ursins, "of sorrow and disappointment, after calling her children round her bed, and making them swear to avenge their father's death." Among these was Jean, Bastard of Orleans, whom she loved and treated as one of her own children; and on his coming forward—for he was but seven years old—and assuring her of his readiness to fight the Duke of Burgundy, she burst into tears, and clasping the boy to her heart, she said, "Il devait être à moi; on me l'a volé." This child, who never lost sight of his promise, and kept his word bravely, afterwards became the "brave et beau Dunois," and was subsequently made Duc de Longueville.

In 1415, Charles d'Orleans, Comte de Blois, was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt. The Château de Blois had at that time become a formidable place, and was the frontier town of the kingdom of Bourges, to which the English had reduced King Charles VII.

In the month of April, 1429, Joan of Arc made her solemn entry into Blois, and left it on the 28th at the head of six thousand men, among whom were the Maréchal de Beauré, Admiral de Cùlant, the Sire de Gaucour, La Hire, and Xantrailles. The Pucelle was armed, and dressed entirely in white, and was mounted on a large black horse.

In 1431 the Bastard of Orleans, the first warrior of his times, took the command of the Château de Blois, and received two hundred livres a year as stipend.

After twenty-five years of captivity, in 1440, Charles d'Orleans, being restored to liberty, returned to the Château de Blois, where he gave himself up to his taste for poetry.

Twenty years later, on the 27th of June, 1462, Marie de Clèves gave birth, at the Château de Blois, to a son, destined to become afterwards Louis XII.

In 1501 and 1510 Blois was visited by a man almost as celebrated in his own time as he has been since—a man whose name has created a new qualification—Machiavelli, at that time ambassador of the Florentine Republic, allied to the King of France. Francis I.

was now on the throne, about to enter on his famous contest with Charles Quint. He left to Claude his wife the administration of the Comté de Blois; and it was at the Château de Blois that was collected the sum stipulated for, as the ransom of the king from his captivity at Madrid.

The Comté de Blois ceased to be a separate sovereignty with Henri II., with whom it was merged into the crown of France in 1547.

We now enter into the most sinister portion of the history of the old Château de Blois—that which concerns the Guises, those masters of the League. Those hoary old walls, the witnesses of so many dynasties, now sheltered the machinators of plots, duels, and assassinations: it is enough to say we have arrived at the time of Catherine de Medicis, Charles IX., Henri III., Coligny, and the grand Balafre.

During that singular and characteristic period, when gallantry formed a distraction between murder and war, Henri III., who already groaned under the yoke of the Guises, instituted as a diversion such dramatic entertainments as the times afforded, and sent for the first Italian comic performers who had then appeared, to Blois. They arrived at the castle from Venice in February, 1577, and gave their representations in the *Salle des États*, under the name of *I Gelosi*. Pierre de l'Estoile, that quaint old chronicler, relates that Henri III. was often seen at these performances "dressed as a woman, with an open pourpoint displaying his throat, round which he wore a pearl necklace and three linen collars, two with frills and one turned over, as seen upon the ladies of the court." But the parliament of 1576 was followed by that of 1588. This last made of the edict of the Union a law of the state, and called the Duke of Guise to the supreme power: from that moment his death was decreed.

It was in the month of December: the approach of Christmas had increased the devotional practices of the king, who seemed entirely absorbed in the practice of the prescribed forms of religion. He had announced that he should go on Friday, the 23rd, to Notre Dame de Cléry, as a pilgrimage; but even at that time his heart was full of designs against the duke's life, and of thoughts as to the best mode of taking it. However, the Duc de Guise, the cardinal his brother, Archbishop of Lyons, and some other seigneurs, had been informed that the king expected them at six o'clock in the morning in his cabinet, to despatch some pressing matters previous to his departure.

At four o'clock, Du Halde, first *valet de chambre*, awoke the king according to his majesty's commands. The king had not slept. Henri rose and passed into his cabinet, where Bellegarde and Du Halde had already arrived. Loignac, who had accepted the treacherous office rejected by Crillon, was in attendance, followed by nine of the *garants-cinq*. The remainder were concealed in cells prepared in the roof. At length, the members of the council having arrived, the king called to the *garants-cinq* to come down by a private staircase, cut in the thickness of the wall, which led to his room. They had been tempted by a large bribe to avenge the king, and were eager to earn it.

The Duc de Guise was not without warning. On the previous evening he had found a note in his napkin at supper, containing these words: "Be on your guard; a plot is brooding against you." This, and other similar hints, he had despised, contenting himself with replying, "*They would not dare!*" and with this he had thrown the note under the table, and given no further heed to its purport. At three in the morning he had quitted the beautiful Charlotte de Saure, Marquise de Noirmonthiers, his mistress, and it was near eight when his servants called him. Le Balafre dressed hastily and went out. The rain was falling in



torrents. "Heaven," says Pasquier, "was weeping over the crime so soon about to be perpetrated."

Hardly had the duke crossed the threshold of the Castle when Crillon ordered all the issues to be closed. Pericard, the duke's secretary, alarmed at these precautions, and at sight of an unusual number of guards, who watched all the approaches, sent to his master, in a pocket-handkerchief, a note, in which was written, "Monseigneur, lose no time in escaping, or you are lost." But this message never reached him. The page who carried it was denied access to the duke; but M. de S. Prix, thinking he wanted a handkerchief, fetched him one of the king's. There were assembled in the council-chamber, when the duke entered, Cardinals Gondy and de Vendôme, Marshals de Retz and d'Aumont, Cardinals de Guise and de Rambouillet, M. M. de Marillac and Petrémal Marcel, informant of finances, and Fontenoy, treasurer.

Soon after the Archbishop of Lyons entered. Le Balafre sat down near the fire, complained of the cold, and ate some Brignolle plums offered to him by M. de Saint-Prix, first *valet de chambre* of the king. The members of the council now took their places, to listen to the report of Petrémal on the salt-tax, when Reval came and begged the duke to step into the king's cabinet, where his Majesty wished to speak to him. The duke put a few plums into his lozenge-box, rose, saluted the assembly, and went out. Nambre, the usher, shut the door behind him; and Guise, meeting the *quarante-cinq*, saluted them, and passed on. But he remarked that he was followed, and stopped; and he turned round, holding his beard with his right hand, as if undecided how to act. Meantime, one of the murderers seized him by the arm, and at the same moment struck him a blow in the throat with his poignard. "A moi mes amis," cried Guise; "trahison!" But another held him fast by the legs, hanging his weight upon him; and a third coming behind, gave him a violent blow on the back of his head; but, strong and powerful as the duke was, his resistance took them by surprise. He stunned one of his assailants by a blow from the *drageoir* he held in his hand, and dragged his murderers from one end of the room to the other. Then a push from Loignac sent him to the foot of the king's couch, where, exhausted by loss of blood, he fell, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! Misericorde!"

The king, who had listened behind the tapestry which masked the doorway, to these sanguinary details, hearing his rival fall, lifted the drapery and looked upon the scene. The fine and powerful form of the Duke lay extended there, without movement, a pitiable sight. "How big he is!" was the king's suggestive exclamation. Beaulieu, upon Henri's order, approached the lifeless body, to see if the heart still beat, but fell back in alarm as the duke at that moment gave a loud expiring groan. It was the last! and Henri de Valois had now nothing more to fear from Henri de Guise!

An old carpet was thrown over the body, which was kicked on one side, as it lay across the doorway; and one of the lords having made a crass of some straw that lay there, whether in derision, or because any other demonstration of the kind was not possible, placed it on the extemporized and ignoble pall. Henri, who now the deed was done began to be alarmed for the consequences, went immediately to his mother, whose sagacity was generally equal to the occasion. She was then on her death-bed, but listened eagerly to the news.

"It is one thing to cut," said she; "the question is, when that is done, how to sew."

The next morning at eight o'clock the Cardinal de Guise was assassinated by the soldiers of Duguaist, captain of the guards; and the corpses of the two brothers were reduced to ashes and scattered by the winds, and so ended this fearful drama; but its consequences were yet to be felt.

On the accession of Henri IV. to the throne the Castle of Blois lost its importance as a royal residence; and at the present day this magnificent and extensive edifice—which lodged monarchs and pontiffs; where lived King René of Provence; the castle of Louis XII., of Henri III. and Catherine de Medicis; of François I., of Gaston d'Orleans; the haunts in which Louis XIV. first met Louise de la Vallière, and the palace whence Marie-Louise dated the last acts of her sovereignty—is reduced to a barrack, and the beautiful historical chapel has become a tailor's workshop!

The masses of these irregular constructions, where mingle in picturesque and charming disorder all systems of architecture, crown the old city with imposing effect; but of that venerable structure nought remains but the great tower dovetailed into the constructions of François I., and where popular credulity long concealed those mysterious and sombre vaults, the silent depositories of so many terrible secrets.

The external façade rises to the height of three stories, abruptly issuing from the rock, and supported by buttresses; while within the great quadrangle is found the bastardized wing, added with Vandalic taste by Gaston d'Orleans, shorn of its colonnade; on the left the constructions of Louis XII., on the right the wing and staircase of François I. The outer staircase stands, a marvel of delicacy and taste, and on its vaulted roof appear the characteristic heraldic devices of Anne of Brittany, François I., and Claude de France, exquisitely carved. The spiral staircase leads to the apartments of Catherine de Medicis and Henri III., now restored to all their original richness. Of the additions made by Louis XII., the bare stone alone remains; and it is melancholy to see those once elaborate architectural details mutilated and disfigured, chipped and blackened with the traces of violence and war. Such as it is, however, the Castle of Blois is still one of the finest monuments of the ancient monarchy.

SKETCHES OF MODERN ARTISTS.

IV.—JAMES BATEMAN.



N this world of labour and contest, of painful struggle and patient endurance, it is the lot of many, and those often the worthiest, never to do more, even though doing

their utmost, than to deserve that success which, according to the poet's dictum, "'tis not in mortals to command." They devote themselves to the work of winning the prize which they have made the aim of their life; they toil while others rest; they "scorn delights and live laborious days;"

they seem to exist only in their art, and for it; and they crowd all their energies into one long persistent striving after excellence. And lo! just as they come in sight of the glorious summit "where fame's proud temple shines afar," and when a few more ardent efforts would crown their enterprise, the labour and the strife are ended, and they have lain down to their everlasting rest. Of such the world takes but little note: it measures them only by their actual achievements at best, and is apt to underrate even these when the doer of them has failed to make his mark upon his age by winning the reputation due to him. Now and

then one comes across the narrow track of brightness such spirits leave behind them, and we are recalled by some touch of pathos, power, or humour to their half-forgotten history. Perhaps it is an isolated strain of noble verse, or a musical phrase of weird import—or it is a suggestive essay, or a great thought half-developed in plaster or clay, or a finely conceived picture bearing the impress of genius and the promise of perfection: and while we gaze on such memorials, feeling that they must live from the life that is in them, we mingle admiration with our regrets over the busy hand that is clay—the busier brain that is dust—and deplore that to the fame so well and worthily striven for, life only, a little more life, should have been wanting.

Such a seeker after excellence was the painter of the little picture accompanying our present monthly part, the late James Bateman. The son of a London tradesman, he was born about the year 1813, the eldest of a large family. His health appears to have never been strong, and an early tendency to asthma was the prelude to a course of suffering in after years which in the end proved fatal. He grew up with a love of pictures, probably inheriting his taste from his father, who was the possessor of a small but choice collection, and was personally intimate with some of the first artists of the day. He drew tolerably well when quite a boy, and was never happier than when copying pictures, or making pictures of his own. These boyish pursuits, however, were regarded by his parents as mere amusements, nor did they at that time entertain the idea of his becoming a painter. He received the ordinary education of London boys, and on finally leaving school was placed as a junior clerk in a counting house. This kind of employment suited neither his health nor his inclination, and with the consent of his father it was finally abandoned. By this time he had given unmistakable evidence of the true bent of his genius, and had made up his mind to devote himself to the study of art.

In the pursuit of his profession he was not without advantages, inasmuch as he had good pictures to copy, and the means of obtaining such instruction in matters of practical detail as he felt that he needed. His inclination led him to the study of animals, and it was as an animal painter that he made his first appearance in public—said first appearance being in the shop-windows of the dealers, into whose hands most of his early pictures found their way, and were sold for very modest prices. He rarely complained of this, but, conscious of his growing power, worked on and worked harder, raising his prices by degrees. His improvement was rapid and striking; from the first his animals were drawn and studied with care: he loved them too well not to do them all the justice he was capable of doing them, and was never weary of delineating them. His faithfulness to nature found its reward in a more profitable market. Almost before his style could be said to be formed he was employed to design for engravers, his first essays in this walk, if we are not mistaken, being various illustrations of field sports for a popular magazine, and drawings on wood for publications of a like character. His pictures engraved remarkably well, their drawing being good and their chiaroscuro not less so. He was induced to undertake larger and more important subjects; and in the course of a few years the works by which he is best known made their appearance. Among them the reader may perhaps recall "Pot Luck," "A Pretty Kettle of Fish," "A Chip of the Old Block," "Paying the Wrong Party," "Gin and Bitters," all of them consisting of animals humorously grouped, and capably engraved in the mixed style. They were extremely popular, and are still occasionally seen in print-shops, though the engraved plates must have been long worn out. Like most popular pictures, they have been well

pirated both at home and abroad—the French and Germans on the Continent, and the English potters and calico-printers having made free use of them.

During the latter part of his life he resided in Holway, where the writer enjoyed the privilege of his society. These would have been happy years for the young painter, on whom prosperity was beginning to shine, but for occasional attacks of serious illness which incapacitated him for work. He could be cheerful and genial, however, in spite of them, and was invariably patient of suffering. He rarely went abroad, confining his walks mostly to his own garden and a little meadow into which it opened, and where grew a few picturesque elms which sometimes served as backgrounds to his pictures. Most of his time was passed in his painting-room, either at his easel or resting in his arm-chair, and it was here that his best and most finished pictures were painted. Many of them were exhibited at the British Institution, and were frequently well sold; and the painter's name was now often honourably mentioned in the criticisms on art in the public journals. He had married early, and, fortunate in the choice of a wife entirely devoted to him, and who had borne him four children, was in the enjoyment of that quiet routine of domestic happiness which few men were better fitted to appreciate. It was pleasant to drop in at that quiet painting-room, and watch the artist with his subject—some mischievous monkey, or a mother hen with her brood of chicks; or some huge Newfoundland, or stag-hound, whom he coaxed into stillness by an art peculiar to himself, while he swept on the broad touches and the canvas burst into life under his hand. Rapid and incisive in his touch, he would sometimes cover a large canvas in a morning; but would spend laborious days afterwards in careful work on the same ground, never feeling satisfied with anything short of the best he could do. In conversation he was always cheerful and frank, stating his own opinions without reserve, and criticising those of others without restraint. He read little, but that little he would digest and think over, and was fond of discussing it in a dry, droll way, invariably starting some original idea of his own. There was no trace of guile about him—nothing like concealment: he was ever ready to impart to others any knowledge he had gained which might be of service to them; his whole nature was transparent as glass, and he was generous to a fault.

His death, which happened in 1849, was perhaps expected by no one so much as by himself. He had known for years that he could not live long, and in the quiet solitude of his studio, while the living pictures grew under his hand, he had looked that fact in the face—had seen the dark shadow advancing, and had made up his mind. "I consider myself ninety," he said one day to the writer: "it were madness in me to look for a long life. If it please God that I make provision for my family I shall be content." Had he lived a few years more he would doubtless have done so, for he was making giant strides in his art. But it was not to be. He had to lay aside the pencil, never to resume it. The weeks of pain and languishing that followed, alleviated as far as possible by the tender cares of his wife, were borne with a courage and fortitude which it was really grand to witness. Through all the torturing pains he uttered no word of repining or complaint; and as his faculties remained bright and unclouded to the last, so was his manly courage unsubdued. He found support where he had been long accustomed to seek it—in the consolations of religion and the certain hope of a better life. From the nature of his disease he could not lie down, and he continued to the last in his painting-room, surrounded by the implements and monuments of his skill. There he died, at the age of thirty-six, resigned and peaceful, and with confidence calm and undisturbed in the Divine love and mercy.



LODGING HOUSE IN GEORGE YARD, WHITECHAPEL.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.



GEORGEYARD, Whitechapel, and some of the narrow streets into which it leads, are often mentioned in police reports as resorts of the very worst characters. Robberies have been committed in open daylight (often accompanied with violence), and the villains have made good their escape by flying up George Yard, and either baffling the police in the intricacies of the neighbourhood, or hiding in the low lodging houses with which it abounds.

A well-known visitor of the poor, whose field of operations is in the neighbourhood, undertook to pilot me through these much dreaded courts. Our first call was made at the ragged school in George Yard. As we approached the door of the schoolroom it was flung violently open, and two boys, dirty and ragged, like all their class, came flying out, and almost tumbled over each other into the street. The indignant schoolmaster having just detected them in the act of turning out the gas, they were very properly turned

out themselves. It was on the evening of the "Deroy," when the roughs in all parts of London make it a point of honour to be out of doors; so that very few had been present at school during the day, and the few stragglers who hung about the door, or chased each other about George Yard before the hour for evening school was sounded, were in rather a frolicsome humour. While I was talking to the master, about a dozen of these Arabs, boys and girls, had strolled in and commenced a romping game at the end of the room. On learning that they were for the most part of Irish parentage, and of the Roman Catholic religion, I inquired of the schoolmaster, whether, under these circumstances, he had them well under his control? He answered, "You shall see;" and, turning round, suddenly called out, "One!" The children instantly left off their horse play, and drew themselves up like a small company of recruits, attentive to further orders. "Three!" They sat down. "Seven!" They put up their hands very nearly as soldiers do to salute; this sign being understood, however, as a preparation for prayer. "Five!" They all knelt down. "One!" They rose to their feet again, and at the word "Attention" awaited with eager interest the next word of command. It was given thus, "North!" They pointed to that quarter. "South!" "East!" "West!" "South-east!" and so on, with similar results, except that some mistakes were made. By this time the children had got thoroughly into the spirit of

the thing, and seeing the interest they took in these slight manœuvres, I asked if they were not also easily led and drilled by music. By way of reply the master sounded the first two or three notes of a hymn tune, and the ragged little party were soon in full swing. The tune was changed with the same good effect, and after several other tunes had been sung, a lively marching song was struck up, commencing, "We are soldiers of the Cross." Children's voices singing in unison are always sweet, for whatever harshness there may be in some individual instances, it is toned down and harmonised by the mere volume of sound. It was impossible to listen to these children without forgetting for the moment their squalor and rags, and feeling as if they were almost transfigured. How many of them may hereafter be followed through a career of vice, how many perhaps saved from the lowest depths of misery and degradation by the hallowing memory of these little hymns!

"By way of illustrating the character of the neighbourhood," said the schoolmaster, when we were on the point of leaving, "I will tell you what I witnessed one night from this very door. A boy who had always given me a great deal of trouble and anxiety had reached the age of eighteen. In my efforts to reclaim him I had frequently been to his parents, but you will not wonder if I at last gave it up as hopeless when they told me to 'go to h—.' On the occasion in question (it was somewhat late at night) I was standing in the shade of the houses when I saw the lad come into the yard in company with a man who was staggering with drink. I saw him deliberately knock the man's head against the wall, and then strike him a blow in the face, so severe as to make his nose bleed, and having thus rendered him helpless he rifled his pockets. Of course it was all done very quickly, but before the lad could get away I went forward and said, 'You villain; what do you mean by this?' He touched his forehead, and said, quite meekly, 'Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. —. I didn't know you were there.'" The schoolmaster insisted on his putting the money back into the man's pockets, which he did; he then made him wipe the blood from his face, and leave him "comfortable," the fellow doing what he was ordered, and repeatedly begging his pardon, not as if he was sensible of having committed a cowardly act of felony, but as if he was rather sorry he should have hurt the master's feelings by doing such a very unpleasant thing in his presence. On inquiring as to the subsequent career of this young man, the schoolmaster told me he died a few months after this occurrence, the leading cause being his debauched habits, aggravated by exposure to cold when sleeping out at night, often in the pouring rain.

After leaving the school we passed in succession several of the low lodging houses in George Yard, and the various narrow streets to which that notorious passage leads. All who know anything of the poor are aware of the miserable accommodation which the class of cadgers and low women have to put up with, and for which they have to pay twopence, threepence, or fourpence per night. In the neighbourhood of George Yard there are certain peculiarities which deserve especial notice. The houses are not merely dilapidated dwellings, which might once have held a superior class of tenants, but they seem to be especially, though very rudely, adapted for the purpose they now serve. The lower part on a level with the street is usually a large room, formed in some cases by breaking down the partitions between the lower rooms of two houses; so that the passages, if they ever existed, and the rooms to the right and left are all thrown into one, measuring in some cases about thirty feet long by ten or twelve wide. The ceiling of a room so formed is of course disproportionately low, and all round the apartment are placed long deal tables and

forms, or perhaps chairs. In nearly every instance I observed the tables were scrubbed very clean. All the middle part of the floor is also kept clean, and is all the more comfortable for being sanded. This open space makes a good approach to a blazing fire, sometimes at one end of the room only, sometimes at both. It may also serve for a merry dance on occasion, for let it be understood these poor folk know how to be merry at times in spite of all their misery. The largeness and cheerfulness of the fire is a most remarkable feature in all these places, but it is a question whether any one would be allowed to stir it without paying the fine of a penny for the privilege.

Our engraving fairly represents the sort of people who are to be met with in these rooms. That stout old party could tell a long story of the way in which she has got her living at a stall for the last forty years; but there is one standing before the fire of whom we will ask no questions, knowing well the answer would be too sad and degrading to place on record in these pages. There is a man bent with age who could tell us that he has known fellowship with sorrow for nearly ninety years; but his manner of answering is a little abrupt and savage, notwithstanding his weakness, as if he reproached the world with his misery and length of days. Can we say anything to comfort him, and such as he is? Not now, for my companion is in the middle of an harangue against drinking and smoking. The young man to whom his remarks seem more pointedly addressed than to others, has very deliberately taken the pipe from his mouth, and is about to speak:—

"Perhaps, master, you'd like a smoke, too, if you'd had nothing to eat all day, and had to walk eighteen miles on a hemty belly to-night!"

Perhaps so, indeed, I said to myself; and on questioning the poor fellow he explained that he had to walk all the way to Grays to collect rushes, and then walk back again to sell them in Covent Garden Market. There were many in the room in equally forlorn circumstances. One who stood next to me, where I sat on the end of one of the tables, had no shoes on, and his feet were swollen with chilblains: he was quite a young man, and well able to take part in a rational conversation concerning his lot in life. But it would be an endless story to repeat all that these people said.

The next room into which we went was occupied chiefly by women, and here and elsewhere in the neighbourhood it was impossible to overlook the fact that for the most part they were stout and in good condition, compared with the men. The explanation is that they drink more beer, comparatively, and have less active exercise out of doors. In this room, two men were just sitting down to a bit of steak, one of them in the militia uniform. They eyed us savagely, but said nothing, until one of the women told my companion he had much better bring them something to fill their bellies, than come there preaching about their souls. "That's just it, old gal!" said the militiaman. "So long as a poor man has a bit of bread or a cup of tea, he'll give a fellow half of it; but we may lie and rot for what these — aristocrats care!" And then he dug his fork viciously into the steak, and conveyed a large piece into his mouth. I attempted to speak, but he turned furiously upon me, and demanded, in a fierce tone, "What right I had to one — bit more than he!" Then the women came round us all, and one of them began screaming out a ludicrous imitation of the pious tone of my companion. The scene was too grotesque, and turning my head aside, I saw what interested me far more.

A haggard-looking man, about thirty years of age, had come in with a basket a few moments before, and in the basket was a rather large assortment of the strips of paper of all colours, formed into rosettes and head-dresses, such as the chaps and girls may be seen

to wear on their gala days at Hampton Court and similar places of resort. This was the Derby day, and he had been out on the road to sell them; but owing to the badness of the weather had only parted with as many as came to sixpence, as he afterwards told me. The principal portion of his stock, therefore, had returned with him. The basket, with all this trashy finery in it, was by his side, and he had taken up a little child on each knee, one of whom was adjusting a paper coronet to her head, while the poor man was caressing the other, who held listlessly in her hand a bunch of coloured streamers. Standing by them, and looking vacantly at the scene I have just described, was the man's wife—a thin, pale creature, with sunken cheeks and ghastly eyes. A more touching scene it would be difficult to imagine. There was no pretended distress here. The basket told its own story. Its contents were of little worth now that the national holiday was over. The rain and snow had spoiled many a rich man's holiday, but it had deprived this poor fellow and his wife and children of their daily bread. At the moment I turned my head the keeper of the lodging house was replying to some appeal they had made, that she had trusted them the day before, and had not been paid. The prospect before them was a dreary one indeed. Well might the worn-out man bend over the little head that lay upon his bosom, while the older child—not old enough yet to be conscious of the misery to which she was born—made herself beautiful with the paper ribands. The scene was the more touching for its contrast with the noisy group upon which I had turned my back; and as I stepped out once more into the narrow street the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning came into my mind:—

Lordly English, think it o'er,
 Caesar's doing is all undone !
 You have cannons on your shore,
 And free parliaments in London.
 Princes' parks and merchant's homes,
 Tents for soldiers, ships for seamen,—
 Ay, but ruins worse than Rome's,
 In your pauper men and women

FLINT JACK.

III.

I have traced the path of Flint Jack through a long career of deception, and have shown how diversified were his talents and how various his counterfeits. The work executed by him appears, however, to have been very unequal in its character. Sometimes his efforts are spoken of as clumsy attempts, which would deceive no one; at other times they were so clever as to impose upon the best judges. We are informed by Professor Tennant that on one occasion

he showed a specimen of Jack's work to a gentleman who had a collection which he valued at 1400*l*. He was delighted with it, and said it would prove a most valuable addition to his collection, supplying a gap he had long desired to fill. "You are sure of its antiquity?" said the professor. "I have no doubt of it," said the collector; and he named the remote period to be assigned to the specimen. "I am sorry to tell you," said Mr. Tennant, "that I saw it made last week."

On leaving London Flint Jack returned to Yorkshire by the Midland counties, walking to Ware, Hertford, Bedford, Northampton, Market Harborough, Leicester, and Nottingham. Here he took an excursion, tracing

part of the great Roman fosse from Nottingham to Newark, Lincoln, and Brigg. Returning to Nottingham, he went, by way of Chesterfield and Sheffield, Wakefield and Tadcaster, to York, where he obtained money from the curator of the museum to convey him to Bridlington, where he honestly collected fossils and shells for the York Museum. For the next year or two he seems to have adhered to the fossil trade, and to have really acquired by his researches a large number of genuine specimens. In several northern towns, which he visited for this purpose, there is evidence of his love of antiquities. He was delighted with his visit to Hexham, where he halted for the purpose of visiting Hadrian's wall, and he found real objects of curiosity and interest in the neighbourhood. All these he sold off at Newcastle, after which he returned to his old trade of making flint implements, and sold them at Durham and other places. Afterwards we find him selling seals, rings, and beads in coal and amber, among the lakes of Westmoreland.

In 1851 Jack made an excursion to Ireland, and saw all the best things in the north of that island, which he traversed entirely on foot, and with the scenery of which he was greatly pleased. He considered his visit a successful one; and he left behind him in Ireland many a fine celt and hammer, arrow-head, and spear made by Flint Jack. For some years past Jack had fallen into the evil habit of hard drinking, so that his gains, whatever they might be, were soon dissipated. He was quite aware of the mischief thus produced. Speaking of the year 1846, he has made the remark, "In that year I took to drinking—the worst job yet. Before that I mostly had five pounds in my pocket; but since that time I have often been in misery and want."

In the following year Jack was lucky enough to light upon a great open quarry of lias, in the vale of Belvoir, yielding numerous fossils. This was a great prize to him, and he remained there working it to a great extent. It was a pleasant trait in the strange man's character that he sent the first basket of fossils from this quarry to Dr. Porter of Peterborough, in remembrance of past kindnesses. He sold the remainder to various museums and to Mr. Tennant in London, and then resorted once more to his ancient British dealings. He found at St. Albans a good customer for flint knives, arrow-heads, &c., and manufactured an ancient silver coin out of the handle of a German silver tea-spoon. All these things he professed to have found in an encampment near Dunstable. Jack seems to have had a regular engagement for the next twelve months in visiting the stone yards about London, and gathering for Mr. Tennant geological specimens of various rocks, obtained by searching the ballast brought by ships from foreign countries. He did not, however, entirely give up his trick of making celts and fossils.

It would be tedious to trace the wanderings of Flint Jack during several years from this time; indeed the attempt to do so in the printed memoir referred to has not been successful. Jack is described as having visited Salisbury, Stonehenge, Abury, &c., in 1854, and as having sold flints to the curator of a museum in Salisbury in that year; whereas the museum there was not founded until 1860, and we have the testimony of the honorary curator (E. J. Stevens, Esq.), that Flint Jack's first visit to that neighbourhood took place in 1863. One thing, however, seems certain; that in the doubtful interval Jack made a Scottish tour, and found the inhabitants of the north not at all to his mind. "The Scots were too cannie," he said, "and the journey would hardly bear expenses."

It was in 1862 (not in 1859, as stated in the memoir) that Jack made his first appearance before a London audience, as described at the opening of this paper, when the writer was present; and it may be named, as



a proof that Jack was at this time sharply on the look out for employment, that a friend of the writer, in ordering a complete set of his fabricated implements, dropped a word about his probably requiring them to illustrate a lecture. Jack eagerly inquired when the lecture would come off, where it would be held, &c., evidently catching at the idea of another evening's work similar to that which had brought him in such a welcome shoal of sixpences.

It was in the following year that Jack visited Salisbury, and obtained from Mr. Stevens an order for a complete set of his fabricated implements, after having vainly attempted to sell them as genuine. To this gentleman we are indebted for a large photograph of Flint Jack, taken in Salisbury at his own expense (from which our illustration is copied), and also for the loan of various papers, letters, and extracts, relating to this celebrated individual. Speaking of his manifold devices, Mr. Stevens says, "With me, as with many others, when he could not get money, he tried some other plan. Once he pointed appealingly to his outfit, which he justly observed was scarcely decent, and in a weak moment I gave him a flannel shirt and a suit of clothes, for which he expressed extreme gratitude. I saw no more of him for a day or two; but when he presented himself it was in the same old tattered suit. He had no doubt sold what I had given him, and drank up the proceeds. He 'couldn't wear the shirt,' he said, 'because it tickled him;' but he vouchsafed no explanation as to the fate of the coat, waistcoat, and trousers." Jack worked for Mr. Stevens during a month or six weeks (when not drunk), and brought him only one hatchet per day, confessing afterwards that he could have made six or eight per day, but feared that he should not be so well paid if it was known how easy they were of manufacture.

Little more remains to be told of the wanderer. Since he has become publicly known as a maker of counterfeit antiquities his occupation has not been worth much. His increasing love of drink is also fatal to success. Had he been a sober man, he might have found regular employment in collecting fossils and in assisting gentlemen to explore ancient remains. Indeed, several attempts have been made by geologists to turn his talents to respectable use. But his wandering propensities, his love of adventure, and, most of all, his love of drink, have thwarted all their efforts. The past winter must have been a trying one to poor Jack. He was working his way up to London in January last, and took Northampton in his way, where some work was found for him in collecting fossils; but the very severe weather interfered with it. He proceeded to Bedford, reaching that town in a pitiful condition, nearly starved, and benumbed with cold. There some kind persons gave him clothing and money wherewith to proceed to London, where he said he could find regular employment. Unfortunately, he remained in Bedford, and gave way to a week's drunkenness, which ended in his finding himself at the police station, and subsequently before the borough magistrates.

"This Edward Jackson," says the "Bedford Times," "who dolorously stated when taken into custody that he was a bricklayer's labourer from the Borough, is 'Mr. Edward Simpson,' in some places, 'Fossil Willy,' 'Bones,' and 'Shirtless,' in others, but more generally known throughout the kingdom as 'Flint Jack,' the forger of fossils and antiquities." The offences with which he was charged were two thefts, the one of a barometer from a private house, the other of a clock from a Wesleyan schoolroom, both committed during intoxication, as appeared from the testimony of the witnesses, as well as of the prisoner, who threw himself on the mercy of the court on that ground. The Recorder, anxious to afford him a chance of reformation, passed sentence on him of twelve months' imprisonment.



PATRICK.—There are several versions of "The Battle of the Boyne," alluded to in our article on the Ballad Poetry of Ireland (p. 406). The one given in Duffy's work is entitled *Boys Water*. The following lines are represented by the third verse in our extracts:—

Both horse and foot they march'd on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot, as he crossed over the water.

When that King William he observed the brave Duke Schomberg falling,

He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the Enniskillake calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys? See yonder man not treating;

"Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums are beating."

He says, "My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one our commander,

"For God shall be our King this day, and I'll be general underr."

E. LONEGAN.—Dr. Gregory, Dr. Elliottson, and others have published works on the general subject of what is called Mesmerism; but we cannot undertake to give detailed information as to prices and editions. Our correspondent's inquiry about a certain "vein in the human neck," and his second question, bearing on a similar subject, are of too special a nature for discussion in these pages. We would strongly recommend him to turn his thoughts into a more profitable channel. We have no objection to see what he has to say about the habits of snails.

A READER OF TENNYSON thinks he has detected a broken metaphor in the words of "In Memoriam" (canto i. verse 3),

"Let Love clasp Grief, lest both be drowned;"

his opinion being that two drowning persons would more certainly be drowned if one clasped the other; he is also puzzled to see why drowning should be alluded to at all. We venture to suggest an explanation of the latter point, that the reference is to "tears" in the last line of the preceding verse. In canto xix., verse 3, there is a similar allusion to tears (but tears that cannot fall) "drowning song."

M. A. P.—The subject would not suit our pages.

H. BROADBENT is right about the penny piece (p. 235). By a slip of the pen it was said to be put under the scale which held the weight, instead of the scale which held the article weighed. We can assure our correspondent that we have no sympathy with any class, being well assured that uprightness and honesty are not confined to any particular section of the community; the fact referred to by him, that the manager of a co-operative store was fined for giving short weight, proves, on the other hand, that no cause and no body of persons can claim absolute immunity from the encroachments of rascaldom or the designs of dishonest persons. The most promising experiments ever made for the common good of mankind have been ruined by the want of principle in those who were entrusted with their execution: we could mention one particular instance, in which hundreds were reduced to misery, and one honest fellow died broken-hearted, owing to the greed and dishonesty of others who were mixed up with the enterprise. Still, facts of this kind should not dishearten the friends of progress. Our own wish is to look at every great movement with impartial eyes, and to see if the principles which sets at work are of any practical value. Of one thing we are certain—whatever is not for the good of *all* is not for the real good of any particular section of the community. We are a nation, and the principle of national life is the brotherhood of interests.

X. X.—The best means that a working man can take to become possessed of a house of his own is to join a building society. Be careful to ascertain that the society is one started, *bona fide*, for mutually beneficial purposes, and not a speculative one worked for the exclusive advantage of a clique.

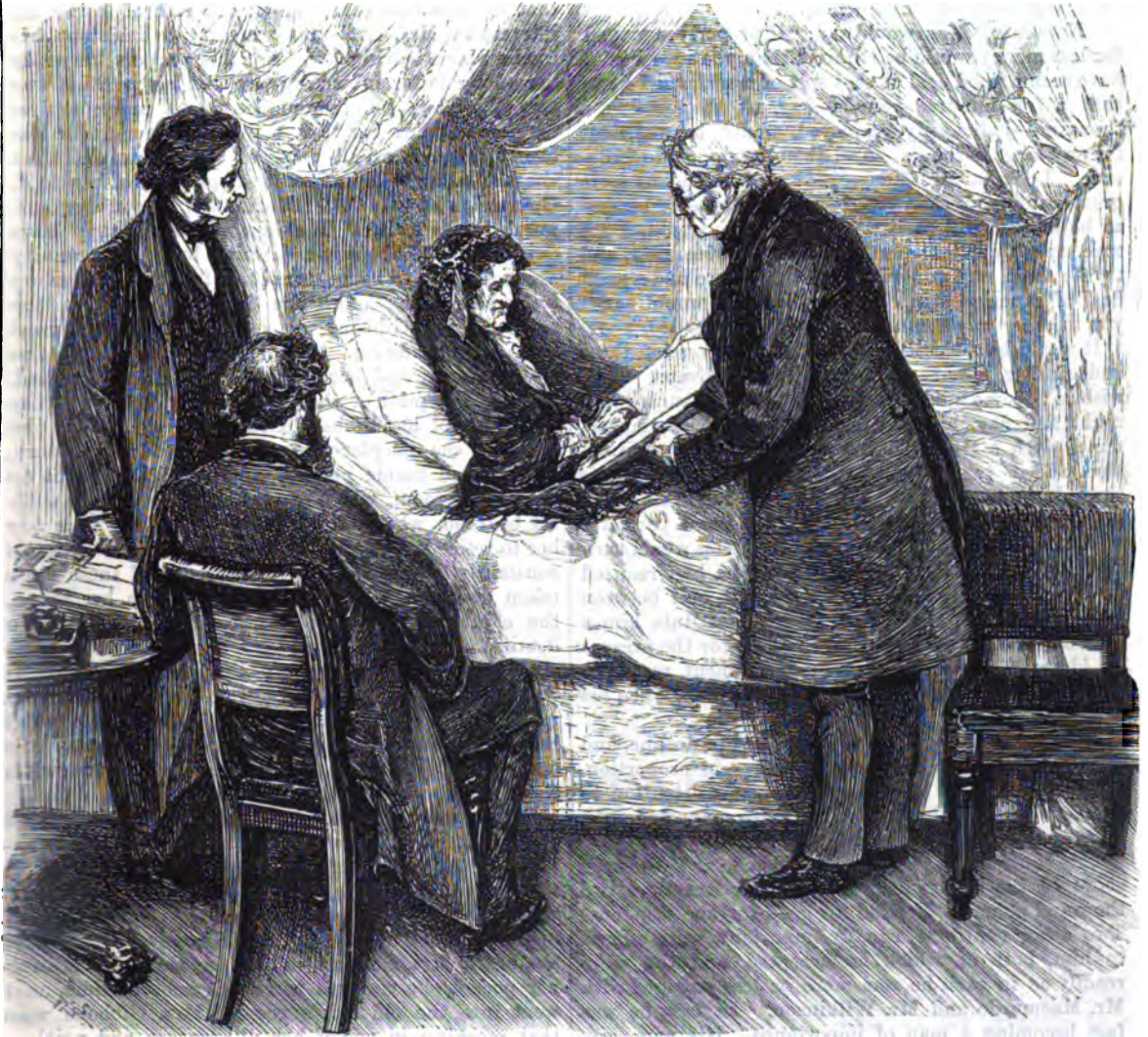
ENQUIRER.—Two correspondents have written under this name. The first we must refer to any good manual of chemistry, such as Bowman's, the details necessary for a complete answer to his question being much too tedious and too technical for our page. The second makes an inquiry in heraldic biography which we shall endeavour to answer in our next monthly part.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XII.

MRS. GIBBONS.

ROBERT was now fully employed in the completion of his contract, which went on quite satisfactorily. During the time his intimacy with Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Macmurdo increased, especially with the latter. To say the truth, Mr. Macmurdo elicited to a considerable extent the admiration and emulation of Robert Evans.

He kept continually saying to himself, "Here is a man, born in no better position in society than myself, who, through his intelligence and industry, is now not only possessed of enormous wealth, but respected by every one who knows him. Why should I not be equally successful? I have certainly now got over the most difficult point—a first good start—and I will keep it if I can." His ambitious ideas were frequently fanned almost to a state of excitement by the well-timed flat-

tery of Walter Moss, with whom he was now in constant communication. "I cannot imagine," he would say to Robert Evans, "why a gentleman of your influence and address does not get into parliament. If I had one half of the opportunities you have, I would put up for the first borough that was vacant. I cannot conceive anything more gratifying than for a man to have the British House of Commons listening to him with respect and attention overnight, and to find his remarks not only commented upon by the daily papers next morning, but carrying as well his name to the four quarters of the globe."

"It would require a far longer purse than I have to support the expenses of an election," Robert would reply, "even if I had the ability to make myself liked by a large body of constituents."

"Nonsense," Moss would say; "if properly managed, far less money would be required than you imagine. I have seen a good deal of that sort of work, and I know that a few hundred pounds—say, at the outside, a thousand—judiciously employed, would be sufficient for any large borough. And then, again, as to influence. Look at Mr. Macmurdo: why should he have greater influence than you? You are as well educated as he is, and, with a little practice, you would, I am sure, speak quite as well. Take my advice, now, and try it; I am sure you will succeed. I have had a good deal of experience in electioneering, and would assist you in every way I could, without fee or reward."

It would be difficult to overrate the impression these and similar remarks made on Robert Evans. The wish to become a member of parliament haunted him night and day, and the example of Mr. Macmurdo, mixed with a tinge of envy at his superior position, also added to it. Fortunately, however, Robert's shrewd common sense kept him, for the time, from attempting to indulge his wish. He knew perfectly well, that although the contract he was on would turn out a most lucrative one, still, when he had realized the profits, there would yet be a great gulf between his property and that which would constitute him a man of fortune. He therefore put off for the present all ideas of obtaining a seat in parliament, resolving to take it up again on some future occasion, when his position would be more fully established.

Poor Murphy's health still continued to decline, and the powers of his mind became weaker in proportion. He had now ceased altogether to pay any attention to business matters, leaving everything connected with them in the hands of Robert.

The contract was at last completed, and Robert's share of the profits amounted to not less than two thousand pounds. Nor did his good fortune stop here. Two other contracts, equally important, were offered to him, both of which he accepted, and the more readily as in each he was more or less engaged with Mr. Macmurdo and Mr. Wilkinson. In fact, he was fast becoming a man of importance. His name was well known in the trade, and numerous were the applications made to him to undertake works of considerable magnitude; but his habitual caution restrained him from accepting more than he could, with perfect safety, complete. He now began to entertain the question with Mrs. Murphy of the advisability of changing their residence to some more fashionable locality. At first the good lady was somewhat startled at the proposition. Her change from Red Lion Street, Spitalfields, to the City Road had, at first, appeared to

her a somewhat ambitious attempt, but going on to her *terra incognita*—the West End—for some time fairly terrified her. She used all the arguments she was mistress of against it, all of which, one by one, Robert successfully combated, till she came to the last, that she feared, to change their present abode might very possibly have a prejudicial effect upon Murphy's health, as the slightest shock now seemed to affect him painfully, and quoted several instances in proof of her assertion. Robert was obliged, at length, to admit the justice of the good lady's remarks; and, as he had a great respect for Murphy, he gave up the attempt, for it would have sorely grieved him to have done anything to his detriment.

Affairs had flourished with Robert to such an extent that he now resolved, even at the risk of losing all interest in Mrs. Gibbons's property, to insist on his cousin Maria leaving her. For this purpose, he wrote her a long letter, informing her that his position was now so brilliant that it would be almost mercenary on his part to allow her to remain any longer under the control of such an ill-tempered old woman, and that she had better take immediate steps to leave her roof. On receipt of this letter Maria was, to some extent, puzzled how to act. That she would willingly have quitted Mrs. Gibbons was certain; but still humanity counselled her to pause and obtain further information from her lover, before she definitely acted on the subject. Mrs. Gibbons was certainly now in a most lamentable condition. Although her faculties were as clear as ever, and her temper equally bad, she had with the exception of the right hand and arm, lost the entire use of her limbs. After being dressed in the morning, she was placed in an invalid chair on casters, which stood beside her bed, and then taken in it to the sitting-room, which was on the same floor with the bedroom, where she remained till it was time for her to retire for the night. She required two persons constantly to attend on her, and if one of these were taken away, and a stranger substituted in her place, the effects might be most injurious. All this she detailed at length in her letter to Robert, and concluded by requesting him to take into consideration what she had written, and advise her on it. If, on mature reflection, he deemed it right that she should leave, she would do so immediately, at the same time she thought it better to make him acquainted with these facts before acting definitely.

On the receipt of her letter, Robert was somewhat angry that she had not at once followed his instructions, and wrote a long letter to her in reply, which was received by the servant at Mrs. Gibbons's house, who gave it to her young mistress on the first opportunity. The moment Maria received the letter, she heard Mrs. Gibbons call her, so, thrusting it into her pocket, she resolved to read it another time, and went into the old lady's room. Mrs. Gibbons was that morning in one of her ill-humours, and neither Maria nor the servant could do anything to please her. As soon as Maria entered the room she requested her to put the fire together, "For you are only a servant," she said, "after all." Maria took no notice of the remark, but quietly obeyed her. Mrs. Gibbons then asked her whether she had paid a bill she had been commissioned to do the day before.

"Yes, ma'am, I paid it as you desired," was Maria's reply.

"Then where is the receipt?" said the old lady

fiercely. "You know I always tell you to give it to me as soon as you come home."

"I am sorry I forgot it, ma'am," said Maria, calmly, "but I will give it you at once." And so saying, she put her hand into her pocket to find it; but after searching for some time in vain, she said to Mrs. Gibbons—

"I must have left it upstairs, ma'am. I will go and fetch it."

"Yes, go at once," said the old lady, with considerable alteration in her tone; "I'm in no hurry, however, about it, but go at once. See, also, if there are any other bills you have forgotten to show me."

Maria left the room somewhat puzzled for the moment at the change in the old lady's tone, as her last sentence was uttered in a kind and conciliatory manner. However, as she was now accustomed to her caprices, the surprise wore off, and she went upstairs to find the receipt.

The real cause for the change in Mrs. Gibbons was as follows. When Maria had unsuccessfully sought in her pocket for the receipt, she had, unconsciously, in drawing out her hand, let Robert's letter fall to the ground, which was immediately noticed by Mrs. Gibbons. As soon as Maria left the room the placidity on the old woman's face vanished, and an expression of eagerness—almost amounting to ferocity—supplied its place. She gazed on the letter as a hungry beast of prey would gaze on some food within its reach. She had always by her side a walking cane with a crooked handle, by means of which she could, to a certain extent, move the chair on which she was seated. She now impelled herself nearer to the letter, and was on the point of making an attempt to reach it from the ground, by stretching out her arm, when Betty the servant suddenly opened the door. The old lady, turning her eyes on her, exclaimed, in a threatening tone of voice, "What do you want here? Leave the room, and don't dare to enter it again until you are wanted." The woman, startled at the reception given her, hurriedly quitted the room, and Mrs. Gibbons made a second attempt to reach the letter; and this time, though with great difficulty, succeeded. She glanced eagerly at the superscription, and found it was addressed to Maria. She now thrust it into her pocket, and pushing her chair back to its original position, waited quietly, and with a calm expression of countenance, till Maria entered the room.

"I have brought you the receipt, ma'am," said Maria.

Mrs. Gibbons glanced at it for a moment, as if examining it, and then said, with great gentleness of tone—

"It is quite right, my dear: I don't wish to be angry with you; only I always like to have my receipts brought to me immediately after the bills are paid. Now, like a good girl, remember that for the future."

"I will take care it does not happen again, ma'am," said Maria; "I am sorry it occurred this time."

"Very well, that will do," said Mrs. Gibbons. "Now, my dear, I want you to do a little commission for me. Put on your bonnet, and go to Mr. Watson's, the linendraper, and ask if he can come to me to-morrow morning. I think I shall have new curtains put to this room. You may as well bring back some patterns with you and their prices, and then we can talk over the matter before he comes."

The day being remarkably fine and genial, the old

lady's commission suited Maria admirably, and in a few minutes she was ready for her walk.

As soon as Maria left the house Mrs. Gibbons took the letter from her pocket, and deliberately broke the seal and read the contents. She was perfectly thunderstruck when she had finished it. The letter was from Robert, in reply to the one Maria had sent, explaining the state of Mrs. Gibbons's health. He told her that no matter in what condition the wretched old woman (for so he called her) might be, there was no real necessity for remaining longer with her, and that it went sorely against his conscience to allow her to remain under her roof; as the reminiscence of the manner the wicked old woman had received his mother and himself, when they called the day after they had arrived from Norwich to ask for some trifling assistance, was still as fresh in his mind as at the moment it occurred—child as he then was. He admitted that it would be as well not to quarrel with her on leaving the house, but requested Maria not to let any consideration of that kind stand in her way, as he hoped in a very short time their marriage would take place.

Had any doubt existed in the mind of Mrs. Gibbons as to the writer of this letter, it would have been dispelled by Robert Evans's name being attached to it. For some minutes after she had read it, it appeared to possess a peculiar fascination over her. She could not take her eyes off the letter, but gazed at it steadfastly, as if it were rather the vision of some day-dream than an absolute reality. Presently she somewhat recovered herself, and read it again. There was now no longer any doubt upon the subject. It was a letter from Robert Evans, the son of her disobedient niece—the child of the person she most detested in the world. And Maria, whom she did not even imagine to be acquainted with his existence, was on the point of being married to him.

She now placed the letter back in her pocket, and reflected deeply in what manner she could best punish the girl for her treason. Had Maria entered the room at that moment it is more than probable she would have been received with a volley of ferocious abuse. The old woman even turned her chair round so as to command from the window the pathway along which Maria must come, that she might dart her mental execrations at her as soon as she was in sight. By degrees the old woman's passion somewhat calmed down; but her cold-blooded malevolence rose in proportion, and she turned over in her mind whether it would not be possible to pay Maria in what she called her own coin—treachery. She soon drew out in her mind a plan. She felt that Maria was necessary to her comfort, and resolved to keep her services to the last, leading her on with a false hope, that in the end she would inherit everything from her; whereas the next day she would alter her will which had constituted Maria her heiress, and leave all her property to a public charity.

That point being decided, she now reflected what she should do with the letter. Give it back to Maria she could not, as the seal had been broken. Then she thought it might be advisable to fold it in an envelope, and write on it, that it could be opened by Maria after her death, and thus prove to her the cause of her being disinherited; but after a few moments reflection, gratifying as the idea was to her, she threw it aside. She was naturally exceedingly suspicious, and as she had herself just broken the seal of a letter she thought

it probable that Maria might do the same if she became aware of the existence of the envelope, and being acquainted with its contents indemnify herself, as far as possible, by plundering the house of whatever she could lay her hands upon. At length the old lady came to the conclusion that after all, perhaps, the safest way would be to burn the letter, and thus all evidence of its ever having been in her possession would be lost, and she could play her game of duplicity without fear of detection. This accordingly she did, and the flames had hardly consumed the letter before Maria returned from her walk. The change which took place in the old lady's countenance when Maria entered the room proved her to be a consummate actress. She cast on her a glance, which the most acute observer could not have considered other than pure affection, and addressed her in a tone of voice so kind and mild that it quite went to Maria's heart, for she was exceedingly impressionable. Before giving a detail of the results of her mission, the old woman made her sit down and rest herself, as she thought she must be fatigued with her walk. Maria obeyed her for a few minutes, and then, drawing from her pocket the patterns she had obtained, conversed with Mrs. Gibbons upon their different merits and prices, and whether they were to be had cheaper elsewhere. From time to time, however, when Maria turned her back, a glance of intense hatred as swift as lightning was cast on her by the old woman, which fortunately for her she did not feel.

Mrs. Gibbons slept but little that night, for not only were her thoughts actively employed on the events of the past day, as well as the means she would take to redress the wrong she had received, but she was exceedingly restless and feverish as well. Forcibly as her thoughts were concentrated on one subject, she could hardly keep them settled on it for a few minutes together. From thinking deeply on some plan for getting Mr. Braham, her lawyer, to visit her without Maria's knowledge, and take instructions for the alteration of her will, her mind would suddenly turn to Robert Evans and his mother, and then would again revert to finding the letter. Altogether the shock she had received seemed to have acted most prejudicially upon her, both in mind and body. In this condition of trouble and anxiety she passed the night, occasionally closing her eyes for a few moments when fatigue overcame her, and then awaking again to be occupied as before.

At eleven o'clock the linendraper, as agreed, called about the curtains. Maria spread the patterns she had brought home with her upon the table, and long and anxious was the conversation carried over them. The old lady took the principal part, but frequently referred to Maria with great suavity in her manner; in fact, during the whole morning she treated the girl with the greatest affection. When the discussion had terminated, and the particular pattern had been decided upon, Mrs. Gibbons began talking to the linendraper upon matters of local interest, when, suddenly, she turned round, and asked Maria to bring her an old silk dress she had been in the habit of wearing, and of which she expressed herself very fond, saying, that if the linendraper could get her one of exactly similar quality and colour, she should feel very much inclined to make it a present to Maria. As soon as Maria had left the room to fetch the dress, and the door closed, Mrs. Gibbons said to the linendraper—

"Do you know where Mr. Braham the solicitor lives?"

"I do not know where his offices in London are, ma'am," was the reply, "but he does not live far from here. I know the house well, for we serve the family."

"Would it be asking too great a favour to take a message from me?"

"Certainly not, ma'am; anything you please."

"Will you tell him, then, or leave word at his house, that I should feel much obliged if he could call upon me to-morrow about noon, not before that time, as I wish to speak to him particularly."

"I will call there myself, ma'am, this afternoon; you may depend upon my doing it."

Maria's footstep was now heard upon the stairs, and Mrs. Gibbons rapidly changed the subject. The old silk dress was brought into the room, and the linendraper, without the slightest hesitation, said he could perfectly match it both in quality and colour, and that he would bring it without fail the next day. "Not to-morrow," said Mrs. Gibbons, "as my great-niece is going to spend the day with some friends in London, and I should like her to see it before it is decided upon. Now, Maria, cut off a small piece as a pattern." Maria did as she was requested, and, as soon as she had given it to the linendraper, Mrs. Gibbons said to her—

"Now, my dear, take the dress upstairs at once, and put it away, as I have a great dislike to see things lying about."

As soon as Maria had left the room, Mrs. Gibbons said to the linendraper, "I need not detain you any longer; I think we understand each other, both as to the dress and curtains. Of course, you will have the kindness to think of my message to Mr. Braham."

"Certainly, ma'am, he shall receive it without fail this afternoon," and the linendraper then left the house.

The next morning Mrs. Gibbons's health appeared even worse than it had been the day before, though she again rallied after breakfast. She was kind to Maria, and begged her not to delay leaving the house on her account, but to start off as early as she pleased. This somewhat surprised her, as Mrs. Gibbons hitherto made it a point to be out of humour on the days Maria took her holiday. She thanked the old lady warmly for her kindness, and, having finished all her domestic arrangements, left Mrs. Gibbons between ten and eleven o'clock to prepare for her visit to London. While Maria was absent, Mrs. Gibbons occupied herself in thinking what instructions she should give Mr. Braham when he called. In this frame of mind she continued so long that, at last turning her eyes to the clock on the chimney-piece, she perceived that it was already half-past eleven o'clock, and remembered that Maria had not yet left the house. She knocked furiously with her stick upon the floor, which was always used as a signal whenever the maid-servant was wanted. The woman immediately rushed upstairs to her mistress, and, as soon as she entered the room, the old lady said to her, angrily, "Go upstairs and ask Miss Maria if she intends to be all day before leaving the house."

The servant left the room, and shortly returned, saying that Miss Maria would be ready in a few minutes. "She is much longer to-day in dressing than usual," said the old woman to herself. "I suppose she wants to make herself particularly attractive. I wonder what her lover would say if he saw

what will take place during her absence?" But it was not solely the desire to make herself particularly attractive which detained Maria. It was on account of the letter she had received from Robert, and which she had lost. Before she had given up the search as all in vain, the old woman's stick was again heard on the floor, with far greater violence than before; indeed, so loud was it that the servant rushed upstairs, alarmed lest any accident might have happened to her mistress. "Ask that woman," she exclaimed, when the servant opened the door, "if she intends leaving home to-day or to-morrow?"

The servant quitted the room, and in a few minutes Maria entered it. She was dressed neatly, as usual, and in excellent taste, but there was no appearance of her being more than commonly smart. The unreasoning passion which the old woman's countenance had worn when she gave the last message to the servant had now vanished, and one of curiosity, mixed with sarcasm, supplied its place as she examined Maria's toilet; and this was again succeeded by another, in which she threw the utmost tenderness.

"I am not angry, my dear," she said, noticing Maria's startled look. "I merely feared you were losing the best part of the day. Now, go at once, there's a dear, and come home as early as you can, for I don't like your staying out late at night." She then took an affectionate leave of Maria, and afterwards wheeled her chair round so that she might see her when she left the house. Little did Maria imagine, as she noticed the kind nod the old lady gave her as she closed the gate, the look of intense malevolence which followed it, and which continued till she was out of sight. She then wheeled her chair round from the window to the side of the fire, and sat absorbed in thought till the arrival of Mr. Braham, who was somewhat behind his time, and occasioned considerable uneasiness to the old lady in consequence. Suspicious of every one, she dreaded lest he might have met Maria, and had been conversing with her on the subject of his visit, which would, of course, she considered, make the girl suspect that something to be concealed from her was going forward. Her fears, however, were groundless, for, when Mr. Braham arrived, she inquired whether he had met Maria, and received the gratifying reply that he was not sure he even knew her by sight.

"I am glad you do not," said Mrs. Gibbons, "as I do not wish her to know of your visit. The fact is, I have discovered a most infamous intrigue she has been carrying on against me, and I am resolved to punish her for it. I may tell you in confidence, as my professional adviser, that she has slandered me, and combined against me with those who have treated me most unjustly. She is on the point of marriage with a person who is in a good position, and quite able to maintain her. I have now resolved I will cancel the will you made for me in her favour some time ago, and leave the whole of my property, with the exception of one or two comparatively small legacies, to public charities."

Mr. Braham was silent for a moment, as if undecided whether he would use any arguments against her decision. If for a moment he had any kind intentions towards Maria, they gave way at the idea of the splendid Chancery suit which might arise between the next of kin and the trustees of the charity to which the money might be left.

"You have indisputably the right," he said, "to

leave your property to any one you please. To what charity do you propose bequeathing it?"

"I thought to Guy's Hospital," said Mrs. Gibbons. "I have heard that it is an excellent charity."

"A noble institution, indeed," said the lawyer; "you could not leave your property to a better."

"I should like my present will to be destroyed at once," said Mrs. Gibbons. "If you will take this key and open my desk, you will find it. My life is very uncertain, and if I were to die suddenly, before the new will is completed, I suppose the old one would stand good, and Maria would inherit the whole of my property?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Braham; "at any rate, it would be a very difficult point to get over."

"Then destroy it at once," said the old woman.

Mr. Braham had taken the will from the desk, when Mrs. Gibbons turned her head sharply round and said to him—

"Stop one moment; if that will is destroyed, and I die before the new one is signed, who will inherit my property?"

"Your relations, of course," said Mr. Braham.

"Place the will back in my desk, and lock it," said Mrs. Gibbons; "I will not have it destroyed;" for she had remembered that the only relations she had in the world were Maria and Robert Evans.

Mr. Braham having again replaced the will in her desk, seated himself at the table before her, with a piece of paper and a pen in his hand, to take notes of the instructions she was to give him. These were very short and concise, and rapidly completed. He promised that, in two or three days' time, he would place the draft before counsel for perusal, and immediately afterwards the will should be drawn out for completion.

"Can you not bring me the will at once?" said Mrs. Gibbons, "you know perfectly well my wishes on the subject."

"To say the truth," said Mr. Braham, "it will require some little care in the drawing up. In fact, I think I had better have counsel's opinion on it, as the court is very apt to decide with the relations when large sums are left to public charities."

"But you had better name a day," said Mrs. Gibbons, "that I may get Miss Smith out of the house at the time."

"I hardly think," said Mr. Braham, "that I could do it with sufficient care in less than a week; especially as I am obliged to leave town for a few days. We will say this day week then at noon, if that will suit you, and I will bring my clerk with me to witness your signature." Mrs. Gibbons having agreed to this arrangement, Mr. Braham left the house.

During the interval between Mr. Braham's visit and the day named for the completion of the will a great change for the worse took place in Mrs. Gibbons's health. Maria became so much alarmed that she proposed to send for the doctor. The very proposition threw the old lady into a terrible rage. For some time her speech was almost incoherent from passion, and she insulted Maria in a most infamous manner. By degrees, however, she became convinced that she was in a dangerous condition; and at length the doctor was sent for with her consent. While he was feeling her pulse she made no remark, but regarded him with an expression of anxiety on her countenance which clearly told him how impatient she was for his opinion. Perfectly understanding her meaning, he

said to her, "It is no use my deceiving you, ma'am, you are very ill. You must go to bed immediately, and not attempt to leave it again till you are better. I will go home and send you some medicine, and see you again in the evening. In the mean time," he continued, turning to Maria, "you must not delay, but get her to bed at once."

Strong-minded as she was, the doctor had evidently caused great alarm in the mind of Mrs. Gibbons. She offered no resistance to Maria and the servant when they wheeled her into the next room and prepared her for bed; in fact, she did not utter a word, but quietly allowed them to do as they thought fit. As he had promised, the doctor came again in the evening to see his patient. When he left the house he said to Maria, "You must take great care of that old lady, and not be surprised if anything happens, for she is, perhaps, in a far more dangerous condition than you imagine. Give her the medicines I shall send, and I will call and see her to-morrow."

The next morning Mrs. Gibbons found herself somewhat restored, and insisted on rising from her bed and being dressed as usual; but both Maria and the servant positively refused to obey her, at any rate, until after the visit of the doctor. When he came he complimented them on their determination, and told them that on no account should the invalid be allowed to remain in a sitting position. "You are far from being as well, ma'am," he continued, addressing Mrs. Gibbons, "as you imagine. If you wish to recover, you must implicitly obey my instructions; if not, you must take the responsibility upon yourself. I can do no more."

Mrs. Gibbons continued during the day in the same state as when the doctor had left her; but in the evening her strength fell off considerably, so much so as to cause Maria considerable alarm, which was not altogether dissipated even by the visit of the doctor. They sat up with her till two o'clock, when she fell asleep. Maria then went to her bed, and the servant remained on a sofa by the fire, to be in readiness should her mistress require any assistance. Early in the morning the old woman awoke, and, fancying herself somewhat better, she determined on rising, and attempted to dress herself, as the servant (who was a heavy sleeper) was not yet awake. With extreme difficulty she managed to raise herself in the bed, but had hardly accomplished it when a fainting fit seized her, and she fell heavily with her face on a table by her side, which, however, fortunately kept her from falling on the floor. The servant, aroused by the noise, immediately went to the assistance of her mistress, and replaced her on the bed, but it was some time before she recovered from the shock.

Mrs. Gibbons had now received a strong practical proof of the state she was in, and resolved implicitly to obey the doctor's orders for the future. By her fall she had severely bruised her mouth, so much so, that when taking her breakfast it caused her considerable pain. Her mind, as well as her body, gradually became weaker; still her malevolence towards Maria continued unabated, although she pretended to have the utmost affection for her.

The day before the anticipated visit of Mr. Braham, for the first time since she had been confined to her bed, Mrs. Gibbons attempted to wear her false teeth, but they pained her so greatly she was obliged to take them from her mouth again. Knowing that Mr. Braham would call the next day, she sent Maria to the

dentist who usually attended to her, to request he would come immediately, as she had a strong aversion to her lawyer seeing her without her teeth, so great a change for the worse did the loss of them make in her appearance. The dentist returned with Maria; but, when he saw the state Mrs. Gibbons was in, he frankly told her that until the inflammation occasioned by her fall had subsided it would be useless for him to attempt to do anything. The old lady reflected for a moment, and then (Maria being absent from the room) invented an excuse to send the servant away. As soon as the woman had left, Mrs. Gibbons asked the dentist if he would kindly call at her solicitor's office in town, and request him to delay the visit he had promised to make her on the morrow for a few days longer, and that she would give him a day's notice of her being able to receive him. The dentist, having promised to do as she wished, then left the house. In a few days the inflammation began to subside, but Mr. Gibbons's strength, both in mind and body, sank with it, till at last she had the greatest difficulty in concentrating her thoughts on any one subject for a few minutes together; still, the signing of the will was evidently uppermost in her mind. When the dentist called again to see her, he found she would be still unable to wear her teeth, and told her so. "Never mind," she replied, "if I can only wear them for half an hour at a time, it will be sufficient. Oblige me," she said to him in a whisper, "by calling on the gentleman you saw the other day, and requesting him to be here by noon the day after to-morrow." The dentist nodded assent, and shortly afterwards left her.

During the next two days Mrs. Gibbons's strength sank rapidly. Still the idea of the will perpetually haunted her. She had sufficient command over herself to invent a plea for Maria's absence at the time Mr. Braham was expected, but even the consideration of it left a corresponding depression after it. When the day arrived, Mrs. Gibbons—after some preparation for her dress had been made, her teeth placed in her head, and she, slightly raised in the bed—sent Maria out on an errand she had determined on, and then quietly awaited the arrival of her solicitor. By mere chance Mr. Braham, accompanied by his clerk, came to the door at the same moment as the doctor, with whom he was acquainted. As soon as they were ushered into the parlour, Mr. Braham said,

"Possibly I may want your services, doctor, to witness the old lady's will; as it is just as well on occasions of this kind that some one should witness it besides the solicitor's clerk."

"I do not think she has made her will a bit too soon," said the doctor, "for I very much suspect a very few days will terminate her existence."

The doctor, with the solicitor and his clerk, were now ushered into the old lady's bedroom, who was propped up in the bed to receive them. She seemed in a lethargic state, and hardly to be aware of their presence.

"I have brought that document for you to sign, ma'am," said Mr. Braham. "Perhaps you would have no objection to the doctor witnessing it?"

She made no reply to his question, but looked inquiringly into his face, and followed his movements with her eyes, as he made preparations for placing the will before her, after reading it over to her. He now dipped a pen in the ink and placed it in her hand. In

a moment all her intelligence seemed to return to her, and turning to him she said, "Where do I sign it?"

"There, ma'am," said Mr. Braham, pointing to the place.

The old lady's mind again seemed for the moment to fail her, but recovering herself, she began to write. After completing a few letters, her mental powers again sank, and the pen fell from her hand. The doctor and the solicitor glanced at the will, and found that, instead of attempting to sign her name, she had commenced the words—"Guy's Hospital."

"I cannot witness that will," said the doctor.

"Nor will I ask you to do so," said the lawyer; "it is too late."

Symptoms of fainting, from the trifling exertion she had made, seemed to be coming on, and the servant and the doctor again replaced her in her original position in the bed. Mr. Braham now made preparations for leaving the house with his clerk. On quitting the room, the doctor followed him into the passage.

"That old woman will never be able to sign the will," said the latter to Mr. Braham. "Her mind is completely gone, and she will not recover it. Here is another instance how necessary it is for people to attend to affairs of that kind, while they are in health."

"As a general rule, I am of your opinion," said Mr. Braham; "but this is not altogether a case in point."

"How so?" inquired the doctor.

"Because she made a will when she was in health, and which is still in existence; much more just, perhaps, than the one I to-day brought her to sign. After all, it has been a most fortunate affair, as it is, for that young lady who acts as her companion; but these are professional matters, and possibly ought not to be talked about."

The lawyer now left, taking with him the unsigned will, and the doctor returned to the sick-room. He found his patient in a state of total insensibility—the vital powers acting slowly and almost imperceptibly.

"If she wakes," he said to the servant, "give her some of that jelly with wine. There is no use teasing her with any more medicine. A few days, and perhaps hours, will now terminate her life, and all we can do is to keep her alive as long as we can, and make her death as easy as possible. I will call and see her again in the evening."

When Maria returned home, she found that a terrible change had taken place in the old lady's appearance during her absence. There was no mistaking the fact, that her death was rapidly approaching. When the doctor called, he told her that she must not be alarmed if it occurred during the night. The old woman, however, lingered on in the same comatose state until the evening of the following day, when her respiration, which had been gradually subsiding, suddenly ceased, and she had gone to her long account.

(To be continued.)

RICHARD FOLEY,

THE CITIZEN PEER.

It has been often said that the power, wealth, and influence of a country lie not so much in the higher as in the middle classes; not with the aristocratic few, but with the plebeian many. That this is true, especially in our own land, the history of many illustrious families affords a convincing proof. And what true man is there, however great his pride of race—and let none presume to hold lightly the high and noble deeds of past generations—who would not rather owe his position to his own powers of heart and of intellect, rather than to the mere accident of existence, which brought him into life as the heir of a nobleman instead of the son of a peasant?

No position, however high or low, can shut a man out from the consequences of his own actions. From the sweeping of Mr. Groom's office, Edward Sugden worked his way upward to the Lord Chancellorship of England and the title of Lord St. Leonards; and from a mean hairdresser's shop in Canterbury the future Lord Tenterden went out into the world. Still better known are the stories of Lord Chancellor Eldon, the Newcastle coal-fitter's son; of Edward Osborne, the first Duke of Leeds, who, as a London apprentice, rescued his master's daughter from drowning in the Thames, and many more which bear out one view of the question. Of the other—the decadence of great names and races—much also may be said; although this is scarcely the place to dwell upon a subject which must, however, have often come within the knowledge and occupied the attention of every thoughtful reader who sees in the person of a Tooley Street saddler the lineal descendant of Simon de Montfort, once the greatest peer in England and the husband of a king's daughter, or in a butcher at Hales Owen one of the representatives of our once popular monarch, Edward IV.

Where now are the descendants of Richard Neville, the famed "king-maker?" Perchance fallen still lower than those of his nominal master; while in the present Earls of Warwick we recognize the children of William Greville the woolstapler. Where, too, may we look for the representatives of Hotspur and the Percies? Not among the present dukes of Northumberland; they can trace back to no higher ancestor than Hugh Smithson, the London apothecary. The old names are gone, but the old qualities remain. The energy, the industry, the native nobility and daring shine out as brightly from the ranks of our soldiers and sailors, our merchants and tradesmen, as they ever did from the northern vikings, the Norman barons, and the Teuton peers of old.

Thus the heroes die, but heroism remains; and so long as it does, so long will the high character of our country abide, and England reign supreme among nations, not in right of the great deeds which are dead, but of the greater national nobleness which the hand of time has as yet failed to touch, and of which nothing but our own unworthiness can ever deprive us.

Among these citizen peers, who by force of character and indomitable perseverance have raised and ennobled the rank to which they have won their way, may be found the name of Richard Foley.

This man was born in the latter half of the seventeenth century, near Stourbridge, then, as now, the centre of the midland iron trade of the kingdom; and his father, being a small farmer, and glad to provide for his sons in any respectable way, apprenticed Richard to a nailmaker. The trade was gradually but surely decreasing, not because the demand was less, but because the Stourbridge manufacturers were undersold by the Swedish houses, who, in spite of distance, and the difficulties and expenses of transport (far

The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn
By mortal hand,—it merits a divine;
Angels should paint it,—angels ever there,—
There on a post of honour and of joy.
A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask:
Virtue alone has majesty in death.—Young.

greater than than at present), were enabled to bring their goods to England and dispose of them at a much lower price than the home workmen could afford.

For this state of things it was evident that some reason must exist, and some remedy be found, or the Stourbridge trade must be ruined.

It remained for Richard Foley, the apprentice, to discover this reason and to provide this remedy; and it is the manner in which he performed his self-imposed mission which has covered his name with honour and earned for it a well-merited distinction.

It became known to him that the clumsy and expensive process by which the iron rods (out of which nails used to be made) were divided in his own and the surrounding workshops had been superseded in Sweden by the use of machinery, which being cheaper, more effectual, and more expeditious than the old hand-labour, enabled the Swedes to offer their goods at a lower price than the English manufacturer; and he saw at once that if he could obtain the secret of this process, and the knowledge required to erect and work splitting and other mills, not only he himself, but the trade, and even the country must be greatly benefited.

This design and the means to carry it into execution occupied his every thought, and at last he left his home; suddenly, as it seemed to those who knew nothing of his intention, secretly, and as some fancied for ever; for not to his nearest or his dearest had the nailmaker's boy revealed his high endeavour and bold resolve, preferring to fail, if fail he must, alone and unpitied.

Our next view of Richard Foley shows him to us at Hull, wearied and footsore with travel, penniless, and seemingly resourceless; but withal determined, high couraged, and resolute of success, engaging himself to a ship bound for Sweden, whither he worked his passage as a common seaman. When he landed in that country he possessed no clothes save those upon his back, no money, or article which could be converted into money, and could speak no word of the language, whereby to obtain assistance or information.

One piece of property, however, Richard possessed, and that was his fiddle, which had long been a favourite companion and source of amusement, and was now to prove the means of livelihood and of ultimate triumph. With this in his hand the nailmaker wandered from village to village of that wild land, now leading a wedding dance, and anon sounding some burial dirge, but never losing sight of his goal, or yielding to the temptations of the day, until at last he reached Upsala and the Dannemora mines.

So good a musician and so pleasant a companion was not long unappreciated by the rough and kindly workmen, who welcomed him at all times and seasons; and suspecting nothing of the sharp eyes and intellect of the fiddler, admitted him into any and every part of their manufactory, allowing him to wander about as he listed, and to fill his brain with, as he believed, true and perfect pictures of the machinery.

At last on one fine morning the miners missed their fiddler. Purposeless, as it seemed then, he had come, and equally without an aim or an object he had departed. Of the knowledge impalpable but mighty which he had carried away with him none thought or cared. Arrived in England once more, he lost no time in making his way to Stourbridge; and here, to two persons who knew him well enough to trust him, and possessed money enough to turn his information to account, Richard Foley told his story.

Funds were produced, buildings erected, and the new machinery set up. Excitement, hope, triumph surged through the adventurer's heart as the great trial day came on. Machines, iron, workmen were there; and the result was—*failure*.

Failure, utter and complete. The men who had helped him with money and time, who had trusted to

and in him, felt themselves hurt and aggrieved. What he felt we may well imagine; when once more he suddenly quitted his old home: leaving his name to the obloquy and contemptuous pity of those who little deemed that while his conduct and motives were so freely canvassed by them, Richard Foley was even then on his way to success.

With such a spirit as his mistake was not failure, and no error was irretrievable. What others had done he could do, and present disappointment merely paved the way for future triumph.

Once more the miners of Dannemora beheld their fiddler. Gay tunes and sad, dance tunes and hymns beguiled their hours of labour and of play; and that their merry companion might quit them no more they found for him a safe residence in the interior of the mill. Here, fed, clothed, and cared for, they deemed that all the wants of their musician must be satisfied, and his erratic movements finally ended.

Richard's wildest wish was now fulfilled. Every part of the works was open to his keen scrutiny, and of course his previous error was speedily discovered. Totally ignorant of drawing, he yet made such sketches and plans as could be easily understood; and by dint of watching the process again and yet again, the whole became stereotyped upon his brain in characters unfailing and indelible.

Again the miners lost their minstrel, but now it was for ever; for never more did his cheery voice and lively airs echo through the great buildings or the arching mines, filling them with life and melody as of old.

Amazement was the chief feeling of the Stourbridge folk when Richard Foley reappeared among them; but this sentiment changed to estimation and esteem when the experiments were renewed, and success complete and entire crowned their townsman's efforts. Too often is it thus in the world; success and not merit being the touchstone applied to each man's labour, the test by which it must stand or fall.

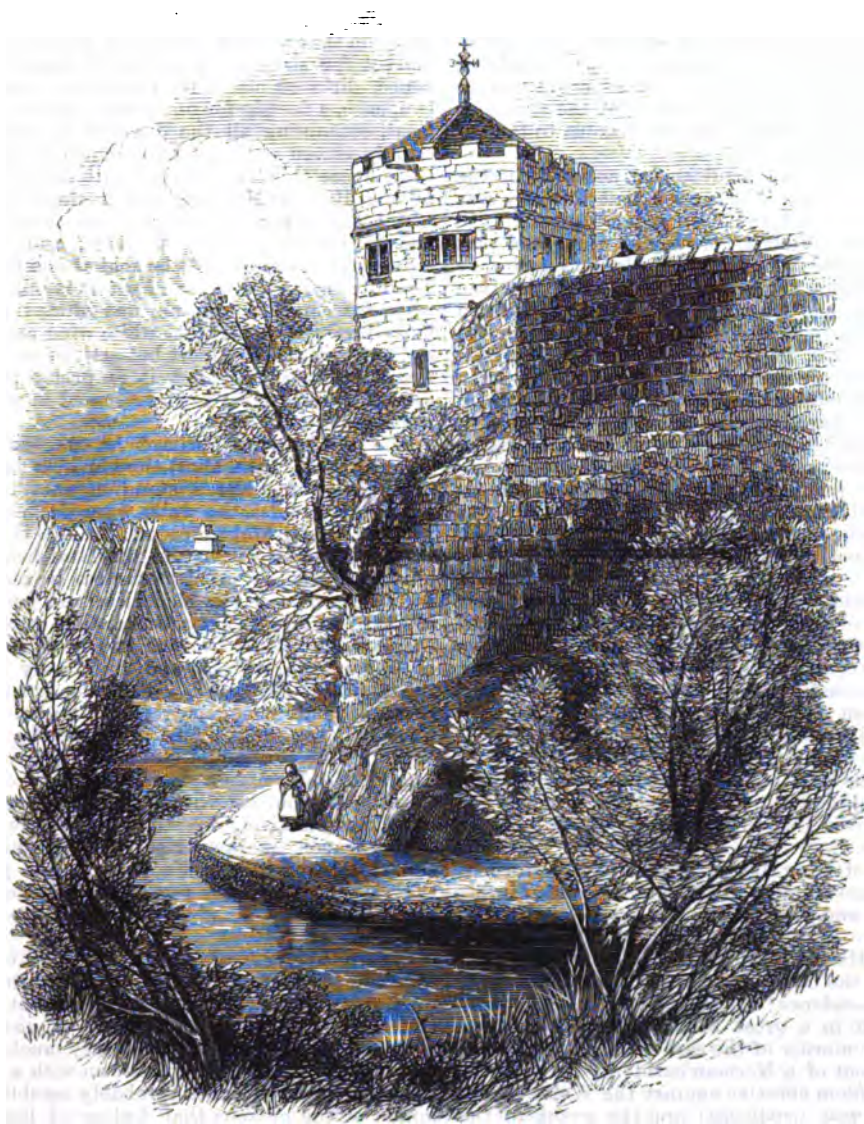
After this Richard Foley became a prosperous and a wealthy man. The expiring trade of his native town received an impetus which has lasted to the present time; and the thanks and gratitude of the neighbourhood rest with the energetic nailmaker whose strength of will and of purpose accomplished so much for himself and for others.

Two generations later (viz. in 1776) the Foley family were ennobled and raised to the peerage. The founder, however, remained a tradesman, working and superintending a trade all his life, though not forgetting to aid in all works of active charity and benevolence, of which a glorious monument still remains in the useful and flourishing Stourbridge Free School, which he himself founded and endowed.

Thomas Foley, worthy son of a noble father, also founded and endowed a like school in the neighboring parish of Old Twinford; and it was of him, then High Sheriff of Worcestershire, that Richard Baxter in his "Life and Times" writes, as "of so just and blameless dealing, that all men he ever had to do with magnified his great integrity and honesty, which were questioned by none."

And with this kingly epitaph we will leave Richard and his son to their quiet and well-earned repose: content if we have convinced some of our readers that let a man's work be of the lowest possible description, strength of purpose and honesty of character must in the end carry him through all difficulties and over all obstacles to a happy and peaceful, most probably a successful, death-bed; for what can give us greater peace in our last moments than the knowledge of a useful and well-spent life?

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—*Addison*.



TOWER AT CHESTER.

CHESTER CASTLE.

CHESTER, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is still in many respects a mediæval city. Its ancient wooden houses, with story overhanging story, and staircases on the outside, leading to galleries and shops on the first floor, have a picturesque air of antiquity, which is delightful to behold in contrast with the stuccoed villas of Cockneydom and other barbarisms of this utilitarian age. So antique is the general aspect of the city, that one would hardly be surprised if a man in armour were to emerge from one of its narrow streets, or a gay cavalier in hat and feathers were to strum his guitar on one of the balconies. The place, for aught we know, may be peopled with the ghosts of such, for its historical memories reach back to a far-distant period, and are associated with much that is romantic in love and war.

To confine ourselves to plain matter of fact, the principal objects of interest in Chester are the castle,

the cathedral, and the city walls. The former is said to be of Roman origin, and this opinion has the authority of the great antiquary Camden to support it, but other accounts put it down as no older than the time of William the Conqueror. The ancient building (with the exception of one old tower called Julius Agricola's tower, which is still entire) was taken down, and the present structure erected on its site. This ancient building had once been the palace of the earls of Chester, and was greatly strengthened by those of the Norman line, until at last it became one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom, though it would have made but a poor show against the artillery of the present day. The cathedral was built on the site of a temple of Apollo, and there appears to have been a church on the same site from very early ages. The city walls are undoubtedly Roman, though ancient tradition has attributed them to various architects, some Roman and some Briton; but of course they have been so often repaired that there is little more

left of the original than the foundations. It is curious that this ancient city should have been chosen for the first attempt at anything like action on the part of the Fenians, associated as it is with so many stirring events in our history; for, indeed, there has seldom been an insurrectionary movement or civil strife of any kind in which Chester has not in some way or another played a part, from the days of the struggles between the ancient Britons and the Saxons to the ill-starred Jacobite rising in 1715.

Passing over the old traditional accounts of the foundation of Chester, it is certain that this city was a Roman station, and the headquarters of the 20th legion, surnamed "Victrix," or the victorious, and that its name is derived from the words *legionis castra*, or camp of the legion, corrupted by the Romans into *Legicestria*, whence Chester. It became a Roman colony under the name of *Colonia Devana*, from the river Devo, or Dee, in the time of Julius Agricola, A.D. 85, and continued such till the year 607, when King Ethelfred obtained possession of it; after which time it changed hands once or twice till the year 837, when it was captured by King Egbert, and remained a fief of the monarchs of the Saxon line, though nominally under the independent government of the earls of Mercia, until the days of William the Conqueror. In 894 Alfred the Great gained a victory over Harold, king of the Danes, and Malcolm, king of Scotland, at this town; and afterwards it was celebrated for the victories of one of the Saxon Edwards over the Danes of his own time and the ever-turbulent remnant of the ancient Britons: indeed, this monarch and his sons are said, on one occasion, to have completely surrounded the walls of the castle with the heads of their enemies. Chester was then one of the most important cities in the kingdom; it was the metropolis of the vast district of Mercia, had a mint of its own, and was frequently honoured by the presence of the sovereign. In 973 King Edgar held his court here, and was rowed in his barge on the river Dee to St. John's Church by eight tributary kings.

In the reign of King Harold, just before the Norman Conquest, the government of Chester was vested in his brother-in-law, and hither his queen, Alitha, was conveyed after the battle of Hastings: there is even a tradition that Harold himself ended his days here as a hermit. After the Conquest, Chester for a time maintained its independence; but in 1069 a rebellion of the Welsh, crushed in a great battle near Chester, and followed by the murder of the earl of Mercia, ended in the establishment of a Norman earldom. In order to render this earldom effective against the Welsh it was endowed with vast privileges; and the grant to the earls of Chester set forth that they were to hold their dominions as freely by the sword as the king did his by the sceptre. They continued independent princes, subject only to the nominal dominion of the king as feudal lord, until the year 1237, when Henry III. wrested the stronghold from the coheirs of John Scott, the last earl, and united it to the British crown.

Chester was attacked by the Welsh in 1256-7, who, though they were driven back from the city, appear to have desolated the surrounding country up to the very walls in such a manner that a contemporary chronicler says it was reduced to an uninhabitable desert. True to the character for loyalty which it has always maintained, Chester Castle sustained a siege at the hands of the adherents of Simon de Montfort in the year 1264, and was only reduced after the defeat of Henry III. and his followers at the battle of Evesham had rendered further resistance useless. Edward I. held his court here in 1285, after his return from the conquest of Wales, and again honoured the city with a visit in 1294.

We do not find that any very stirring events took place for the next hundred years or so, with the excep-

tion of constant insurrections among the disaffected Welsh and borderers; and it would appear that the town enjoyed a good deal of prosperity in spite of them, for we find from a document in the British Museum that in 1379 a bushel of wheat sold in Chester market for sixpence, a gallon of white wine for sixpence, ditto of claret for fourpence, a fat goose for twopence, a fat pig for one penny; and that a mayor's feast, containing all the dainties of the season, cost exactly eleven shillings and tenpence. It is curious to compare this list of prices with another record also in the British Museum, which states that in 1500 wheat was selling in Chester at ten shillings a bushel, and in 1560 at sixteen shillings, and that in 1559 strong ale was ordered to be sold at one penny a quart. The increase in the price of wheat is self-evident; and when we consider that ale was always an article of home production, and that white wine and claret were not only articles of import but articles on which a very heavy duty was imposed, it is pretty palpable that everything else must have increased in price much in the same ratio.

The unfortunate Richard II. was imprisoned in Chester Castle for a short time in 1399, having chosen this place to make a stand against the usurping Henry IV., whilst the walls were decorated with the heads of his faithful adherents. In 1403 Harry Hotspur stopped here on his way to the fatal field of Shrewsbury, and caused a proclamation to be issued that the unhappy monarch was still alive and confined within the castle walls. This proclamation caused many of the loyal people of Chester to join his standard, all of whom were severely and mercilessly punished by the relentless Henry IV. With the exception of one or two small engagements in the neighbourhood Chester does not figure prominently during the Wars of the Roses, and indeed the records are rather barren of information during the 15th century; but the same chronicler who appears to have devoted his mind so attentively to studying the fluctuations of the provision market, also tells us that "in 1480 the steeple of St. Peter's Church was pointed, and the parson and others regaled themselves with a fat goose on the top of it," by which we suppose he means the roof.

Chester was several times afflicted with the plague, which in 1517 was so fatal to the inhabitants that the town was deserted and grass grew a foot high in the streets. In the year 1617, James I. visited Chester with great pomp, and appears, very much contrary to his wont, to have treated the town with so much courtesy and honour, that it probably established in the minds of the citizens that feeling of loyalty towards the Stuart family which caused them during the wars between Charles I. and the Parliament to sustain a most fearful siege with unflinching zeal and energy. The first signs of civil disturbance took place in 1641 when one Sir W. Brereton tried to excite the people to declare for the Parliament. The result of this was a riot, from which the agitator barely escaped with his life; and the citizens appear to have been left in tolerable peace till the summer of 1644 when a sanguinary battle took place between them and a detachment of the parliamentary army, which ended in the repulse of the latter, though with great loss on the part of the Royalists. The following year Charles himself arrived at Chester, and lay there while the parliamentary forces were encamped about the city. During an excursion made by the king into Wales, attended only by one or two followers, the enemy managed to obtain possession of the suburbs on one side of the city, and on his return the king found the citizens confined within their walls. Next day, the 27th of September, 1645, he had the mortification of witnessing, from a lofty tower in the city walls (the same that is shown in our engraving).

the defeat of his army at the battle of Rowton Moor, after which he found it expedient to make the best of his way across the Dee into Wales, and leave the citizens to defend themselves as best they might. The rebels then commenced a series of desperate assaults upon the city walls, which lasted till the 8th of October; and finding themselves always defeated by the small but gallant band of Royalists, they determined to sit still and reduce the city by famine. Soon the unfortunate besieged became so worn out with suffering that complaints were heard against the governor and officers, who, it was alleged, had plenty to eat and drink, whilst the people were starving. Upon this the governor invited the malcontents to a banquet of boiled wheat and spring water, assuring them that this and the like was all that himself and his officers had lived upon for weeks. This reanimated the citizens with fresh courage, and they determined to hold out till the last extremity. Refusing every offer from the enemy, they lived on horses, dogs, and cats, and endured all the horrors of the siege patiently, till on the 3rd of February, 1646, finding all hope of relief gone, the gallant city at last surrendered.

But the connection of Chester with the Stuart cause was not to end here. In 1648 an intended attempt to seize the castle for the use of the king was discovered, and two royalist officers were shot in the corn market; and in 1649 Charles II. was proclaimed a traitor from the market cross, amidst the groans and execrations of the citizens, who were with difficulty restrained from creating a disturbance. In 1651 Chester Castle witnessed the trial and condemnation of three of the king's adherents, the Earl of Derby, Sir Timothy Featherstonehaugh, and Captain Benbow; and in 1659 another attempt was made to seize the castle for King Charles II., who, it was given out, would soon return and claim his own in triumph. In 1715 the old city was again called upon to witness the immolation of martyrs to the old cause, when after the rising at Preston, in favour of the son of James II., the Duke of Athol's son and several gentlemen and others were brought prisoners to Chester Castle. Very severe weather prevailed at the time; several died of cold, others of a fever which broke out among them, and the remainder were sent to the plantations in America for life.

It would not be difficult to fill a volume with stories of the border raids and fights which have taken place in this interesting old city and its neighbourhood. It had not played any prominent part in our history, however, since 1715, when, on the 12th of February last, it transpired that a mad design had been formed by the Fenians to take the castle by surprise. Surely, had the old stones been endowed with human feelings and human reason, they would have drawn but an unfavourable comparison between the disaffected rowdies who then paraded the streets and the gallant men-at-arms who had so often fought inch by inch and foot by foot, for a cause which at least had some intelligible relationship to the material issue at stake.

AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

I HAD been ten years absent from London, and had spent much of that time in a quiet out-of-the-way nook, where the noise of the great world only reached the ear through the faint voice of a small weekly newspaper, which busied itself more with the "rustic murmur" of the little "bourg" in which it was published than with the great wave of life "that evermore echoes round the world." Many a time during my involuntary exile my heart yearned for London, with its ever-flowing currents of busy life, its free intercourse, its thousand nameless attractions, which hold the true cockney in bonds as difficult to escape from

as a mother's embrace; and when the time of my liberation arrived I fled back with rapture to the old home.

During my absence I had read much, and as solitary readers will do, when not disturbed by the buzzings of small critics, I got to love certain of the men whose works had followed me, and had given me comfort and strength in my solitude. And some vague desire connected with this feeling had taken possession of me as I sat beside the driver of one of the Hammersmith 'busses as it rolled pleasantly along on its way to the City.

The day was warm, the sky bright, the foliage of the trees in the grounds of Holland House refreshing and grateful to the eye. As we passed the end of Palace Gardens, I directed my eyes along its quiet path, thinking of Thackeray, the creator of Major Newcome, and wishing that I could distinguish amongst the houses of that quiet retreat the roof that sheltered his honoured head.

Whilst my thoughts were thus engaged the 'bus pulled up, and when I directed my eyes downwards I saw a gentlemanly-looking stout person, who had scrambled up the side of the vehicle a certain distance, and was eagerly reaching his hand to me for the strap. I at once placed it in his grasp, caught him by the arm and helped him up, and made as much room for him beside me as the contracted seat would admit of. He was not so young or so active as he had been, his years being somewhere between fifty and sixty, and his hair a beautiful bright silver; whilst his face had in it a mixture of sweetness and sadness that in no way interfered with its thorough manliness of expression. His features and the expression of his face seemed quite familiar to me. I felt certain that I had met him before somewhere, and tried to remember where, but without success. Ten years, I thought to myself, make strange changes in the face and figure; so I made my mind up to speak to him.

"I have been ten years away from London," I remarked, "and now that I have returned everything seems strange and new; but when I saw you it struck me that we must at some time have met before. It may not be altogether a fancy; or it may be a mere trick of the imagination."

He looked at me and smiled.

"I can't call you to mind," he remarked quietly. But whilst he spoke, who he was and where I had seen him flashed on me like an inspiration. I was somewhat confused at first, and remained silent; but then I felt that I ought to take advantage of the opportunity, and open up a conversation with my distinguished neighbour, and that I might enjoy such a chat without needless restraint, I kept to myself the discovery I had made as to his identity.

I was puzzled, however, to pick out a subject likely to engage his attention. The weather was not to be thought of. To have spoken of the last new book would have looked like an affectation; so I stretched my neck, and looked before me and on each side of the road, to try if any incident could be seen that would serve my turn, but there was nothing out of the usual way.

Then it struck me that some general observation might suit my purpose; so I looked at him, and said in a positive, but rather careless sort of way, "There is no position like the top of a 'bus for seeing London." The remark was neither original nor profound, nor did my companion seem to be particularly struck by it; but he was spoken to civilly, and I suppose he felt bound to take some notice of what had been said.

"I prefer a hansom," he replied, looking straight before him, without fixing his gaze on anything in particular. I felt that he wanted to shelve me, but I had made my mind up to have my talk out.

"A hansom," I rejoined, "is well enough in its way, but it does not lift you sufficiently above the crowd to see without trouble what is going on."

"Still, there is a good deal to be said for a hansom," observed my companion, as if speaking confidentially to one of the horses, "if you keep a good look-out."

I now felt vexed with myself for introducing such a subject, and at the same time nettled with my companion for treating me with what appeared to me something like contempt; but I felt that any attempt to change the topic would only make matters worse, so I plunged along in the rut of commonplace into which I had fallen.

"A hansom is dearer," I remarked, somewhat tartly. "I can ride where I am now sitting seven miles for sixpence."

"It is a great distance for so small a sum," he replied, still addressing himself to the horse; "but for all that I prefer the hansom. I can get into it and out of it easier."

I saw now that my companion had put me down as an impertinent chatterer, and was beating me off by giving me back chatter as empty as my own; but I was determined to stick to him, in the hope that things might take a better turn. I had read parliamentary debates in which men took whole columns of newspapers to say nothing, and were greatly admired because they said it so well that it looked like something; so I took courage, and went on improving my style as I warmed with my subject. Placing the first finger of my right hand in the palm of my left, I said slowly, but emphatically—

"A 'bus goes at a moderate pace, gives you time for observation, opportunity for chat, allows you to pick up some knowledge of street life from the driver—whose head is usually full of such experiences—and keeps you free from any chance of quarrel about your fare at the end of the drive."

My companion laughed for a moment, and then pointed to a deep cutting that ran along the middle of Piccadilly—the main sewer being under repair—and asked, half playfully—

"Do you know what they are doing down there?"

"No," I replied, in his own tone and manner; "but you can see further down into that cutting from where you are than if you were in a hansom cab."

"You have the best of the argument," he cried, laughing quietly.

"But," I continued, seeing that my companion had become quite good-humoured, "I have not yet used my strongest argument."

"I am convinced," he cried, good-humouredly; "but go on, I should like to hear it."

"Well," said I, looking at him as I spoke, "in a hansom you ride by yourself, or with some friend whom you may have a thousand opportunities of meeting again. On a 'bus, as I am sitting now, a stranger may come and share your seat, who, like millions that flit hither and thither on the earth, may be the merest husk and shell of humanity; or a man may scramble up and sit down beside you whose life and labours at that very moment may be soothing and sustaining the lives of millions—whose very name is a charm in sorrow and solitude. He may be a man towards whom your heart overflows with gratitude for the pain he has taken out of your life, and the innocent and healthy pleasure he has put into it. In fact," I continued, speaking seriously and earnestly, "even such a man as William Makepeace Thackeray might find his way beside you; and though at first he might be a little annoyed at what he considered an impertinent intrusion, he would in the end understand how much of genuine respect and admiration you felt for him, and he would pardon the intrusion for the sake of the feeling that prompted it."

When I had finished this long speech, Thackeray

(for it was he) looked at me very kindly, took my hand, which was stretched towards him, and gave it a friendly shake accompanied by a kindly pressure; and in another moment he was looking at me from the pavement, smiling and nodding, as he walked down Waterloo Place towards the Athenæum Club.

This was my first and last meeting with Thackeray. Before the year closed he was no more. The millions who loved and honoured him had only his name, his memory, and his delightful volumes, which generations yet unborn will treasure for the genial lessons they teach, and the harmless but exquisite pleasure their perusal gives. I may say that I knew him by the little comic vignette to be found here and there through his works, with spectacles, mask, and bauble—so unlike, and yet so like.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XII.—THE THEATRE.—PART. I.

HIGH as is the position held by the theatre as a place of public amusement in London, it sinks almost into insignificance when compared with the interest the Parisians take in it. To them the theatre seems to be a public institution, and the pursuit of pleasure a science. There are at the present day in Paris no fewer than twenty-five theatres always open, and the average gross number of the audiences attending them cannot be less than 20,000. But the theatres are not the only attractive places of amusement in the French capital, for we find by Galignani's guide that there are no fewer than a hundred and forty-five other establishments for the entertainment of the public—such as café concerts, balls, guinguettes, &c.—and all these for a population not exceeding two-thirds that of London. Almost every description of theatrical exhibition may be found in Paris, from the opera to the circus—the Theatre Français, with its classical performances, to those of the greatest buffoonery. In one portion of the Boulevard a colony of theatrical managers or other caterers of public amusement seem to have settled, for every second or third house is either a theatre or a café. Among them we will first mention the Cirque Olympique—the subject of our woodcut. Exhibitions of strength or agility have long been a favourite source of amusement with the French public, and they seem to have reduced it to a certain sort of refinement far earlier than ourselves. In the year 1760 we find that the celebrated acrobat Nicolet opened a theatre for gymnastic performances on the Boulevard de Temple, where he exhibited with great success. He was also much patronized by the higher classes of his day, and even obtained the royal permission to name his establishment, Theatre des grands Santeurs et Daseurs de corde du Roi. Nicolet had also the honour of performing with his company before Louis XV. and Madame du Barry, at the Château de Choisy. So extraordinary were the performances of Nicolet and his troupe, that they gave rise to a proverb, and *plus fort en plus fort comme chez Nicolet*, is an expression frequently made use of even in the present day. An anecdote is still extant of him which may be worth repeating.

About the middle of the last century the Marseilles coach was upon the point of starting on its journey to Paris. The passengers—with a single exception—were assembled in the courtyard of the inn, and the coach was ready to leave as soon as the other passengers should make his appearance. At last he was seen hurrying towards the coach in a state of considerable alarm, evidently fearing he might be too late. If the postillions and the other passengers had been vexed at the delay, that feeling changed to merriment at the aspect of the new comer. He was certainly a very

ridiculous figure. Although the day was intensely hot, he was wrapped up in many overcoats, and had thick shoes and stockings on his feet. In his hand he carried a large bag containing his wardrobe. The heat he was in, and the anxiety expressed on his countenance, caused a general laugh among the other passengers, three of whom were smart young officers of a cavalry regiment. The new comer easily perceived that he was an object of ridicule to the rest, and he became more than ever confused, and evidently a good deal annoyed.

The passengers took their seats in the coach, and the stout man became the butt for the wit and humour of the young officers. He took it all quietly and good-humouredly enough, making a few remarks in return, and those of a character that did not by any means prove him to be a man of wit or intelligence. As

"Do so," was the reply; and the officer without difficulty leaped over the ditch.

The stout man seemed annoyed at the other's skill, but he was determined not to be beaten if he could help it. He first walked into the centre of the road, in order that he might take a good spring, and then rushed towards the ditch, which he managed with great difficulty to clear, falling on his face by the violence of his impetus. An irrepressible laugh burst from the others at the ridiculous figure the man made. On measuring the footmarks, however, his leap was found to have exceeded that of the officer by some inches, and of course the fat man gained his wager.

The next day the young officer asked for his revenge, which the stout man unhesitatingly gave him. The officer this time took more pains, and the fat man



THE CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE.

evening approached the officers proposed to the stout man to leave the vehicle, and walk with them for a little way along the road. He agreed to the proposition, and they started off together. After a little good-humoured bantering, one of the officers asked the stout man if he could leap well. He replied that he thought he could leap as well as most people.

"Let us try," said one of the officers to him, "which of us two can leap the best over that ditch," pointing to a small ditch by the side of the road.

"I don't know why I should take that trouble for nothing," said the fat man. "I will tell you what I will do. Let us bet who shall pay for the bed and supper to-night of that poor widow and her child who are our fellow-passengers."

"Agreed," said the officer. "Shall I jump first?"

leaped after him; and although in a still clumsier manner than the day before, he contrived to leap farther than his antagonist. On the third day the same wager was proposed, for the bed and lodging for the night of the poor widow. The officer was now determined to win, and he exerted himself to the utmost. The fat man did the same, and lost. The coach had now stopped for dinner, and the officers teased their companion greatly on his loss. Unlike the good-humoured manner in which he had hitherto put up with their joking, he now became greatly irritated, and said that he had not lost fairly, giving divers excuses, and among others, that he had not had his dinner, and felt weak in consequence; but that a very different result would have followed if he had dined first.

"Oh!" said one of the officers, "I do not think you would have jumped a bit better after dinner than before."

"Oh yes I could," said the stout man; "I can always jump better with a full stomach than on an empty one." This he said with so much gravity and earnestness, and in a tone so full of conviction, that the others could not restrain their laughter.

The stout man now became exceedingly angry, and was upon the point of leaving the room, when the driver entered and announced that the coach was ready to start. The man's tormentors followed him out of the room, and begged that he would give them a proof of the superiority of his agility now that he had dined.

"You may laugh as much as you please," he said to them, "but what I said was the truth. I will, if you like, bet the price of the poor woman's supper and lodging every night till we arrive in Paris, that I will take a leap which none of you dare even attempt."

"Do you really mean it?" said one of his tormentors.

"Yes, I do."

"Come round here then, away from the coach, and let us see what you can do," said one of them.

"There is no occasion for us to leave this spot," said the stout man; and without even a spring he leaped over the two horses as they were harnessed to the coach.

The rest, as may be supposed, were perfectly astonished at the performance, and did not attempt to imitate it. The stout man now came round to them and said—

"Gentlemen, another time do not laugh at others for appearing somewhat more ridiculous than yourselves. I have won my wager, and in return, when you are in Paris, I shall be happy to see you in my theatre. You have merely to present this card (giving some to them) at the door, and you will immediately be admitted. My name, as you may perceive, is Nicolet."

It appeared afterwards that Nicolet, who was a native of Marseilles, had been there to see some of his relations, and was on his return to Paris to fulfil an engagement. Finding that he had increased somewhat in weight from the inactive life he had led at Marseilles, he had attempted to reduce himself by putting on a far greater amount of clothing than it is customary to wear in hot weather, and hence the mistake the young officers had fallen into.

But Nicolet was not the only man of his company who obtained great celebrity for performances of strength and agility. Among others, a man of the name of Desvoges acquired an immense reputation in dancing the *Gigue Britannique*—whatever that may have been. It certainly could not have meant the British jig, as Desvoges was remarkable rather for his grace and dignity than the agility he showed in his dancing. There was also the Beau du Puis, celebrated for his performances of Hercules. Sometime afterwards the Grands Sautours du Roi added pantomimes and comic scenes to their performances. Before the Revolution, however, the glory of the theatre considerably faded away. It disappeared entirely in the year 1792, and the celebrated Theatre of the Gaité (which has since been renewed) was built upon the spot it occupied.

Somewhat prior to the disappearance of Nicolet's theatre, our countryman Astley opened his circus in the Faubourg de Temple. He seems to have been much admired in his day, and his exhibition was patronized by many from the highest society in Paris. It may here be mentioned that there is reason to believe Astley carried on more than one profession. In the eyes of the Parisians he was looked upon only as a circus-manager, and in London (for he alternately visited both capitals) he was looked upon by the public

in the same light; but it is now said that he acted as a spy for the English government, and made himself of great use during the first French Revolution, in giving information to the English ministers of what was going on in Paris. How far this may be true it is impossible to say. It is certain, however, that when Astley established his theatre in the Westminster Bridge Road, George IV., then Regent, made him a present of a magnificent glass chandelier, which at that day must have cost a very considerable sum of money.

Although tumbling, vaulting, and rope-dancing were well known in Paris before Astley's day, he seems to have made a great reformation in horsemanship. How far this merit was due to Astley alone it is not for us to determine; but we find that after one or two seasons he entered into partnership with an ancestor of the Franconi family, and one of the same name. It is very probable that the good taste of the Frenchman contributed considerably to Astley's success; although perhaps in that day it never arrived at the high pitch of (probably conventional) refinement shown in our woodcut. For about forty years after Astley first opened his circus it seems to have exhibited the regular circus business. Acrobats danced on the tight or slack rope, learned dogs played at dominoes, and apes imitated human beings to a most annoying degree of perfection. Singularly enough, many of the brute performers seem to have obtained a celebrity even superior to that of their human competitors. There was a celebrated stag of the name of Coco, who afterwards, when performing in London under the name of Zephyr, added to his reputation by killing his keeper; an elephant also, called Baba, whose reputation has far outlived the theatre in which it used to perform, and which was burnt to the ground in the year 1817. A new theatre was erected, and this was also burnt in the year 1826; and on March 31, 1827, a new circus was opened. A great change had however come over the spirit of the place, and the manager attempted an amount of refinement far exceeding the wants of the public. The ring, with its clown and other attractions, was done away with; the pit was filled with benches for the spectators, and on the stage were given historical (?) representations of the great victories of the Republic and Empire. But the expenses were far in excess of the receipts, and the unfortunate manager became a bankrupt. Adolphe Adam, neglecting the warning which the fate of his predecessor might have taught him—that against giving an amusement of too refined a description to a people hardly educated to appreciate it—engaged the house for the performance of operas; but his success was no better than his predecessor's, and he was obliged to give up the speculation, and military spectacles were again placed on the stage.

At present there are three circuses in Paris, all offshoots or descendants from the original stock established by Astley. In the present Cirque Olympique, in the Boulevard de Temple, the performances are confined to feats of horsemanship—perilous leaps and difficult exercises, requiring great skill and muscular power. It is much patronized by the Parisians, especially in the winter season. Another magnificent establishment of the same description has been opened in the Champs Elysée. A prefectorial decree of April 21st, 1840, gave to M. Dejean, the manager of the Cirque Olympique, some two thousand square yards of ground in one of the avenues, and on it he constructed the present magnificent theatre. There is also a circus of a far larger description, called the Hippodrome, by the Bois de Boulogne, capable of holding as many as five thousand spectators. It is however only used during the summer season.

(To be continued.)

MY GARDEN.

v.

I CLAIMED the privilege, in commencing this series of papers, of looking out from my own little plot, and of regarding those who were interested in my favourite pursuit as clients; who would be glad to hear, not merely of what I might be doing, but of what is going on now in the world of horticulture, and so giving them an insight into that which might gratify them as well as myself. As all the world is now turning its attention towards Paris and its great International Exhibition, it may be that a short notice of the horticultural department of the world's show, and its bearing on English and French horticulture, may be of interest.

There is a large class of persons whose object it is systematically to run down everything English, and to say on all occasions, "They manage these things better in France;" while there is another class who believe that nothing which is not English can be worth a moment's consideration. According to the latter we have the best government, the best climate, the finest men, the most beautiful women in the world; and the idea of our learning anything from a foreigner is simply an absurdity. One of the results of a visit to Paris now would, I think, tend to dissipate both these extreme notions. There is much to learn; much for us to see our shortcomings in; ample proof that in these days, wherein we especially prided ourselves, we are being, if not outstripped, at any rate very nearly equalled. But I do not think that an International Exhibition is one of those things which they manage better.

However, leaving all other parts of the Champ de Mars, let us wend our way to that which is generally called the "Jardin réservé," and sometimes the English garden, the part which has been set apart especially for showing forth the present condition of horticulture—at an expense of, it is said, 1,200,000 francs. A considerable space has been enclosed for horticultural purposes. It is skilfully laid out; and any one who remembers, as I can, this same Champ de Mars resounding with the tread of eighty thousand warriors, may well admire the skill and energy which have been manifested in laying it out. The ground is made to undulate in a very artistic manner, a lake has been formed, rivulets meander through the fields, grottoes have been formed (the marine aquarium alone has cost 300,000 francs), conservatories have been erected, trees have been planted, and everything arranged in what is supposed to be the English style of landscape gardening. While admiring the taste which has been displayed in this garden, I cannot but feel, at the same time, that it partakes too much of the grand fault of the whole exhibition; viz., that too much has been attempted, and that consequently it has somewhat of a *cockneyed* aspect. According to the season flower-shows have been arranged; but any one who is accustomed to the grand displays held in this country, or who remembers that glorious triumph of English horticulture, the Great International Exhibition held at South Kensington last year, will smile at the feeble attempts at flower-shows made here. In fact, I have never yet seen a flower-show in France which would be considered good in any of our provincial towns. This will probably surprise some who are accustomed to hear of the vast numbers of new productions in all departments of floriculture that we are continually receiving from France; but the fact is easily explained. In everything that pertains to arrangement and taste the French certainly bear the palm: they seem born with it, as they are with a taste for cookery; and the manner in which their hotels, houses, and public places are ornamented with flowers is certainly very creditable to them. Indeed, it is one of those things of which we, borrowing from them, are now beginning to see the

value; nay, I think we are eclipsing them; for certainly Battersea Park (especially the sub-tropical department), Hyde Park, and Regent's Park may well vie with any of the public gardens of Paris; while Kensington Gardens is unequalled by anything in the gay metropolis.

The great incentive to English floriculture is the existence of a large body of amateurs of all classes; from the nobleman with his princely fortune to the small tradesman whose little plot of ground is as dear to him as are the broad acres to the noble duke. This class hardly exists in France. All French people love flowers; they love their plant for their boudoir or hall; they love their bouquet, or their pretty single flower; but very few French people are connoisseurs in flowers. The pretty villas with which the neighbourhood of London abounds are almost unknown around Paris. A Parisian's life is not a home life; and hence those things which tend to encourage that home feeling, among which a love of flowers must surely be reckoned, find but little favour. None of the French raisers of novelties rely much on home encouragement for their sale. England and America are their chief markets, Germany and Russia coming next; and hence the wonderful productions of gardening skill which our flower-shows exhibit are unknown there. The nurseryman has none of that feeling which makes him desire to keep ahead of the amateur; he has no reserved price, everything may go if a bid is made for it. I shall not easily forget the utter amazement with which some of the most distinguished rose-growers of France stood before the magnificent plants exhibited by such men as Mr. Turner of Slough, or Messrs. Paul and Sons of Cheshunt, at the Great International Show. They would hardly believe it possible that the rose (a flower they had grown all their lives) could be brought to such perfection. So with the azalias and geraniums. Having a high sense of the value of beautiful forms, the graceful palms and other plants of a similar character find much favour among them; and that is a taste that we should do well to encourage more generally in this country.

From these remarks it will be seen that I do not think the Horticultural Department of the Great Exhibition as at all likely to prove formidable to our national pride. Already, in the contests that have taken place, Messrs. Veitch of Chelsea have, notwithstanding the great expense of transporting such immense plants to such a distance, been eminently successful; while another, and the only other English exhibitor, Mr. Bull, has maintained his fame as the introducer of new and rare plants.

While I would strongly advise no visitor to the Exhibition to pass by this "Jardin réservé," a more enjoyable scene will be found in the Parc de Monceaux, at the end of the Balcourt de Reine Hortense, and not far from the Greek Church, which is the most successful piece of landscape gardening, in a limited area, that France can boast of. In the Champs Elysées, notwithstanding its essentially artificial character, much may be learned as to the best method of making a garden look gay and fresh, no matter what its situation may be; but after all is said, the visitor will not fail to come back with the comfortable conviction that England is still unrivalled in her horticultural skill and enterprise.

D. DEAL.

THE cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself and the most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others. The employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good-will has arisen and friendships been founded by the intercourse connected with this pursuit than from any other employment whatsoever.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

[Under this head we propose to insert briefly, from time to time, such recently-observed facts in Natural History as may appear to be worthy of permanent record, or to suggest inquiry and explanation in directions which may interest the generality of our readers. It may not be possible in every instance to guarantee the absolute correctness of the statements which may reach us, but nothing will be inserted that we do not believe on reasonably good grounds to be true. Facts that have come under our own observation, or with which we have personally been made acquainted by observers for whose intelligence and good faith we do not hesitate to be responsible, will be distinguished by the signature, E.D.]

Nightingales.—It is stated by a correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" that "an unusually large number of nightingales assembled during the late spring in the vicinity of Naumburg. They settled about the middle of April in groups of from twenty to thirty in a wood, and remained there eight days. During this time they held a sort of musical tournament, two birds singing solo alternately, and the performance being occasionally varied by a chorus in which all the birds participated. It is positively asserted by ornithologists who were present at this singular concert that there was not a single female bird among the singers. Every now and then the birds moved in a body to another part of the wood, as if to test its acoustic properties."

Spider and Wasp.—Last autumn the writer witnessed a curious combat between a large spider, of the species called in Suffolk the "death's-head" spider, and a fine wasp. The wasp had become entangled in the spider's web, who very cautiously, gradually, and most warily approached its victim, and not without reason, as the sequel shows; for no sooner had the insects closed in mortal combat, than they both fell dead to the ground at the same instant. The sting of the wasp must have entered the body of the spider at the precise moment the latter gave the fatal bite.

Bees.—A rather singular incident in connection with the hiving of bees took place in Worcestershire last summer. A swarm had left the hive, and the usual amount of noise being made with the customary pots and pans, the bees quickly and quietly settled on a neighbouring tree. There they remained until such time as a man could be procured to hive them. During the interval another swarm came forth from the same hive and settled upon the former body of bees. Both swarms were swept into a skip and left, when the following occurrence took place: instead of setting to work at once, they fought most furiously for several days, making a loud buzzing sound meanwhile. Evidently one army was stronger than the other, for all the dead bees which were brought out of the hive, with very few exceptions, were of exactly the same colour; but whether the victorious army proceeded from the first or second swarm is uncertain. As soon as one party had been all killed the other went to work with a right good will, and soon became a fine vigorous hive.

Toads.—An old lady of the writer's acquaintance possessed as pets a number of toads, which she kept in some rockwork in her garden, and had tamed by degrees in the following manner. She would catch and imprison the toad she intended making a pet of under a flower-pot, and then liberally supply it with different kinds of food such as toads delight in, particularly bread-crumbs, which, in the absence of the old lady, the prisoner greedily devoured. It would soon, however, lose its habitual shyness, and upon lifting up the flower-pot the toad would first eat in her presence, and at length take from her hand the food she offered. As soon as this stage in the taming process was reached the old lady would turn out the captive into the society of other toads among the rockwork. Twice a day, during the warmer months of the year, did she approach the abode of her pets, when they would come forth from their hiding places, and eagerly devour whatever she threw to them. They quickly learned to distinguish her foot-

steps on the gravel walk from those of all other persons, and came fearlessly out of their holes to greet her. It is curious that these reptiles did not become torpid for some weeks after all their untamed kindred had disappeared from view.

Vipers.—A farmer in Suffolk was having an old bank pulled down, which turned out to be full of vipers: he became interested in these reptiles, and resolved to watch them. Accordingly one day, while the men were at work, he suddenly came upon a female surrounded by her young. As soon as the viper saw the farmer she opened her mouth, and instantly, by a natural instinct of preservation from harm, they one and all leaped down their mother's throat. The farmer having his gun with him shot the female viper, and upon opening her found that he had wounded two of the young ones and killed a third.

Colours of Flowers.—A correspondent of "Land and Water" (June 15th) makes some interesting inquiries concerning the variations of colour in flowers. "Why are violets white in some places and purple in others? Has the soil or strata anything to do with it, or have insects? At Tenby, on the mountain limestone, violets are nearly always white; near Torquay, again, they are white; here, at Marchweil, on the coal, they are white; near Hornsea, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, they are always purple, and a white one is a *rara avis*. I shall be told they are only varieties; but what is the cause of the variety? One rarely sees white violets in cultivation; they are much more generally purple than white. Then there is the hawthorn, or May: it is hardly ever found pink in the hedges, generally white; here, in the garden, is a pink May; that always, or nearly always, bears a white branch of flowers—the other flowers are always pink. I do not know whether it is the same branch every year, but there it is. Under similar hedges I have often found purple primroses; this seems as if light had something to do with it. Once or twice I have found purple cowslips. I might enumerate a good many more plants, but this is sufficient for my purpose."

[We have an old red May in our own garden which has bloomed this year in both colours, and, so far as we can learn, for the first time. The white blossoms were mingled everywhere in the tree with the red. The question suggests itself whether the red bloom is an accidental or cultivated variety and the return to white a sign of decadence in the tree.—E.D.]

Water Beetles.—The writer possesses a large aquarium, and informs us that he has derived much instruction from observing the movements of its inhabitants. Among a variety of water insects were a number of beetles, popularly called "boatmen," and also some larvae of the dragon-fly. These were always at war one with another, so the owner resolved to find out in what manner he was deprived of so many inmates of the aquarium. Sitting down and watching, he soon perceived a boatman-beetle quietly arrive at the bottom for rest, and stealthily proceed to survey his surrounding neighbourhood. Soon, very cautiously, a larva peeped out, and commenced to crawl along for a little way, and suddenly halted, remaining quite motionless. The larva's movements, however, had not been made unperceived by the beetle, who advanced circumspectly to the fray. The two creatures advanced towards each other until the distance between them was diminished to about an inch; there they remained immovable for some few minutes, when the larva, darting forth suddenly a tongue somewhat like the antester's, seized the beetle, and in a second or so it was torn in pieces and eaten on the spot by the larva.

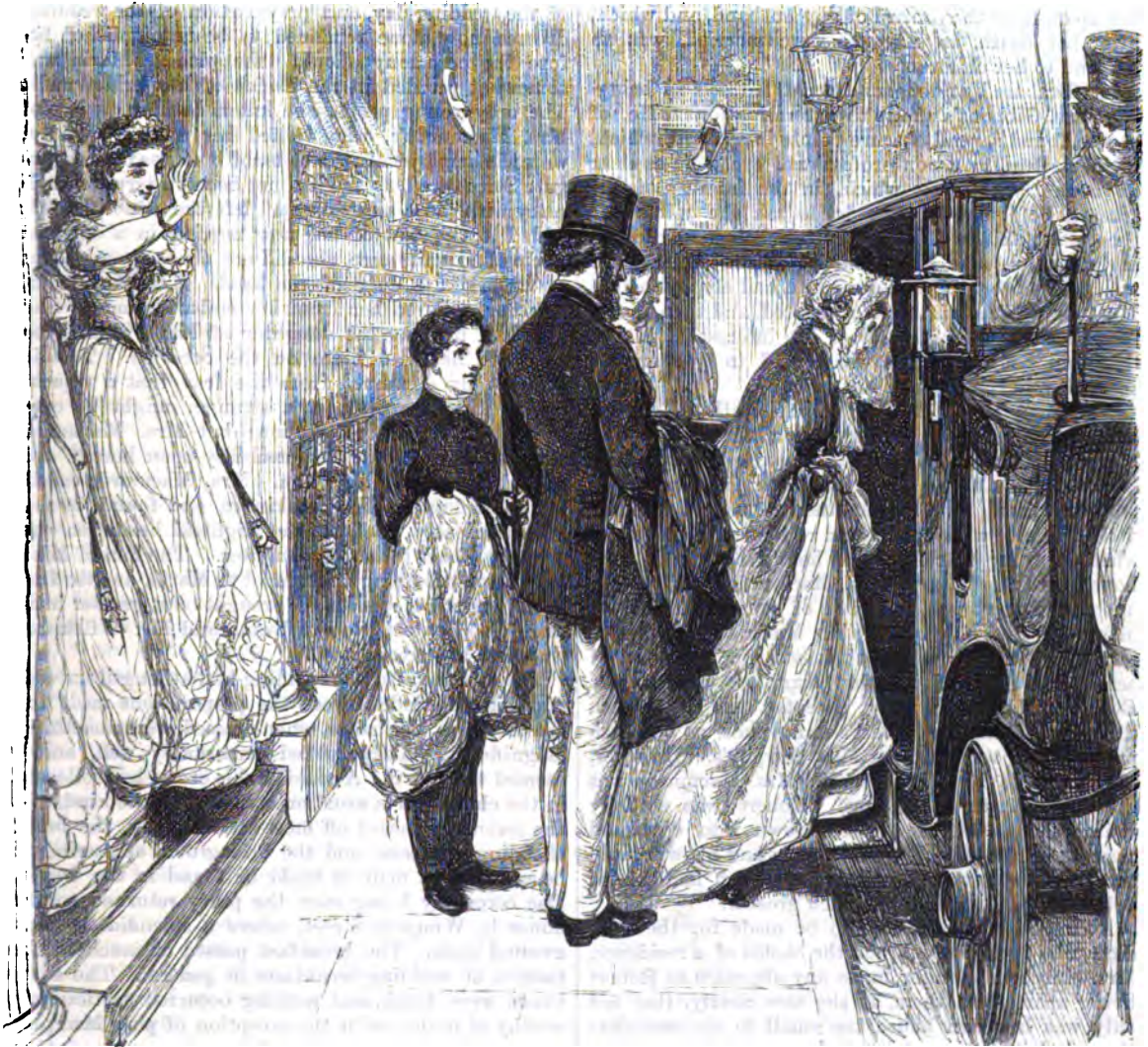
Lizards.—In this same aquarium were several kinds of lizards: the larger species, commonly called the great black triton, strove to become master over all the other tribes. One of the black tritons especially directed its enmity against a small buff-coloured lizard, which it frequently swallowed, with the exception of its tail, which protruded from the mouth of the triton. The words *frequently swallowed* may surprise the readers of this anecdote, but the writer declares that it is true, for he has seen the small buff lizard in the throat of the other for upwards of eight hours at a time, and at the end of that period spat up apparently without injury.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT. AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XIII.

ROBERT MARRIED AND SETTLED.

THE doctor and the lawyer were the only persons (for it would be absurd to call them mourners) who attended the funeral of Mrs. Gibbons. It was anything but what is usually called a sad funeral, yet to those who think more deeply than the mere looker-on, such funerals are in truth the saddest of all. The ceremony

was, in the strictest sense of the word, *performed*. The regrets of no human being followed her to the grave, nor were any pretended. The doctor and lawyer conversed about the ordinary affairs of the day on their road to the cemetery. The clergyman seemed to perform the service in the most mechanical manner, and when all was over, and the carriage left the cemetery to conduct the doctor and lawyer back to the house, they continued the conversation in which they had

been previously engaged. On entering the house, Miss Maria Smith received them, and conducted them into the sitting-room, where lunch was prepared, and after having partaken of some refreshment, the lawyer requested Maria to take the old lady's keys and open her writing-desk, as in it she would find her will. Maria did as she was directed, and placed the will in the lawyer's hand, who, immediately breaking the seal, commenced reading it. It was short and explicit in the extreme. She left two legacies, of one hundred pounds each, to the lawyer and to a doctor who had formerly attended her, five hundred pounds to a Mr. McIntyre, whom she nominated as her executor, and the residue of her property to him, in trust for her niece, Maria Smith, which was to be settled upon her apart from the control of any husband, and which, after her death, in case she were married, was to descend to her children.

Mr. Braham by no means hurried himself in bringing Mrs. Gibbons's affairs to a termination. He, of course, found several obscure points in the will, which, in themselves, to a non-professional eye, were as clear as noon-day; but on which, in the interest of the trustee, he found it necessary to ask the opinion of the court; and to this the trustee, being an exceedingly nervous man, offered no objection. The result was, that more than a twelvemonth had elapsed before Mrs. Gibbons's affairs were completed, and then Maria found herself the possessor of the interest of fifteen thousand pounds, which was placed in government securities, in the name of her trustee.

The manner of Mrs. Gibbons's death of course caused great surprise, but no sorrow, to Mr. and Mrs. Murphy and Robert. Maria remained in the old lady's house till the goods had been disposed of by public auction; and it was then a matter of some little difficulty where she would reside, etiquette somewhat objecting to the idea of her living in the same house with her lover. Mrs. Macmurdo, with whose husband Robert was on terms of great intimacy, removed the difficulty by inviting Maria to take up her residence with her until a sufficient time had elapsed before the celebration of her marriage with Robert Evans. Maria willingly accepted the invitation, though somewhat to Robert's annoyance, as he much preferred her remaining at Mrs. Murphy's. However, Maria's abode in the house with Mrs. Macmurdo was not without its advantages. Robert was a daily visitor there, and of course thrown into continual communication with Mr. Macmurdo and his wife, and the result was, that the intimacy which had existed between them now became much greater.

Arrangements were now to be made for the wedding; the first of which was the choice of a residence. Mrs. Murphy no longer made any objection to Robert living apart from them, as she saw clearly, that not only was her own house too small to accommodate them, but that the position Robert was now taking in society necessitated his residing in a more fashionable locality. Even poor Murphy, who it was at first feared would be shocked at the idea of his adopted son living apart from him, assented to it; at the same time hoping they would not reside at such a distance as would preclude the possibility of his visiting the new married couple as often as he might wish. This was readily assented to both by Robert and Maria. They chose a handsome house in Harley Street, and were partly biassed in their choice from the fact that

Murphy would be able to visit them as often as he pleased by the City Road omnibuses; and, from some inexplicable reason, the old man still held that cabs were an extravagance, and that it was useless to throw away money on them when you could go as quickly and far more cheaply by an omnibus.

The furnishing now commenced, and Maria Smith and Mrs. Macmurdo continued daily in a state of great excitement, and undergoing considerable fatigue as well. Robert left the whole labour of making purchases entirely in their hands, he being too much occupied with his business to enter into such matters. By degrees all got into order, and the house, which was large, commodious, and splendidly furnished, was at last declared fit to receive them, and the fixing of the wedding-day, and preparation of the wedding dresses, now alone remained to be accomplished before the ceremony should take place. Maria was somewhat puzzled in the choice of her bridesmaids. The only young people she knew, besides a niece of Mrs. Macmurdo's, who visited her aunt frequently, were the employees in the house of business in Bishopsgate Street, and, as she had not been on terms of intimacy with these since she had left the establishment, added to the fact of her now moving in a different circle of acquaintance, she did not choose to ask them to undertake a duty of the kind. Mrs. Macmurdo, however, relieved her from her embarrassment. She proposed inviting the daughter of Mr. Wilkinson to act with her own niece on the occasion. To this Maria only demurred from the fear that a request of the kind from almost a stranger might be considered an act of indiscretion; but Mrs. Macmurdo promising to take the responsibility upon herself, she offered no farther objection. Mrs. Macmurdo called the same day on Miss Wilkinson, and found, as she had anticipated, that not the slightest hesitation was made by either father or daughter. The fact of Miss Wilkinson becoming bridesmaid to Maria, and the frequent visits it necessitated, brought on a greater intimacy also between Robert Evans and Mr. Wilkinson than had hitherto existed.

The day fixed for the wedding had at length arrived, and splendid indeed were the preparations made for the occasion. The ladies, when dressed, were something magnificent. They looked remarkably well, and seemed to know it. A considerable crowd had collected in the church, as is usual on occasions of the kind, and the ceremony passed off most satisfactorily, the bride shedding no tears, and the bridegroom appearing to be as happy a man as could be found in the world. The ceremony being over, the party returned to the house in Wimpole Street, where a splendid *déjeuner* awaited them. The breakfast passed off much in the fashion of wedding-breakfasts in general. The same toasts were drank, and nothing occurred particularly worthy of notice, with the exception of poor Murphy, who, when the health of the bridegroom's father and mother was proposed (for although the real connexion between them was perfectly well known, every one treated Murphy and his wife with the same respect as if they had been Robert's own parents), attempted to speak, but burst into tears instead, and was led from the room by his wife. When the bride left the room to change her dress for the one she was to wear on her journey (for the young people were to spend the honeymoon in Paris), Mrs. Murphy requested that she and her husband might bid Robert and his

wife good-bye without being seen by the others. To say the truth, the poor woman, now that the subjection she had been under before the guests, and which had restrained her feelings during breakfast, was over, was scarcely less affected at the idea of parting with her dear boy, as she called him, than was poor Murphy himself. Maria promised that they should see them alone before leaving the house, and as soon as she was ready they went into the room to Murphy and his wife. The leave-taking was sad and painful, especially on the part of poor Murphy. "God bless you, my boy," he said, shaking him warmly by the hand; "if you never see me again, think of me sometimes when I am gone. You have been a dear, good child to me, and I love you very fondly." Robert and his wife now left them to take leave of the other guests, and then started for their journey, followed by the good wishes of all; the time-hallowed ceremony of throwing the slipper not being forgotten on the occasion.

If Murphy had feared he should never see Robert again, it was totally without reason, for he did so very often. When Robert and Maria had returned from their wedding trip, and taken up their residence in Harley Street, it was poor Murphy's daily employment (for he had entirely relinquished all business matters, his mind being no longer in a state to entertain them) to take the omnibus by the City Road to Harley Street, and there to remain till it was time for him to return to dinner. At first his frequent visits were somewhat irksome to Maria, who, though naturally very fond of the old man, had her domestic duties to attend to; and it was exceedingly difficult, if not fatiguing, to keep up a conversation with him, as he generally answered only in monosyllables to any remark she might make to him. At last the difficulty was overcome by the old man himself. One morning, when he appeared more lucid than usual, he said to her—"My dear, I am sure it must be a great inconvenience to you to be sitting here with me all the morning, when you have other affairs to attend to. Now, don't make a stranger of me; I am quite happy sitting here by myself, and seeing what you and my dear boy have come to. You leave me alone, and go about your own business—forget I am in the house if you can. All I ask you is, that I may see you and Robert every Saturday afternoon. I shall then be quite happy; and if anything happens that I am too ill to come and see you, you must come and see me instead."

"I have but one alteration to make to that agreement," said Maria, "and that is, instead of your coming here on Saturday afternoons, that Robert and I pay you a visit instead. Now, I won't have you say anything to the contrary. I shall do as you tell me in minding the affairs of the house and leaving you to yourself when I am busy, and you must obey me on the other point."

The old man seemed highly flattered at the proposition, and accepted it without further demur. He now daily continued his visits, and after Maria had seen him, she generally left him in the dining-room with a newspaper, going in occasionally during his stay. He thus became no impediment to the domestic arrangements of her house, and all went on smoothly and regularly. Every Saturday Robert and his wife visited Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and not a little pleased were the old couple to receive this attention from them, Mrs. Murphy especially so, as her feminine pride was

greatly flattered by the sight of Robert's handsome brougham drawing up at her door, and causing considerable excitement amongst the neighbours, who counted in general but few carriage company in the list of their acquaintance.

Business transactions now went on with Robert in a most satisfactory manner, and their magnitude continued to increase. He had now taken an office in Great George Street, and was daily rising into importance. He had taken Mr. Walter Moss into his office as confidential clerk, and a very useful agent he found him, as he was perfectly conversant with the whole management of a house of business of the kind. Walter Moss had quitted Mr. Macmurdo's office without the slightest disagreement having arisen between them. It has before been stated that the appointment of Mr. Moss was but temporary, during the absence of the head clerk on some business on the Continent. This gentleman had now returned, and resumed his position; and as the appointment of second clerk was hardly worth Mr. Moss's holding, he gave notice to Mr. Macmurdo that he was about to leave him. Mr. Macmurdo had, of course, no objections to offer, nay, he even admitted that Mr. Moss would be able to do much better; and suggested to him, if he had no other employment in view, to engage with Mr. Evans, who he knew was much in want of a clerk on whom he could depend, and who would be thoroughly up in the business. This was precisely what Mr. Walter Moss intended doing, although he did not mention the circumstance to Mr. Macmurdo, but thanked him for the kind suggestion, and said he would at once apply to Mr. Evans on the subject. He did so, and was immediately engaged by Robert as his head clerk; and as soon as his time had expired with Mr. Macmurdo he was duly installed in the office of Robert Evans, with two junior clerks under him.

The intimacy between Mr. Macmurdo, Robert, and Mr. Wilkinson continued to increase; in fact, in such friendly relations were they together, that on the occasion of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with her cousin, Captain Balfour, who had now received a long leave of absence, her father asked Robert to become, in conjunction with Mr. Macmurdo, his daughter's trustee under her marriage settlement. A more flattering compliment could not possibly have been paid to Robert Evans than an offer of the kind. Apart from poor Murphy, the two men whom he held in the highest respect in the world, and with whom he especially wished to be on terms of intimacy, were Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Macmurdo; and the office of being joint trustee with Mr. Macmurdo on the present occasion seemed to cement firmly the union between them. Robert, of course, readily accepted the offer, and became trustee for the future Mrs. Balfour, for the sum of twenty thousand pounds, invested in the three per cents. Of course, Robert and his wife were guests at the wedding, which went off with great *éclat*. After the return of the young couple from their wedding trip, Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Balfour became very intimate, scarcely a week passing without their visiting at each other's house.

We must now return to Murphy and his wife. They were sinking into the vale of years, contentedly and easily. The infirmities of age pressed but slightly on Mrs. Murphy's bodily health; on her mental capacity they produced no effect whatever. At the same time, she was at that period of life when once a person gets

into a settled groove, or routine, it is difficult for them to leave it. Although now far above any dread of poverty, or even the necessity of practising economy, she was still the careful housewife she had been when her husband was little better than a journeyman carpenter. At the same time, though economical, she was by no means parsimonious. She could give liberally, but always used discretion in her gifts. She subscribed generously to the different local charities, and readily assisted every poor person whom the clergyman or her doctor brought under her notice; but on no occasion did she give without getting from them every minute particular of the case they were interested in. In the exercise of her charity, although she had a great respect, and almost an affection, for the parson, her principal reliance was upon the doctor. "Doctors," she said, "are far less liable to be imposed upon by artful jades than are ministers. They go more into particulars, and it is no easy matter for a drunkard, or a slattern, or a thriftless woman to escape without their being detected. With parsons it is very different. They are generally a kind, good-hearted lot, who believe every story of misery brought before them to be true; not remembering that a lying tongue is the stock-in-trade of such jades. If I were a man I would sooner be a doctor than anything else; they can do more good than others without being cheated; and that's the sort of work for my money."

Mrs. Murphy's domestic duties generally detained her at home during the whole of the day; though what she could have found to occupy her in her very small establishment it would be somewhat difficult to divine. Her maid used to say that, sooner than having nothing to do, the good lady would, without the slightest necessity, occupy herself by having a bed pulled down, examined, and then put up again, and when it was finished, complain of the fatigue she had been obliged to undergo. Her visits to the house in Harley Street were the only occasions on which she left home; and these, comparatively, occurred but seldom—possibly not above once in a fortnight. It was not because her love for her dear boy was any less, but her fancied requirements at her own house precluded the possibility of her leaving it often. Again, another rather singular sort of excitement possibly actuated her in the matter. The day following each of Robert's visits she began to look forward with pleasure to the next; and this feeling seemed to increase as each successive day passed over, till the next Saturday came round, and then, as soon as she had finished her household duties, she seated herself at the window, and never left it till the brougham arrived in sight of the house, when she rose from her chair, and hurried to the door, that she might be ready to kiss her dear boy the moment he crossed the threshold. With Murphy it was very different. His life now seemed that of a piece of perfect mechanism, slowly running down: nothing could be more systematic than his mode of life. After breakfast he regularly went into the counting-house, where he remained for an hour, doing absolutely nothing. He had always been in the habit of going there after he had finished his breakfast, and he could not break himself of it. He then went into the house, where he remained quietly seated for a couple of hours. He would next occupy himself in preparing for his visit to Harley Street, which, by the time he had finished, was generally about one o'clock, when his dinner was ready. The meal being

over, he left the house and proceeded to Harley Street, where he remained till perhaps four o'clock, and then returned home to tea. In the evening the servant girl brought him his list slippers, and Mrs. Murphy filled his pipe for him, as it was his custom every day to smoke after tea.

In this manner, his life continued monotonously running down. One evening, Mrs. Murphy had, as usual, prepared tea at five o'clock. Six o'clock came—but still Murphy did not return. It was now quite dark, and she began to be fairly alarmed at his non-appearance. The clock marked half-past six—but still Murphy had not arrived. Mrs. Murphy was now in so much fear, that she determined to send the girl to Harley Street, to inquire at what hour he had left Robert's house; but before she had quitted home Murphy's knock was heard at the door. His wife ran to open it, and Murphy entered. He appeared distressed and ill, but made no complaint. The evening had been cold and damp, but it had not rained; and Mrs. Murphy, fearing he might have been chilled, took him into the parlour, and seated him in his easy chair beside a good fire, which was then burning in the grate, and the servant brought him his slippers. Seeing her husband appeared greatly fatigued, Mrs. Murphy put no questions to him, but busied herself in getting his tea ready. He took his meal evidently with a good appetite, and seemed to enjoy it; but still he spoke not—his thoughts appearing to be on some subject which greatly interested him. After the tea-things were removed, Mrs. Murphy pushed his chair again towards the fireside, and having filled his pipe she gave it to him, holding a lighted paper to it at the same time. It struck her, at the moment, that he regarded her with a particularly affectionate look; but still he said nothing. When the pipe was well lighted she threw the remnants of the paper into the grate, and, seating herself on the opposite side of the fireplace, went on with some warm worsted stockings she was knitting for her husband's wear in the winter, Murphy smoking placidly the while. Presently, thinking he might be somewhat recovered from his fatigue, Mrs. Murphy said to him—

"How are Robert and his wife to-day, dear?"

Murphy took his pipe from his mouth, and looked at her for some few moments, as if trying to collect his thoughts on the subject, and which he had some difficulty in doing. At last he replied—

"I don't know, dear, I have not been there to-day."

"Not been there, John!" said his wife, greatly surprised. "Why, what have you been doing with yourself, then?"

"Well, I do not exactly know. I thought I would take a walk round the old place where we used to live and see how things looked; and I wandered about there, up and down White Lion Street and Fleur-de-lis Street, thinking about old times till I quite forgot how late it was. I don't know that I should not have been there now if I had not been so tired I could not walk any longer."

There was a peculiar sadness in the tone of his voice as he uttered the last words, which strongly excited his wife's attention, but she made no remark.

"Do you know, Peggy," Murphy continued, "how lives in our old house? I could not make out at all who the people were when I saw it to-day. I thought I knew pretty well everybody in the neighbourhood at that time."

"No, John, I do not. You should remember it is a good many years since we left that part of the world, and great changes have taken place in it."

Murphy took no notice of the remark, but remained silent for some minutes. At length he said—

"I stood for some time before the door, hoping that some one might come out of the house, that I might see who it was that lived there, and what business they carried on. At last the door opened, and some people came out whom I did not even know by sight. I looked up the passage to see what they were doing in my old shop, but it had all been removed, and the place made into a yard, with some linen hanging up in it to dry. I wanted to ask leave to go into the house, and have a look around me, telling them that I had formerly lived there myself; but I hadn't the courage, as I was afraid I might have burst out crying. I felt terribly low-spirited at the time."

"It was quite as well, perhaps, John," said Mrs. Murphy, "that you did not go in, as it might have made your spirits much worse."

"So it might, Peggy. We were very happy there, old girl, weren't we?"

"So we were, John; but you should remember that we have been very happy here as well, and far better lodged, and we have everything comfortable about us."

"All very well, Peggy; still I liked the look of the old place, it seemed so natural to me, and brought old times back again to my mind. We worked hard there, old girl. Shoulder to shoulder, as the soldiers say."

"Very true, John," said Mrs. Murphy; "we did work hard together, and honestly, too, and God has blessed us for it in this world, and I hope he will be merciful to us in the next."

"I hope so, Peggy."

"We were poor," continued Mrs. Murphy, "and the Lord has been good to us for the kindness we showed the widow and the orphan. Our boy has been a treasure to us."

"So he has, Peggy, that's quite true. I never heard of a poor man who had a better son."

"Is Robert very busy now?" inquired Mrs. Murphy, wishing to give a turn to the conversation. Her husband's mind, however, seemed hardly capable of supporting the rapid change. He looked puzzled for some moments, and could not collect his thoughts. After a silence of some little time, he said—

"I hardly know, Peggy. I will ask him when we are in the counting-house after breakfast to-morrow."

Mrs. Murphy saw that her husband's mind was evidently wandering, as Robert never called at their house on matters of business; in fact, as before stated, only once a week in the afternoon. She reflected for some moments whether she had better explain to him the error he was in, when Murphy continued, with a look of doubt on his countenance—

"They have paid us, I suppose, for the work we did at the parish schools?"

"Yes, dear; long ago."

"Well, I suppose Robert knows all about it. It's all right I dare say. I will leave it in his hands."

He remained silent for some moments, and then continued, "It was wonderful how the place put me in mind of old times, Peggy. I remember the first Sunday afternoon we were there as well as if it had been yesterday, when the boy cut his finger with the chisel I had left out. I think I see him now holding

up his little white frock with the blood stains upon it. He seemed far more sorry about the frock than cutting his hand. Don't you remember it, Peggy?"

"Yes, dear, very well."

"Who would have thought that the little fellow would have grown up to be the fine clever man he is?"

"But that was not Robert," said Mrs. Murphy, grieved to see how infirm her husband's mind was becoming.

Murphy seemed for some moments to be confused, and was evidently forcing his mind to understand her. Presently he gave a deep sigh, and leant back in his chair, his pipe falling from his hand on the floor.

"Why, John," said his wife, "you have broken your pipe. Never mind, I will soon get you another."

She left her chair, and stooped down to pick up the fragments which were on the floor. As she rose, after throwing them in the grate, she cast a glance at her husband, and uttered a loud scream, for she thought he had fainted, so deadly pale was his face. The next moment a faint bluish tinge spread over his features, which almost as suddenly vanished, leaving his countenance still paler than before. Poor Murphy had joined his own child in heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

AMBITION.

THE effect produced on those Murphy had left behind him formed a singular contrast to that elicited by the death of Mrs. Gibbons on those around her. In her case not a single tear was shed, nor did a solitary regret follow her to the grave. The few who were intimate with her disliked her, and to all others she was totally indifferent. Many and bitter were the tears shed over poor Murphy. His adopted son could not have grieved more for him had he been his own father; and Maria, although she had known him, comparatively, but a short time, felt a profound sorrow for his loss. The anguish of the widow was positively distressing to behold. Till the funeral was over all attempts at consolation were fruitless. On the day for the interment, her grief, though equally profound, appeared somewhat more placid; for she had determined to follow her husband to the grave, and saw the necessity for keeping her sorrow more under control. She and Robert were the only mourners, Maria remaining in the house during their absence. Robert and herself then stayed with Mrs. Murphy till the evening, when, finding the poor woman's grief inconsolable, Maria kindly resolved to remain with her, not only that night, but until her grief had assumed a more mitigated form.

As soon as the first burst of sorrow had somewhat subsided, Robert suggested to Mrs. Murphy that she should form some plan for the future. "It will be impossible," he said, "for you to remain here alone without a friend or acquaintance."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "I want none. You and Maria are the only ones on earth I am now interested in."

"Another reason, mother, for your leaving this house," said Robert. "Why do you not come and live with us in Harley Street? We should do everything in our power to make you comfortable."

"That I am aware of, Robert, but still I should be a great inconvenience to you. You don't know what it is to have a stranger in the house."

"A stranger, mother!" said Robert, ramonstratingly.

"Well, my dear, I did not wish to say anything unkind; at the same time, it is often a great inconvenience having another person in the house. Besides, what should a poor old woman like me do among all the fine people who visit you? Why, I should be lost, and they would laugh at me. No, Robert, I shall remain here till my hour comes, and at my time of life it is not to be expected it will be long."

"Well, mother, I shall not give up my point, and I must get Maria to help me as well; for remain here alone you shall not, so you may as well make up your mind at once."

Mrs. Murphy did not, however, give in that day; and for several days afterwards she remained unaltered in her determination, but at last she succumbed to the repeated entreaties of Robert and his wife. The house in the City Road and its furniture (with the exception of a few articles) were disposed of; and Mrs. Murphy with her maid, who had resided many years with her, then removed to Harley Street, where a commodious apartment was fitted up for her reception. By degrees the old lady became accustomed to her new mode of life, and, with considerable tact, adapted herself to the manners of those with whom she now continually mixed, and everything went on in the establishment as comfortably as could be desired.

Robert's business transactions continued to progress most favourably. Walter Moss was still with him as head clerk and confidential adviser. He had now acquired a considerable influence over his employer, which it is only justice to him to admit he used greatly to Robert's advantage. In fact, although Walter Moss remained only in the position of a clerk, his name was so completely mixed up with that of Robert Evans, that many believed him to be his partner. Walter Moss, however, although his employer had admitted him into so close an intimacy, never attempted to presume upon it; on the contrary, there was an affected humility about him, especially in the presence of others, which hardly seemed natural, and which few other gentlemen in a similar position would have shown to an employer. Robert Evans by no means accepted this deferential manner of his subordinate, but invariably treated him as his equal, whether alone or in the presence of others. Walter Moss was now a constant visitor at the house, and a frequent guest at the dinner table, hardly a party being given without his making one of the number. Singularly enough, neither Maria nor Mrs. Murphy shared the good opinion which Robert Evans entertained for his clerk. They seemed, on the contrary, to have taken a strong dislike to him; although nothing could have been more gentlemanly and respectful than was his behaviour to them. Mrs. Evans did not attempt to give any reason for her aversion, beyond that he did not seem open and candid, although she had not a single proof to bring forward against him. Mrs. Murphy was far more explicit. "That man," she said, in the family conclave, "may say what he likes, but I am sure he drinks."

"Nonsense, mother," said Robert, "a more sober fellow than he is, I believe, never lived. If he had been otherwise, I certainly should have known it. He has dined here often enough, and had ample opportunity of displaying the habit, if he had it. Now, don't you take prejudices against any one. It is not

your usual way, and you should not do it with poor Moss."

"My dear, I know a great deal more about it than you do," said Mrs. Murphy. "I have not lived as many years as I have in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields without knowing pretty well when a man drinks, and when he does not, let him conceal it as he may. I don't know what it is, but it can always be detected; and, mark my words, sober as that man, Moss, may appear before you, I am sure he drinks, and some day you will find it out."

With Robert's increase of wealth, his ambition increased in still greater proportion, in fact it was his dominant weakness. The idea of Mr. Macmurdo being in parliament was a continual stimulus to him, and he was incessantly drawing comparisons between his friend's abilities and his own, and these generally ended to his own advantage. "If Macmurdo," he argued, "can get himself listened to in the House with attention and respect, why should not I? I could easily be as good a speaker as he is, and, I flatter myself, I am getting equally conversant with political affairs."

Maria, as well as Mrs. Murphy (to whom he frequently spoke on the subject), endeavoured to dissuade him from it. His wife argued that he would be constantly away from home in the evening, and thus spoil what was to her the happiest time of the day. For her part, she had no ambition beyond that her husband should be loved and respected. As for politics, she knew nothing about them, she never understood them, and she was sure she never would. She could not feel anything but sorrow if she saw her husband entering deeply into an occupation for which she felt no interest. Mrs. Murphy knew as little about politics as Maria, and, although she opposed Robert, she did so less earnestly than his wife. Her principal objection was that he had now a great deal of business on his hands, and she did not understand how a man could be a member of parliament, and attend to his own affairs as well. Still, she admitted it would give her great pleasure to see Robert a great man, and she believed he was clever enough for anything. Against his wife's objection, Robert could urge nothing. They were to him, simply those of an unreasoning loving woman, to which he resolved to give no heed, although he felt flattered at the high estimation in which she held him. To Mrs. Murphy's objection he only pointed out the case of Mr. Macmurdo, and proved by it the perfect possibility for a person to be an excellent man of business, and, at the same time, to energetically carry on his parliamentary duties.

But if Maria's reasoning had no effect on her husband, the love he bore her made him, for some time, retard the execution of his wish. He loved her too dearly to act in direct opposition to her arguments, still his desire to obtain parliamentary honours was irresistible, and all the effect her opposition produced was merely to make him conceal it from her. It is, however, more than probable that in the end Maria would have conquered had it not been for the influence that Walter Moss had now obtained over him. That wily individual easily perceived his employer's weakness, or ambition, as the reader may please to call it, and he used every means in his power to fan the smouldering ember into a flame, far less with a view to Robert's interest than for his own personal advantage. Maria, finding Robert speak less frequently on the subject, ceased to

make any remark when he alluded to it, while Moss, with remarkable tact, seized every convenient opportunity for bringing it forward. At last he fully succeeded. In the course of a debate which took place in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister happened to quote, in a most complimentary manner, some remarks which had been made by Macmurdo in a previous debate, and spoke of the great advantage men of his stamp were in guiding the minister of the day on all subjects connected with trade or finance. No sooner had Moss read the report in the morning papers, than he immediately brought the remark under Robert's notice. Its effect was almost magical. He argued that his own abilities on matters of the kind were quite equal to those of his friend, and why should he be obliged to hide his light under a bushel? He again spoke on the subject to Maria, and so eloquently that, though not without a sigh, she withdrew her objection, and Robert resolved to offer himself as a candidate as soon as there should be a vacancy in a moderate sized borough.

(To be continued.)

THE COCKROACH.

NATURALISTS, as a rule, do not describe this polished and armour-plated gentleman; he is too well known, they tell us, to need description. Unfortunately that is very true—he is far too well and widely known, and the slightest acquaintance you may chance to have with him is generally reckoned too much. His room would be much more prized than his company—in which respect he resembles some of the “lords of creation” whom one would rather keep at a distance. Not at all fascinating in aspect, or agreeable in manners, he will yet intrude on our privacy, and increase his unwelcomeness by his pertinacity. Perhaps if he were a little more modest and retiring one would like him better, or, to put it more appropriately, would hate him less. But he is not to be taught humility in any phase; he won't “keep himself to himself,” as the saying is, do what you will—but, on the contrary, will spread himself out in all directions, asserting his right of free warren wherever he can make his way. One thing is to be said, however, in abatement of the huge nuisance he is—and that is, that having made a tacit compact with mankind to divide the world with them, he keeps honourably to his bargain, and, surrendering the daylight to our use, appropriates the night to his own. He is down in the list of night-feeding insects, and when he emerges from his lair after dark it is to forage for food, in which duty he displays remarkable activity and a most enterprising spirit.

Observers do not seem to have come to any general agreement as to what constitutes the favourite food of the cockroach; but to our notion the difficult thing to discover would be, not what he does eat, but what he does not eat. The crumbs, remnants and disjecta of cook's table, dresser, and pantry, go but a little way towards the feeding of his legions. He will devour linen, wet or dry; woollen, in the shape of broad-cloth or flannels; the housemaid's clogs or the master's cast-off Wellington boots; he has no objection to soap and candles, is fond of sugar, will revel in the delights of jellies and jams, will bury himself alive in custard and blancmange, and, with apparently equal gusto, will feast on pills and doctor's stuff that may chance to be left in his way. We know by experience that he will eat the corks from wine bottles, and that if the wine happens to be to his taste, in which case it must

be sweet and not too intoxicating, he will tap it and drink his fill. But in the matter of drinks, malt liquor is his peculiar weakness. He believes in beer with a devotion that is often fatal to him, and haunts the dripping taps in the cellar till he wants either inclination or strength to move away, and dies on the spot. There are traditions of the kitchen which attribute far greater results to his devouring propensities. He has been said to gobble up new-laid eggs by the dozen, to make away with whole jars of pickles in a night, to dispose of a cold fowl in the interval between dinner and supper, and to perform other astonishing feats of the kind; but seeing that these traditions obtain chiefly in kitchens where no cat is kept, we are unwilling to adopt them, and shall give Mr. Cockroach the benefit of the doubts we entertain.

The explorations of the cockroach are not a whit less remarkable than his omnivorous appetite. Though his proper locality when ashore is the basement floor of the house, he has the habit of paying nocturnal visits to every part of the dwelling, and of investigating the most secret places with indefatigable curiosity. In these enterprises he is often overtaken by the dawn, and when that happens he does not retire to the basement, but hides himself in the nearest shelter to await the return of night. So you are continually finding him when you are not looking for him, and do not by any means want him. He turns up in your wardrobe, in your linen drawers; you feel him tickling your toes when you put on your slippers; you spy him scampering over the counterpane to get out of sight when you enter your bedroom to sleep; and you may chance to dislodge him from your garments when you put them on in the morning. There is indeed no knowing where you may not find him. He will retreat into open bottles, or into the hollow back of a book, into cracks in furniture, into folds of curtains, or the fringe of a bellpull. Some of his hiding-places are no better than traps for him, and he often turns up dead instead of alive. We have found him baked in a pie, drowned in a bottle of ginger-beer, and stuck fast in the crumb of a loaf from the baker's.

We said his proper locality when ashore is the basement floor, by which we meant to allude to the fact that Mr. C. is a great traveller, and is even more multitudinous at sea than he is on land. On shipboard indeed he has it nearly all his own way, and swarms in countless numbers in every crib and cabin unless constant war is waged against him, and even then it is all but an impossible task to keep him down. Among voyagers, however, he meets with much more toleration than he does among landmen. With sailors he is one of the plagues that can't be cured, and must therefore be endured. They get up a battue against him when his numbers grow outrageous, but for the most part submit with resignation to his inroads on their rest. If he had not been a traveller we should have known nothing concerning him, for he came originally from the East, as his scientific name, *Blatta orientalis*, implies. The honour of introducing him to this country has not, so far as we know, been claimed for any of our renowned navigators or naturalists.

It has been affirmed that there is a compensation attached to every infliction that can be endured, though what compensation the plague of cockroaches in a house or in a ship at sea can bring with it is by no means evident. We are told, however, by those who ought to know, that the cockroach, unsightly as we deem him, is really an agent of cleanliness: that if he abounds where grease and dirt abound, it is because he lives on the dirt and the grease, which would be more abounding if he were absent; that the rats and mice which die beneath the floors and among the joists and rafters of dwellings infested with them would often be the sources of unbearable odours were they not devoured by the cockroaches, which have been known

to pick bare the bones of a large rat in a few hours. We have no reason to doubt this dictum, though at the same time it is not verified by our own experience.

To housekeepers, the most interesting information with regard to cockroaches would be couched in a short and simple recipe for effectually getting rid of them. Beetle-traps and poisons never do more than thin their numbers, which increase again with amazing rapidity when such means of repression are discontinued. They may, yet, be thoroughly exterminated, though the methods of accomplishing this desirable end seem to be known only to the professional destroyers of vermin. One of these Nimrods of the kitchen, being once engaged by the writer for this special purpose, took despotic possession of the basement floor for the night, occupied himself there for an hour or so in his murderous preparations before the family retired to rest, locked all up, taking away the keys, and, coming again at daylight next morning, swept up the victims in a mass of several bushels and carried them off. Not a single specimen of *Blatta orientalis* was seen in that house for the five succeeding years during which it continued to be our home.

Cockroaches generally swarm in great abundance on the premises of the baker, where any measure for exterminating them by poisons could not be safely hazarded. Some bakers keep a hedgehog or two for the express purpose of keeping them down, the hedgehog feeding on them greedily, and exhibiting remarkable vivacity, for him, in routing for them. There can be little doubt that rats, who will eat anything, are formidable enemies to cockroaches, and it has been noticed that wherever cockroaches are numerous rats will effect an entrance if they can. We had once a tame jackdaw who would snap up almost any number of cockroaches that could be offered him, but he was of little use in abating them, as he was usually at roost before they came out of their holes. It is probable that in their native East, where they are not compelled to resort to the dwellings of man to shelter them from the cold, these pests of our kitchens form a considerable proportion of the food of birds.

The male cockroach has wings about half the length of his body, though so far as we know he is never seen to make use of them. The female has only rudimentary wings; her young are hatched from eggs, which, however, she does not deposit in any nest, but keeps enclosed in an oblong case attached to her body. The eggs are generally about sixteen in number; the young escape from their oblong cradle by emitting a fluid, which softens a part of it and lets them out. They are active and alert when they leave their mother, though they are much less in bulk than the smallest emmets. Looking to the rapid increase of cockroaches in places favourable to them, it is plain that the female must produce her small broods with astonishing frequency.

BUFFALO HUNTING IN AMERICA.

THE vast open savannahs and prairies of North America are frequented by immense herds of the bison, a variety of the wild buffalo, only second in size to the fierce auroch of the Caucasus. These animals are periodically hunted by the savages and half-breeds of the country as a means of subsistence, and the most stringent rules are adopted for the regulation of the chase. It is not only a popular and favourite amusement among all classes, but it is one which assumes the importance of a regular military campaign.

One of the old fur hunters of the far west, Mr. Alexander Ross, has given a very animated account of the formation of the camp of hunters at Fort Garry, in the Red River settlement. Operations are commenced with the earliest dawn of spring, when the

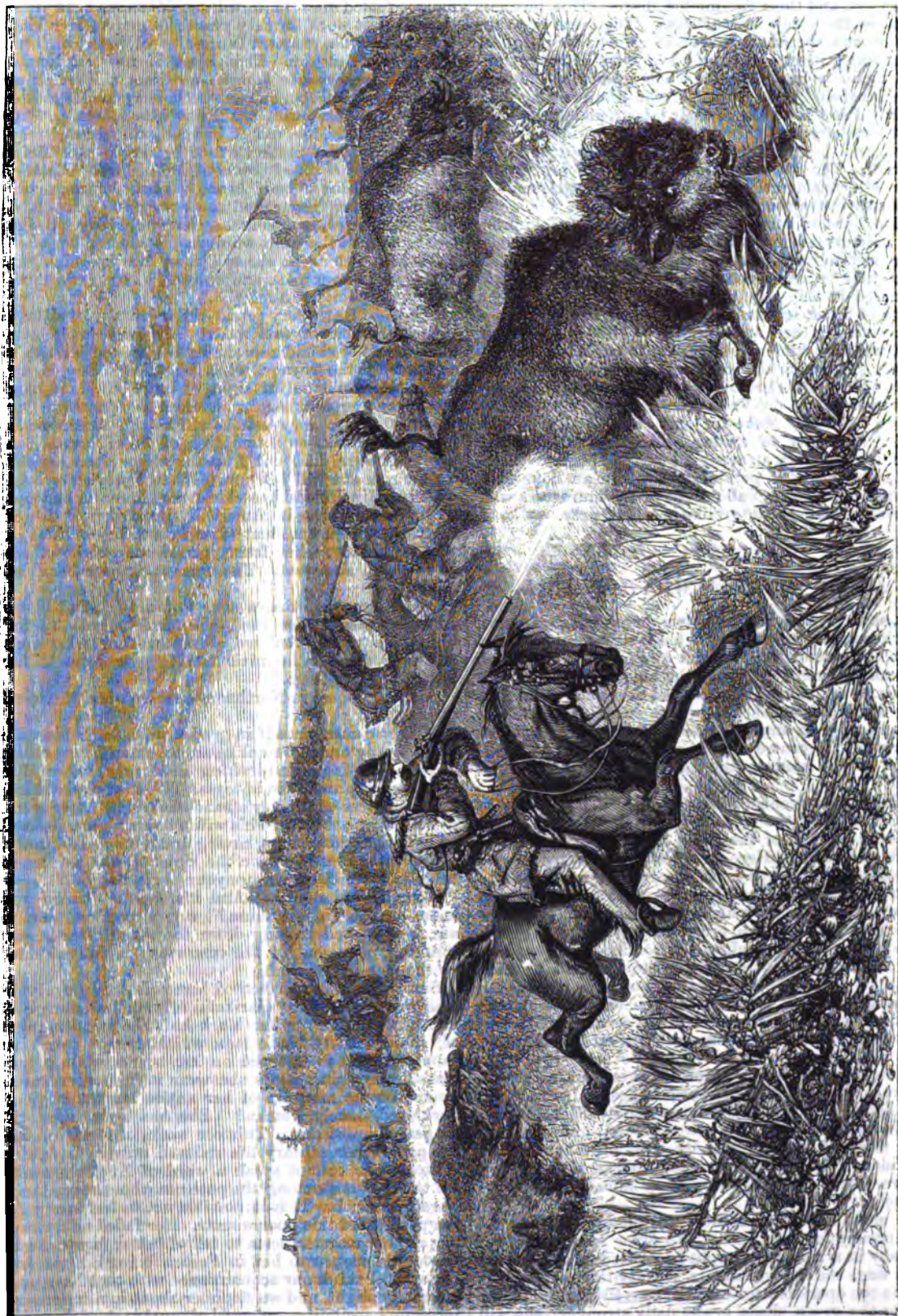
whole colony is thrown into confusion by the coming and going of the hunters in preparation for the campaign. All ordinary trade and business are brought to a standstill. The farmers, the petty traders are wearied with the incessant importunities of the hunters. One wants a horse, another an axe, a third a cart; ammunition, clothing, provisions, all descriptions of camp equipage are bought on credit at ruinous prices—the coming hunt being very much like a gambling speculation or lottery, in which the hunter may or may not be successful. Society is demoralised by the sudden influx of hundreds of half-savage hunters; and when the cavalcade has finally set out the relief is like that which a person feels when recovering from a long and painful sickness, or waking up from a feverish nightmare.

No larger hunting camp is formed in America, or perhaps in the world, than the one which sets out from Fort Garry. Captains of ten and other chiefs are appointed to conduct the expedition. The camp flag is carried by the guide appointed for each day in succession, whose office is similar to that of a standard-bearer in a regiment, except that he is also, in some sense, commander-in-chief as well as standard-bearer, all the captains being subject to his orders. The hoisting of the flag every morning is the signal for marching, and half an hour is allowed for preparations. Everything is done with the regularity of clockwork.

Mr. Ross accompanied a camp which started from Pembina on the 21st of June, and nineteen days afterwards, at a distance of 250 miles, came in sight of the destined hunting ground. A herd of buffaloes was sighted on the 14th of July, and four hundred hunters took up their position in line at one end of the camp, waiting for the signal to start in pursuit. It was eight o'clock in the morning when they broke ground, the buffaloes being about a mile and a half distant. First they proceeded at a slow trot, then at a gallop, and at length at full speed. Their advance was over a dead level, yet it was not until they had approached within four or five hundred yards of the herd that the bulls took alarm and commenced to paw the ground. In a moment more they fled in wild confusion, and the horsemen burst in among them. Those who have seen a squadron of horse charge in battle may form some notion of the scene. "The earth seemed to tremble when the horses started; but when the herd fled it was like the shock of an earthquake. The air was darkened; the firing, rapid at first, soon became more and more faint, and at last died away in the distance." On this occasion nearly 1400 animals fell to the hunters' prowess.

An experienced hunter, on a good horse, will select and kill from ten to twelve animals at one heat, and he seldom fires till within three or four yards of his object, and never misses. The training of a good horse is so perfect that the moment the shot is fired he springs on one side to avoid stumbling over the body of the buffalo; while on the other hand an ill-trained horse will not approach within ten or fifteen yards, and his rider has often to fire at random. The hunter has his mouth full of balls, and loads and fires at full gallop. What is remarkable, although hundreds of animals strew the plain, and although the hunter seldom drops a mark to distinguish those slain by his own hand, he seldom fails to identify his own spoil. One of them being asked how it was possible for each hunter on riding back from the pursuit to single out the animals he had himself killed, replied by putting a question remarkable for its appropriate ingenuity. "Suppose," said he, "that hundreds of learned persons all wrote words here and there on the same sheet of paper; would not each scholar, in fact, be able to point out his own handwriting?"

The chase being over, the animals have to be skinned.



BUFFALO HUNTING.

their beef cut into strips and dried for future consumption, and their fat melted down. This business engages the camp several days. The carts are then loaded, and the whole cavalcade returns to the place from which it set out. It is now about harvest time, and again, as in spring, the whole course of industry is disturbed by the influx of the hunters and their train. Field hands leave their labour, and wages rise; provisions are suddenly so plentiful that idlers strike work, and the farmer's produce becomes a drug in the market. The attractions of life out of doors prevail over all considerations, and the whole settlement is suddenly converted into a vast gipsy camp.

The hunters often run great risks when skinning the animals late, or at a distance from the main body. One striking instance of the dangers which beset them may be mentioned. A hunter named Vallé was occupied in this way, unconscious of the fact that a party of Sioux Indians were lurking in the long grass, and watching their opportunity. Vallé's son, a young boy, was with him, and happened to be on his father's horse, keeping a look out. At the critical moment he had shifted his ground a few yards, when the enemy rushed suddenly on Vallé, who had only time to cry out to his son, "Make for the camp!" when he fell under a shower of arrows. The boy succeeded in reaching the camp, an avenging party of ten half-breeds instantly started in pursuit, and within an hour from the murder of poor Vallé eight of the murderers were overtaken and shot down like beasts of prey.

IN AN OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

A LARGE cool room, with two broad open windows, overlooking a crowded and busy street, and shaded from the glare of the July sun by ample blinds of dark refreshing green. Against the side walls are six bedsteads, three on each side, ranged at regular distances, and divided from each other by small cupboards or lockers made of unpainted deal. A large table stands nearly in the centre of the room, leaving the broad space or walk between the feet of the bedsteads quite clear.

This is the front, or day ward—one of a suite of rooms forming the top story of a large and roomy building in one of the most busy thoroughfares of mighty London. Here are seated so many of the patients as are able to leave their beds; and here the elder ones are grouped together in knots of two or three, gossiping drowsily; while the younger ones walk up and down the broad walk between the bedsteads (the seeing leading the totally blind), or continue their walk out on to the stone corridor, which leads to the two other wards and the top of the echoing staircase. On the small balcony outside the staircase window, in the fresh air, is a vase of blooming flowers, a present from some late patient to our young and cheerful nurse. All is clean, cool, and airy.

Here you will see no painful sights, such as might be reasonably expected in a surgical hospital; excepting the bandaged eyes, the groping about with the hands of the totally blind. We are contented and cheerful, and some of us sing merrily now and then on the corridor. The men's ward is lower down the staircase, so we women have the top story almost entirely to ourselves.

A quiet little community, we inhabit three wards, and occupy fourteen beds. We differ greatly in ages. A baby in arms was brought in yesterday, and yonder tall, fine, stately woman, is seventy-three. She has borne the operation for cataract bravely, and her sight under the green shade grows daily stronger; she will leave us soon. My left-hand neighbour in our sleeping ward (there are only three beds in our ward) is a clean,

comfortable Irishwoman, whose wholesome brown hands, folded now in unwilling idleness, have done their honest work for fifty years and more. Her kind dim eyes have a pleasant expression of home in them as she looks at you. That home is now in Northamptonshire, whence comes sometimes a letter from her husband Mickey, full of the homely tender pathos none but an Irishman could put into a letter. Her daughter Biddy, too, writes, in a good round hand, easy to read; and the mother's face beams as she listens to the epistle, scant of news but full of love. "Mother, we want ye back so bad," is the burden, the sum total.

My other neighbour, and the occupant of the third bed in our ward, is a pleasant chatty old lady. She is sitting now in the front ward, and if you ask her what part she comes from, she will raise her two sightless blue eyes to your face, and answer, with a very transparent simplicity, "Australia."

She is evidently very proud of her journey of sixteen thousand miles of salt water. My Irish neighbour gives a sort of shudder as she listens to the old lady's account of the voyage, when she hears how many weeks the ship is out of sight of land. The old lady intends going back again should the operation (for cataract) prove successful, which the Irishwoman plainly considers as a tempting of Providence. But my neighbour does not fear the treacherous sea for nothing, as she will tell you. When times were hard with them in Ireland her eldest daughter was induced to try her fortune in America. Dazzled by tales of high wages and excellent situations to be obtained in that land of hope, her father added the weight of his advice, and she went. The ship was never heard of again.

"And now," continues she, "whin the wind blows at nights, her father can't sleep, an' he gets up an' lights his pipe. An' we all know thin what he's thinking of; for he niver can forgive himself for persuading her to go."

Sad little home in Northamptonshire when the wind blows.

Mickey comes himself in good time to fetch his wife home. Any one more unlike an Irishman I never saw. A pale, long-faced, sad-looking little man, but with a very kind expression in his eyes. There is no mistaking the heartiness of Mickey's hand-shaking. After some little delay he shoulders his wife's box with a will, and precedes her downstairs, having first bestowed a kindly, hearty Irish blessing upon the sight of all they leave behind: "The Lord restore your blessed sight!"

Your blessed sight! "And it's the first thing you hears cussed, ain't it, mum?" says a poor woman to me, as we stand looking down the stairs after them; thinking, poor soul, of the customary expletives used by the men in her circle.

Sunny Spain is represented here. Leaning over the stair-rail and singing "Garibaldi's Hymn" is a daughter of Andalusia. Over her black hair she wears a piece of shabby, rusty black lace, which droops over her shoulders, and is fastened on her bosom with a gay, glass-headed pin. Does she wear it in fond remembrance of the mantilla of her native land, this poor, dark-eyed, lonely woman? She has been here the longest time of any. Thirteen weeks of isolation has she passed, her solitary life relieved only by a weekly visitor. She cannot speak a word of English, and I am the only one among the patients who can muster a word of French. It is impossible not to feel sorry for the position of this poor woman. Her faded silk dress, her air, her manner, seem to tell of better days; and a few words spoken to her in French bring a light into her eyes. I think our acquaintance with that language is equally aught, and we flounder about in a morass of incomprehensibility, composed of equal parts of Spanish, French, and English. But now and then we contrive to stumble upon a few sentences mutually to be under-

stood, and on this dry ground we pause to shake our plumage and prepare for a fresh struggle. Madame shows her white teeth, and is evidently pleased, while the bystanders smile admiringly at our efforts. By-and-by she produces a pair of castanets, and names the fandango. Nurse is passing, stops to look at, and listen to the castanets. That afternoon, when all is quiet, we are seated in the front ward to see madame dance a fandango. Of the fourteen gathered there, only five can see well, including nurse. Two are totally blind, and the remainder have the dim sight of those recovering from the operation for cataract. We are a grotesque audience. We hum the "cachoucha," and the Spanish woman, her own dark eyes red and dim with inflammation, dances, accompanying herself with the click-a-clack of the castanets. I never saw a Spanish woman dance before, except on the stage, where all alike is artificial; and, in spite of the grotesqueness of the scene, I was much pleased with the easy grace and coquetry of her movements.

The lisom, yielding waist, the head saucily thrown on one side, the graceful rounding of the arms, the play of the wrists, the killing glances, half disdainful and all coquettish, thrown over her shoulders at imaginary *cavalieros*, were all unlike anything I had ever seen. Madame was pleased with our applause, in which I am bound to say the blind portion of the audience were most enthusiastic, and tried to teach the dance to nurse. Vainly did she, a young and well-made woman, endeavour to imitate the Andalusian. Her waist was an English waist, and would only look stiff. Head, arms, bust, were rebellious; the soft native grace was wanting; her stays creaked to no purpose, and she could not do it.

Here comes little Yorkshire Katie, springing along, totally, and it is feared hopelessly, blind from small-pox. A pretty, lively child of six or seven. She runs about everywhere, never knocks herself about, finds her way here and there with perfect ease, and is the pet, the spoiled child, the plaything of the whole establishment upstairs. She is the most insatiable child for tales, and in payment for them repeats quaint little nursery rhymes with a funny Yorkshire accent. She appears to exist principally upon cakes and sweetmeats, and is an exceedingly good and obedient child altogether. The first time her father came to see her poor little Katie's grief was so great when he left her again, that now when he comes she is not allowed to know it; and it is a touching sight to see the father stealing behind the little damsel, and carefully seating himself out of reach of her active little limbs.

Visitors' days are looked forward to eagerly, and at the proper hours the echoing stairs resound to the footsteps of welcome friends. The kindness of the poor to the poor is here well shown in many ways. Little wishes forestalled, trifling favours done, the present of a few ripe cherries, the cup of cold water, all are here valued at more than their true worth, and create kind and friendly feelings that can never die. After the visitors have departed, many is the little comfort, luxury or delicacy which the lockers contain for the use of the patients, brought, unasked for, by friends and relatives. The locker in itself is a great institution. It is a small cupboard about as high as a table, and is placed at the head of every bedstead. It is devoted to the patient's sole, private, and entire use. It is a storeroom, a *secreta privata*, a *sacrum sanctorum*, a mysterious receptacle, of which it is impossible to speak in terms too high. Look at that old lady stooping by her bedside before her open locker. She is groping, not blindly, oh no; but with a face of the gravest importance therein. Should you offer to assist in the search she would probably be highly offended, and consider that your offer was prompted by a desire to pry into the most secret recesses of her domestic life. She has now found what was wanted, and rising,

shuts the locker with the gravity of a chancellor of the exchequer. The treasure was probably a morsel of sugar-candy, a sweet much patronized by the elder ladies of our community, who confidently recommend slowly consuming it by suction as a means of "keeping the mouth moist" during the night, and much better than drinking cold water. All the old ladies here use it at night, and if ever Asmodeus takes a midnight peep at us, he must see them all sucking away like so many old babies.

Operation day is a nervous time for us all. We who have undergone the pain cannot put much heart into those who are still waiting for the healing knife; our own suffering was too recent. It may however comfort and encourage some, to mention that the actual pain of the operation for cataract is in reality not nearly so great as that caused by drawing a double tooth. Chloroform is rarely if ever used for so slight an operation. Still it is nervous work to see the preparations of the patients. The surgeons pay their visits every other day, unless some unusually bad case is in the hospital. The house surgeon is of course always on the spot; but what I may call the state visit of the surgical staff is made after the operations are over. It is considered proper, and in rule, to receive those gentlemen seated on the side of your bed; and it is impossible to avoid feeling something like a live lion, as they walk round from bed to bed, or from den to den. On operation days the number of surgeons is augmented by several strangers, some students, many French surgeons; and the resemblance is still more striking when you see seven pairs of eyes gazing curiously at you—not by any means as you would imagine seven gentlemen would look at an ailing woman, but as so many *savants* would look at some living specimen of, say the gorilla. The surgeon, too, introduces you to their notice in a very showmanlike manner. "This, gentlemen, is a case of, &c. &c., complicated with cardiac disease, &c." All look and admire. Then one stoops and listens to the heart. Another gives you a gentle dig in the ribs; another asks a question, or gives an opinion, darkly wrapped up in learned and professional language. The examination over, the party move on to the next den.

Surgeons, especially if connected with public institutions and hospitals, happily for their patients, display to the full their proper attributes, "The lion's heart, the lady's hand," and their pity is reserved until the operation is over. We have no right to complain of what is such a great and obvious blessing, and I am far, very far, from wishing to do so. Yet there is, to me, something ludicrous in being looked upon as a machine that has got out of order, whose springs have become misplaced, or otherwise needs attending to, and not as an item of suffering humanity, sentient of pain, and encouraged by a few words of pity or kindness. Those whom necessity have compelled to seek assistance at our hospitals as patients must have observed this as a rule; and I repeat that it is better for them.

Our meals are served with the regularity of clock-work, and consist of breakfast, dinner, and tea. The dinners are alternately hot meat (roast or boiled) with potatoes, or soup, except on Sunday, which is always a roast meat day; thus making three days soup dinners and four days meat. It is agreeable to observe how soon those who have only lately become totally blind adapt themselves to their new condition, and how neatly they manage the business of the table in feeding themselves. After tea all the exciting business of the day is over. The house surgeon has paid his last visit, unless some anxious case calls for more than usual care. We still continue to sit in groups, or to walk about the wards, until slowly night falls upon us. Many are the thoughts turned homewards at the melancholy hour when the summer day fades into

night; and mothers audibly wonder how the little ones at home are "getting on." My Irish neighbour gossips about Biddy and her brothers; Jessy talks cheerfully to the old Australian lady; little Yorkshire Katie is quiet in bed at last; and one by one we drop off to our respective beds.

We are not without religious instruction and consolation. Every week some lady or gentleman spends an hour or two with us, reading and explaining the Scriptures or some religious book. On Sunday there is service in the men's ward, and as many as can troop down stairs and take their places before the entrance of the clergyman. The men's ward is feebly represented by five bandaged and helpless old men seated opposite, and we all join in the service with fitting reverence. The subject of the sermon is the story of David and Bathsheba. I cannot restrain my wandering thoughts, and as I glance at those vacant faces opposite, my mind is filled with the story of His healing touch upon the sightless eyes. His pitying sigh, "Ephphatha, be thou opened!" and I cannot help thinking how that history would bring an expression into those blank faces, some of whom will never see the light again until it dawns upon us all at the great day of judgment.

Altogether the time passed in a hospital may be profitably spent, apart from the purpose for which we seek the shelter of its walls. It is delightful to witness the readiness of all to assist as much as lies in their power. One of the girls, Jessy, whose sight is little affected, though she has a painful disease in both eyes, has taken upon herself the task of washing up the plates, &c., after dinner, which she regularly performs every day. Mary Anne, an orphan girl from an asylum near London, is messenger in general, and many is the long run down stairs to the kitchen department she takes, to save nurse. The patients in general vie with each other in showing attentions to the new comers, and doing their best to make them feel at home. Old patients drop in on visiting days to see those whose acquaintance was made in the hospital, always bringing some little token of their thoughtful regard for those they have left behind.

Here, too, we are strongly reminded of our long and ungrateful possession of the greatest of earthly blessings, sight. We live from day to day, enjoying it without a thought of thankfulness, without one word of gratitude to the Great Giver of all good for that blessed sense, enabling one to read the great book of nature, to look at God's blue sky, and, best of all, to see the faces of those dear ones as they change from youth into maturity.

Oh, loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd;
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see.
O first-created beam, and Thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was this sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt.—*Samson Agonistes*.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XII.—THE THEATRES.—PART II.

SHOULD the stranger in Paris wish to be present at a theatrical entertainment where the excellence of the performance is his sole attraction, we would advise him to go to the French or Italian Opera; but should he be desirous to gain an insight into the interest taken by the lower, middle, and working classes in the theatres, and the kind of entertainment which best pleases them, he should go to some of the theatres on the boulevards. In the audiences of the opera houses a vast similarity exists between them and the frequenters of the operas in England; but the *habitudes* of the genuine boulevard theatre bear no more resemblance to those of the opera than those of Astley's or the Surrey do to our own fashionable opera-goers. But great as the difference may be between an audience of the opera and those of our minor theatres, it is far less than that which exists between the audience of a Paris boulevard theatre and those of the Victoria and Surrey. Although before the doors are opened in a Paris theatre the eagerness to obtain entrance among the crowd outside is quite as great as is to be found in a London theatre on boxing night, far more order and regularity exists among them. And this is to be attributed more to the admirable police arrangements than to any greater amount of patience among the playgoers themselves. Policemen are stationed at all the doors to maintain order. A sort of movable wooden barricade or passage, broad enough to allow two or three people to stand abreast, leads to the paying boxes. The first comers take the first places, and the others follow in their turn. In this manner a crowd of several hundred persons—many of whom have possibly been waiting some hours—enter without crush or inconvenience.

In our last number we noticed the different changes which had taken place in the French circus and other places of amusement in which feats of strength and agility were exhibited, and the improvements which had been made in the performance; we will now attempt to trace the changes which have occurred in other theatres where intellect and wit are considered of higher importance than mere exhibitions of muscular strength. The *Ambigu Comique*—a theatre much in vogue—was originally founded in 1769, by an Italian, who exhibited in it some wooden marionettes, which he managed with great skill. He was much patronised, and his theatre became a place of fashionable resort. There does not appear to be any very good description extant of his performances, but that his puppets must have been of very large size is certain; for on one occasion when a favourite wooden actor had been disabled from making its appearance by an accident, which befel it just as the performance was about to begin, Audinot the manager, rather than allow the audience to be disappointed, hit upon the ingenious expedient of placing one of his own children in the character which ought to have been performed by the puppet. The child played its part admirably, and it was some little time before the audience found out the trick. It succeeded, however, and the audience were so pleased with the performance that the puppet was forthwith consigned to the tomb of the *Capulets*, and the child continued to perform the part. By degrees other children were mixed with the puppets, and were so much better liked, that in the end the representations were performed solely by them, the puppets being discarded altogether.

The performances of the children were much patronised by the Parisian public. In the memoirs of Bachaumont (1771) he says, "The public are delighted with the performances of the children at the *Ambigu Comique*, and the theatre is crowded nightly. It is

expected that this theatre will become a sort of seminary to train young *artistes* for the stage, whereby those who are possessed of talent may be perfected before taking appointments at other theatres. At the same time it must be admitted there is a strong party against the idea of training children for the stage; considering, as they do, that their morals are thereby corrupted from their very source, and that the license allowed on the stage will have rather the effect of teaching them to lead a life of depravity than to assist them to develop whatever natural talents for the stage they may possess."

We perfectly agree with those who objected to such a method of employing children, especially when the reputation of the French stage in the time of Louis XV. is taken into consideration. Bad as are its morals at present, they were infinitely worse then. If we are

in Boots," much of which was of a most objectionable character. Madame Dubarry was much amused at the performance, and laughed heartily, and the king occasionally smiled, but altogether the exhibition had not the exhilarating effect on him which the lady had desired.

So great a favourite did Audinot become with the French public, and so well was his theatre filled, that at last he had accumulated sufficient money to pull it down and build another on the same ground. The "*Almanach des Spectacles*," in the year the new theatre was opened (1791), speaks of it as being the largest and most magnificent theatre in the kingdom, and that the company attending it were more fashionable than at any other theatre on the boulevards. The theatre was burned down in the year 1827, and a new one, still finer than the former, built in its place.



WAITING FOR ADMITTANCE.

not greatly mistaken, actors and actresses were then under the ban of excommunication of the church; at any rate, any persons—especially females—who entered into the theatrical profession were considered unfit for respectable private society.

We read in the same author's memoirs, that in the year 1772, Madame Dubarry, who sought every means of amusing the king, who was subject to fits of melancholy, invited Audinot's troupe of children to play at the Chateau of Choissy, which she then occupied. The first part of their performance was a little comedy called *Il n'y a pas plus d'enfants*, written by Nougaret, in which there was much wit and more immorality. Then an after-piece called *La guinguette*, caricaturing the manners of the low taverns. The whole terminated by the ballet pantomime of "Puss

This theatre was considered as the rival of the celebrated Theatre de la Gaité, many of the most favourite pieces of the modern French stage having been produced from them, the memory of which is still much cherished among the older Parisian play-goers. The Ambigu boasts of "*Tekeli*," "*Calas*," "*The Orphan of Geneva*," "*Cardillac*," "*The Auberge des Adrets*," and many others.

The Gaité produced the "*Robber of the Black Forest*," "*Margaret of Anjou*," "*The Ruins of Babylon*," and several others, among them the celebrated "*Dog of Montargis*, or *Forest of Bondy*." This was one of the most exciting dramas ever put upon the French stage, and was afterwards translated into every language in Europe. In London it was perhaps as great a favourite as in Paris, and had a long and successful

run. The principal actor in the piece, as its name would indicate, was the dog. Unlike the magnificent Newfoundland which performed on the English stage, the original dog, named Dragon, was a common French poodle. His sagacity was marvellous, and the audience looked upon him as something super-canine. In Dragon's performances, however—as too frequently happens in this world—there was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Few of those who witnessed his performances imagined by what very commonplace appliances Dragon's sagacity was elicited, and how little of love for his master was mixed up with it. To allow the reader to understand how little of the romantic and how much of the absurd there was in the whole affair, we will translate a portion of a review of the piece, which appeared in the "Journal de Paris."

"There is no doubt that the intelligent animal, which appears to rival in talent the best actors of the theatre, contributes greatly to the success of the piece. Some go so far as to say he is a lineal descendant of the celebrated dog who exerted himself so nobly in his master's cause. How far this may be true we will not stop to inquire—certainly Dragon is a remarkable dog. The manner he conquered all timidity at his first performance, going through his part so collectedly, and undisturbed by the plaudits of the audience, was wonderful. At present he is perfectly at home in his part. The manner in which he seizes the handle of the door bell, to arouse the mistress of the inn, and does not cease ringing till she makes her appearance—the eagerness with which he leads her to the theatre of the crime, dragging her forward by her apron—and the courageous manner he seizes on the assassin, betoken an intelligence of the highest order."

Alas, how completely all sympathy for the dog would have vanished could the spectators have known what was passing behind the scenes. The handle of the bell was a sausage; one piece of meat was sewn up in the apron of the hostess—just at the part seized by the dog—and another in the breast of the murderer's coat.

The Porte St. Martin is another boulevard theatre of great celebrity. It occupies the site of the ancient opera house which was burnt to the ground in 1781, and the present edifice, which was planned and built in seventy-five days, was for some time used for the same purpose. It is constructed of wood and plaster. Externally it is about as ugly a building as can be imagined, but internally its arrangements are very good. After the removal of the opera, melodramas, spectacles, and ballets were performed in it, and the latter were of such excellence that they were for some time considered superior to those of the grand opera. Among other celebrated actors who performed at this theatre was the comic dancer Mazurier. Two of his characters were considered especially clever, both of which he performed in London. One, Jocho—in which he represented an ape, and the other, Pulichinello. The masks he wore in these parts were extraordinary pieces of mechanism, changing their expression by the movements of the muscles of the face alone. On the occasion of his performance in London he stipulated that he should receive the sum of fifty pounds for each mask he required. His visit to London seems not only to have cost him his own life, but indirectly to have caused—if not the death—at least the injury of the celebrated younger Grimaldi, which obliged him to quit the stage, and he died shortly afterwards. Both Grimaldi and Mazurier were engaged at the same time at Drury Lane Theatre. A considerable amount of jealousy existed between them, and they attempted to outvie each other in the feats they performed. Mazurier, in one of his tremendous leaps, sprained himself so severely that he never completely recovered from its effects. He was unable to continue his profession, and retired from the stage. He died a few

months after the accident. Grimaldi, who played the part of the slave in Aladdin, used to fall from a great height on to the stage. One night, however, instead of falling on the mattress prepared for him, he fell upon the boards of the stage, and so injured his spine that he was never able to perform again.

Another celebrated actor of the Porte St. Martin was a countryman of our own—the well-known and highly respected Mr. T. P. Cooke. He performed in Paris the part of the monster, in a piece taken from the popular tale of "Frankenstein, or the Fate of Presumption"—a part in which he had already acquired a great reputation in England. Mr. Cooke's performances were much admired by the Parisians, and the theatre was completely filled every night. During Mr. Cooke's engagement a circumstance occurred which not only showed the despotic power the French police can exercise in theatrical affairs, but brought to light the determined character of our countryman as well. A misunderstanding arose between him and the manager, in consequence of some unfair advantage the latter wished to take. Mr. Cooke, feeling that he had right upon his side, resolved not to give way, insisting that the terms of the agreement should be rigidly adhered to. At last the dispute arose to such a height that Mr. Cooke resolved to give up his engagement, and one morning sent word to the manager that he would not perform in the evening. The manager returned no answer to the message, but in the evening sent a body of *gens d'armes* to Mr. Cooke's lodging, who conducted him almost as a prisoner to the theatre. Here he was met by the commissary of police, who told him in the presence of the manager that he must perform or infallibly be punished. Had the commissary understood English, he might perhaps have brought to mind our proverb, that "One man may take a horse to the water, but ten cannot make him drink." Neither threats nor entreaties had the slightest effect on Mr. Cooke, and the manager, fearing a disturbance among the audience, at last gave way—the objectionable clause he had insisted on was withdrawn, and the performance went on in the regular manner.

Many pieces greatly in vogue in England were taken from dramas originally played at the Porte St. Martin. Among others may be especially named "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life," "Faust," performed in London in 1829, "Marion Delorme," played in London under the title of "Ambition," "Lucrezia Borgia," the drama on which the opera is founded, and "Don Cesar de Bazan." Of the vitality of many of the dramas of the Porte St. Martin, the reader may form an idea from the fact that the "Tour de Nesle," written by Alexander Dumas, and produced in the year 1832, is still one of the pieces frequently played at the theatre, and never fails to draw good houses. One of the last grand successes of the Porte St. Martin was a piece written by M. Paul Maurice called "Paris." It was rather an acted panorama than a plot, the performance consisting of different detached scenes illustrative of the history of Paris. It commenced at the time of Cesar and included the Crusades, Joan of Arc, the League, the Fronde, Louis the Fourteenth, the Revolution, and the Empire. The whole of the actors attached to the theatre performed in it, and the dresses and decorations were of the most magnificent description. One actress of great celebrity, Madame Naptal-Arnault, appeared in it in three different characters—Saint Genevieve, Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday. Although the piece was renewed at first with great enthusiasm, it gradually fell off, and has since been withdrawn from the stage.

FRANKLIN has observed that "experience keeps a dear school but fools will learn in no other."

EVENING LIGHT.

A LAY FROM THE LAKES.

THOUGH Furness Fells extend a longer line
And Brantfell lifts a loftier brow than thine,
Though Orrest Head perchance more bright may
glow,

And tall Ill-Bell a deeper shadow throw,
Though beacon'd Coniston be farther seen
And many a spot more famed exult between,
While other mountains rise, a varied host,
As picturesque as England's Isle can boast
(Mirror'd in lakes below, as blue and fair
As painter's love or poet's lay could share),
Few are the scenes more beautiful than thou
Canst give thy gentle climber, Bisky How!*
Whether we come when Winter grandly throws
Abroad his contrasts wild of glooms and snows—
With belts of clouds obscuring Nature nigh,
Or crowning her with crystals in yon sky;
Or when the gladsome Spring 'mid bloom and song
Glides with lithe step the raptured vale along;
Or Summer's rainbow weddeth shore to shore,
Or Summer sunsets win us to adore;
Or Autumn curls each smoke-wreath, tints each tree,
What luxury it is to come to thee—
To note the stir of human life below,
The yacht's light sail, the steamer's rippling prow,
Or lesser shallop floating far away
On yon long track-line of departing day,
Where the glad waters thrill with golden light,
As music soon will thrill the air of night!
Come hither, friend, and I will tell thee now
Of something that occur'd on Bisky How.

'Twas May, and Langdale Pikes (crown'd king and
queen

With evening's richest gold) reign'd o'er the scene,
While Windermere, rejoicing in the glow,
Mirror'd the dappled heavens—a heaven below;
And the far mountains rose to nobler height
As the first planet trembled into sight,
When Arthur Gilbeck, with deliberate stride,
Took the lone pathway o'er the upland-side.

Touch'd by the tender spirit of the time,
How sweet it was that tufted slope to climb,
To breathe the wilding's breath, the hawthorn's balm,
And draw into the heart the season's calm,—
Awhile to lean the soul on Nature's breast,
And let the day's tired feelings sink to rest,—
That, as glad dreams of deep repose are born,
The body's eve might be of mind the morn,
Assured the ancient Hebrew Seer was right,
Who sang "At evening time it shall be light!"
O, sacred privilege, sometimes to steal
From the rude world such transports calm to feel—
The inner meanings of life's book to scan,
And think, with God's great help, thoughts worthy
man!

How glorious then do all things round us grow!
How all above doth marry all below—
Doth lift it up into a holier sphere,
And make the purpose of its being clear,
As light from Heaven on Nature's page doth shine,
And human thoughts give place to thoughts divine!

While Arthur stood upon the mountain sod,
Felt all things mantled in the love of God,
And heard all Nature's grateful whispers rise
In one harmonious vesper to the skies,
One pang alone his joyous thoughts could dim,
Or discord throw into that peaceful hymn—

* Bisky or Bussy How, rising behind and looking down upon the village of Bowness-on-Windermere, crowned with crags, and probably deriving its name from its bushy or bushy sides.

A momentary sense of all the jar
That comes of man with God and men at war—
An inward mourning for each soul at strife
With Him who is "the Way, the Truth, the Life"—
Till darkest sorrows from the vanish'd years
Rush'd back and mingled with his gushing tears.
Then comfort came. He mark'd how beauty rose
O'er the wide landscape through its former throes:
He saw how Christ was wounded for our sakes—
That love through suffering all things perfect makes—
That sounds which discord seem to partial ears
May never mar "the music of the spheres"—
That poor humanity's repentant sigh
Itself is music to the Ear on High.
And as he gazed there dawn'd upon his view
God's process in "creating all things new."
The day was done, and yet it was not night,
For Arthur knew at evening time 'twas light:
He felt the future blest, the past forgiven,
And God and Man at one, in Earth and Heaven.

SPENCER T. HALL.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Our flowers may be blighted, our pictures destroyed, our ornaments stolen; but our beautiful thoughts are with us always, under all circumstances of riches and poverty, health and sickness, success or disappointment. They are more safely and surely our own than any jewel we can possess; and what is better still, we can bring them out and share them with others without the least fear or grudging, because neither friend nor enemy can rob us of them.

Books are, no doubt, the readiest roads to knowledge; but there may be a great deal of knowledge and a great deal of taste without any extensive acquaintance with books. If I enter the premises of a working man, and find his garden deformed with weeds, his once latticed porch broken and unseemly, his walls discoloured, his hearth dirty, I know that there is little self-respect in the master of that hovel, and that he flies from his comfortless home to the nightly gratification which the alehouse supplies. But show me the trim crocus in the spring, or the gorgeous dahlia in the autumn, flourishing in his neat enclosure; let me see the vine, or the monthly rose, covering his cottage walls in regulated luxuriance; let me find within the neatly-sanded floor, the well-polished furniture, a few books, and a print or two over his chimney; and I am satisfied that the occupiers of that cottage have a principle at work within them which will do much to keep them from misery and degradation.—Charles Knight.

A MAN who is allowed to grow up with his mind entirely neglected, has inflicted upon him a grievous wrong. He is cut off from the sweetest and noblest sources of happiness; and even if he is regarded simply as an agent for the production of wealth, he is made by ignorance comparatively useless and inefficient. Crime and improvidence, which inevitably produce destitution, are in a great degree caused by ignorance.—Faircliff.

Good temper is an inestimable blessing, both in the workshop and out of it. If people thought more of its value, they would be at more pains to secure it. It was a saying of the great Addison, we think, that a good temper was worth five hundred a year. The Christian workman knows how it is to be got. When not a natural gift, it must be planted and watered by God in the soil of a regenerated nature.

DESPISE not little sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties; they have been to many haughty spirits an excellent discipline of humility. Despise not little temptations; rightly met they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial.

SELF-HELP is the best help in the world: when once a man applies to it he will not readily apply to any other help. A workman, if he devote himself to the special duty of making his home happy, and of improving his condition, will soon raise himself above what demagogues call the oppressed classes.

TRUE culture is kindness of feeling. For what is culture? Is it not the power we acquire of sympathising with another—of feeling the conditions under which he acts, and of regarding one's own circumstances as they affect others, and not so much as they conduce to our own gratification?

THE INFLUENCE OF SOUND UPON LIGHT.

THE wonderful influence of sound upon light was recently the subject of a lecture at the Royal Institution (Friday, June 21st), and was illustrated by facts so novel and suggestive, that we are quite sure very many intelligent readers will be glad to see a brief record of them in these columns.

Professor Tyndal began by showing how a bar of soft iron, possessing in itself no magnetic qualities, became suddenly and temporarily endowed with all the properties of a powerful magnet, by placing it in the interior of a coil of wire through which a magnetic current was made to pass; how it then attracted various masses and fragments of iron, and sustained them in the air in opposition to the contrary attraction of the ponderous gravity of some of the pieces; and how, when the galvanic current was interrupted, they were instantaneously released, and fell to the ground the very instant that the fluid ceased to traverse the wire helix in which the improvised magnet had been enveloped.

The lecturer then went on to show how this experiment had suggested to Faraday the bright idea that a ray of light might, if made to traverse a transparent substance, capable of being acted upon by magnetism, be caused to undergo some peculiar change in the relative position or disposition of its molecules.

He experimented with some of the very glass that Faraday had manufactured for the purpose with his own hands, and showed how he succeeded; how the glass was influenced by the magnetic current when placed, like the iron, in the interior of the galvanized coil; but with this difference, that the pole which was negative in the iron was positive in the glass, and that which was negative in the glass was found to be positive in the iron. This was made evident by a very delicate experiment, by which the light when polarised in its progress through the glass was thrown upon a screen. The details are too complicated to describe. It will be sufficient to state that the experiment was held to prove that magnetic influence acting upon the ether, or subtle fluid, by which light (according to the Cartesian theory) is supposed to be propagated, affects the molecules of its substance, just as sound influences atmospheric air, and through it flame or smoke.

Professor Tyndal followed this beautiful theory through several interesting phases, and showed how a bar of glass may be either rendered transparent or opaque by the action of sound when subjected to polarised light; and to illustrate the subject he showed a very difficult experiment of Biot's invention; so difficult indeed that it hardly ever succeeds in the laboratory, much less in the lecture room. On this occasion it was exemplified with a precision and clearness such as was never before equalled in England, and perhaps never elsewhere since Biot himself first made the discovery.

In order to give some idea of the object of this interesting experiment, the lecturer took a glass tube about six feet long and an inch and a half in diameter; this he held as nearly as possible by the middle in his left hand, while with his right he rubbed a damp cloth over its surface; the result was the production of beautiful and sonorous tones, which he could vary at will.

Again, he caused a bright disc of polarised light to be cast upon the screen, and then placed an oblong piece of tourmaline in the middle of it *horizontally*; this dimmed the light of the disc and indicated clearly enough the shape and position of the object which decreased the light in the centre of the disc but did not impede the passage of the polarised rays. When, however, the plate of tourmaline was turned round, and from a horizontal position was made to approach the vertical, then, as it slowly moved, the light became more and more impeded, until at length, when it got into a completely upright position, its form thoroughly obscured the light and left a dark void of its precise shape and size in the midst of the polarised circle. Bearing these two facts in mind, it will not be difficult to understand the experiment which followed.

The lecturer took a beam of glass about five feet long, three inches deep, and about a quarter of an inch in thickness, which he clamped at about the middle. He then allowed a bright stream of polarised light to pass through it near one extremity, while he caused a damp cloth to be rubbed along it near the opposite end. In this way the light was successively brilliant—or totally obscured—on the screen, according to the duration of the sounds caused by passing the damp cloth over the glass; and when other substances were placed between the glass and

the light a number of differently coloured concentric rings were thrown upon the screen, and these appeared and disappeared alternately, according as the light could penetrate through the glass or was eclipsed by the vibrations of sound to which the bar of glass, as it were, gave utterance. By way of explanation, Professor Tyndal performed a subsidiary experiment, which we consider to contain the germ of many fruitful inventions hereafter, simple as it is in appearance. He took a small glass cylinder or beam, say about six inches long, an inch deep, and about the eighth of an inch in thickness. This he placed in the way of the polariscope in such a manner that it *entirely impeded* the rays of light upon the screen; he then pressed upon it with his hands at its extremities, and this was sufficient to alter the relative positions or arrangement of its ultimate atoms, for light was instantly admitted through it, but only partially, and in such a manner as to show where the mechanical action had taken place, for its upper edge was still dark, where of course *compression* was evidently taking effect; the lower edge likewise, as being subjected by the pressure to *tension*, was similarly impervious to light, and the neutral axis, as leaving the glass in its natural opaque state, was distinctly defined by a dark and well marked line, while all the other portions of the glass beam transmitted the rays clearly and brightly.

The next experiment, which is also completely novel in its character, and admirably illustrative of the lecturer's subject, was first made by Savard of Paris a very short time ago, who

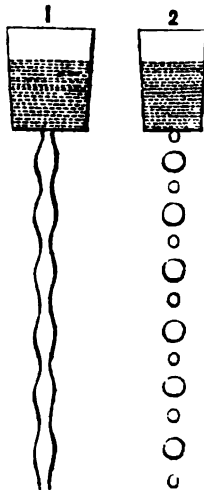
found that water issuing through an orifice at the bottom of the vessel containing it forms a stream contracting and swelling alternately as it falls down, thus (Fig. 1); which is resolved, when illuminated by rays of polarised light, into the appearance of broad and alternately narrow but disconnected drops, as shown in Fig. 2. Repeating this experiment, the lecturer first showed the water falling as in Fig. 1. He then caused rays of the polarised light to illuminate the falling drops or stream, as shown in Fig. 2, and this light he caused to proceed or retire, or rather to rise or fall, at the sound of musical notes. The experiment was so successful that the audience absolutely *saw the tune* performed by the play of the dancing light.

Another experiment, which likewise showed the power of sound, was as follows:—A small jet of water was made to flow in an almost horizontal parabolic curve, as it issued from a small gas burner from a gas pipe slightly inclined towards the horizon. The shadow of this stream of water was projected on the screen. Near the orifice the *lobes* of water kept pretty well together, but the further it was removed from the burner whence it issued the less did it *flow* together; and on the screen it could be observed distinctly to separate into disconnected globules, which gradually detached themselves from the body of the stream as it proceeded in its flow. When, however, the lecturer took a musical instrument, and blew a long and continuous blast, the globules reunited in the stream, and visibly showed upon the screen one compact mass of water, flowing along in almost as narrow and connected a body as when the stream issued from the pipe—moulded as it were by the shape of the orifice.

Various other experiments were shown to illustrate the subject, and the lecturer proved that he could control the flow of light by his voice. Often, he said, he amused himself by repeating verses of Shakespeare and of Spenser in the presence of a flickering flame, and the intonations of his voice made the light repeat the cadences of the great poets.

Shakespeare himself said "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but here we find its charms influencing the inanimate elements! Such are the results of some of our latest discoveries.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground.
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent dark palace!
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed.
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed.



THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XIV.—continued.

AMBITION.

ALTHOUGH Robert Evans had now fully decided on becoming a candidate for the first vacancy in parliament that should occur, he had still some misgivings on the possible cost of his election. He was now in receipt of a very fine income, and as his business increased, the capital required for carrying it on

increased in equal proportion, and he could not draw any large sum from it without, at any rate, causing temporary difficulty. He now questioned Walter Moss on the subject.

"The expenses of an election," said Walter Moss, "are by no means so great as is generally imagined. Understand me, I do not mean to say that a man may not be bled to any amount, but those are cases of little better than downright robbery."

"What sum do you think I might take as the maximum expense of a moderate-sized borough?" inquired Robert.

"At the outside I should say a thousand pounds," said Moss. "Certainly not more. I put down two hundred as the hustings expenses, two hundred more for printing and incidental expenses, and the other six hundred to be distributed as occasion may require in securing votes."

"But," said Robert, somewhat aghast, "you do not mean bribery by that?"

"Well," said Moss, "that's a nasty name to call it by, if we can find a better, though it comes pretty much to the same thing after all. But don't alarm yourself about that; it is done in nine boroughs out of ten, and can easily be managed so as to avoid detection."

"If you think, then," said Robert, "it can be done for one thousand pounds, I will make up my mind to try the next good occasion that may offer."

"And I will speak to a friend of mine," said Moss, "who is a clerk in the Houses of Parliament, to tell me if he hears of any seat likely to be vacated, so that we may be the first in the field."

About a week afterwards Moss told Robert he had heard, confidentially, that the member for V—, being greatly involved in pecuniary matters, had resolved on accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, and there would now be an opportunity, if Robert wished for one, for him to try his fortune in the great political world. Robert, without hesitation, decided that he would profit by the chance; and although the writ had not been issued, he immediately sent Moss down to the borough to inquire as to the state of parties, and what would be the probabilities of his being returned as their member. Moss lost no time, but started off the same evening. Two days afterwards Robert received a letter from him, informing him that there was not the slightest doubt on the subject. He had spoken to several leading members of the place, who all assured him that the political principles, as well as the personal influence of Mr. Robert Evans, constituted him exactly the person who should represent their ancient borough in parliament.

Moss now required authority from Robert to form a committee for conducting preliminary operations, as well as a guarantee that all necessary expenses that might be incurred would be defrayed by him. Moss concluded his letter by stating that Robert need be under no apprehension as to the result, as not only was every person of influence on his side, but beyond that, from inquiries he had made in the neighbourhood, he was fully convinced there would be no opponent. By return of post Robert Evans sent Moss not only the authority to form the committee, and a cheque for current expenses, but also a guarantee for any further expenditure which might be incurred on his account.

Shortly afterwards Moss returned to London, having put everything in order for Robert's election when the writ should be issued. The member of parliament who held the seat having publicly declared his intention of resigning it, Robert, armed with some letters of introduction from Moss to the principal members of the committee, now went down to the borough to address the electors. His arrival having been anticipated, the great room at the principal inn had been hired for the occasion, and Robert was introduced to the meeting. The reception he met with was of the

most flattering description. His speech (which was a very good one, and well delivered) was listened to with great attention. He described himself as of liberal Whig politics, an enemy to all abuses; and, in fact, his speech contained those points which are generally to be found in newspaper reports of similar addresses. After Robert had concluded, a solicitor in the town proposed that he was a fitting and proper person to represent the borough in parliament, which having been seconded by one of the principal tradesmen, was put by the mayor (who occupied the chair, and carried almost unanimously.

The next morning Robert Evans held a meeting with the chairman and some of the members of his committee, to consider what arrangements should be made for the election; and these having been satisfactorily concluded, he left the town for London. In the interval between Robert's visit to the borough and the issuing of the writ he experienced a very severe loss. He had undertaken to perform some extensive works on a railway then under completion, but before it was finished the affair proved to be bankrupt, owing to one of the contractors being in debt to the amount of 20,000*l.*, more than 4000*l.* of which fell to Robert's share. This not only greatly annoyed him, but somewhat embarrassed him for the moment, the bank having raised the discount at the time, thereby precluding, to a certain extent, the possibility of his raising any large sum of money. However, he soon recovered himself, and by the time the writ was issued he was in readiness for the election. He sent Walter Moss, accompanied by a person who had had some experience in parliamentary elections, down to the borough, armed with a thousand pounds in gold and bank-notes, Robert having informed them that that was the extreme limit he would go to for expenses.

Two days afterwards Evans followed his emissaries and met his committee. Nothing could be more flattering than the accounts he received from them. There was not the slightest doubt of his being returned, they said, and that any man who attempted to oppose him would only make a simpleton of himself for his pains. They then placed before him a list of the voters, separating those who were doubtful or adverse from those who were certain, the two, however, forming but a small proportion of the whole. Robert himself, with all his caution, could not but perceive that his election was a certainty, and he expressed himself highly gratified at his prospects. After the meeting was over he had an interview with Moss and his assistant. Moss informed him that, although the election was certain, he was sorry to say it would be at a greater cost than he had anticipated. He had fondly hoped that he should have been able to bring home to Robert a considerable portion of the thousand pounds he had entrusted him with, but the greater part of it was already expended. In the whole course of his experience (and here the person employed with him corroborated his statement) he had never met with a more voracious set of rascals than the lower voters in that borough; but, at the same time, it was necessary to secure them at any price. He had still more than hundred pounds left, but there were the hustings expenses, as well as other matters, to settle for, and he greatly feared he should require from two to three hundred pounds more. Robert made no objection, but drew a cheque for the money, which he placed in the hands of Moss.

The next morning, when Robert descended from his bedroom at the hotel into the breakfast-room, turning over in his mind the points of speech he should use in addressing the electors, he was somewhat surprised at finding Moss and his assistant, with the chairman of the committee, in the sitting-room, with great anxiety expressed on their countenances.

"I am sorry to say, sir," said Moss, addressing him, "that we have very annoying, though by no means alarming, news to tell you."

"What may it be?" inquired Robert.

"You have an opponent in the field, and a very formidable one, too—Mr. Gordon, a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer."

"Well," said Robert, after a moment's consideration, "we cannot have much to fear from him. He cannot have made many acquaintances, coming so late into the field as he has; and besides that, from the list you showed me yesterday, I do not think I have anything to dread in the matter, as I am sure to be returned."

"I am afraid, Mr. Evans," said Mr. Tomkins, the chairman of the committee, "that our cause is not perfectly safe; at any rate, without great energy as well as liberality on our part. The list we showed you yesterday is a true one, but you do not know the lower voters in such boroughs as these. Many of them would not have the slightest hesitation to keep your money and vote for your opponent in case he offered him a larger sum than you had given; and from what I understand, this Mr. Gordon is spending money right and left. Now, if he can get away a hundred of those men who have promised to vote for you (and I know he can easily do that), and those who, as yet, have given no answer, you will certainly lose the election. We have but one course before us, and that is, whatever sum may be offered for a vote by Mr. Gordon, to bid above him. If we do not—it is no use disguising matters—your cause is worse than doubtful."

"And what further advance of money should you require?" asked Robert.

"At least a thousand pounds," said the chairman. "It will be utterly useless your going to the poll unless you are willing to spend that sum, or more."

Robert was intensely annoyed at this information. Already his account at his banker's was getting very low, especially when existing trade liabilities should be paid off. For some minutes he remained silent, as if in doubt whether he would not submit to the loss of the money he had already paid rather than incur any further expense, Moss and his companions watching the expression of his countenance attentively the while. Finding Robert made no answer, the chairman of the committee continued: "You must decide at once, sir; I assure you we have not a moment to lose."

"I think you had better give us instructions to go on," said Moss, noticing the expression of doubt on Robert's countenance. "After the expenses you have already been put to, it is hardly worth while to throw up your chance from the fear of incurring the loss of another thousand pounds."

"Well, let it be so," said Robert. "I have no objection, if you think the bankers here would cash my cheque for that amount."

"Oh, there is no fear of that," said the chairman of the committee. "They know you too well to have any doubt as to your responsibility."

Robert immediately sat down, and, with a somewhat heavy heart, drew a cheque for another thousand

pounds, which he placed in the hands of the chairman, who, as soon as he received it, said to Robert—

"The nomination is to take place at one o'clock. Can you give me a copy of your speech, sir, that I may place it in the hands of the reporter, so that it may be printed correctly? As it is very probable there may be a great deal of hubbub and confusion in the market-place, it would be better for you to write it out to prevent mistakes."

Moss, his friend, and the chairman of the committee now left the room, and Robert, after having hastily finished his breakfast, called for pen, ink, and paper, and commenced writing out his speech, which he did with much care. He had hardly completed it when the chairman of the committee returned, and told him it was time for him to go to the hustings. Robert left the hotel and found an open carriage waiting for him at the door, as well as a number of voters wearing his colours formed in procession behind it, and a band of music in front. They now proceeded to the hustings, Robert being loudly cheered on the road. He seemed highly flattered at the compliment, and was in high spirits. Possibly, had he known the truth, that all those who were cheering him had been paid for their labour, he might have thought the whole affair somewhat less complimentary; but he was in happy ignorance of it till after his return to London, when Moss brought the subject and the expenses attending it under his notice. The procession moved on in the most satisfactory manner, Robert's gratification increasing as it went, till he had arrived near the market-place, in which the hustings were erected, when he passed by a large public-house which had been engaged as the head-quarters of his opponent, and in front of which a large concourse of the lowest rabble had assembled. Here the shouts which were at the time greeting Robert by his partisans who gathered round his carriage were completely drowned by the yells and execrations and abuse showered on him by the supporters of his opponent. So tremendous was it that Robert, who had imagined his victory to be completely secure, became greatly crestfallen. The chairman of the committee, who was in the carriage with him, noticing the altered expression on his countenance, whispered to him—

"Do not annoy yourself about those fellows, sir; not one in twenty of them has a vote. They are simply hired by Mr. Gordon for the job. Had we wanted them we could have had them, and they would have hissed Mr. Gordon as lustily as they are now hissing you."

"But it's a very unhandsome thing of Mr. Gordon," said Robert, "to do anything of the kind. He can certainly be no gentleman."

"Hush, my dear sir," said the chairman, "we must not talk in that manner."

"Why not?" said Robert, somewhat surprised.

"Because a gang of our fellows are waiting to play the same trick off upon Mr. Gordon when his carriage appears in sight on the other side of the town, for he is stopping with a gentleman who lives about a mile off. An election would lose half of its fun if it were not for a little incident or two of that description."

They had now arrived at the back of the hustings, where the mayor was waiting to receive Robert. Shortly afterwards Mr. Gordon made his appearance. He was a fine, portly-looking gentleman, considerably Robert's senior, with a good-natured, open expression

of countenance, apparently not in the slightest manner annoyed or displeased at the very rough salutations he received from Robert's friends. The mayor now opened the proceedings of the day, and introduced the two candidates to the notice of the assembled multitude. The chairman of Robert's committee then proposed, in a neat speech (which was incessantly interrupted by the voices in front of him), that Robert was a fit and proper person to represent the borough in parliament, and the solicitor before-mentioned seconded the proposition.

Robert now addressed the meeting; but he had hardly commenced, when the excellence of the advice given him by the chairman of his committee, to write out his speech, so that it might be handed to the reporters, became fully apparent. Not one word in ten that he uttered was heard by any but those standing immediately beside him, so loud were the shouts of applause and yells of disapprobation with which he was greeted by the two different parties. As he had been unused to scenes of the kind his reception completely staggered him. He became confused and angry; and it was, perhaps, as well for him that his speech was not distinctly heard, for it was so disjointed and confused it would have been hardly intelligible.

When he had concluded, Mr. Gordon was proposed and seconded; and he then stepped forward to address the meeting. His behaviour, however, was far different from that of his opponent. He had more than once sat in parliament, and, moreover, he had been well used to address large multitudes of people. He was cool and self-possessed, raising his voice on all points where clap-trap could be used about the working man, and honest industry, and other stereotyped expressions of the kind, which were sure to elicit a cheer; while, to any abuse which might have been uttered against him by Robert's friends, he replied in such a jovial, good-tempered manner, as made even those abusing him laugh in spite of themselves. The result was, that when the mayor put the question, and the hands were held up, there was a vast majority for Mr. Gordon, whereupon Robert Evans's chairman demanded a poll.

The proceedings over, Robert, thoroughly dispirited, returned to his hotel, where he was soon afterwards joined by Walter Moss and the chairman of his committee.

"Well, my dear sir," said the latter, rubbing his hands, "we are all safe for to-morrow, I think. We must work hard to-night, though."

"Do you think I am pretty safe?" said Robert anxiously.

"I don't think there is the slightest doubt of it," said the chairman.

"But did you notice," said Robert, "how many held up their hands for Mr. Gordon and how few for me?"

"My dear sir," said the chairman, "what has that to do with it? As I mentioned to you before, you do not imagine those fellows have votes. Why, you should take no more heed of them than you would of children in a charity school. You must excuse me if I say you do not seem at all well up in these matters."

"I am perfectly ready to admit that I am not," said Robert. "However, if you think I am quite safe, I require nothing more. But, at the same time, tell me what am I to do next?"

"Well, you must show yourself occasionally at the window of the hotel," said the chairman. "If the people

call for you, which I will take care they do, you must then say something to them; any few sentences will be enough. At the same time, put in something jocular if you can, because the impression you made to-day was that you are rather nervous, and they do not like that. I have given your speech to the reporters, who have promised to insert it very carefully; so you are all safe there, at any rate. Now we must leave you, to go and keep our men together."

The next day the election came off. For some time the votes were very nearly balanced, but till within an hour of the closing of the poll nearly half the constituents had not yet voted. They were endeavouring to find whether they could make the better terms with Mr. Gordon or Mr. Evans. Mr. Gordon's agent, however, held them on till it wanted but a quarter of an hour to the closing of the poll. A number of the voters then besieged him, trying, if possible, to obtain from him high terms, as Robert was at the head of the poll. As they were speaking, Mr. Gordon entered the room."

"These men, sir," said the agent, "are wanting me to pay them to vote for you; but I tell them you will not condescend to receive one vote that shall not be freely given and without being paid for."

"Certainly," said Mr. Gordon—the generally good-humoured expression of his countenance changing to one of great severity—"certainly, you are perfectly right. Leave the room," he said to the voters, "and remember this, that I would sooner keep out of parliament all my life than condescend to obtain a single vote by bribery."

The voters here left the room, evidently greatly astonished at the reception they had met with. Two of their number now hurried off to Walter Moss, and after a minute's conversation with him, left him again. They then joined their fellows, and immediately afterwards the whole proceeded to the hustings and voted for Robert Evans, who was afterwards declared to be the duly appointed member for the borough.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

IMMEDIATELY after the state of the poll was declared Robert Evans started for London, leaving Walter Moss and his assistant to arrange matters for him in the borough, and to settle all outstanding claims for election expenses. Robert Evans did not arrive in town one day too soon, so much business of importance having accumulated during his absence. The examination of his banker's book also gave him great uneasiness, for he had drawn to within a few hundred pounds of the whole of his deposit; and he had, in the course of the next few days, to raise more than a thousand pounds for the payment of wages and other business transactions. He had now to think in what manner he could get the required money; and now other presented itself to him than an application to his banker for an advance. But he had a great aversion to this proceeding if it could possibly be avoided, as his banker was at the time (in consequence of a panic in the money market), very chary of making advances, unless at a high rate of interest, and upon good security as well. On application to the directors he received for answer they were willing to advance him the sum of two thousand pounds, but there must be another good name to the bill besides his own, or

such collateral security as would deprive the transaction of the slightest danger of loss.

Robert Evans was now fairly puzzled what to do. He did not like to apply to Mr. Wilkinson to aid him in the matter, as he feared that gentleman might thus become aware of the heavy sum he had disbursed to be made a member of parliament, and he might thereby fall in his estimation. Mr. Macmurdo was at the time on the continent. He had left England for Vienna, respecting a contract offered him by the Austrian government for building a suspension bridge across the Danube, and he would not be in England in less than a fortnight's time.

To make matters worse, Walter Moss arrived in London, and on placing before Robert Evans a list of the election expenses, he found that not only all the money he had placed in his and the chairman's hands had already been expended, but there was still a deficit of more than seven hundred pounds to be made up. This intelligence came like a thunderbolt to Robert Evans. Difficult as his position had been before, it was now far worse.

"I am very glad you have come back, Moss," Robert said to him, "although the intelligence you have brought me is none of the most agreeable. Now let us see what we are to do for ready money. We shall require at least two thousand pounds, within ten days at the latest. I have already applied to the bank on the subject, and they have agreed to advance it, though at a high rate of interest; but, at the same time, they stipulate that I must have another good name upon the bill, or place in their hands some good collateral security. Now, what are we to do?"

"Why don't you apply to Mr. Wilkinson?" said Mr. Moss. "He knows you well enough not to be afraid of you. I am sure he would have no objection to accepting the bill if you asked him, for so trifling an amount as that."

"I have a strong aversion to asking Wilkinson if I can help it," said Robert. "I shall soon want to purchase of him a considerable amount of timber, and if he suspects that I am at all inconvenienced for want of money, he may not be disposed to let me have the quantity I want. Again, Moss, I am afraid he will suspect that the expenses of my election have placed me in my present position; and nothing would annoy me more than for Wilkinson to imagine I was a reckless or extravagant man."

"It is very unfortunate," said Moss, after a moment's silence, "that Macmurdo is at present away from England. The money the railway company will soon be owing both to you and him (and their security is good enough) will soon be due. Could you not get their paper discounted?"

"I do not like doing that, Moss," said Robert; "for their debt, both to Macmurdo and myself, though concluded under one head, is to be divided as soon as paid, by private arrangement between us, and Macmurdo's portion paid at once into his banker's."

"Well," said Moss, "do nothing rashly. We have a day or two to wait yet; and, in the mean time, I will try if I can think of some way to meet the difficulty."

The next morning Robert received a letter from Mr. Macmurdo, in which he reminded him that the money from the railway company would soon be due; and authorizing him to sign the receipt for his (Macmurdo's) portion, which he could pay into his (Robert's) banker's,

where it could remain till he returned to England, which would be in a fortnight's time at the latest.

This letter gave Robert the greatest satisfaction, as he now saw a way to release himself from his difficulties. The directors of the ——— Railway were men of respectability as well as liberality, and he had no doubt, if he made application to them for the payment of the money, they would immediately accede to the request, as he was now armed with an authority from Mr. Macmurdo to sign the receipt for the whole. He could then set aside what he considered would be the proportionate amount due to Macmurdo and use the remainder himself, which would be quite sufficient for his present expenses. Moss shortly afterwards coming in, a letter was forwarded to the railway directors, requesting them to advance the money due both to Mr. Macmurdo and himself, as it would be a great convenience to them. Fortunately, a board meeting was held that day, at which the application was entertained, and with very little difficulty granted.

The money was now paid in to Robert's banker, and he attempted to draw out the calculation as to the proportionate amount due to Macmurdo and himself. To his great horror, he found that he had made an error in his previous calculation, and he was entitled to six hundred pounds less than he had imagined. This again threw him into considerable difficulty; and how to get over it he hardly knew. He did not like again to apply to his banker. To their offer of advancing him two thousand pounds, he had returned for reply, that while he thanked them for their proposed accommodation, he fortunately found he was not in a position to require it; and he now thought that, after a letter of the kind, it would appear to them that his affairs must be in a state of confusion were he to make an application for an advance of six hundred pounds. Walter Moss relieved him from his difficulty. "I really do not see," he said, "why you should trouble yourself by making an ideal separation between your claim on the railway money and Mr. Macmurdo's. Put it off till his arrival in England, and in the mean time use the money, or, at any rate up to a moiety of it, for your present purposes. Before he arrives the money from the viaduct works will be due, and then you can pay Macmurdo a cheque for his full amount the moment he arrives, or, at any rate, as soon as you have decided between you the amounts due to each."

Robert, at first, had some compunction in following his confidential clerk's advice. He could not divest himself of the idea that it was scarcely honest of him to use any part of the money which he believed really belonged to Macmurdo, even though he was certain of replacing it before a settlement of the accounts should be called for. He mentioned his objection to Moss.

"How absurd," was his reply, "it is of you to argue in that manner. If there was the slightest difficulty or danger in your being able to replace it, I should be the last man in the world to advise you to make use of it. But, as Macmurdo has authorised you to receive it, you are, until his return, in the light of his banker. Why, you might as well say that your banker is obliged to keep every bank-note and every sovereign he receives from his depositors shut up in an iron safe without touching them, so as to be able to give back at call the precise moneys which had been placed in his hands. No, believe me, your reasoning

is absurd. There is not the slightest cause why you should not make use of a portion of that money till Macmurdo returns and asks you for it."

Robert, puzzled, rather than convinced, by Moss's sophistry, drew considerably on Macmurdo's portion of the money for his own uses.

About a week after the receipt of Mr. Macmurdo's first letter Robert received another from him, in which he stated that he hoped to arrive in England some days earlier than he at first expected. In fact, it was not at all impossible that he might be in London in two days after his letter had reached Robert. This news was a terrible blow to Robert Evans. The money owing to him for the viaduct would not be due for four days, and if Mr. Macmurdo should arrive at the time he mentioned in his last letter, and make application for a settlement of the account, Robert would not have sufficient at his banker's to pay him the amount owing. It would be difficult to overrate the anxiety and annoyance this state of affairs gave Robert. Should he apply to Mr. Macmurdo on his arrival for a delay of two or three days, he knew perfectly well there would be no difficulty in obtaining it; but, as before stated, Robert had an immense respect for Macmurdo, and the idea of appearing in his eyes either as a bad accountant, or a man capable of making use of moneys in his possession which were not his own, caused him too much terror to speak to Macmurdo on the subject. He had no one just then to advise him, having sent Moss into the country on some business.

Robert Evans's mental faculties now became almost prostrate from the anxiety he was in, and the appearance of care on his countenance so marked as to cause considerable uneasiness both to his wife and Mrs. Murphy. One evening, Maria noticing the depressed state of her husband, went up to his chair as he was seated by the fire, and asked him what was the matter with him, as she was sure something had happened to vex him.

"Nothing at all, my dear," said Robert. "I am only fatigued; there is nothing else the matter with me."

"Robert," said Maria, playfully, "that is not the case. Now you are attempting to deceive your wife, and it is very wicked of you."

"Well, then, Maria," said her husband, "if you are certain of it, you probably know what it is, for I do not; so pray tell me."

"Robert," she answered with much gravity, "you are behaving very wickedly. Now, sir,"—and here, playfully taking him by the chin, she turned his head towards her, and said,—“look in my face, and tell me without blushing, if you can, that nothing has happened to annoy you. Look up, sir."

Robert looked up in his wife's handsome face, and instead of answering or blushing, burst into a laugh, at the expression of assumed gravity he saw marked upon it.

"Come, sir," she said—still jestingly—"I will not have you laugh; answer me my question. Now, look me straightforwardly in the face. Stop a minute," she continued, thrusting aside his hair from his forehead with her fingers—"let me clear away your hair from your brow, that there may be no concealment. Why, what do I see here? As I am alive, Robert, there is a gray hair in your head, and I declare here is another! Robert, I suspect you have been deceiving me, and that you must be far older than I am, and that you are not my cousin after all."

Maria continued jesting with him in this way for the remainder of the evening. It should be stated, however, that the two grey hairs she had discovered were the only ones she could find, though they became more abundant afterwards.

The two days elapsed, and Mr. Macmurdo had not arrived in England. On the morning of the third day, however, Robert received a letter from Mrs. Macmurdo, stating that her husband had just arrived, but was so fatigued with his journey he could not leave home, and she therefore hoped that Robert would call and see him. Without a moment's delay Robert drove off to Macmurdo's house, and was ushered by his wife into his bedroom.

"Evans," said Mr. Macmurdo, as soon as he saw him, "I am sorry to have troubled you to come round; but I feel so tired and ill, I thought it safer not to leave the house to-day. How have affairs been progressing since my absence? The railway directors have, of course, paid the amount owing."

"Yes, the money has been in my possession for some days past. I am glad you have come over," he continued, slightly blushing at the falsehood he was about to tell, though, fortunately, as his back was to the window of the somewhat darkened room, Mr. Macmurdo did not perceive it—"for I wanted a settlement of the account; I do not like keeping other people's money in my hands. I should have paid it into your banker's at once, but there are one or two little things I want explained, as I hardly understand how accounts stand between us."

"Well," said Macmurdo, "I hope I shall be well enough to-morrow; if I am, I shall be down at your office at twelve o'clock. To tell you candidly the truth, I shall not be sorry for the cheque, as my own account is getting somewhat low."

"Oh, certainly," said Robert, stammering slightly. "I will wait for you till twelve o'clock. By-the-by, I have an appointment to-morrow at the same time, to meet Simpson, the engineer, at Croydon, and I must send and put him off."

"It will be a pity to do that," said Mr. Macmurdo: "let us say the day after, at the same time. I can manage very well till then."

After a little more conversation on business matters respecting another contract which it was likely would be offered to them, and many questions from Mr. Macmurdo respecting the details of the election, Robert left him, and proceeded to his own office, where he found Moss, who had returned from the country, awaiting him.

"I am glad you have come back," said Robert, "for I wanted to see you particularly. I have just had a very lucky escape."

"What has it been?" inquired Moss.

"Macmurdo has arrived in England, and he wants a settlement of the account. I have not enough at the banker's to pay him. He proposed coming here to-morrow at twelve o'clock, but I have fortunately managed to put him off till the day after; so I am all right, as the money for the viaduct is due by then."

"You are in error," said Moss, "for it will not be due for three days yet."

"You must be wrong, Moss," said Evans, now getting greatly alarmed; "that cannot be the case."

"I am right, for all that." It was originally agreed that it should be paid to-morrow; but if you remember, it was allowed to stand over for three days longer."

"Too true," said Evans, after a moment's consideration; "it's too true. What shall we do?"

"How much have we at the banker's?" inquired Moss.

"We want at least eight hundred pounds to pay Macmurdo what I estimate to be his proportion of the railway money."

"Well," said Moss, "let the worst come to the worst, we must make an application to the bankers. There will not be the slightest difficulty in getting them to advance the sum required on the security of the viaduct money. Still we must trust a little for the chapter of chances. If we could find some excuse for putting off Macmurdo for a few days, it would be better; but even if that should fail, we know now we have something to fall back upon."

In the evening Robert called on Mr. Macmurdo, resolving, if possible, to invent some excuse for delaying the meeting. He had, however, no occasion for putting his resolve into execution. Mrs. Macmurdo received him with an expression of much anxiety in her countenance.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Evans," she said, "that Mr. Macmurdo is very ill. The doctor has been to see him, and says he must not, on any account, be allowed to interfere in business matters of any kind for some days to come. Over-fatigue and great anxiety, he considers, has been the cause of his illness; and if he does not have perfect quiet, as well as great care and attention, it is very possible it may end in fever; so you will not consider it unkind of me if I do not let you go up to see him."

"Certainly not," said Robert, "you are quite right not to disturb him. But tell me what I had better do. I have an appointment with him to-morrow; do you not think I had better put it off?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Macmurdo; "for even if he is better, I shall not allow him to leave the house; so you need not keep in on his account."

The next day passed, and two others followed before Mr. Macmurdo was able to attend to business. When he left the house Robert was, of course, perfectly prepared to give him a cheque for the amount owing to him, and their meeting ended quite satisfactorily. Macmurdo then proposed to Robert that they should each take a part in two separate contracts which were offered, both of which promised to yield a large profit. Robert, who now found he had urgent necessity to redeem his late expenses, readily entertained the proposition. It would be useless to trouble the reader with the details; suffice it to say, they were speculations of great magnitude, not only requiring ability and energy to carry out, but a considerable amount of capital as well.

Robert's mind was now at rest again, and he was able to receive and enjoy the congratulations of his friends on the result of his election. His wife, notwithstanding her fears, could not repress her pleasure at the idea of her husband being a member of parliament, while poor Mrs. Murphy seemed now to regard her adopted son as something more than mortal. Robert received all their compliments and congratulations with a sort of dignified composure, which had something almost comic in it when his really intense satisfaction was taken into consideration.

The time for the meeting of parliament now arrived; and Robert, presented by Mr. Macmurdo, took the oaths. Of all the compliments which had been paid

him on his success none were more grateful to Robert, or uttered with more apparent sincerity, than those of his friend Macmurdo. "I always knew, from the first day I saw you," said he, "that you were a clever fellow, and would make your way in the world. You have made a start—keep it. If you choose to apply yourself to politics (only mind, not to the prejudice of your business), I should not wonder seeing you one day President of the Board of Trade or Chancellor of the Exchequer. I read, with pleasure, your speech from the hustings, and it did you great credit. Very few men, who had not had more experience, could have been so composed and self-possessed as you appear to have been at the time."

Robert made no direct answer, but could hardly help smiling when he remembered the horribly nervous state he was in at the time, as well as the confused nature of his speech.

He and Macmurdo now took their seats on the Liberal side of the House; Macmurdo explaining to him the different forms which were used in conducting the business, as well as pointing out to him the various celebrities as they entered, to many of whom Robert, was introduced.

That evening he and his wife dined with Mrs. Macmurdo. There were no other guests present, and they had a very pleasant and friendly evening together. When, after dinner, they were all assembled in the drawing-room, Mrs. Macmurdo remarked to Mrs. Evans that neither of their husbands appeared to be looking in good health, and she thought that both of them had too much on their minds.

"So I think," said Maria; "and that silly husband of mine, labouring under the impression that he had not enough already to attend to, has taken the whim into his head to become a member of parliament. Ever since he was elected he has been as thoughtful as a judge. I am fully convinced he is labouring under the impression that the whole cares of the nation will be thrown upon him, and he is dreadfully alarmed how he shall be able to manage them. Do you know he is getting quite grey! I found two grey hairs in his head the other evening, and I have discovered three more this morning. I am really getting quite alarmed about it, and if he goes on in that manner I shall have a grey-headed old man for my husband, instead of the quick-witted, handsome young fellow he was a few months since. If ever he puts up for parliament again I shall go and oppose him myself."

Although the wit of Maria's remark was not very prominent, it seemed to amuse them very much, and the evening passed off in great harmony.

(To be continued.)

THE BEST FRIEND.

THEY gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honoured me more and more;
Said that I only should "wait awhile,"
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honour and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow!—he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him—though other folks can,
For I myself am this excellent man!

From the German of Heine.

LADY DERWENTWATER'S LAMENT.

[During the insurrection headed by Lord Mar in favour of the Stuarts, A.D. 1715, one of the chief adherents of the unfortunate Prince James was James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater. It is recorded of him, that he being loth at the outset to rise, was decided thereto by the taunt of his lady, as here quoted. For his part in the war he was afterwards condemned and executed as a traitor, February 24th, 1716. His high-souled wife atoned nobly for her fault, if it was a fault. Most daringly, at her own peril, she carried off her husband's head from the public place where, according to custom, it was exposed after his decapitation. The details of the insurrection will be found in Lord Mahon's "Narrative of the Insurrection of 1745."]

Oh, summer day! thy length of light
Is far too short for all my sorrow,
And I must wake each weary night
To weep again upon the morrow.
What shall I do in the winter's cold?
Perchance my tale will all be told,
And end be made of all my crying.

I mourn, I mourn my buried lord!
Not that his death is the saddest thing,
Fall by the axe or fall by the sword,
What could it matter?—'twas for the king!
He sank, but bravely stemmed the flood;
The cause, well watered with his blood,
Shall live the better for his dying.

But oh! for the grievous word I spoke,
Oh! that I did him such cruel wrong;
I longed to be doing and rouse our folk,
I thought him tarrying over long—
I, who had lain beside his heart,
I to have dreamed that a craven part
Fluttered the pulse that beat so truly!—

For when they said the time drew nigh,
The king was coming to claim his own;
That "Spears and spurs" was now the cry,
And "Up with the Stuart! the German down!"
When all the leaders of the band
Demanded counsel at his hand,
And I looked he should answer duly—

He sate mute, nor could I divine
What was the trouble that vexed his face;
(Ah! he thought but of me and mine,)
I rose hastily up in my place;
I threw my fan across the board,
Said, "There, my lord, give me your sword!"
"Though, faith! your courage needs no cooling!"

Oh, and alas! for my wilful pride!
Before I made an end of speaking
I knew my fault, he rose and sighed,
My flushing face with sad eyes seeking:
He said (so gently) "Nay, sweet Madge!"
"Thyself shalt bind me on the badge,
"Thou art most excellent at schooling!"

Oh, mournful head! thou still art fair
And comely to my longing eyes;
Thy blackened cheek, thy withered hair
Are bright to me, thou dear-bought prize,
As when, with looks of wedded love,
I first beheld thee bend above
To kiss my lips before the altar.

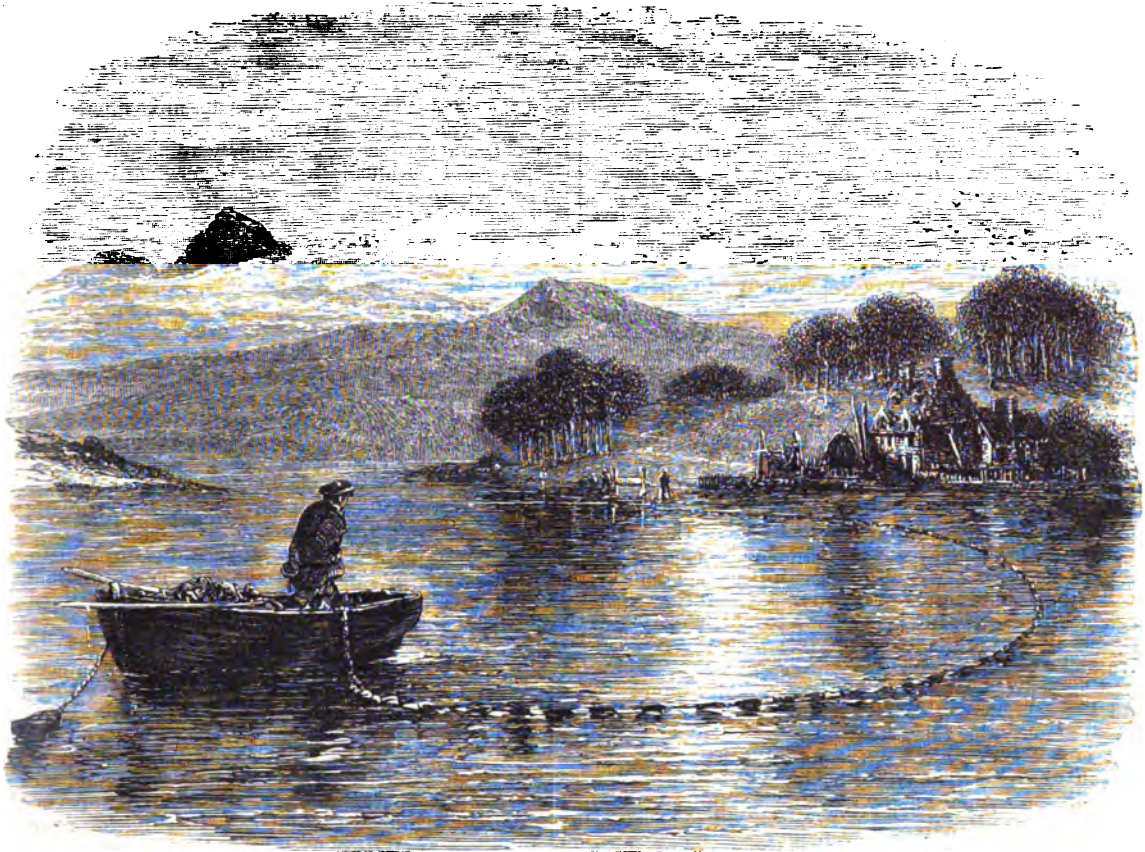
My sight grows heavy with my grief,
And I must sink to dreams of sadness;
Might I in sleeping find relief,
Or die—and wake again in gladness;
Oh! might I win his side again,
Though all the way were mortal pain,
I would advance and never falter!

MONTGOMERY RANKING.

SALMON AND THE SALMON FISHERIES.

WHETHER we measure the salmon as to its individual value, consider its merits as an angler's fish, or study it as a problem in natural history, it is alike interesting. As a problem in natural history it has formed at one time or other a theme of inquiry to nearly all our celebrated naturalists; and even now, after half a century of keen discussion, both public and private, there are many habits of its life yet undetermined, or at least about which there are conflicting opinions. In particular, neither the rate of salmon growth nor the period of salmon reproduction, on a correct knowledge of which the proper economy of a salmon fishery is in a large degree dependent, have yet been so accurately determined as in the interests of so valuable a property we could wish. Numerous parliamentary inquiries have been held with the view of legislating for the protection of the salmon and the regulation of the salmon fisheries, and much valuable evidence on the natural history and habits of that fish has by such means been collected; but it would seem, from information we have received, that yet more inquiry will have to take place, and yet more legislation, public or private, have to be entered into, before our salmon proprietors will be satisfied, or our great English rivers become again populous with "saumons." Indeed it is questionable if some of our most important rivers will ever again be able to afford a healthy dwelling-place to such a fastidious fish as the salmon. Mr. Buckland and a few other enthusiasts are making determined efforts to repopulate the Thames with *salmo salar*, as well as to place in that river some other fishes of the salmon kind; and because one salmon has been found, they are beginning to think that a summer time for the river angler has again arrived, and that now the Thames fisherman, instead of sitting for hours on a punt trying to hook half a dozen of gudgeon, will, like the mighty anglers of the north, take rod in hand and try his prowess with "the venison of the waters." It seems to be a portion of the price demanded for our manufacturing greatness that such valuable fish as the salmon must be banished from some at least of our rivers. There are no salmon in the Clyde. Because of the stream of filth which is drained into that river from Glasgow, the fish cannot reach their spawning ground, which is generally to be found in the small tributaries that flow into the main stream shortly after it leaves its source. Without good spawning ground there can only be a scant supply of salmon in any river, and if the water become polluted the fish are sure to be killed, or to desert the stream altogether. Several rivers in England are now destitute of fish, and it would be useless, in their present condition, to try and replenish them, even by artificial breeding. When the waters are purified then the salmon may return to them.

The capital stock of salmon in the rivers of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the rivers of Scotland particularly, yielding as it does such a large annual supply for food purposes, must be of enormous value, and the fish must greatly exceed in number any of the estimates that have yet been formed of salmon stock. The river Tay, for instance, which is the chief salmon river of Scotland, gives life and food to millions of the salmon kind. Indeed, when we consider the enormous rate at which the salmon multiplies his kind, each female fish yielding on the average five thousand eggs, we are apt at first to listen with surprise to the complaints of those fishery economists who are perpetually crying out that we are "over-fishing," and that if we persist in going on as we are doing, we must speedily exterminate the fish. One requires to have a knowledge of the dangers that have to be overcome.



SALMON-FISHING.

both by the ova and the young fish, before a proper estimate can be formed of the number of salmon that ultimately arrive at the condition of table fish. A large percentage of the eggs are unproductive, because of their not being fructified, or from other equally destructive causes; and the young fish are killed in thousands at the period of their life when they are least able to protect themselves. Even after the salmon have arrived at a marketable stage they are killed in a very uneconomic way by the tenants of the salmon fisheries; and had it not been for recent legislation providing a brief time of rest every week, when it is illegal to capture, and shutting up the streams altogether during the spawning season of the fish, the prophecies of the economists might have come to pass, and by this time we might have had no salmon to write about. As a salmon river belongs in general to many different proprietors, so it is divided into a great number of fisheries, most of which are held by different tenants. The one idea of all engaged in it is, as far as the proprietors are concerned, a large rent, and so far as the tacksmen are interested, the largest possible supply of fish, in order that after paying their rent they may have for themselves as large a profit as possible. The consequence of course is that every man looks out for himself: to the tenant all are fish that come to his net, no matter whether they be grilse (unspawned fish) or full-grown salmon.

The most legitimate way of taking salmon is by means of a net and coble. The tenant of a fishery or his assistant sails out across the river at his station, in a boat called a coble, dragging the net behind

him; he then sails in, the other end of the net being dragged in by means of a windlass. This operation is usually performed three or four times a day, at the making and ebbing of the tide, if the particular piece of water is within the tidal influence. Our engraving gives a good idea of the *modus operandi*: it represents a fishing station. The lessee of the fishery has rowed out in the expectation of getting a fish or two: he is waiting or watching, and in a few minutes he will commence to row home, the windlass being put in motion by his assistants. The scene depicted in the engraving is on the Tay, our foremost Scottish salmon river. The salmon rental of the Tay has greatly increased of late years, some of the fishing stations being of great value. Since the system of artificial breeding was begun the produce of the river has been largely augmented. In 1854 the total annual rental of the river was a little above 9,000*l.*, whilst in 1864 it had increased to nearly 17,000*l.* Some of the individual fisheries on the Tay are very valuable, although the returns fluctuate a good deal. One nobleman, a Tay proprietor, must have obtained from his fishery during the last thirty-five years a sum of at least one hundred thousand pounds. As an index to the number of fish (salmon of course) taken from the Tay annually, it may be mentioned here that as many as a hundred thousand fish have been taken between the Isle, an affluent, and the sea. "A stream like the Tay," we are told in the "Harvest of the Sea," "ought to have a stock of breeding fish sufficient to produce more than a hundred millions of eggs, because the destruction of the spawn and the young fish is so enormous as to

require provision for a large amount of waste. By the natural system of spawning it is supposed that only one egg in each thousand comes to the fisherman's net as a twenty-five pound fish." The salmon has suffered much from being taken by improper nets. Nothing is so much against the prosperity of a salmon river as stake and bag nets in its estuary, or near to its confluence with the sea. We know how injurious these nets are from the history of the river Tay. At the time when there were no stake or bag nets to intercept the salmon in the sea the Tay fisheries were enormously productive; but from the moment of the establishment of these destructive nets the river stations commenced and continued to fall, and kept low during the whole period of their existence, and till the time of their removal; after which the take of fish continued annually to improve, till it again reached the old mark. Some people may say that it is of no great consequence by what means you take your salmon, so that you can obtain the quantity you desire; but the mode of capture is of consequence, because any given river will only grow and feed a certain number of fish, and if there be stake and bag nets the chances are that the annual capture would be so deadly, that very few fish would be able to attain the breeding grounds at the head of the river, and so the breeding stock would soon become so exhausted as to be incapable of keeping up the supply. It has been the object of a great deal of the recent legislation on behalf of the salmon to abolish all fixed engines of capture, and to do away with the destructive bag and stake nets. Wherever these objects have been attained the rivers have been greatly improved, and the salmon has commenced to multiply and increase in a greater ratio than formerly.

It is not easy to value, or to take a census of the salmon of our rivers, either as regards the breeding stock or the annual supply; but we are quite safe in saying that the largest quantity is derived from Scotland. We know, for instance, that the rental of three of our Scottish salmon rivers is considerably over forty thousand pounds per annum; and the total rent value of all the Scottish salmon streams must be at least five times that sum, and the value of the produce of course very much greater. Messrs. Forbes Stuart and Co., of Billingsgate, keep a record of all the salmon that reaches that famed market; and as their figures may assist our readers to a notion of the total supply, we have made up the following table:—

Number of boxes of Salmon of 112 lbs. each, sent to London from 1850 to the end of the open fisheries of 1865.

Years.	Scotch.	Irish.	Dutch.	Norwegian.	Welsh.
1850	13,940	2,135	105	54	72
1851	11,593	4,141	203	214	40
1852	13,044	3,602	176	306	20
1853	19,485	5,052	401	1,208	20
1854	23,194	6,833	345	None.	128
1855	18,197	4,101	227	None.	59
1856	15,438	6,568	68	5	200
1857	18,654	4,904	622	None.	220
1858	21,564	6,429	973	19	499
1859	15,630	4,855	922	None.	210
1860	15,870	3,803	849	40	438
1861	12,337	4,582	849	60	442
1862	22,756	7,841	518	87	454
1863	24,297	8,183	1,227	180	603
1864	22,603	8,344	1,204	837	752
1865	19,009	6,858	1,479	1,069	868
	287,651	87,731	10,218	4,079	5,135

The commercial fisheries only are taken into account in the above figures; the anglers are a class by themselves, who only desire to have "sport," and who fish

chiefly in the upper waters. A salmon angler is a king among fishers; and the toil and trouble involved in the capture of a twenty-pound fish must be endured to be believed. There is no other fish so difficult to handle, and no other yields the same reward to his captor; for in the early season of the year a salmon is of more value than a sheep. On an early occasion we shall say a few words about salmon breeding, which has become an interesting adjunct of some of the Scottish and Irish fisheries.

ON 'CHANGE.

Our readers will suppose possibly, from the title of this paper, that we are about to give an account of our national resort for business—of the original Exchange that was built by the munificence of that princely merchant Sir Thomas Gresham in 1567, by way of a tercentenary commemoration; or of the second building, the first stone of which was laid by Charles the Second in 1667, to replace that which the Great Fire had destroyed; or of the present structure, whose first stone was laid by the lamented Prince Consort in 1842, and opened by her gracious Majesty in 1844. Such is not our intention. We desire to give a brief sketch of two children, who, on being interrogated, replied that they got their living on 'Change! The subject of children's employment is now before the country, and we would throw in our mite of information, judging that the point cannot be too exhaustively discussed.

The Children's Employment Commission reveals from time to time some astounding facts as to the means by which children are forced to earn their daily bread, and the very early age at which they are put to cruel and oppressive labour. The sixth report of the commission, for instance, describes the manner in which young children are pressed into the service of the farmers; but we have already commented on the gang system of labour. There are other evils as regards children's employment which no commission can very well get to the bottom of, and which if they could they would be puzzled to reform.

We refer to the very general practice among the disreputable poor of training their children directly or indirectly to theft. Here, in the heart of London, swarm parental Legrees, who will sell their children body and soul for unlawful gains; who deliberately and systematically teach them to violate the laws of God and man; who never breathe a sigh of sorrow over the career of their little ones, save when detection follows upon the commission of a theft, and they are for a time deprived of their ill-gotten gains.

Ratepayers are surprised to learn the cost of crime, and now and again the public press lifts up its voice and asks if reformation is possible—if there is a time in the history of thieves when their feelings are fresh and to be worked upon. The first would cease to be astonished; the latter to expect reformation in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred if they knew—or if knowing, they would endeavour to realise—that theft is a trade in the metropolis, a trade to which the young are apprenticed almost from their birth.

On 'Change in Petticoat Lane! with an occasional variation in the way of a predatory raid on unsuspecting shopkeepers and market stalls.

The children of whom we write were about ten years of age, and had been for two years employed by their parents as above. They were lately committed to prison for theft, and it was during their incarceration that we learnt their story. Experience teaches us that they are the types of all young children who are sent to prison. Their history is the history of the class. Fix your eyes upon them, and the most searching gaze cannot discover the look of childhood. Talk to them, and you listen in vain for the artless prattle and inco-

herent statements of children. They are prematurely old. They have profited by the instruction to watch their words lest they should betray themselves too far. What you seek to learn from them must be drawn out sentence by sentence, with much circumlocution at first. From their account we gathered that the parents start them in the morning to "The 'Change," with a small sum of money—a sum varying according to circumstances—with the understanding that they are to double it by night. If they return less than cent. per cent. they may expect rough treatment and scanty fare. They pay a penny a week for the privilege of doing business on 'Change. There is an inner circle, where, according to these children, "Wonderful silks and satins is sold, and ladies comes in carriages to buy 'em," the rules of which we could not quite make out, the children being probably too young to know much of them themselves. The following conversation is from notes taken immediately after the interview:—

"You say that your mother expects you to carry home double what she gives you?"

"Yes. Mother's mighty cross, and says it's a bad day if we don't. If we have had luck two or three days she beats us and won't let us go on 'Change, but sends us out into the streets without nothing to eat."

"Can you generally double the money?"

"Mostly."

"How do you do it?"

"We buys old things werry cheap, and pretends they're good uns. We hides the rents up somehow as we turns 'em round. We keeps the bad parts somehow up of a heap."

"But would not the person look at the garment well before purchasing it?"

"Sometimes. Not always. We likes to buy two of a sort, and then we rings 'em."

"What's that?"

"We pretends to roll it up after they've bought it, and we changes 'em if one is better than t'other."

"And don't the person find out the deceit?"

"Sometimes. And then they jaws us, and says they'll lock us up; and we say 'Do! do! do lock us up!' and we goes on over and over again declaring it's the same they bought."

"And did it never strike you it was very wrong to cheat and lie in that manner?"

This question was followed by a vacant stare. It was repeated with some degree of amplification.

"Everybody does business like that."

How came these children, some persons may be inclined to ask, to be so shrewd and cunning, and able to buy and sell to advantage at such an age? What made them in the outset different from other children? Different from the majority of children, whom we should fear to trust with the spending of a shilling? We answer they were trained to it. Four years ago they began their public career as hangers-on of a girl who frequented Spitalfields Market for unlawful purposes. It is supposed, we imagine, that the movements of children are likely to be less suspected and watched than those of their elders. Hence the elder girl set these children to steal, she herself acting as the receiver of the articles stolen. Under the protection of a hawking basket she prowled about the markets, and communicated to them by some preconcerted signal where they could lay their hands upon their neighbours' goods. Cocoa-nuts, oranges, and the like were the sort of goods they could abstract with the greatest security; and they were rewarded, according to the caprice of the wretched girl they served, with a half-penny or a farthing. As time wore on these children attained a certain amount of mechanical skill, and were set to abstract more valuable articles; and thus it falls out that when not cheating and lying on 'Change they are roaming the streets under the charge of this elder girl after booty.

They will go into a shop and ask for a pennyworth of figs, and contrive to abstract half a pound of sugar or a packet of currants, or anything that is near them at which they can grasp, while the shopman's back is turned towards them. They are even clever enough to ask questions with apparent simplicity, and steal from the pocket while being answered.

Though they were detected in their last act of dishonesty, they seem to have been on the whole very successful, and to have committed their plunder with impunity until now. The sentence was a month's imprisonment and four years at a reformatory.

So far so good. They are stopped for a time, and a chance is given of reformation. But when we say that the elder girl, their trainer, now eighteen years of age, was as a child sent to a reformatory, as these children are now, and that she has been since she left—as her conduct to these children suffices to prove—worse than before her entrance, our readers will not lay too much stress upon the remedy. Years ago Mary Carpenter wrote: "It is a well-known fact that many of the boys brought before magistrates and sent to prison, and not a few of those sentenced to reformatories, have been guilty of nothing more than would have called forth only a reprimand or school punishment in lads of a higher class, such as throwing stones, playing in unlawful places, robbing gardens, and the like; whereas girls are seldom brought before a public tribunal, or handed into the custody of the gaoler, until all more lenient means of correction have been previously tried unavailingly, or unless the child's home influences are so utterly degraded that mercy has prompted the apparent severity. Hence we may anticipate that the girls in a reformatory will be of the very lowest class, and that the crimes with which they are charged will frequently imply a very high degree of moral depravity; such as a trained habit of picking pockets, arson, house-breaking, horse-stealing, even poisoning. Young girls guilty of such crimes as these are to be found in our reformatories; while those who have not actually committed such crimes are the unfortunate daughters of receivers of stolen goods, of drunken and dissolute parents, or of fathers whose cruel usage has deprived them of their mothers. Generally they are such as have imbibed the most injurious influences throughout their short lives." Those who have the charge of our criminal youth will tell you they dread a boy who has passed through the ordeal of a reformatory unimproved. As may be supposed, his evil propensities have increased tenfold. While at the reformatory he deliberately consorted with the black sheep of the fold, and no amount of vigilance is sufficient to prevent the evil communications of those who are determined to get a new comer on their side, provided the new comer is weak enough or wicked enough to be guided by them.

For this reason alone it would seem that prevention is infinitely wiser than running the risk of a cure. Humanly speaking, it appears as probable that the Ethiopian should change his skin as that these children should grow up into honest, respectable women. Who that realizes the force of habit will not rather have a mournful anticipation of their continuance in a state of dishonesty? They will return at the end of their probation to old scenes and old faces, may be, and the enforced honesty of four years will probably give way to present temptation.

But what can be done to prevent juvenile crime when parents, the lawful guardians, not only encourage but train their children to its commission? How can we strike a blow at the root of this terrible growing evil? We said at the beginning that it would puzzle the commissioners to reform the abuse; yet some measures ought to be tried. Better try some plan than sit down contentedly while the young are being demoralized,

and afterwards satisfy the conscience by multiplying reformatories for their benefit.

It is difficult to see the justice of blaming these children. As far as we can judge from them, their sense of right and wrong is so weak as to be almost a nullity. They appear to have a settled impression that society is divided into two classes—that one consists of rich people, who have no need, on account of their abundance, to take what does not belong to them, and that in their wealth lies their goodness; that the other is composed of the poor, who, by virtue of their necessities, are entitled to take what they can lay hold of. Neither of the children had any terror of a reformatory. "It's only goin' to school," they remarked to the writer. It is more than probable that the elder girl, in whose company they were when detected, and who was sentenced to the same prison, had purposely impressed this belief on their minds—had asserted that if the worst came to the worst they would only be "sent to school." The month's imprisonment produced scarcely a tear. We could not help thinking that four years in prison, where they only saw their elders—they were not allowed to see their tempter once during the month, for it was so arranged that whenever it was necessary for her to leave the cell they were carefully locked up; it was by turns they received religious instruction—would have been a safer discipline than consorting with children in a reformatory. To realize the evil fully we must not forget that these girls, unless the reformatory works a good work upon them, will perpetuate it by bringing up their own children in time to come on the same model in which they have been trained.

The remedy that suggests itself to our mind is compulsory education. The children in question have scarcely ever been to school—an odd week or two, we think. The same may be said of almost all female children who come under the notice of prison authority. Indeed we might leave out the *almost*, since an educated woman in prison, as we have shown before, is scarcely met with. Education has undeniably a good effect upon the female sex, or we should not be able to make the above assertion.

Why not then make education compulsory up to twelve years of age for girls? With the strongest views of parental claims, we feel bound to say that they do not, they cannot, include the right to make a child an embodiment of all that is vile and disgraceful, to poison the springs of her young life, to take from childhood its bloom, from maidenhood its blush. Where such is the home training, the state might well take upon itself the duties of a universal parent, and decree that an antidote, in the shape of daily instruction up to a certain age, shall be administered. It might be objected that legislative interference after this fashion would press hard upon those parents whose poverty makes them glad to use their child's services at an earlier age. There is not much validity, we think, in the objection. In the first place, few people continue to look long for what they are assured they cannot obtain; and were twelve the age decided upon by the legislature as the earliest at which a female child might be put to hard work, the parents would cease to make a trouble of the matter. And secondly, the gain would be theirs in more ways than one. They would know for a certainty that under twelve years of age a girl has not the physical strength for hard work, and that by securing to her until that period a comparative immunity from work, the state was conferring an absolute benefit upon her and them. We say comparative, because compulsory education would still leave the girl plenty of time to perform the various minor duties of home, as school hours rarely extend, including the midday cessation, longer than from 9:30 to 4:30 o'clock.

We commend the subject to our readers' earnest consideration. Right glad should we be if some

philanthropist would rise up with a better suggestion than compulsory education to meet the evil. Only let us do something. As a nation we are proud, and justly proud, of our commercial ability, of our inventive powers, of our literary geniuses. Let us not stop short of effort when a great moral evil has to be grappled with. Let us not sit down with folded arms, content with a feeble wail over such a crying shame as childhood trained to destruction—as the demoralization of those who are to be the mothers, at no very distant date, of a large proportion of the sinews of the nation. Let us call upon the parliament, let us call upon the church, let us call upon whoever will to help us, always remembering that individual effort becomes in the long run equal to concerted action—that it is desirable, as a great writer hath it, "Not to waste energy; to apply force where it will tell; to do small work close at hand."

If we cannot compass compulsory education, we could most of us afford twopence per week to pay for a child whose parents would agree voluntarily to her attending a national school.

We will conclude our paper with an extract from the writings of the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, which seems to bear upon the subject.

"To the church of the middle age is due the preaching and the practice of the great Christian doctrine, that society is bound to *protect the weak*. So far the middle age saw, but no farther. For our own times has been reserved the deeper and higher doctrine, that it is the duty of society to make the weak strong; to *reform*, to cure, and above all to *prevent*, by education and other means, the necessity of reforming and of curing."

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XII.—THEATRES AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.—PART III.

BEFORE finally quitting the theatres of the boulevards we must notice shortly one or two others. The first of these is the celebrated Gymnase, which possibly has given more excellent actors and actresses to the French stage than any other theatre of its size in Paris. The Gymnase has the honour of being the first theatre that brought out the *vaudeville*, a sort of entertainment which introduced something like refinement into the gross buffooneries of their farces. The theatre was opened on September 23, 1820. Its company of actors was about one of the best in France, and the celebrated Leontine Fay—then very young—was among them. The great poet of this theatre—and who has contributed vastly to its renown—was M. Scribe, the most prolific dramatic author in Europe. Although this gentleman is accused of great negligence of style, trivial expressions, and commonplace compositions, several of his pieces are not only clever, but show great and original talent. In the year 1820 the theatre changed its name from that of the Gymnase to that of the Theatre of Her Royal Highness the Duchesse de Berri, which was shortly afterwards abbreviated to the Théâtre de Madame. So great an interest did the Duchesse de Berri take in the success of this theatre and its comedians, that she seldom travelled without having some of the latter in her suite, whom she always treated with great kindness and consideration. In the autumn of 1826 Her Royal Highness remained for some time at Dieppe, where she was undergoing a course of sea-bathing, and she had in her train no fewer than nine actors and actresses of the Gymnase, who occasionally during her stay gave representations in the theatre of the town. The duchess continued her patronage till the year 1828, when the theatre got into disgrace, and she withdrew her protection from it. A piece written by M. Scribe had been produced at it, which, although it had but little plot, had many

speeches and situations in it which told strongly against the reigning dynasty, comparing most unfavourably their method of rule with that of the Empire. The actors and actresses entered with such spirit into their parts that the enthusiasm of the audience was aroused, and they expressed themselves in the matter in such a manner as to necessitate the interference of the police. The name of the Théâtre de Madame was taken from it, and it has since been called by its old one—the Théâtre de Gymnase. A little circumstance indirectly connected with this theatre is worth mentioning, as it forms the subject of our woodcut. Some years since a man established near the entrance a stall for the sale of a sort of cake known as a *galette*, and apparently of a quality superior to the article sold under that name, which is generally insipid in the extreme. By degrees this man acquired

be taken of this lavish expense on one class of amusement by the people of Paris, is the number of persons to whom the theatres give employment. Of box-keepers alone there are no fewer than 400. They employ also 750 clerks of different descriptions, whose aggregate salaries amount to about 30,000*l.* a year. There are 600 dressmakers, carpenters, scene-shifters, property-men, and other subordinates, with yearly wages amounting to 20,000*l.*; 630 musicians' salaries, at about 30,000*l.*; 2043 performers of different grades and description, viz., 1152 men and 891 women. Of this number only 793 are what may be termed actors, the remainder being choristers and *figurantes*. The salaries of the performers amount annually to no less than 140,000*l.* The highest salary paid to performers is 4500*f.* (180*l.*) a month, the lowest 25*f.*

Another use to which the theatres in Paris are put



EATING THE GALETTE.

a reputation which ultimately led, if not to a fortune, at least to an independence. At one time he was so much in favour, that frequently a crowd of purchasers would surround his stall, waiting their turn to be served, scarcely less numerous than those waiting for admission into the theatre. As he increased in wealth, however, he became ambitious. The stall which had served him so well was done away with, and a handsome pastrycook's shop supplies its place.

We have now given a slight sketch of some of the boulevard theatres—certainly of those the most celebrated among them. Space will not allow us to dwell on the others, many of which are magnificent and commodious, and all are well managed. The amount of money spent in them by the population of Paris is almost fabulous, and the returns have quadrupled during the last thirty years. The best view that can

we are happy to say is almost unknown in England—that of giving masked balls in the carnival time. The privilege was at first confined to the opera, but masked balls are now given in almost all the theatres. The opera balls date their origin from 1714, when the manager received permission from the king to give them, in order if possible to re-establish the dilapidated condition of the theatre's finances. So successful were they, and so large a sum did they bring to the treasury, that the Chevalier de Bouillon, who first proposed them, received for the idea a pension of 6000 livres for his life. An ordinance of December 30th, 1715, prohibited any person—of whatever quality or position he might be—from entering the ball without paying, or without a mask, or with arms. From that time till the present this amusement has gone on steadily increasing in favour. They must have been formerly

far less splendid affairs than they are in the present day. Quoting from "Galignani," we find that towards the end of the last century the balls given at the opera were organised nearly on the same plan as they are in the present day, but with much less splendour. It is mentioned by a contemporary, as a matter of astonishment, that at one of the opera balls were to be seen "twenty-two lustres with twenty-two wax candles in each, thirty-two branches with two candles each, and ten girandoles with five; not counting flambeaux, links, and lamps to light the approaches; and sixty musicians—half of the number at each end of the theatre." Each masked ball at the grand opera now occasions an expenditure of 140,000 francs for the 980 persons employed; 1850 wax candles, 210 oil-lamps, 2,600 gas-burners, and other requisites. The public average about 5000 persons, spending on an aggregate about 65,000 francs in masks, dresses, and bouquets, exclusive of what is spent at the restaurant and refreshment rooms.

After the theatres, the intellectual amusement next in vogue with the Parisians are concerts. Unlike London, where the concert season lasts but a few months, they continue in Paris all the year round, and are nearly as well supported in summer as in winter, although the class of music given is, on the whole, of an inferior character. The winter concerts in point of excellence, are unsurpassed in Europe. The best of them are a series of six, given by the *Société des Concerts*, at the Conservatoire de Musique, 2, Rue Berger, which take place once a fortnight. This society holds the same place in the estimation of the Parisians that our Philharmonic Society does in London. Instrumental music is generally performed at their concerts, but vocal pieces and choruses are sometimes given. Like our Philharmonic Society's concerts, classical music is chiefly performed; and the master-pieces of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other eminent composers, are played to perfection. The orchestra of the society is perhaps the finest in Europe; the violins particularly are good. Other excellent concerts, though less celebrated than those of the "Society," are given during the winter, at which all the musical celebrities in Europe are in turn invited to perform. The principal concert-rooms in Paris—for they are very numerous—are those of Hertz, in the Rue de la Victoire; Pleyel's, Rue Rochechouart; Sax's, Rue St. Georges; and Erard's, Rue du Mail. The last—if its performances are not superior to the others—is considered the most magnificent in point of richness of decoration. The Orphéonists, a musical society numbering some 6000 members—a portion of whom visited London about five years since—also occasionally give concerts; but they are certainly not so much to be admired as the generality of the others.

The cafés-concerts, or chantants, are also favourite places of amusement with the Parisian public. At these establishments, as may easily be imagined, the singers are of a very inferior description. The entrance is free, no payment being required, though the visitor is expected to remunerate the managers by the refreshments he orders. There are many of these establishments in Paris, some of them being of a very splendid description, especially one called *El Dorado*, Boulevard de Strasbourg. It supplies refreshments at the usual tariff of prices. It has also a theatre, with a stage and orchestra. Like our Alhambra, the pit and gallery are furnished with tables, at which persons of all descriptions are seated, without distinction. A great difference exists between the Parisian and the London public on this subject. In the latter the customers appear to be principally persons well dressed, it is true, but hardly of the better or higher classes; while the working man contents himself with his public-house. In *El Dorado* and similar establishments in Paris the blouse of the working man is often seen beside the broad-cloth of

the gentleman. All are mixed together without restriction of any kind; yet the most perfect order and good breeding reign throughout the whole assembly. There are several other cafés of the same kind, nearly as elegant as the one we are describing, and all well conducted.

In the summer there are several cafés-concerts in the open air, and these are much frequented. There are three in the Champs Elysées, which have (and justly) acquired great reputation, if not from the intrinsic merits of the music performed in them, from the brilliant appearance they present, and the admirable manner in which they are conducted. It would be difficult to imagine a more pleasing picture than one of these cafés offers when fully lighted up on a fine clear night. The spectators are seated at tables in a garden plentifully decorated with statues, lamps, and flowers, while the performers occupy an elegant orchestra built at one extremity of the enclosure. The singers are principally ladies, handsomely dressed, who, at a distance, create a very pretty effect. Unfortunately their musical abilities are seldom on a par with the splendour of their appearance; strength of voice having apparently been considered in their selection rather than any other qualifications. Nor is that quality an unnecessary one, considering the duties they have to perform. They are not only expected to make their voice reach over the whole garden, but for a considerable distance outside it as well. This necessity is imposed on them by the proprietor of the café, for the double purpose of pleasing his customers and to attract passers-by. But seriously speaking, there is something exceedingly painful in the sight of these poor girls exerting themselves in the manner they do. Wearing low dresses—whatever may be the temperature—and exposed to the night air, frequently brings on diseases of the lungs, which, added to the continual exertion of singing, generally terminates their career in a very few seasons. After a lady has sung she usually leaves the orchestra and collects from the audience any trifling reward they may think fit to bestow upon her, the elegance of her dress contrasting strangely with the act of almost mendicancy she is performing. At first the stranger is somewhat doubtful what amount he should give this well-dressed lady-like applicant. He need be under no difficulty however, for she will gracefully and gratefully thank him for a couple of sous.

As an amusement, neither the theatre nor the concert-room appears to hold so high a place in the estimation of the French—taken as a body—as dancing. The love of this exercise seems born with them; no rank is exempt from it, and the working classes are quite as much addicted to it as the higher. No regiment in the French army is complete without its dancing master, and the private soldier frequently dances much better than the young and dandified lieutenant. Shop-boys, errand-boys, clerks, artisans—in fact all—learn dancing. The women of all classes, especially the working class, take to it spontaneously. Your housemaid, in all probability, never had a lesson in dancing, but she can take her place in a quadrille with perfect ease. With them there is no conventional season for dancing, as with us; winter or summer to them is all the same, only in the latter case it is an open-air amusement instead of an indoor one. In every quarter of Paris there are ball-rooms, which during the winter season are crowded, and in summer they dance in the different establishments in the outskirts. The most attractive of these are two situated in the Champs Elysées—the *Jardin Mabille* and *Château des Fleurs*. It would be difficult to say which is the favourite; certainly the latter has the reputation of being the more respectable of the two. There is something exceedingly pleasing about the *Château des Fleurs*, when on a fine night it is lighted up and

crowded by visitors. Its speciality consists in the immense quantity of flowers it displays, most of them in full bloom and of great beauty; while the lamps and gas-jets placed artistically among them—some held by statues, some rising from vases, some springing from the earth, beside or among the flowers—gives a fairy-like effect to the whole, which is exceedingly pleasing to the eye.

The Jardin Mabille is a circular enclosure, arranged as a garden, with an orchestra in the centre. This garden is as well illuminated as that of the Château des Fleurs, though the lights are arranged in a different manner, while small shady bowers placed around it form convenient places for conversation. There is also an immense covered saloon for the use of the dancers in wet weather. The company is occasionally of a mixed description, but this is the less apparent in consequence of the excellent police regulations. Both the Château des Fleurs and the Jardin Mabille have good restaurants attached to them, where every kind of refreshment may be obtained.

MOTHER BLUE MANTLE AND HER TEN WORKMEN.

THE usual winter evening gatherings had begun at William's Farm. The day's work over, all the family assembled together round the fire, the party often increased by some of the neighbours, for in the solitary valleys of the Vosges, dwellings are rare, and near neighbourhood establishes a sort of relationship.

There, round the fire of fir-cones, intimacies were begun and cemented, and in the pleasures of familiar intercourse hearts were freely opened and a thousand projects formed: they shared in common that inner life, without which outer life is but a shadow, but which is rarely revealed save on such occasions.

Sometimes Cousin Prudence himself joined the party, and then it was a regular holiday at the farm, for he was the cleverest story-teller in the mountain, knowing all the legends of the country. He knew the origin of all the old houses, the history of all the old families, the names of the huge blocks of stone which lay scattered on the heights like pillars or like altars. In short, he was the tradition and science of the country embodied.

Moreover, he was wise! He had learnt to read hearts, and it was rarely he did not discover the sorrow that tormented them. Others knew remedies for the infirmities of the body, he for the infirmities of the soul; and for that reason the popular voice of the neighbourhood had given him the respected name of the "Good Man Prudence."

It was on the first day of the New Year that he had come to spend the evening, and every one welcomed him joyfully. They gave him the best place near the hearth, they gathered in a circle round him, while Farmer William took his pipe and seated himself opposite his visitor.

The Good Man Prudence sought information about everybody and everything. He wanted to know in what fields the different crops were to be sown that year, if the last colt was getting strong, and how the poultry-yard flourished. The farmer's young wife answered all his questions in a listless manner, as if her mind was elsewhere: in truth, the pretty Martha often thought of the large village where she had been brought up. She regretted the dances under the elms, the long walks among the cornfields with her young companions, laughing and plucking wild flowers, the gossip at the bakehouse, and the gatherings round the fountain.

Thus Martha remained often, her arms hanging

down and her head bent, while her spirit travelled back into the past.

This very evening, while the other women worked, the farmer's wife was seated before her motionless spinning-wheel, her distaff filled with flax fastened to her waist, while her fingers idly played with the thread that hung down on her knees.

The Good Man Prudence observed all this out of the corner of his eye, but without making any remark; for he knew that good advice is like the bitter medicine one gives to children—in order to get it taken you must find the right means and the right moment.

Meanwhile the family and the neighbours surrounded him, crying, "A story, a story!"

The peasant smiled, and cast a glance towards Martha, who still continued unoccupied.

"That is to say, that I must pay for my welcome," said he. "Well, it shall be as you wish, my good people. The last time I spoke to you it was about the olden days, when the armies of the pagans ravaged these mountains; that was a man's story. To-day I shall speak (if you do not object) to the women and children. Each one must have his turn. We were then occupied with Cæsar, now we will pass to 'Mother Blue Mantle!'"

Every one burst out laughing at this announcement, and quickly seated themselves, while William refilled his pipe, and Prudence commenced.

"This is no mere nursery tale, and it is as true as if it were printed. The adventure happened to your grandmother Charlotte, whom William can remember, and who was a marvellously notable woman.

"Grandmother Charlotte had been young in her day, which one might have been inclined to believe impossible on looking at her gray locks and hooked nose, always in close conversation with her chin; but those of her own standing said that few women had had a pleasanter face or a brighter disposition when young.

"Unhappily, Charlotte was left alone with her father, at the head of a large farm, with heavier debts than the incomings would cover; so that labour followed labour, till the poor girl, who was not formed for so many cares, fell into despair, and did nothing in seeking to find out how to do all well.

"One day she was seated before the door, her hands under her apron, like a lady who is suffering from chilblains, and she muttered in a low voice—

"'God pardon me! The task I have to do is not fit for a Christian. It is a shame I should be tormented with so many cares at my age. If I were as diligent as the sun, more nimble than water, and more powerful than fire, I should not be strong enough for all the work of the house. Oh! why is good fairy Blue Mantle no longer on earth? Why did they not invite her to be my godmother? If she could hear me, and if she would help me, perhaps we should escape—I from my cares, my father from his difficulties.'

"'Be content, here I am,' said a voice close by; and as Charlotte looked up she saw before her Mother Blue Mantle, looking earnestly at her, while she supported herself on a little holly stick.

"At the first moment the young girl was afraid, for the fairy was dressed in a manner not at all common, at any rate in that country. She was entirely wrapped in the skin of a frog, the head serving her for a hood; and she herself was so old and so ugly and so wrinkled, that if she had had a fortune of a million no one would have married her.

"However, Charlotte recovered herself quickly, and asked the fairy Blue Mantle, in a rather trembling voice, but very civilly, 'If she could do her any service?'

"'It is I who come to place myself at your service,' replied the old woman. 'I heard your complaint, and I have brought you something to help you in your difficulties.'

"Ah! Do you speak seriously, good mother?" cried Charlotte, becoming familiar at once. "Are you going to give me a bit of your wand, with which to render all my work easy?"

"Better than that," answered Mother Blue Mantle. "I bring you ten little workmen, who will perform all you choose to desire them."

"Where are they?" cried the young girl.

"You shall see," was the reply; and the old woman opened her cloak, and out stepped ten dwarfs of different sizes.

"The first two were very short, but thick and robust. 'These two,' said the fairy, 'are the strongest; they will aid you in all your tasks, and will make up in strength what they lack in dexterity. The two who follow them are taller and more clever; they know how to milk, twist the flax from the distaff, and attend to all household work. Their next brothers, whose comparatively large stature you can see, are above all things clever with their needle, as is shown by the little brass thimble which I have given them as their head-dress. Here are two more, less clever, who wear rings for their waistbands, and who can only aid in the general work; the case also with the two last, but whom you must value for their invariable good-will. All ten, I make no doubt, appear to you insignificant; but you shall see them at work, and then you will be able to judge of their powers.'

"Uttering these words, the old woman made a sign, and the ten dwarfs sprang forward. Charlotte saw them successively execute the hardest as well as the most delicate tasks, bend themselves to every circumstance, provide everything, prepare everything. Astonished, she gave a cry of joy, and stretching out her hands towards the fairy, exclaimed—

"Oh, Mother Blue Mantle! lend me these ten brave workers, and I crave nothing more."

"I will do better," replied the fairy. "I will give them to you; only as you could not take them everywhere with you without being accused of sorcery, I will render each one so small that they may hide in each of your ten fingers."

"When this was accomplished Mother Blue Mantle continued: 'Now you know what a treasure you possess; in future all will depend on the use you make of my gift. If you do not make use of your little servants, if you let them become torpid from idleness, you will derive no advantage; but direct them well, and do not allow them to become sleepy, never let your fingers be idle, and the work of which you have hitherto been afraid you will find accomplished as if by enchantment.'

"The fairy spoke the truth, and your grandmother, who followed her advice, managed not only to reform the affairs of the farm, but also to put by a dowry for herself, which enabled her to marry happily, and assisted her in bringing up a family of eight children in comfort and respectability. Since then it is a tradition amongst us that she has transmitted Mother Blue Mantle's ten workmen to all the women of the family, and that we still profit by their industry. Thus it is among us the custom to say, that on the activity of the ten fingers of the mistress of the house depends all the prosperity, the joy, and the good fortune of the family."

In pronouncing these last words, the Good Man Prudence turned towards Martha. The young woman blushed, cast down her eyes, and lowered her distaff. Farmer William and his cousin exchanged glances.

All the party reflected on the story in silence, each one trying to find out the whole meaning, and to apply the lesson to himself. But the farmer's pretty wife had at once understood that the story was specially addressed to her, for cheerfulness once more brightened her face, the spinning-wheel turned rapidly, and the flax disappeared from the distaff as if by magic!

THE CINNAMON PLANT.



The principal cinnamon gardens of Ceylon are in the immediate neighbourhood of Colombo, within little more than half a mile of the fort, occupying a tract of country upwards of ten miles in length. The road, commencing at the west gate of the fort and returning by the south gate, makes a winding circuit of seven miles through the woods, which are diversified with lakes and marshes. The cinnamon trees which cover the level plain allow the views in these delightful gardens to extend as far as Adam's Peak, interspersed with the cotton tree and cocoa-palm, as well as the suria tree, with its tulip-formed blossom of every variety, from the deepest yellow to the pale primrose, changing to bright crimson—this wonderful variety of colour appearing on the same tree. Beautiful flowers line the foot-paths and carriage-drives, while the cinnamon trees completely clothe the face of the plain. Here also the potato plant grows in profusion, and numerous anthills may be seen upwards of six feet in height. Butterflies of the most vivid and brilliant colours, as large as a small bird on the wing, hover over the trees, surpassing in splendour the bloom of the flowers.

The soil of the cinnamon gardens is a loose white sand; localities near the sea are considered to be the most favourable to the growth of cinnamon. The blossom is of a pale-greenish colour, closely resembling mignonette, and the berry is formed like the acorn, and about the size of a small damson, of a deep purple hue. It ripens at the end of autumn, and is gathered by the natives for the purpose of extracting oil from it. The bark of the branches might be mistaken for that of the hazel, so close is the resemblance; and the young leaves are of a deep crimson, changing gradually to green, having three fibres running lengthwise. When chewed they have the taste of cinnamon. It is not true that the cinnamon groves impart a smell to the air, the spice being contained between the outer bark and the wood. In the process of preparing the cinnamon the peelers select such branches as are sufficiently old, and by them off with a large pruning knife, the blade being convex on the one side and concave on the other. The convex side is used in loosening the cinnamon from the branch, when it appears in the form of a tube, open at the one side, into which the smaller tubes are inserted, and afterwards spread out to dry in the sun. When dry it is made into bundles, weighing about thirty pounds each, bound up with split bamboo twigs, and carried to the stores, ready for exportation.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST DOWNWARD STEP.

NOTWITHSTANDING Robert's numerous business avocations, he had still time to attend to his parliamentary duties, and he began to be intensely interested in them. All progressed favourably for the first few weeks, when one morning he received the terrible intelligence that a petition had been lodged against his return on the ground of bribery. Greatly

alarmed, he consulted with Walter Moss what steps he should take in the matter.

"I think you have very little to fear," said Moss, somewhat annoyed, however. "I am sure we managed affairs as carefully as we could. If they prove your election to be void, they might be able to do the same with one half of the members now sitting in the House, who have no better a claim to be there than you have. Who has lodged the petition?"

"Mr. Gordon," replied Robert,

Moss burst out into a loud laugh. "Well," he said, "Gordon must have plenty of assurance, at any rate. Why, nothing could be more impudent or barefaced than the manner he bribed his voters. I really think he might take the beam out of his own eye before he troubled himself about the mote in yours."

"Well, but," said Robert, somewhat impatiently, "the petition is lodged, and I must defend it. What steps ought I to take? I suppose I ought to employ a solicitor and a parliamentary agent. It will be a very expensive affair I am afraid."

"I fear it will," said Moss; "but we are in for it now, and we must make the best of it."

"But what am I to do for money?" said Robert. "As it is, I have not a thousand pounds at my banker's, and I shall want every farthing I can scrape together."

"Well," said Moss, assuming a philosophical tone, "we must hope for the best. We must be clumsy, indeed, if we cannot get out of a worse scrape than this."

A committee of the House was appointed to sit upon the petition, and the case was duly gone into. Witnesses on both sides were brought up from the country, at an enormous expense, which, added to the fees for barristers, parliamentary agents, and other persons employed, made a total of such an amount as almost to drive Robert Evans to despair. As each meeting of the committee took place the evidence against him became stronger, and his case proportionately the weaker. Nor was he able, in the slightest degree, to turn the tables on Mr. Gordon. On the contrary, that gentleman appeared to have conducted his election with consummate ability. As was before stated, he had been well accustomed to electioneering tactics, and his experience had served him well on the present occasion. Of the number of individuals whom his agents had hired to cheer him, as well as to insult or annoy his rival candidate, not one of them was a voter. Nor could the barrister employed to conduct the case for Robert Evans detect, with all his ingenuity, one single instance in which Mr. Gordon had directly or indirectly offered a bribe. Mr. Gordon's system appeared to have been simply to allow Robert to commit himself by the bribes he offered, while his (Gordon's) agents, many of whom, it was suspected, to obtain information, had mixed themselves up with Evans's party, and were loudest in cheering him, were, at the same time, taking notes of every circumstance that could act to his prejudice. The result of the parliamentary investigation was, that Evans, by his agents, had been guilty of bribery, and had, therefore, not been duly elected. Robert Evans's election, therefore, was declared null and void, and Mr. Gordon took the seat in his place.

When the decision of the committee was made public, Robert Evans returned home in a crestfallen condition. He shut himself up in his room and wept like a child, and in vain did Maria try to console him. Nor was he without great cause for his sorrow. Not only were his ambitious hopes destroyed, and he now the ridicule of the many who envied his fortune, but, from the enormous expenses he had been put to for his election, and defending his seat before the parliamentary committee, his pecuniary condition was in a very precarious state. True, he had several contracts on hand, which, in all probability, would turn out lucrative; but still there was the same possibility of mischance arising to them from which no mercantile

operations could be secure. He was fully aware that, after the legal expenses of the parliamentary committee had been paid, the balance at his banker's would be but trifling, if any, and he had now to look before him to see in what way he could obtain the funds to carry on his business. To say the truth, his credit with his bankers and financial agents was somewhat shaken, although to the world at large he still possessed the reputation of being a man of enormous fortune. The heavy expenditure he had been put to in seeking to obtain parliamentary honours, as well as one or two considerable losses he had suffered, had come well under the cognizance of the money-market, and had considerably diminished his influence in it.

For two days Robert kept to his house, receiving only the visits of Walter Moss, who came to consult him on affairs of business. This worthy rallied Evans upon his objection to be seen abroad; and to Robert's remark, that he feared people would ridicule him, Moss said—

"How can you talk such nonsense? Why should you be ridiculed, and by whom?"

"By all those who know the dishonest fool I have made of myself."

"How dishonest, my dear sir?" said Moss. "I know of nothing dishonest in any transaction you have entered into. I should say, on the contrary, you would be difficult, indeed, to find a man more scrupulously just in all his dealings than you have been at least as far as I have had anything to do with them."

"You do not consider the fact of obtaining a seat in parliament, by bribery, to be a dishonest act?" said Robert, somewhat angrily.

"I have too much respect for the House of Commons to entertain such an idea for one moment," replied Moss. "I have too high a respect for human nature to believe the number of honourable gentlemen who have obtained their seats in the same manner that you have obtained yours, would have done so had there been anything dishonourable in the matter. The only difference between you is, that your case has been made public and theirs has been kept a secret. Now let me beg of you to get over the old-fashioned notion you seem to be labouring under, and come with me to the office, for, I assure you, your presence is much wanted there. Things are not going on so smoothly as to allow you the luxury of indulging your sorrow or annoyance in the bosom of your own family."

Robert Evans, if he did not agree with Moss at first, at least saw the necessity of paying immediate attention to his affairs. Without more ado he put on his hat, and accompanied Moss to the office. On entering, to his great annoyance, he found in Mr. Macmurdo, seated in a chair by the fire, reading a newspaper.

As soon as he saw Evans he rose from his chair and, putting out his hand in a friendly manner, advanced to him.

"Well, Evans," he said, "I was very sorry to hear of the decision of the committee. However, it cannot be helped. Better luck another time."

"It has been a sad affair, indeed," said Robert. "The disgrace of it, I assure you, completely overwhelms me."

"Disgrace, my dear fellow?" said Mr. Macmurdo, laughing. "Nonsense! or, if there is any disgrace, it is simply from you, or your agents, having managed

affairs in so clumsy a manner as to allow of your being detected. Disgrace, indeed! Why, if bribery were a disgrace in parliamentary elections, a very large proportion of our honourable members would be degraded indeed. Sometimes I am inclined to believe," he continued, laughing, "that I am the only member in the House who has not bribed directly or indirectly."

"Well," said Robert, "I am glad you look on parliamentary bribery in that light; and you are, at any rate, an honourable man, I know."

"I tell you what it is," said Macmurdo, seriously. "Candidly, I do not like it myself, and, after all, my best consolation is, that if I had been guilty of anything of the kind, I should have been no worse than my neighbours. But now let us talk of other subjects. I am obliged to start off for Vienna again, for things are not going on very smoothly there. How long I may be absent I do not know. Now, I want you to keep an eye upon the works which we have separately undertaken, but in which we are jointly interested. I shall be perfectly satisfied with everything you do, for I have full confidence in your integrity and ability."

"When do you propose starting?" inquired Robert.

"To-night, certainly," replied Macmurdo, "for I have not an hour to lose, and, in fact, I ought not to stop here chatting with you, for I have many things to do before I go. Now good-bye, Evans. Let me know, from time to time, how things are going on."

No sooner had Mr. Macmurdo left the room in which he had been conversing with Robert, than Walter Moss, who had remained in the outer office, entered it.

"Well," he said, "what did Macmurdo say about the decision of the parliamentary committee?"

"His opinion seemed to correspond pretty well with yours," said Robert. "Thanks to you both, I shall not feel the disgrace as much as otherwise I should have done."

"Might I ask if Macmurdo called upon any particular subject?"

"Principally to bid me good-bye, as he starts for Vienna this evening."

"That is, indeed, unfortunate," said Moss, "for I wanted you, if possible, to enter into some arrangement with him about money matters. Shall you see him again?"

"No. He tells me he shall be so much occupied that he shall hardly be able to get through all he has to do before he leaves. Besides, I should have a great repugnance to let Mr. Macmurdo know how inconvenienced I am for money."

"Still somebody must know it," said Moss, "and that very shortly. Next week we have a heavy bill falling due, and by no means sufficient to meet it. Something *must* be done," he continued, so emphatically that Robert took umbrage at the tone his clerk was using towards him. In fact, on several occasions lately, Robert had noticed that Moss's manner had shown far more familiarity than should exist between employer and employed in any well regulated house of business; and he had determined, on the first convenient opportunity, to give him a hint that he desired to be treated with greater respect for the future.

"Mr. Moss," he said to him, colouring slightly, and with some severity in his tone, "if we are to continue friends, it is better that we should understand each other clearly. Your tone, in now addressing me, as well as on other occasions of late, has not been

such as I have a right to expect from a gentleman in my employ, and, if you consider your position worth holding, it must not be repeated."

The changes of expression in Moss's countenance, which took place in the course of a few moments, were very remarkable. At first he seemed to take Robert's remark as a gross affront, and he coloured up deeply, as if determined to resent it. The next moment the expression of anger vanished, and he remained for some time as if in doubt. Then, as if he had come to the conclusion that his appointment was worth keeping, he assumed a look of the deepest humility, and said to Robert, with great respect in his tone—

"I am exceedingly sorry, Mr. Evans, if I have offended you in any way. I assure you such was not my intention. At the same time, I admit it is very possible, in my anxiety for your interest, I may have been induced to speak occasionally with greater familiarity than I ought. I beg you will excuse it, and, I assure you, it shall not occur again."

"I require nothing more," said Robert. "We will not at present speak of money matters," he continued, taking up a newspaper, and seating himself in a chair by the fire, "we will talk them over another time."

Moss bowed respectfully, and, without saying a word, left the room.

As soon as he had closed the door, Robert threw the paper from him, and walked up and down the room in a state of great anxiety. He wished, if possible, to relieve himself of Moss's thralldom, and to obtain the money without his assistance, but how to accomplish this was indeed a terrible problem to solve. After turning the matter over for some minutes, he could find but one way to relieve himself from his anxiety, and that was to ask the trustee to Maria's property if he would advance him a portion of her money on the security of the lease in the house in Harley Street. Finding no other course open to him, he resolved to adopt it, and immediately penned a letter to that effect. In the course of a few days he received, for answer, an unequivocal refusal. The trustee informed him, through the agency of the solicitor, that not one shilling of the trust-money should be touched as long as it was under his care.

What other plan to adopt Robert knew not. To such a state of embarrassment did he arrive when considering the subject, that he was on the point of again seeking advice from Moss, when the idea struck him to ask Mr. Wilkinson whether he could oblige him with the loan of a cheque for five hundred pounds for a fortnight, Robert finding that would be a sufficient sum to last him until he should receive an instalment on the works he had undertaken with Mr. Macmurdo.

The same day that Robert had formed this determination, he presented himself, with great fear and trembling, at Mr. Wilkinson's office. He was received by that gentleman in a most friendly manner, who, as soon as he had heard the object of Robert's visit, took his cheque-book from his desk, and immediately drew out a cheque for the amount.

"Shall I cross it?" he inquired of Robert, after he had signed it.

"Thank you, no. I will take the money as I go home," was Robert's reply.

Evans's reason for not having the cheque crossed arose from a wish that Moss should not be aware from what source he had obtained the money, which would

not have been the case had he passed it regularly through his bankers.

On the day the bill, which Moss had alluded to, became due, he asked Robert if he had made any provision for taking it up.

"Certainly," was Robert's reply. "It will, of course, be paid when presented to the bankers."

Moss looked somewhat surprised at the intelligence, but made no remark.

Evans had now the certainty of receiving a large sum of money for the works in which he and Mr. Macmurdo were interested, before the fortnight should have expired, when he had promised to repay Mr. Wilkinson the amount of his loan; and his mind, for the moment, was comparatively easy. Still, the terrible certainty stared him in the face, that his ready-money capital was not equal to effectually carry on his business. How to raise a sufficient amount had now to be discovered. The only way before him, as Maria's trustee had refused to advance any of her money, was to induce her to mortgage her life interest in it. This, of course, he would have but little difficulty in doing, as Maria would refuse him nothing he asked of her; still he had a great disinclination to make the application. Before doing it, he went minutely over the state of his affairs, and the result clearly proved that he would be able to make, in his business, a far greater interest for the money than she was at the time receiving. When he had fully satisfied himself upon this point, he explained his wishes to Maria, who immediately acceded to them. The affair was then placed, without delay, in the hands of the family solicitor, to raise the money required, in which, of course, as the security was perfect, he experienced no difficulty; and Robert, without breathing one word to Moss as to the manner in which he had obtained it, placed the money at once in the hands of his bankers. The money had hardly been received, when the amount expected from the contract was also paid in; and the next day Evans drew a cheque for Mr. Macmurdo's proportion, which he immediately forwarded to his bankers, and the same night wrote to advise Macmurdo of the payment.

In his letter Robert went somewhat at length in explaining the difficulty he had occasionally been put to for money; but that he was happy to say, that circumstances were then easier with him than they had been for some time past. He concluded by saying that everything was going on in a perfectly satisfactory manner; and that he would advise Macmurdo of every subject of mutual interest between them, that might occur during his absence.

The difference in the behaviour of Walter Moss to his employer, since he found that Robert was able to do without him, was very great. All his old familiarity of manner had now vanished, and nothing could be more respectful than his general tone and bearing. He was now almost fulsomely obsequious, which Robert liked even less than his former familiarity, and resolved, as soon as his affairs were a little more settled, to request his clerk to find some other employment. A circumstance, however, shortly afterwards occurred, which not only caused Robert great anxiety, but which again reduced him to apply to his clerk for advice. A contract Evans had undertaken, totally unconnected with Mr. Macmurdo, had just been completed. He had as yet only received one half of the money for it, and was daily expecting the payment of the remaining half, when he received the disagreeable

intelligence that his debtor had become a bankrupt, and that his estate was not expected to pay a shilling in the pound. On receipt of this information he was greatly tempted to consult Moss on the subject; but he wished to avoid it, if possible, and he resolved to put it off until the next morning, so that he should have leisure to think coolly about it.

When Robert Evans arrived at his office the next day, Moss was not there, so he occupied himself in reading over the letters which had been brought to him by the morning's post. Among them was one, and a very kind one too, from Mr. Macmurdo. In it he warmly thanked Robert for the attention he had paid to his affairs; and said that he hoped shortly to relieve him from more than his own (Robert's) share in it; as he expected in less than a month to be again in England. He further told Robert that he much regretted the inconvenience he had been put to in money matters; but that it was a liability to which all in their way of business were occasionally exposed. He himself, at that time, was much embarrassed for ready cash, or he would willingly have assisted Robert. At the same time, if his name to a bill for a thousand pounds, at three months' date, would be of any use, he had merely to send it to him, and he would accept it.

Robert was much pleased at the kind consideration shown him by Mr. Macmurdo; and he would gladly have availed himself of his offer, in the difficult position of his affairs, but it was useless, inasmuch as it would take nearly a fortnight before he could receive an answer from Mr. Macmurdo, if he sent the bill for his acceptance, whereas the money was required in three days.

Walter Moss now arrived at the office.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with great humility, to Robert, "for being so late, but I have been detained on the road. It will not occur another morning."

"No matter, Moss," said Robert, kindly. "Take your seat; I want to consult you about some matters of importance. You heard of Jones's failure yesterday? A bill for fifteen hundred pounds falls due the day after to-morrow, and I have not the money to meet it. What are we to do?"

Moss looked at him scrutinizingly for a moment, and then said, very calmly—

"It is very difficult for me to advise you on the subject, Mr. Evans. You have lately withdrawn all your confidence from me; and I am totally unaware how your account stands."

"It stands precisely as I tell you," said Robert. "The bill falls due the day after to-morrow, and I have not the money to meet it. The question now is how can it be done; and on that subject I wish to consult you."

"Could not your friend, Mr. Wilkinson, assist you?" said Moss, slowly and pointedly. "They say he is very wealthy, and a very liberal man."

Evans coloured slightly when he heard Moss's remark, for he felt assured that the transaction he had had with Mr. Wilkinson was known to him, although he had particularly wished to keep it a secret.

"For certain reasons," Robert replied, hesitatingly. "I do not wish to speak to Mr. Wilkinson on the subject. Is there any other person you could suggest?"

"No," said Moss, after a moment's hesitation. "I don't know that there is. Do you think any of Mr. Macmurdo's people would lend you the money for—"

short time? He must have left a considerable sum at his banker's for them to draw from."

"Very possibly," said Robert; "but they would hardly consider themselves justified in drawing for anything for which they had not been authorized by their employer. I am sorry Mr. Macmurdo is not in England, as he would have assisted me without hesitation. I have received from him a most friendly letter this morning, in which he tells me, if I wanted money, to draw on him for a thousand pounds, and he would accept the bill."

"How has he worded his letter?" said Moss.

"You can see it if you like," said Evans, passing it over to him.

Moss read the letter carefully; and then, holding it in his hand, looked at Evans in a penetrating manner for some moments, and then said, not as if speaking to his employer, but rather as if thinking aloud—

"I wonder whether the law would consider that as an authority to make use of Macmurdo's signature?"

"I do not think that his agent here," said Robert, "would consider himself justified in doing it. Besides, you see, he could not possibly even entertain the question without my placing the letter in his hands; and it is very likely Macmurdo might object to my doing so, as there is more in it than he might wish to be known by those in his employment."

"Very true," said Moss, slowly and respectfully; "very true. Upon consideration, I do not think that Macmurdo would like his clerks to see the letter; or that any of them could sign the bill without communicating with him on the subject. No, none of them could do it. I hold, that by the manner Macmurdo has worded his letter, you are, in equity, authorized to make use of his signature if you wish it. But I am no authority on matters of the kind."

"I should consider such an act nothing better than a forgery," said Robert.

"It is certainly not an act to be approved of," said Moss. "Still, forgery is a very ugly word. Now, the question comes, what are we to do? Five hundred pounds must be had, and that before the day after to-morrow; otherwise, the bill becoming due will be protested, and your credit suffer immensely by it."

"What would you advise?" inquired Robert.

"I think you had better let me draw out a bill," replied Moss, still holding Mr. Macmurdo's letter in his hand, "for you to sign. I will then take it down to Macmurdo's office, and, without showing them this," he continued, holding up the letter, "I will ask if they have authority to use Macmurdo's signature. If so, I have no doubt they will sign it, especially when I tell them their employer has stated his willingness to do so in a letter this morning. Should they not have the power, of course I must seek for it elsewhere. At any rate, the bill must be accepted by some good name, and then the bank will discount it without hesitation."

"Well, you had better draw it out," said Robert, "and I will sign it."

Moss, without delay, procured a bill-stamp, and drew out the bill, to which Evans affixed his signature. As soon as he returned it to Moss, the latter said, "I will leave you now, and hope to get all satisfactorily arranged before I see you again." So saying, he put on his hat and left the office, taking Macmurdo's letter with him; a fact Robert did not notice until some time after Moss had left him.

Robert Evans remained in the office during the

whole of the day, awaiting his clerk's return; but Moss came not, although it was past nine o'clock before Robert left for his home. His anxiety during the night allowed him to obtain but little rest, for he could not imagine or divine any cause for Moss not returning to the office. Once or twice a vague suspicion of his clerk's integrity crossed his mind, but it vanished almost as soon as formed, and Robert felt annoyed with himself for having even for the moment entertained it. Moss had hitherto shown such perfect honesty in every transaction as to make the idea of his decamping with the money perfectly ridiculous. When Evans rose the next morning the effects of the disturbed night he had passed were perfectly visible in his face. He looked haggard and feverish, causing no little alarm to his wife, who feared something might have happened which had caused him great annoyance. She questioned him upon the subject, but could obtain no satisfactory answer, for Robert was one of those who considered it his duty to conceal, unless under strong necessity, from those he loved any temporary difficulty or trouble he might be in.

After swallowing a hasty breakfast, Robert Evans was preparing to leave the house, when his servant handed him a letter. He recognized, in a moment, Moss's handwriting, and hurriedly tore it open. It contained but a few lines. Moss stated that he had arranged satisfactorily about the bill; also, that before he had returned to the office yesterday, he had received the information that a valued friend was lying at the point of death, and that he considered it his duty to start off immediately to see him. He trusted Mr. Evans would not be inconvenienced by his absence, which would not be more than two days at the longest; and he promised that any business which might accumulate during the time he would soon make up on his return. The receipt of Moss's letter gave great ease to Robert's mind. He was now for the moment secure, as in a few days he hoped to be in possession of sufficient funds to enable him to carry on his business operations without difficulty.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

VI.—A DROP OF DEW.



WHEN substances exposed to the open air become covered with moisture, at a time when no rain or visible wet is falling, the phenomenon is called *dew*. If a glass of cold water be brought into a warm room, the surface of the glass becomes bedewed. In like manner the windows of a room, especially where many persons are collected and lights are burning, become covered with dew, often in such quantity as to run down in streams of water.

So also after sunset, when the sky is clear, the earth cools down more rapidly than the air that rests upon it, and condenses the moisture of the air so as to form dew. If a thermometer be suspended in the air a few feet above the ground under a clear sky by night, it will mark a higher temperature by four, six, or eight degrees, or more, than a thermometer resting on the ground; and what is very remarkable, the difference between the two ther-

mometers will vary with the nature of the surface on which the thermometer is placed. The thermometer resting on long grass will mark a much lower temperature than one placed on garden mould, and this will be much lower than a thermometer placed on gravel; so that at the same moment we may have a copious deposit of dew on grass, where it is most wanted, a smaller deposit on mould, and least of all on the gravel path, where it is but little wanted. Here we have another of those striking instances of design which we have had occasion to point out in other papers.

The formation of dew is intimately connected with the operation of two great natural forces which are in constant activity everywhere around us; namely, the *radiation of heat*, whereby the surface of the earth becomes colder than the surrounding air, and the *condensation of vapour* from the atmosphere by contact with a colder body. Should the temperature of the air be below the freezing point of water, and circumstances be otherwise favourable for the deposition of moisture, *hoar frost* will be formed.

It often happens that after a true theory has been established the incorrect language of an older erroneous theory is retained. This happens in the case of dew. It was formerly supposed that the air dissolved moisture, as water dissolves a salt, sugar, &c. By stirring up the salt or the sugar in water a certain quantity will be dissolved, and when the water will dissolve no more it is said to be saturated. By raising the temperature of the water, we increase, in the majority of cases, its solvent powers, and it again becomes saturated at a higher temperature. By cooling the solution it throws down some of the salt: by reheating it, it takes it up again. Now although the quantity of vapour in the air depends on the temperature, and we speak of the air as being more or less saturated with moisture, yet there is no relation between moisture and the air in the sense that a soluble salt bears to water. Were there no atmosphere, moisture would be formed in greater or less quantities according to the temperature. It would be abundant, highly elastic, and invisible at a high temperature; it would be scanty and have little elasticity at a low temperature. Under any circumstances, whether air be present or not, vapour would be visible only while it was in that state of partial condensation which we recognize as cloud, mist, or fog.

The moisture of the air then, forming as it does an independent atmosphere of itself, can be examined without reference to the other ingredients in the earth's complex gaseous envelope. It is exceedingly sensitive to minute changes in temperature, imparting thereby such wondrous beauty to the sky, softening the air, ministering to the comfort and sustenance of animals and plants, drenching the latter with dew, and thus fulfilling the office of rain, and at lower temperatures covering vegetation with icy feathers of exquisite beauty.

The first thing to be considered in the formation of dew is the source of supply in the invisible vapour of the air. At the freezing point of water the air can contain enough moisture to support two-tenths of an inch of mercury in the barometer. At thirty-nine degrees there can be moisture enough to support about one-fourth of an inch; at fifty-nine degrees half an inch; at seventy-one degrees three quarters of an inch; at eighty degrees one inch, and so on, the quantity depending strictly on the temperature.

The second point to be considered is the mode in which bodies heated by the sun or otherwise cool down when the source of heat is removed. Bodies may cool by *conduction*, as when a warm body, in contact with a colder one, parts with its heat to the colder one without travelling except from particle to particle until the two bodies are of the same temperature; secondly, by

convection, as when a fluid body, such as air or a liquid near a hot body has a few of its particles heated, and these ascend while colder particles take their place to be heated, and in like manner to ascend, which process goes on until equilibrium of temperature between the heated body and the fluid is attained; thirdly, by *radiation*, in which the heated body parts with its heat in radial lines which travel into space with the velocity of light, but if they encounter other bodies capable of reflecting them back the process of radiation may be impeded or arrested. The fire warms our rooms by radiation, the candle gives us heat and light by radiation, our bodies cool by radiation, and this process is perpetually going on among all kinds of matter, radiating heat to each other, and tending to establish that equilibrium of temperature which is never attained. If a heated cannon ball be brought into a room, it will dart its rays in all directions, and raise the temperature of all the objects around it. If a lump of ice be similarly placed the objects in the room will radiate heat to it until it is melted, but in both cases the process is one of interchange. Both the cannon ball and the ice receive heat from the objects in the room, but the one gives out much more and the other much less than it receives. The radiating powers of bodies are however very unequal. If we call the radiating power of long grass 1000, that of hare skin is 1316, raw white wool 1222, raw silk 1107, unwrought white cotton wool 1085, lamp black 961, flannel 871, coloured lamb's wool 832, black lamb's wool 741, snow 657, sheet iron 612, paper 614, slate 573, river sand 454, stone 339, brick 372.

The power of condensing moisture from the air will thus, it is evident, depend on the radiating power of the body in question. Some bodies will cool and contract dew more quickly than others; that is, they will cool down sufficiently to condense moisture from the air in the form of dew. The temperature at which the vapour of the air begins to be condensed is called the *dew-point*. One of the earliest methods of finding the dew-point consisted in pouring water, colder than the atmosphere, or made so by the addition of a little nitre or sulphate of soda into a thin glass tumbler and exposing it to the air. If dew appeared immediately and abundantly on its surface the water was poured into another vessel, and allowed to approach nearer the temperature of the air. It was then poured back into the glass, and if the dew still formed abundantly the water was again poured into another vessel, so as to get warmer, until at length that temperature was obtained at which moisture would just be deposited on the surface of the thin glass, but if the water were one degree higher, moisture would not be condensed. Instruments called *hygrometers* have been contrived for ascertaining the dew-point, while those which merely indicate the presence of moisture, more or less, are termed *hygroscopes*. The twisted fibres of hemp, catgut, &c., are thus used, as they shrink and contract by moisture, and open and get longer in dry weather. A hair, an oat beard, Indian grass, &c., are also used. For accurate observation, as well as convenience, the *wet* and *dry-bulb* thermometers are now chiefly used. Two thermometers are mounted in one frame, the bulb of one of which is covered with cambric, and a thread of cotton is led from this into a reservoir of water, which thus keeps the cambric constantly wet; and as the moisture evaporates it produces a depression of temperature in this thermometer as compared with the other, and as the evaporation and consequent depression is greater in a dry air than in a moist, the difference between the two thermometers is constantly varying. In "Glaisher's Meteorological Tables" factors are given for multiplying the excess of the reading of the dry thermometer over that of the wet, and this gives the excess of the temperature of the air above that of the dew-point.

The difference between the temperature of the dew-point and the temperature of the air indicates the degree of dryness, which in this country seldom reaches thirty degrees; that is, the *depression* of the dew-point is seldom thirty degrees below the temperature of the air; but in some parts of the tropics, as in the Deccan, with the temperature at ninety degrees, the dew-point has been seen as low as twenty-nine degrees, making the depression, or as it is sometimes called, the *degree of dryness*, sixty-one degrees.

We do not in these papers profess to give more than the broad principles of our subject, for these, if well understood, are alone important to the general reader. He can study details when he becomes a practical observer. We may mention, however, a source of error likely to arise from the instrument itself radiating more or less, and thus giving incorrect readings. The thermometers may also be affected by the breath of the observer, or by the lamp which enables him to read their indications.

By proper attention to temperature, and by reference to the tables, we may ascertain the elastic force of vapour in the air, the weight of vapour in a cubic foot, the remaining quantity requisite for complete saturation, the relative degree of humidity, and the weight in grains per cubic foot of air under the varied conditions of heat, moisture, and pressure.

It will be understood then that vapour is always present in the air, and that during a hot summer's day there is a considerable quantity. The heat prevents it from attaining the point of saturation, and no condensation can take place; but as evening approaches the earth's surface cools by radiation, and the air not being able to hold the quantity of vapour that agreed with its higher temperature, attains the point of saturation, then passes beyond it, and a portion of the vapour becomes condensed in the form of dew.

If the sky be clouded over, the force of radiation is suspended, the cooling does not go on, since the clouds reflect back to the earth most of the heat which it radiates. Nor is radiation limited by clouds only. Whatever diminishes the view of the sky from the radiating surface lessens the force of radiation and the deposit of dew. The thinnest cambric handkerchief spread out, and suspended a little above the ground, diminishes radiation, as do more completely trees, houses, and whatever objects interrupt a full view of the sky. Supposing the radiating power of the ground to be equal, more dew will be deposited on a flat open surface than on inclined ground. An elevated open plain will receive more dew than one of the same extent lower down, as the latter commands a less expanse of sky. The valley radiates less than the plain, and less dew is formed where the free view of the sky is broken by walls and hedges. Less dew is formed under the branches of a tree than in the open space beyond; less dew is formed on windy than on calm nights. Dew is even formed in dry weather on grass several hours before sunset, and it continues to form in shaded places after sunrise; but the most favourable time for dew is under a clear nocturnal sky where radiation is unchecked. Of course radiation is going on by day, but then the earth receives more heat from the sun than it parts with, and thus does not cool down.

Dr. Hooker noticed in East Nepal, where the sun in many places does not reach the bottom of the valleys until 10 a.m., and is off again by 3 p.m., that radiation to a clear sky was so powerful that dew frequently formed in the shade throughout the day. So clear was the sky that at night the upper blanket of the bed was coated with moisture from the rapid abstraction of heat by the tarpaulin of the tent, which had become frozen by its own radiation. The tarpaulin radiated to the sky and the bed to the tarpaulin; hence the outer blanket became wet; but this is an extreme case.

OUR VILLAGE CHOIR:

HOW IT WAS KNOCKED TO PIECES AND PUT TOGETHER AGAIN.

WE had a great reputation at Encharldon some thirty years ago. Our village choir of those days was accounted a long way ahead of most of our neighbours'. And really the practising for it, and the writing out of those wonderful old books of music—one or two of them now in our hands—must at least have preserved a good deal of time from more unprofitable misuse. I will not pretend to remember the meridian glory of the old choir; I will only tell one anecdote of that time, and then begin my actual recollections.

A stranger had one Sunday been to the service at Encharldon, and heard the 23rd Psalm, old version, sung to a wonderful tune, which gave *solos* to bass, tenor, alto, and treble, and which seemed to have no chorus at all. When the stranger came out, and his Encharldon friend had duly ascertained his critical opinion of the sermon, he was asked, "And what do you think of our singing?" (N.B. We called it *ours*, as being done for our delectation, not because we joined in it).

The stranger hesitated. "I didn't very much care for that last psalm. A short man tried a bit, and he couldn't do it; and a tall man tried the next bit, and he couldn't do it; and then the red-haired boy tried, and he had to give up; and then a girl tried; and when she couldn't get on any better they began at the short man over again."

"Oh!" replied his friend, "but that's *part singing*; they did that on purpose."

"Ah, yes," said the stranger, much enlightened. "If they hadn't sung all *apart from each other* they must have broke the windows, for they *have got voices*."

The old choir! What a rush of recollections rises up at the word! The old "Nebuchadnezzar band"—the flageolets and clarionets—the bassoons and fiddles. There was one club day in especial, fresh in my memory as though it were yesterday, instead of twenty years ago, when the whole band of brazen instruments increased the din; and when the two immense flags waved, or seemed to wave, in time with the music, as they hung from the singers' gallery; and the well-filled church and the orange and pink rosettes impressed my childish mind with the idea that though Easter and Christmas were all very well in their way, *this* was the really grand day of the church. Then the wonderful selections from the new version with which we used to be treated! How cleverly our stentorian tenor "quelled the wicked throng" that had discovered a fact, or invented a fiction, to the sad discredit of our popular preacher. How he glared upon the accuser as he sang—

Thy wicked tongue doth slanderous tales
Maliciously devise.

How mildly he reminded the squire of certain customary benefactions being overdue, by a glance to the square red-curtained pew, when he gave out—

Happy the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress.

It seemed an ill day to him when our new vicar was announced to be one who would certainly reform the choir. However, he chose two of the grandest anthems in the books, and some of the most wonderful tunes for "appropriate" psalms; and all his fellow singers fully agreed that no man of sense or taste could wish to alter a single thing from the perfect arrangements of that day. Very rueful was he when our vicar, perhaps with a somewhat hasty zeal, told him that he really must take the selection of the psalms into his own hands. It was all he would do at present, the vicar said, but in a few Sundays he hoped to have

some expedient which would enable him to dispense with the flutes and fiddles.

"But, sir," objected the good old singer, "your choosing the tunes for me would be just as bad as if I were to choose the text for your sermon." However, the vicar was firm, and the old choir held an indignation meeting, and agreed, one and all, to give up attending Encharlodon Church and to join a neighbouring choir, whose parson confined himself to his own part of the service. Then came the sad, slow, and tedious beginning of getting up a new choir.

"Let the schoolchildren have lessons," said our vicar; and he sent for A., an excellent organist, but a very little man, with a very little voice. He could undertake the lessons, he could come out to Encharlodon, and he thought it would be more simple for the instrument to be tuned in equal temperament.

"What instrument?" inquired our vicar, in astonishment.

The small man mildly explained that, although his own organ was tuned in unequal temperament, he might dispense with this condition in the instrument that would be used for the lessons.

"But you *won't* have any instrument," said our vicar. "You will sing to them, and so make them sing to you."

"But I don't sing," said A. "And if I did, my voice would be tenor or bass, which I presume you would not wish me to teach them."

"Then, under the circumstances, you could hardly undertake the lessons," replied our vicar.

A. bowed behind his shirt collar, an immense structure, and vanished.

Next B. was sent for, a pompous and portly personage, with voice enough for three and volubility enough for a dozen. He knew what was wanted before our vicar told him. Accordingly he began—

"I wouldn't wish, sir, on any consideration, 'arshly to criticize the indeficiencies of a brother professor, such as John 'Ullah may worthily claim to be called. Only permit me to remark, that if he had had my early training, or if I had had his opportunities, we should both have got on much better than we have. But I myself might not in that case have had the honour and the pleasure of the present interview; which I need scarcely say finds me fully prepared to develope sound, classical, musical tastes in the infant minds of your juvenile choir. I know what infant music is, having been able to play my father's violin before I was big enough to lift it, and having learnt my notes before most children learn their letters. But to pass briefly over my early days, you doubtless remember, sir, Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio* in E?"

"No, I don't," replied our vicar, fast losing his patience; "nor did I want to discuss it now. I wanted you to give the children some singing lessons, that they may lead the psalms in church."

"And I, sir," said B., "should come to the same point almost immediately. But, about Beethoven—"

"No, no, Mr. B. I don't want to know about Beethoven; but what would you charge for the lessons?"

"I trust, sir, that moderation on my part would insure satisfaction on yours, and in regard of that eminent composer—"

"Really, Mr. B., you need not mention him again. I am afraid, too, that as the schoolchildren don't require lectures, but lessons, you would be throwing away your time and theirs by coming here to teach them, if this is what you think would improve them."

But B. had come to talk, and he did talk for twenty minutes more, until the vicar walked away, almost in a rage.

Next day came a triangular note in an angular handwriting, from Miss C., offering her services to instruct the choir. But the vicar had seen enough of

teachers from a distance, and he would have none of them; but held a conference with Whiplad, who was our sexton, schoolmaster, and clerk, and finally agreed that the children should sing to Whiplad's fiddle. O the "tunings up" that we used to get, stealthily done during the prayers! O the wonderful "grace-notes" that came from violin and from children! But we were grand one Sunday. We actually sang the "Kyrie" after the tenth commandment, and the "Gloria" before the Gospel (which the old choir never did, and which kept Whiplad tuning his instrument nearly all the time. However, I do think the children grew more endurable just before old Whiplad died. After his death his successor attempted to lead them with much worse results—sometimes pitching the note too high, sometimes getting into the wrong tune; keeping on, however, with most laudable perseverance, whatever happened. At last the complaints grew too loud to be disregarded any longer, and our worthy vicar invited advice as to what should be done. Some advised a *barrel-organ*, but against them was brought a story of a congregation who, having set their self-acting organ to play (or rather to work), could not stop it, and had to carry it out of church, that it might exhaust its thirty-six airs anywhere out of hearing. "Besides, the organ will be too expensive; get a *pitchpipe*," said another adviser; "or, better still, let some one play a *flute*." This last would have been a very good plan, if only there had been any one who *could* play the flute and who would come. After all, our vicar himself devised the best remedy. "I have been inquiring," said he one Sunday, "about one of those new instruments they call *harmoniums*. I find that we can get one as low as ten guineas, and I think, if we once had it in the church, the playing would easily be managed." So the harmonium was bought, one of Wheatstone's, a little harsh in tone, but a good, durable instrument; very easy to blow (though we did not think so at first), seldom getting out of order, and never out of tune. In very damp weather the notes clung together rather, and produced a "cyphering" in very dry weather the vibration of a leathern flap which went across the square passage conveying the wind upward from the bellows, made a most dreadful roaring. For the cyphering, a little sand-paper rubbed on the side of the note, or a careful straightening of the pins on which it hung, set all right. For the other evil the best cure would have been to take out the square wooden pipe and let the makers remedy it, as it could easily have been sent to them separately. But these difficulties came long after the harmonium was introduced. To go back to its unpacking and first appearance; we were surprised at its smallness, at still more, when in spite of the smallness, its full body of tone was drawn forth by the small organist who was sent for to inspect it, and who could even play it with the expression-stop drawn. The schoolchildren were summoned, but were far too much astonished to sing, especially as the new hymn-books put into their hands greatly puzzled them. They had only learnt Dr. Watts's "Children's Hymns," and the hymns "at the end of the Prayer Book." And it was a little disconcerting when the cat, which lay unnoticed on the rug, awakened by the first tones of the instrument sprang through the window at a bound, with a crash that frightened every one.

There is not space to tell very fully how we have got on better and better ever since; how, in spite of desertions and losses, our numbers have kept up, and our voices have improved on the whole; how we have developed into part-singing, and chanting, and even into some anthems and services; how at length we have bought an organ, and had a village concert, and have gone to a choral festival; and how Encharlodon may once more claim some reputation for church singing among the neighbouring villages.



THE WREATH OF MALLOW.

AN English picture of the fifteenth century: a village green, three-sided; around the green, three rows of uneven cottages; in its midst, a pool where ducks were taking an evening swim; beside the pool, a great shady oak with a seat and a well beneath it. On the rustic seat were two old men, chatting in old cracked voices, and at the well a girl in a red kirtle was drawing water. The sun, beginning to sink, threw flakes of bright rose-colour on the girl's head, the ducks' backs, the shiny side of the oak leaves. At one side of the village rose a soft hill dotted with juniper bushes and fringed atop with oaks and beeches, among which a proud castle hid all but its topmost towers from the lower world. On the other side stood a church on a tree-strewn, grave-sown bank. It was a small church; the chancel walls were new and as yet unfinished; the fresh clean stone wore a rosy flush in the evening sunlight; there was a hum of voices around the building; masons were packing up their tools and leaving work for the night. Presently they came, laughing and chattering, into the village; some came to rest on the seat beneath the oak and hailed the old men—

"Well, gaffer, how goes the world with you?"

One or two began to help the girl with her bucket; a couple, who had walked together talking as far as the well, parted there, and one went straight to a cottage facing the church. At an open window of that

house a poor thin little face was looking out at the sweet country scene; a white face, sadly old, yet sadly young, with hollow thoughtful eyes, and two thin hands to prop it up. When the workman came to that window (which was nothing more than a square hole with shutters) a smile came over his hard countenance as he nodded his head cheerily to the owner of the pale face, who smiled back in his turn very sweetly. Inside the cottage, one could see that this face, which was as delicate as a girl's, belonged to a boy, perhaps fourteen years old, but crooked and stunted in growth, who was half lying, half kneeling on a wooden bench, with both elbows propped on the window-sill. One could see this, indeed, though but faintly, on coming out of the pure outdoor air, for chimneys were as yet only luxuries for monasteries and great men's houses; and the smoke from the cottage fire, over which the mason's wife was cooking the supper in an iron pot, came wreathing and curling about the room, all slow and graceful and grey, before it found its way out at the window, or at the hole in the roof intended for its accommodation. The workman set down his basket of tools with a long breath, which told that he thus laid aside, not only the burden of their weight, but also the burden of his day's labour. Then he came up to the boy, and laid his hand tenderly on the high, deformed shoulder.

"Well Martin," he said. No more, for words were hard things to him; but the boy understood his father,

and put up one hand to clasp the strong rough one which lay on his neck. The two hands made a great contrast, and were a little history in themselves. Father and son looked out together at the green, the pool, the chattering people; but Martin's eyes rested most fondly on the church.

"How happy you must be, father," he said, at last.

The mason gave a loud "ha-ha!"

"Do you hear what the lad says, wife?"

"But are you not very happy?" asked Martin, raising his look wonderingly to his father's face.

"I don't know, boy; one doesn't think of such things as being happy when one has to work for bread."

"But the happiness is that you can do such beautiful work for bread, and serve the Lord, too, at the same time," replied Martin, eagerly.

Here the mother, who had poured from the pot on to a great wooden dish a piece of beef garnished with cabbage, and swimming in the broth which it had been boiled in, came up to her little son, and, saying that supper was ready, took him in her arms as easily as if he had been still a baby, and propped him up on an oaken settle, with a black sheepskin, soft and thick, rolled into a bolster to support him. The father asked a blessing on the food, and then they began to eat.

"A supper fit for a prince," said the mason.

"It is a good piece of meat," answered the wife.

"They have had guests at the castle, and there was much flesh and good white bread also given away at the gates to-day."

"Father," asked Martin, presently, while pecking at his supper as delicately as a bird, with but little appetite for the meal. "Father, did not the master builder come with you to the oak?"

"Yes, boy, he did."

"He was talking to you like a friend, father."

"He talked as pleasant and easy as Richard Long-cheek might have done; he told me all that has to be done in our church."

"Oh father, tell me!" cried Martin, with sparkling eyes.

"Well; when we have finished the chancel, with its fine fretwork and all the difficult tracery in the east window, which the master will have to do himself, there will be fine coloured glass put in, and pictures will be painted on the walls, the miracles of the blessed Saint Silvester."

"Who will paint those, father?"

"Some men are coming across the sea, from the land called Italy, to do them, so the master told me. But the pictures will be a year and more a-painting; we shall have finished our work long before that."

"Have you more than the chancel to build, father?"

"Yes, boy; we have to put up two screens of fine open work, like the great window, at the east end of the south aisle, to make a chapel, where Sir Simon de Harcourt and the dame his wife will be laid when they are dead; and a grand tomb will be raised over them, with their figures carved in stone upon it."

"The Dame Mildred passed through the village to-day, and she smiled kindly on me," said Martin. "She had a queer thing on her head, like the church steeple for shape, made all of fine blue silk, and a veil of lawn hung down her back from the top of it."

"People bring back such follies when they go to London," said the wife. "I like the old ways best; but it is fit for the nobles to have new and fine things, and the Lady Mildred is a good woman."

"Sir Simon is a thrifty man and a generous," added her husband, "to spend his money on the church-building."

"It will cost a great sum, beyond a doubt."

"A great sum! It will cost a good thousand pound, the master tells me."

"A thousand pound!" cried both mother and son;

for a pound was of more value at the close of the fifteenth century than it is now.

"And yet Sir Simon de Harcourt is not so rich as some of his neighbours," added the wife.

"His lands are not broad, but he is none of your rash nobles, like one I have heard tell of, who had fifty suits of golden tissue; and instead of building one of these new-fashioned mansions of wood, all carved and plastered, he is content to live in stone, as his fathers did."

"But if he were to build him a new house, it would be new work for you," said the wife.

"True, wife; but in the end I like better to see those that can living in good stone, as they did in the fair old times, before these luxuries came in of chimneys and soft sleeping."

After a little pause Martin heaved a deep sigh.

"What is it, child?" asked the mother, tenderly.

"Are you in pain?"

"No; but I do so wish I could work in the church like father," he answered, in a low voice.

The mason laughed.

"You'll never do that, boy," he said.

But the mother understood her son better, and laid her hand softly on his thin fingers.

"Now we must show father something; shall we?" she said.

Martin nodded; and going to an oaken locker, he opened it, and brought out a fresh stone crocket of finial, delicately carved in the shape of three young fern fronds; two tightly curled up, and nodding towards each other; the third just opened enough to bend like a graceful feather over its little sisters. The mason took it and turned it over and over, while Martin looked on with anxious eyes and panting breast.

"That's a good bit of work," said the father. "That's the master's doing. Who gave it you?"

Martin's cheeks flushed red with joy, and his eyes gleamed mischievously, but the mother was too good to keep the secret.

"It's our Martin's," she said.

"What do you mean? Who did it?"

"Our Martin himself; he did it."

"Martin! you!" The mason looked with a puzzled air from his son to his wife and back again.

"He has been working day by day when you were out, with his grandfather's old tools which you gave him," said the woman; "but he would not let me speak a word till he had done something fit to show you. Isn't it pretty, now? Look at the leaves, for the world like a bit of fern."

The mason turned the finial over and over between his finger and thumb, muttering an occasional "hum hum!" of admiration and pleasure.

"How did you get the fancy of it, boy?"

"One day when you carried me to the foot of the church bank, and I waited there all the morning, I played with some little ferns, and thought how pretty they would be in stone, and resolved to try if I could not make them."

"Good strokes; fair strokes; hum, hum!" murmured the mason.

Very timidly, Martin edged himself along the seat to his father's elbow, and looking in his face with wistful eagerness, said:

"There is a thing I have so longed to ask of you, father."

"What is it, boy?" asked the mason, still holding the bit of stone in one hand while he laid the other round his son's neck.

"I long so to do some work, if ever so little, in the church. I think I should so dearly like a piece of my own handiwork, that is, a piece of myself, to be always in the dear church long after I am gone where I came to see it."

The workman looked puzzled.

"But building-up is hard to do, child. One must run up ladders and carry mortar, and go from place to place."

"Yes, father, in building, but not in carving. Oh, if you would but show those little ferns to the master, and ask him whether a poor little boy, who longs to do it very much, might carve a wreath in the church! This is what I have thought, father. The heads of the pillars are all rough and plain. Might I not cut a wreath of flowers on one of them? Then I should think that a little bit of me would be there always when the good fathers are preaching about Christ; and it would be a tiny offering, also, and something to show that there was such a boy as Martin once in Awburg village, who did all he could for God."

"Well, lad, it might be, in time," replied the mason. "But you are too weak now; you could not stand to the work. Wait a while till you are stronger, and then I will ask."

Martin fixed two grave eyes on his father.

"Father dear," he said, "I don't think I shall ever be stronger. I don't think I shall ever see the fine pictures in the church. But oh! I do so long to do some little, little work for God before I die. I have heard such beautiful things of heaven and of the Lord Jesus, that I cannot rest nor sleep for longing to leave behind me some sign of my thankfulness."

"Tush, tush, boy!" stammered the mason; but his eyes were red, and the mother wiped hers with her apron.

On the next day the mason spoke to the master builder of the wish of his little son, and at sunset, when work was over, the master came to see Martin. He was dressed in better clothes than the rest, and looked to the boy almost as grand and great a gentleman as Sir Simon himself. He was very kind, and praised Martin's fern leaves highly. He promised to grant him leave, if possible, to do some work in the church, but he must first speak to Sir Simon de Harcourt on the subject. At parting he put his finger under the lad's chin, and turning the pale thin face to him, looked at it with pity.

"You must make haste to get strong," he said, "and then you can come and join my band and be a free mason, going about from place to place to build churches and fine halls."

Martin's eyes glistened at the thought, but he shook his head and answered:

"I thank you, sir, but that will never be."

Two days later the master came again, to tell the boy that his wish might be granted if he could design a wreath fit to adorn the church. The lady Mildred came also, on her palfrey, with her blue steeple towering above her head and the lawn veil floating round her sweet young face. She alighted at the cottage door, and came with a gentle grace towards the hard settle where the boy lay, first courteously greeting his mother. Martin blushed with pride and pleasure to see the lady of the place come walking up to him in that kind, queenly way. She laid her hand on his curls and sat down beside him on the settle.

"So you too wish to make an offering to the Lord," she said, smiling, as sweetly, thought Martin, as angels must smile. He murmured something, he hardly knew what.

"May He bless and accept your work," she continued, reverently. "It is a good thought which He has given you."

"But his father cannot see how he may reach the top of the pillar, which is ten feet high, nor how he may stand there to carve the wreath, when mounted, my lady," said the mother.

Martin looked up eagerly.

"Oh, mother! I can stand," he began.

"I and the master builder will contrive that you shall have your wish," said Dame Mildred; and her

manner gave security to the boy, it said so clearly, "What I will is done."

Now she had willed and the matter was accomplished. In a few days more Martin heard through his father that it had been arranged for him to sit at his work in a chair, which should be slung from the clerestory windows with ropes, and with other ropes fixed firmly to the pillar. All that remained was for him to design a wreath worthy to adorn the church. This took now all his time and thoughts, and morning and evening, as he knelt beside the straw pallet which was his bed, with a wooden bolster for a pillow, he prayed: "O Lord, I pray Thee grant me power to do this little work, to be for ever a sign that Thou hast been so good and loving to me." God answered the child's prayer and gave him strength, in part through the means of the sweet Dame Mildred, who often thought of the lame boy, and sent him dainties from her own table, and even a flock mattress and bolster; luxuries which made his mother say that they were as rich as if they lived in a palace, for no king could lie softer or eat better fare.

People in the village, hearing of Martin's great desire, used to gather and bring to him the largest flowers and brightest leaves they could find, to help him in forming his wreath, but none quite satisfied him. One day, as he sat propped up by his sheepskin, with a heap of leaves spread out upon the table before him, and with an eager yet hopeless look in his eyes, for all these vain efforts were tiring him, and causing him to fear that he could not please the master, a little child, so tiny it could scarcely toddle, came rolling in at the cottage door with its lap full of common mallow, the great red flowers and massy leaves making up a clumsy bunch as the baby held them. She had gathered them for Martin off the church bank, and brought them in the kind wish of her generous little heart to give him pleasure. She held the flowers up to him with some baby prattle, and when he had taken them from her she toddled out again to her mother's cottage. The clusters looked ugly and hopeless enough at first to Martin, but as he placed them idly this way and that, an idea struck him suddenly and his face brightened. When his mother returned with her bucket of water, from a gossip at the well, she found her boy crouching on the floor before the hearthstone, on which, with a cinder, he had drawn a bit of a wreath of mallow, the heavy leaves lapping one over the other, and a flower peeping out here and there.

"What a brave wreath!" cried the mother.

"O mother! if the master builder would but think so!" exclaimed Martin, flushing.

The master builder did think so.

"Why, my boy, you have designed as brave a wreath as I have seen this year," he said. So Martin's cup of joy was full, and in three days more the chair was swung up to the pillar, and the little lame boy, with his wan cheeks and happy eyes, was carried in tenderly by his father and seated in his airy throne. The workmen called it his throne, laughing, and he thought that no king was ever prouder nor happier than he. Before he drew a line upon the stone he sent up again his simple prayer: "Lord, strengthen my weak hands, and accept my work, I pray Thee." The priest came in and blessed him in God's name, and then he felt strong indeed.

So, day by day, the sick boy was carried to his place, and his thin hands, daily growing thinner, wielded the chisel well. The flowers opened, the leaves twined on one another lovingly in graceful clusters as the time went on. He placed the despised weed, which had done its poor best to adorn the graves, where it could be a beauty to the eyes for ever.

"I too am a weed," he thought, sometimes. "It is a great honour for me to be able to add one grace to God's house."

In spite of Lady Mildred's dainties and of his warm soft bed, he grew paler and thinner, and it was seen by all that God would soon take him. As the garland grew its maker faded. The work went on slowly towards the last, for his hands were feeble and he would let no one but himself add a stroke to the wreath. Besides, there were many days on which he could not leave the cottage. At last the other masonry was done; the chancel was roofed and finished, the glass was in the window; the walls, indeed, were as yet unpainted, but that was a work of time. A day was fixed for the reopening of the newly-decorated church. The day came. It was autumn now, and chilly, but people thronged from far and near to see the fair new chancel which Sir Simon de Harcourt had built. The choristers sang their sweet hymn; the early sun gleamed in through the dainty fretwork of the windows; the Lady Mildred and her husband knelt hand in hand beside the chapel where one day their bodies would lie side by side, when their souls were gone to rest; and a boy, with a face which seemed but a shadow of a face, carried in the arms of a strong man, raised two great bright eyes to a wreath of mallow carved upon the capital of a column in the nave, and thought: "Sir Simon and the dame will have their figures on their tombs when they die, and I shall have the little weed for my monument, to hear the sweet hymns, and offer up my soul upon its leaves to the Saviour day by day."

Within fourteen days the Wreath of Mallow was the only visible sign left of little Martin on this earth.

There it twines yet, his monument for ever. The leaves are graceful still and perfect, and the flowers peep out modestly from the foliage. One of the band of free masons carved on two other columns wreaths of leafage—hops on one, and on the other, vine; but there is something of a tender living grace in the mallow garland which the others miss, for a soul and a flickering life were bound up with it.

HELP FOR THE NEGROES.



It is not so easy as people generally suppose to be successful philanthropists. However unselfish the labours of those who systematically set about the promotion of the welfare of others, there are always unfriendly critics to be found who make it their business to excite suspicion, and who are delighted beyond measure if their prophecies of failure happen to be realized. Though this is a matter to regret, it is not very much to be wondered at. Every evil thing done in the world serves the interests or gratifies the prejudices or passions of somebody. Hence even the grossest wrong cannot be attacked with impunity; nor is it always possible to be right even when the best motives make men active in the correction of public abuses. In christianizing the savage, or liberating the slave, the grand final result must always be the great compensating reward in this world, and this can hardly be considered as disappointing, notwithstanding the many blunders and vexations attending the progress of such a work. To pull down wrong, and set up right in its place, requires a sound judgment and a skilful hand. To uproot error, and plant truth in the soil where it flourished, calls for a stubborn and digging of the very toughest kind. Practical men of the world, in too many instances, will stand by the worst forms of injustice so long as they pay, and prop them up by

the strong hand of power or the plausible devices of logic; and when any form of evil-doing is toppled over, these same business men, without loss of time, industriously set about the construction of some new order of things, from which they expect to derive some portion of their old profits.

Jamaica for many years has furnished a wide field in which the philanthropists and practical business men of the world have contended. In the old days when the whites were masters and the blacks slaves, and the production of sugar and rum were the chief aims of life in these distant fields of industry, nobody suspected that anything could be considered wrong so long as the planters' profits were satisfactory. After a time the propriety of such a state of things began to be questioned. Clarkson, Wilberforce, Allen, Stephen Knibb, Macaulay, and others, made sad confusion in the public mind by their earnest and eloquent pleadings on behalf of the negroes. Doubts began to arise as to whether growing sugar under the lash, and forcing extraordinary production through the great profits arising from preferential duties made in favour of the West India planter, was a system which ought to be perpetuated. As far as religion and morality were concerned, the abolitionists had everything their own way. To say that a system of slavery was opposed to the spirit of christianity was to state a self-evident truth. To insist that the conditions of life connected with a system of slave labour were as repugnant to the moral requirements of christianity as to its spiritual dogmas, was a position that needed little argument for its enforcement. But the practical men of the world who had an interest in the then existing state of things had their reply ready. They declined to look at the matter as "theorisers" or "sentimentalists." They insisted that the negro was better as a slave in Jamaica than he had been as a savage in Africa, or than he would be as a free labourer if emancipated. They pointed to rich plantations and swelling exports, and declared that the negro would work only under compulsion; that freedom in his case could only lead to a life of laziness and brute ignorance; that the heat of the climate and natural fertility of the soil would do nearly all he required for the satisfaction of his simple wants, without demanding from him anything beyond the lightest labour; so that, through indolence, he would gradually fall back into his original state of savagery.

Whether for good or evil, the force of conscience carried the day against self-interest. The change thus made led to a thoroughly altered state of things throughout the whole island; but whether the future shall justify or disappoint the fears of the alarmists depends altogether upon what may be done by the negro himself and his friends to fit the new order of things to his daily requirements, counting amongst these provision for his advancement in the scale of civilization. The general notion prior to emancipation was that the liberated slave would become the hired labourer of the planter, but on this head public expectation has been disappointed. One or two circumstances worth noting have given quite a different turn to the current of life in Jamaica. At the time referred to the Jamaica planter had a practical monopoly of British markets for his sugar. The East India grower found it almost impossible to compete with him, being saddled with eight shillings per cwt. duty more than Jamaica sugar paid; whilst foreign grown sugar was excluded from British markets altogether by an extra impost of thirty-nine shillings per cwt. The adoption of a better fiscal system by our statesmen led to an alteration in this state of things. The Jamaica planter ceased to be protected at the expense of the British consumer, and from the moment what was called Jamaica prosperity began to collapse. The men who could grow sugar profitably

when protected by unjust imposts from the rivalry of competitors, found their position altered when these iniquitous imposts were abolished. Deprived of their slaves, upon whose enforced labour they so much relied, and, at the same time, left bare to the attacks of their competitors, they felt themselves to be a persecuted race. A brutal and inhuman system of labour and a fraudulent commercial monopoly crumbled away together under the combined attacks of abolitionists and fiscal reformers; and, as a natural consequence, the planters' prosperity, which rested on this evil foundation, gave way also, and began to disappear.

The ruin that followed is usually but most unfairly charged against the negro. It is stated persistently that his disinclination to work, his settled determination to enjoy the luxury of a lazy life, is the sole cause of the ruin that has fallen on the planting interest in that island. It may be well to remember, however, that other causes were at work—causes with which the negro and his friends had little or nothing to do. The West India interest was under the old system a flourishing interest. Rich planters resided in England whose estates were managed by their younger brothers or poor cousins, to whom they paid high salaries. Their sugar, paying a duty of twenty-four shillings per cwt., as a matter of course carried the market most easily against East India sugar paying thirty-two shillings, and against foreign grown sugar paying sixty-three shillings, and left them profits which necessarily disappeared when sugar duties were equalized, and the British consumer was at liberty to buy in the cheapest market.

Besides which, the negro, being now a paid labourer, performing his work in exchange for daily wages, found that the decaying planter, however anxious to employ him, was either unable or unwilling to pay him in cash; hence there was no course open to him but to go on working on the mere chance of getting his wages, or to withdraw his labour and seek more profitable employment for it elsewhere.

Naturally he chose the latter alternative; and luckily for him at this time estates were going out of cultivation and finding their way into the market at an almost nominal price, and small patches of land such as suited the requirements of the poor cultivators were to be had on the easiest terms. Thus the old slave gradually ceased to be a day-labourer, and became a small planter. His labour was now under his own command, and he employed it in his own fields. The position for him was a decidedly better one than that of slavery, or even that of paid labourer, but it had its difficulties. He was very poor and his wants were pressing. He could live on little, but that little was difficult to obtain. The virtues naturally belonging to a perfectly free condition of life had yet to be cultivated in him, as had also the intelligence that would enable him to fit himself easily to the new condition of existence on which he had entered. The condition of things was completely new to him, and he required kindly instruction and brotherly help to battle with it successfully. These it is to be feared he did not find. It is true that he did labour, and not altogether unsuccessfully, to improve his condition, but his progress was by no means as rapid as it might have been; whilst many questions belonging to the new relationships that had arisen in the island became subjects of bitter dispute, and much heart-burning between the negroes, the whites, and the coloured people. The explosion at Morant Bay, whatever its precise origin, was unmistakably the result of an ill-will and hatred that had rankled in the breast of the negro for years; whilst the punishment it met with at the hands of the whites leaves no doubt that in intensity of hatred and remorselessness of revenge, the European, if not ahead of the African, is certainly not far behind him.

Much of this ill-will, as far as the small negro planter is concerned, may be traced to the difficulties of his new position, and the wrongs, real or imaginary, suffered by him at the hands of the whites. As a producer it is exceedingly difficult for him to find a satisfactory market for his surplus produce. He knows nothing of European markets or of the prices that rule in them, or if he hears of them at all the accounts that reach him are only such as are likely to lead him astray. If he deals with the European merchant, or his agent at his door, it is on such conditions as the man of money and better knowledge can impose upon the ignorant and needy man. And if he carries his few pounds of coffee, cotton, ginger, sugar, or pimento to the largest market, he must travel over bad roads and paths so rugged as to make the disposal of it at any price offered more desirable than returning over the same weary way disappointed and fatigued. Besides, when he has been lucky enough to make a sale, and requires to purchase goods of European manufacture for the use of his family, he has to pay most extravagant prices in consequence of the high profits charged by merchants and shopkeepers, who have in their hands a virtual monopoly of the trade of the island. He bleeds at every pore. As a producer he suffers from a complication of causes, and as a consumer he has no protection against the extortions of traders, who are not subject to that kind of competition which makes a reasonable profit a commercial necessity.

There are no doubt other causes at work for the production of Jamaican discontents. Differences of race and colour, rivalries in the several walks of life, remembrances of wrong done in the past, to say nothing of the opposition of interests so fruitful everywhere, of jealousies and dislikes, will always furnish fruitful fields for the growth of discord and hatred. But the more opportunities for wrong doing are closed up the sooner shall we see such an abatement of ill-will as may allow the life of the island to go on without such horrifying displays of blood-thirstiness as that which under Governor Eyre shocked the consciences of right-thinking men throughout the world.

It is a curious fact, that as soon as the public mind had time to calm down after the terrible suppression of the Jamaica outbreak, one of the first questions the small planters and their friends turned their attention to, was how the interest of the poor producer could be best secured. A few native gentlemen of better position and education than their poor neighbours saw that one of the very first things to be done was to find the negro a better market for his produce; and they decided that this could only be accomplished by some kind of co-operative arrangement, which would enable them to gather in small quantities the produce of the small cultivators, make these up in bulk in the island, and send them to European markets, so that their full natural value, excepting such expense as the arrangement would involve, might reach the pockets of the native growers. Curiously enough, this idea was eagerly adopted by the negroes, and funds were at once raised for the purpose of sending a deputation to England, to ascertain by a comparison of native with British markets, and by such other information as they could get, what chance of success such an enterprise was likely to have if fairly set on foot.

When this deputation arrived in England, the gentlemen who composed it, Messrs. Brydson, Plummer, and Holt, found to their astonishment that an association had been formed in England that had in view objects of an exactly similar description. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless strictly true, that a number of gentlemen here had organized a society for the purpose of raising capital, and buying in Jamaica the ordinary produce of the island, selling it in England, and returning to the owners of the

Speak, playful echo, speak me well,
For thou knowest all our care;
Thou sweet responding sybil tell,
Who works this strange affair?
Echo—A fair.

A fair! No, no, I've felt the pain
That but from love can flow;
And never can my heart again
That magic thralldom know.

Echo—No.

Ah then, if envy's eye has ceas'd
To mar my earthly bliss,
Speak consolation to my breast
If remedy there is.

Echo—There is.

Gay witty spirit of the air,
If such relief be nigh,
At once the secret spell declare
To lull my wasted eye.

Echo—T'—die.

To die! and if it be my lot
It comes in hour of need;
Death wears no terror but in thought,
'Tis innocent in deed.

Echo (surprised)—Indeed!

And so on.

The following song was composed by the famous Munster bard, Shane Clarach Mac Donnell. It is entitled

GRAINNA MAOL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undecked by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's shrine stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude;
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
"From Albion's queen in pity crave;
"E'en name the rank of countess high,
"Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister queen," the fair replied,
"A sovereign and a hero's bride;
"No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
"I'll honour give, but none receive.

"But grant to him whose infant sleep
"Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
"Those gifts which now for Erin's sake
"Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honoured soon the stranger child
With titles brave to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

The "Groves of Blarney" is a well-known song, composed by Milligen about the year 1798, in imitation of the rambling rhymes in use among the peasantry, in which gods, goddesses, kings, and heroes were mixed up in admirable confusion. An additional verse was written by "Father Prout" in honour of the "Blarney Stone," which Milligen forgot in his description of the place.

There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament;
A clean spouter
He'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer
"To be let alone."
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone.

Lover says, in his "Lyrics of Ireland"—"An English friend of mine was much amused by an answer he received from a peasant at Blarney when he inquired what was the particular virtue of the Blarney Stone. 'Sure, it teaches you policy,' said Pat. 'What do you mean by policy?' asked my friend. 'Why, saying one thing and *mayning* another.' This definition I offer as a tribute to the shade of Talleyrand, and make a present of to diplomatists in general."

We give a few verses from a ballad called "The Woman of Three Cows," formerly very popular in Munster, where the phrase has become proverbial, "Easy, oh woman of three cows," when the speaker wishes to lower the pride of some consequential person. It is translated from the Irish by Clarence Mangan, who supposes it to have been written nearly three centuries ago—

O woman of three cows agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle,
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle;
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wrenth from haughty human brows;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good woman of three cows.

See where Monomia's* heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;

If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my woman of three cows?

Four verses follow in the same strain, enumerating dead heroes and chieftains, and then the poem winds up with—

Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because *inagh!*† you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has.

That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows,
But if you're strong, be merciful, great woman of three cows.

SUMMING UP.

Now there you go! you still of course keep up your scornful bearing,

And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my woman of three cows.

Alluding to this song, in his lyrical collection, Lover says, "The most comical piece of pride I ever heard of was that of a Dublin basket-woman. An incensed rival accosted her with, 'Bad luck to your impudence, Moll Doyle! there's no standing the consait o' you since you got that new *sthrap* to your basket.' To which Mrs. Doyle replied, with a disdainful toss of her head, 'More grandeur to me.'"

We shall conclude this paper with two very old songs, of which the music is plaintively sweet. The songs of Moore and Lover are so well known in England that we have omitted inserting any examples from them, preferring to give as specimens of Irish ballads the old songs of the country, mostly translations from the Irish language. The difficulty is to select from so rich a mass of materials those that would best amuse or interest an English reader.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love! still I think I see her once more,
Though alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More.

Her hair glosay black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new,
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen, my Kathleen O'More.

* Munster.

† Forssooth.

She milk'd the dun cow that ne'er offer'd to stir,
For though wicked to others 'twas gentle to her;
So kind was my Kathleen, my own little Kathleen, my Kathleen
O'More.

She sat at her door of a cold afternoon,
To hear the wind whistle and gaze on the moon;
So pensive was Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen, my Kathleen
O'More.

Cold was the night breeze that sighed round her bower,
It chilled my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that hour;
And I lost my sweet Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen, my Kathleen
O'More.

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds her nest;
For she seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen, my
Kathleen O'More.

All who know anything of Ireland have heard of the
banshee, whose cry is said to predict the death of some
one dear to the person who hears it. This is alluded
to in the song of "The Geraldine's Daughter."

Speak low—speak low—the banshee is crying;
Hark! hark to the echo! she's dying! "She's dying!"
What shadow flits dark'ning the face of the water?
'Tis the swan of the lake—'tis the *Geraldine's Daughter*.

Hark! hush! have you heard what the banshee said?
Oh! list to the echo! she's dead! "She's dead!"
No shadow now dims the face of the water;
Gone, gone is the wraith of the *Geraldine's Daughter*.

The step of you train is heavy and slow,
There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of woe;
What melody rolls over mountain and water?
'Tis the funeral chant for the *Geraldine's Daughter*.

The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
Which the wind makes over the sepulchre's stone;
Oh, why did she die? Our hearts' blood had bought her!
Oh, why did she die? the *Geraldine's Daughter*.

The thistle-beard floats, the wild roses wave,
With the blast that sweeps over the newly-made grave,
The stars dimly twinkle, and hoarse falls the water,
While night birds are wailing the *Geraldine's Daughter*."

ON BONNETS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I do and must most seriously protest against the levity of
you gentlemen. Of course I do not mean you, Mr. Editor, you
are different; but as a rule, masculine wit—though for my
part I can't see the wit, and will never acknowledge it to be
masculine—is directed against us poor women; and it seems
to these lords of creation the finest sport in the whole world
to turn us into ridicule.

Let me allude to one subject alone—that of bonnets. My
own dear little beauty of a bonnet, which I gave five-and-thirty
shillings for in Regent Street only last week, has already been
described as an Abernethy biscuit, a table mat, a cheese plate,
a penwiper, and other silly and meaningless epithets, all
founded on the fact that it is not so large as the kitchen coal-
scuttle nor so heavy as the crown of Hungary. I was *jocosely*
told the other day that the last new thing in bonnets was two
receipt stamps fastened under the chin with an india-rubber
band. I received the communication with the silent con-
tempt it deserved. I was talking to Miss Dukpen on this very
matter. She is quite the indigo stocking, you know, but *always*
in the fashion. Three new bonnets—real beauties, has she had
within the last five weeks—one of white tulle trimmed with
marabout feathers, white and blue—one of white silk arranged
in bouillons, ornamented with rouleaux of mauve satin—and a
fanchon of white straw with a bunch of field flowers right on
the top, à la *jardinière*, and not one of them more than barely
covering the top of the head, leaving the chignon quite dis-
played; and you know the rule, Mr. Editor, the smaller the

bonnet the larger the chignon—but I am rambling. I was
going to say that I put it to Miss Dukpen what did she think
of the ridicule made of our bonnets. She laughed, and said
the men had always done it; no matter what the women wore
the men had their laugh, and wise women "never minded."
I said I thought such rudeness was only to be met with in an
age of "knobs."

After this Miss Dukpen—she is rather a bore sometimes, but
a good creature in the main, and dresses *exquisitely*—began to
talk about fashion, and pointed out to me that ridicule has
always followed it. These are her words, as nearly as I can
recollect:

"When our grandmammas wore big bonnets the men ridi-
culed as a matter of course, and averred that they were made
to keep the men at a proper distance: when we take to smaller
ones they nickname them as kiss-me-quicks. When we poor
feeble women began to wear feathers, the satirists dipped their
goose quills in ink that had more gall in it than was at all
necessary to make it mark, and bit off such lines as—

No longer they hunt after ribands and lace—
Undertakers have got in the milliners' place;
With hands sacrilegious they've plundered the dead,
And transferr'd the gay plumes from the hearse to the head.

"If our bonnet crowns were too high to please their whim,
they assailed us through the press and over the pulpit cushion;
and sometimes a cynic, parodying a sermon while he quizzed
the bonnets, would say—

By sins, a man's said to be covered all o'er
With bruises and many a putrified sore;
From the sole of his foot to his crown they aspire,
But the sins of the women rise half a yard higher.

"If you want to know how much abuse a man could put in
paper about a woman's bonnet, read 'Master Stubbs'! Once
upon a time ladies wore steeples hats, with long gauze veils
flowing about them. Even these would not suit the satirists.
They wrote of them:—

Up aloft the fiend may sit,
And his foul Sabbath hold full oft.

"When, for the pretty conceit of the thing, we took to
wearing of little curly horns to our head gear, the outcry was
distracting. One writer says of them, 'What shall we say to
ladies when they come to festivals? They look at each other's
heads, and carry *bosses* like horned beasts; and if any one be
without horns she becomes an object of remark.' Why, it is
plainly told us that a learned prelate preached a sermon
purpose to set the boys shouting 'Beware of the ram,' when-
ever they saw a fashionably attired lady! The fact is, the men
have never been sensible of the absurdity of their own fashions,
but have always upbraided ours; and what may probably be
strange to you is, that the men are all to blame for it."

"Well," I said to her, "after all is said and done, my dear
we must be in the fashion."

"Yes," was her answer; "but who sets the fashion?"

"Why, Madame *Môde*, in Paris, I suppose," said I.

She laughed outright. "Say *monsieur*, my dear," said she
"It is the men who make the fashions for us—it is men who
with pencil and colour, with scissors and thread and needle,
make up our bonnets, contrive our garments, set the fashion
us, and then laugh at us for wearing it!"

"It is impossible!"

"Very likely, but it is true."

And so upon inquiry I found it was. So now we know
to blame for the bonnets!

Yours, always very truly,
JENNIE JONES

P.S. Do you think a crystal or amber bead cordon looks
with a flat crowned straw bonnet? Don't you think a
berry tart would be tasty as a headdress?

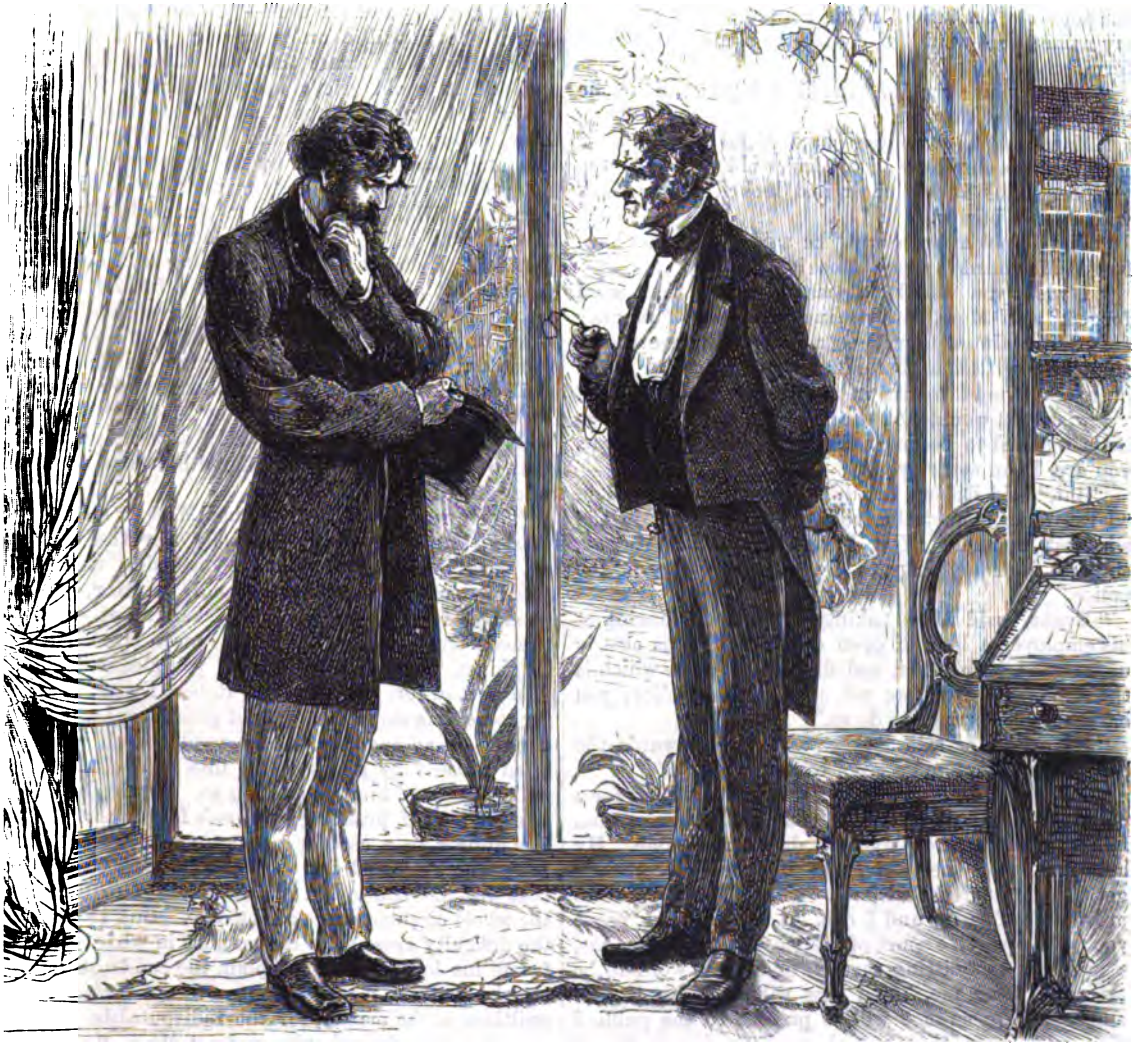
P.P.S. Now I want you to tell me candidly whether
don't think we should look better without any bonnets at all.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECOND DOWNWARD STEP.

THE day after the bill had been presented and paid Walter Moss returned to the office. When he met there was a singular expression of doubt and anxiety on his (Moss's) countenance, as if he had done something contrary to the wishes of his employer, and he dreaded the result. Well, Moss," said Robert when he saw him, holding

out his hand to him in a friendly way, "I am glad to see you back again. I hope your friend is better."

"Thank you," said Moss, "I am happy to say it was a false alarm. When I left him last night he was quite out of danger."

"Now, tell me," said Robert, "how you managed about the bill. Did Macmurdo's people sign it?"

"No," said Moss. "They told me they had no authority."

"Who did accept the bill then?" said Robert.

"I went to several persons," replied Moss, rather evading the question than answering it, "but could get no one who would do it. To Mr. Wilkinson, of course, I did not apply, as you had prohibited it. At last it became so late that the banks were about to close, and so I had no alternative."

"I do not understand you," said Robert. "Who accepted the bill after all?"

"I tell you," said Moss, "I had no alternative, and I accepted the bill myself."

"I am really much obliged to you," said Robert, "for the use of your name. Of course you shall be no loser by it. You have helped me out of a very difficult position, and I am most grateful to you for it."

"I think there is a little mistake," said Moss, with considerable hesitation in his manner. "It was not my name; that would, of course, be a mere matter of form."

"Whose name was it?" inquired Robert, in a tone of the greatest surprise.

"Macmurdo's, of course," said Moss, rapidly, as if glad that his employer should know all.

Robert sank in his chair, and looked at his clerk with intense horror.

"You do not mean to say," he said, "that you have forged Macmurdo's name, Moss?"

"I wish you would not make use of that word forged," said Moss, with an independence of manner amounting almost to rudeness, and which contrasted singularly with the obsequious respect he had lately been accustomed to use in addressing his employer. "I wish you would not use that word, sir; I am as little inclined to become a dishonest man or forger as you are, I can assure you."

"But," said Robert, in a tone of strong indignation, "I refuse to retract the word or its meaning in the slightest manner. You have committed a felony, sir, and it is my duty to give you in charge of the police."

"Evans," said Moss, taking a seat, and glancing at his employer a look of open defiance, "let us clearly understand each other, and find out at once which is the stronger. You dare not send for the police; you have not the courage to do so."

"Have I not?" said Robert, advancing towards the bell. "I will give you a proof to the contrary."

"As you please," said Moss. "Ring, and send for a policeman; but, at the same time, let me warn you, Evans, that you are playing a dangerous game. My head is a better one than yours, and you will certainly get the worst of the dispute. You will endeavour to prove me a forger; and I can, on the contrary, prove you to be one. No court of justice will insist upon me, a prisoner, committing myself, or allow a word to be extracted from me. And how will the case stand? and what appearance will it present to the public? You will show that you have been in straitened circumstances for some time past—a fact which will by no means tend to your credit; you will prove that you wrote to Macmurdo, informing him of your position, and in his answer he told you that he was ready to accept your bill for a thousand pounds; that you had urgent need of the money, and could not wait till the return of a letter from Germany; that a bill for five hundred pounds was accepted by some one making use of Mr. Macmurdo's name. Now, who was the person to be benefited by it? you or your clerk? And who has used the money raised upon the bill?"

Before you ring the bell, Evans, take my advice, and turn those things over in your mind."

Robert quitted the bell handle, and seated himself opposite to the chair Moss occupied.

"Where is Macmurdo's letter?" he said to Moss.

"It is in my possession," said Moss, laughing, "and there it will remain, as it will be a most useful document for me in my defence."

The remarks made by Moss had a singular effect upon Evans. He saw, in a moment, the cunning, dishonest villain he had to deal with, but how to clear himself from his clutches he did not know. He remained for some time silent, with an expression of doubt on his countenance, which was easily detected by Moss.

"Come, come, Evans," said Moss, assuming a patronising, friendly sort of tone—"do not let us quarrel. It will be impolitic on your part, for I know you sufficiently to be aware that you cannot do without me, and it would grieve me exceedingly, for I have really the highest respect and friendship for you. Now, calmly think over the case. What possible advantage had I to gain by the transaction? I am not benefited in the slightest manner by it. Had you signed that bill, I maintain, on the authority of Mr. Macmurdo's letter, you would have been perfectly justified. I, on the contrary, in doing so, had nothing to gain, but all to risk, had my own brains not been strong enough to ward off any threatened danger. Come now, let us be friends; we shall go on very well together. Before Macmurdo's arrival in England we shall be able to take up that bill, and not a word will be known of the matter either by Macmurdo or anybody else. In fact, we shall be in a position to do so next week." So saying, he offered his hand to Evans, who refused to take it.

"Well, well, Evans," continued Moss, "sulk if you please; but, when you think coolly over the matter, I am sure you will come to the conclusion that I have acted towards you in a most friendly manner,—so no good-bye for the present. We shall meet on better terms, I trust, to-morrow. In the mean time," he said, laughing, "send for the police if you please."

Moss now left the office, and Robert Evans remained for some time alone in a state of great perplexity. The danger, or, at any rate, the discredit, which would be upon himself by giving Moss into the hands of the police, deterred him from doing so. Again, he did not like the idea of profiting by Moss's forgery, as it might make him appear, to a certain extent, an accomplice in the act. There seemed but one course open to him: that was to write to Mr. Macmurdo, informing him of the whole circumstances of the case. But then again the difficulty arose as to the manner in which he should frame his letter, so as to explain the conduct of Moss clearly, and yet make it appear that he was himself guiltless in the matter, for the indisputable fact presented itself to him that he, and not Moss, had profited by the transaction. Several times did he commence his letter, and after he had half finished it tear it up; he found it impossible to word it to his satisfaction. Again, it could not be denied that the coward thought of its being possible to take up the bill, and that in a few days destroy all evidence of the transaction presented itself to his mind; but on each occasion he banished the idea as soon as it was formed. He was also frequently interrupted, either by his two junior clerks or visits from other persons, who wanted to talk to him on matters of business. At last he was on his

point of giving orders that no other person should be admitted, so that he might be able to conclude his letter undisturbed, when Mr. Wilkinson entered, and, with a very serious countenance, informed him that he had received information that the affairs of a firm which owed Robert more than three thousand pounds were in a very unsound condition. This intelligence naturally gave Robert great alarm, and he remained talking to Mr. Wilkinson till it was late in the afternoon. When Mr. Wilkinson left him, Robert's mind was in so harassed a condition that he resolved to put off his letter to Mr. Macmurdo until the next day.

He now went home, thoroughly disheartened, so much so, in fact, that both his wife and Mrs. Murphy noticed the expression of anxiety on his countenance. Knowing from experience that an attempt to obtain any explanation would be useless, they confined themselves to efforts to raise his spirits without appearing to know they were depressed. When they had returned to the drawing-room, after dinner, Maria again tried to cheer him, but with no better result than before.

"Come, come, Robert," she said, at last going up to him and kissing his forehead, "with that face of yours you look quite an old man, and your hair gets greyer every day. I shall get quite frightened about you if you continue so low-spirited."

Robert attempted to turn it off with a jest, and the evening passed off in a somewhat more lively manner; still there was no difficulty in perceiving that Robert's mind was bent on other subjects than those they were conversing upon.

The next morning, immediately after Robert had finished his breakfast, he started off to the office with the intention of finishing his letter to Macmurdo before Walter Moss arrived. He was disappointed, however, for he found Moss awaiting him, and wearing an expression of countenance which clearly indicated that he had some unpleasant intelligence to communicate.

"I am sorry to say, sir," he said to Evans, "that I have this morning heard, from indisputable authority, that Bell and Wharton have stopped payment, and they owe us nearly three thousand pounds. I thought those people were as safe as the Bank of England."

"You perfectly frighten me," said Evans. "I heard yesterday from Mr. Wilkinson that they were in difficulties, but I had no idea things were as bad as that. What am I to do?" he continued, in a tone almost of despair. "Money I must have, and immediately, too, for salaries, materials, and wages."

Moss looked at his employer, but maintained a dead silence.

"What am I to do?" said Robert, in an irritated manner to Moss. "Cannot you advise me?"

"I could, sir," said Moss, "but after what occurred between us the other day I am rather chary of offering an opinion."

"Let bygones be bygones," said Robert, impatiently, "and tell me, if you can, what I am now to do."

"The only plan I can think of," said Moss, "is that when you receive next week the instalment of yours and Macmurdo's money, you delay paying his proportion of it into his banker's for a few days. By that time I hope we shall have righted ourselves a little."

"I do not like doing anything of the kind," said Robert, "and yet I do not see any other way. At the same time, I wish I could find some plan to avoid it."

"I really cannot see why you should object to it," said Moss, smiling. "Although there are no articles of partnership drawn up between you and Mr. Macmurdo with respect to these contracts, you are, in fact, really partners in them. Besides, I am certain we shall only require the money for a few days."

"Well," said Robert, "we will put off the consideration of it till I see whether it is not possible to obtain the money from some other source."

To this, of course, Moss could offer no objection, and the conversation terminated. The source to which Robert alluded for obtaining money, in his conversation with Moss, was that of raising a further sum on the life interest of his wife's property. He had already mortgaged it to one-half its value, and he now thought of mortgaging the other half. At the same time, he easily foresaw the difficulty of getting the law proceedings finished by the time he should require the money. He was however determined the delay should not occur from any fault of his own, and he started off immediately to consult his solicitor on the subject. So eager was he about it that he quite forgot Mr. Macmurdo's letter, and left his office without even having commenced it. He found his solicitor at home, who willingly promised to raise the money, telling him that, in less than a fortnight's time, everything would be completed.

"But," said Robert, "I cannot wait so long. I must have the money next week without fail."

"My dear sir," said the solicitor, "I would do anything in my power to oblige you; but to let you have the money by the time you desire is a simple impossibility."

"Why so?" inquired Robert. "You have already gone into the title, and know it to be faultless."

"Very true," replied the solicitor, "and if I personally had to advance the money, the affair would be settled in a very short time. But you must remember I have to apply to a life office for it, and their board will not sit before this day week. The subject will then have to be referred to their solicitor, who will report on it again to his board. Then, in all probability, your wife will have to appear again before their medical officer. No, believe me, if you have it by this day fortnight you may consider yourself particularly fortunate."

Robert saw there was no alternative, and resolved to wait with the best patience he could. In the mean time, there was no way before him but to follow Moss's advice, much as he disliked it.

On Robert's return to his office he again began to think of the letter for Mr. Macmurdo, when a new consideration presented itself to him. The letter would be, in fact, little better than a complaint to Macmurdo of the conduct of Moss in the affair; and how should he explain that, after an action of the kind, he still continued Moss in his service? Again, was he not on the point of following Moss's advice to appropriate for some days to his own use a sum of money which, strictly speaking, he ought immediately to pay into Macmurdo's bankers? All things considered, he thought it would perhaps be more prudent not to write the letter; and he threw the pen aside, proving himself to be, what later became still more apparent, a great moral coward.

The time arrived for Macmurdo's money to be paid, and Robert applied to his own uses the greater portion of it, under the settled conviction that in a

week or ten days' time he should be able to replace the whole; but, however, he was doomed to be disappointed. The application made through his solicitor to the life office, for the further advance on Maria's security, was accepted by them, subject to the approval of their lawyers and medical officer. With the first no objection whatever was made; but a terrible impediment occurred with the latter. Maria had, for the first time since her marriage, given promise of becoming a mother, and at the time the appointment was made for her to meet the physician she was too ill to attend, and an appointment was made for another interview. This, again, Maria was unfortunately unable to attend from the same cause, and the result was the postponement of the affair to some future time. In the meanwhile the affairs of Robert Evans were getting into a most disordered condition. To make matters worse he had received a letter from Mr. Macmurdo, telling him it was very possible he might be in England in a few days, but he could not, with any certainty, state the exact time.

The reading of this letter caused Robert Evans the greatest terror. He now found himself in a maze, from which he could perceive no outlet. Had his accounts been squared with Macmurdo, he would, without hesitation, have asked for his acceptance for a bill of exchange. But, as he had, unauthorized, used a large sum of Macmurdo's money, he dared not ask such a thing, especially as the truth would be discovered as soon as his friend arrived in England. Again, everything seemed to turn out unfortunately with him. Mr. Wilkinson, the only other person to whom he could apply for a loan, was absent on the Continent, nor could his clerks tell where a letter would find him. Robert's reputation as a man of substance was evidently falling daily, nor did there appear the slightest delicacy from those with whom he ordinarily transacted business in allowing their opinion to be known. How to re-establish his credit appeared an insuperable problem to solve. It must also be admitted that the high sense of integrity which he had hitherto displayed now began to falter, and he found himself entertaining ideas which twelve months before would have caused him the greatest horror. The arguments with Moss, as to the equitable partnership which existed between Macmurdo and himself, now came vividly before him, without his entertaining the slightest repugnance to their consideration. He even began to argue whether the offer made in the former letter of Macmurdo, as to his willingness to accept a bill for a thousand pounds, was not, in fact (as Moss had already put it), an indirect authority for him to make use of his signature. For some time he attempted to banish the idea from his mind, but without success; and at last he resolved to sign the bill as soon as he could foresee when the termination of his application to the life office would be finished, as he could then take up the bill a few days afterwards, and nothing would be known of the affair. Driven at last to desperation by the numerous applications which were made to him for money, he drew and signed a bill, and forged across it Macmurdo's acceptance, and immediately afterwards hurried off with it to a bill broker's to obtain the money.

In the interval between forging the bill and the receipt of the money from the life office, Robert Evans's life was one of abject misery. He fancied every person he met seemed to look at him suspiciously.

Moss's presence was a source of intense terror to him. From Moss, of all persons living, he would have kept the transaction secret, nor had he the slightest reason to suspect he was aware of it; though he fancied, in some way or other, he had become cognizant of the whole affair, and that through his studiously obsequious conduct he could occasionally perceive a glance of intense triumph. Not a word was uttered, however, that should give Robert an idea that he had even the least suspicion on the subject.

Maria was now able to have an interview with the physician of the life office, who authorised the completion of the transaction, and a few days afterwards Robert Evans received the money. When once in his possession, he did not delay an instant in taking up the bill, and as soon as he had destroyed it his mind was somewhat more at ease. Two days after he had paid the money into Macmurdo's bankers Macmurdo himself arrived in England. Robert had now to determine in what manner he would meet him; and here his better genius somewhat triumphed. He resolved on candidly informing him that he had used the money for a week or ten days, as he considered he might do so from the kind offer that he (Macmurdo) had made him to accept a bill to the amount of a thousand pounds.

"I would," Robert continued, "have sent you the bill to accept, but finding from your last letter that you had left Vienna, and not knowing where a communication would reach you, I thought you would have had no objection to my making use of the money, which I replaced two or three days since."

Macmurdo, in the kindest manner, told him that it was perfectly welcome to the loan; at the same time he observed it might have caused him some little inconvenience through not knowing it. "However," he continued, "I am very glad it has been of service to you. Now let us talk on other matters. How is Mrs. Evans?"

"I thank you," said Robert, "she is very well."

"I understand from my wife that Mrs. Evans is likely to become a mother. I sincerely trust it will be a son and heir. Remember, if it be, and you cannot do better, you may book me for his godfather."

"You may depend upon it," said Robert, "that I cannot do better, and certainly should not seek further if I could. At the same time, I am very much obliged to you for the offer, and shall hold you to it."

"Let us now talk of business," said Mr. Macmurdo. "I have had the offer of a large railway contract in Ireland. Would you like to take a portion of it?"

"Willingly," said Robert. "I should like, however, to know the particulars before I give a decided answer."

"To tell you the truth," said Macmurdo, "I hardly as yet, know them myself. When I hear more I will inform you; but from all I can gather the affair will be a most lucrative one. If all goes on smoothly, and if I suspect it will yield a little fortune for both."

"But," said Robert, "are we sure of obtaining it? we are willing to undertake it?"

"To a dead certainty," said Macmurdo. "I know all the directors well, and there is no doubt on the subject."

"Well," said Robert. "I shall wait with impatience till I hear some more about it. I suppose it will be a large sum of ready money to commence with, will it not?"

"I am afraid it will," said Mr. Macmurdo; "but I

the money market is easier, it will not take more than you will be able to accomplish."

The conversation Robert had with Mr. Macmurdo interested him greatly. He now fancied he saw the way to redeem his position, if he could only obtain sufficient money to commence with. He did not like to speak on the subject to Moss, for whom he now had an instinctive terror. Nothing would have given Robert greater satisfaction than to have been able to get rid of him; but he had still the fear hanging over him that Moss was aware of the bill transaction, although not a word on the subject had ever been mentioned by either of them. Evans now thought he would speculate in a gold mining company which had just then started, and the profits of which promised to be enormous. True, the shares were at a heavy premium; still that would matter little, as he could make time bargains; and he was assured, by those who were well versed in mining matters, that before the time for payment became due the shares would be double their value. So fully was he assured of the success of the enterprise that he embarked nearly the whole of his ready money in it, and then anxiously waited for the promised rise in the value of the shares.

(To be continued.)

THE SHEFFIELD REIGN OF TERROR.

AFTER all that has been said by the press on the Sheffield outrages, it will be thought that very little remains to be added by writers like ourselves, who necessarily come late into the field. But, as in all similar cases, when the first burst of public indignation has passed away, there is the opportunity for a calm retrospect and deliberate judgment. Time has been allowed for reflection, and the subject may present itself under an aspect which is still worthy of a few moments' consideration.

No good purpose would be served either by recapitulating the facts or by denouncing the wickedness of Broadhead and his associates in these pages. All that has been done by the daily and weekly press. The leading journal has also pointed to the inference, that, as nearly all the crimes have been committed against working men themselves, and not against the masters, it is the men who are under coercion. "The union, it seems, is a burden too great for the men to bear, and nothing but fear will compel them to remain members of it. They must be forced into it by fire and sword." This, however, as other journalists have shown, is only partially true. Working men in general willingly become members of the trades unions to which they belong, and are proud of their successful working. A more intellectual view of the case was taken in a journal which argued that "devotion to a trade union is like devotion to a religion, to a country, to a particular cause. It has terrible dangers, and tends at times to horrible crimes, but it is one manifestation of the social passion, without which no great or good things could be done in the world;" and which explained the bad pre-eminence attained by Sheffield on the ground that the "dry grinders, as they are called, die of consumption at what ought to be the prime of life, and they thus contract something of a soldier's recklessness." Indeed, "that a man who is every moment in danger of losing his eyes or his fingers by an instant's carelessness or by bad luck, and who expects to have his lungs worn into holes by steel filings before he is forty years of age, is naturally disposed to be violent and careless about both life and limb." Besides, the writer went on to argue, "the high price paid for

manual skill in Sheffield makes those who possess it passionately desirous to retain their advantages, and intensely jealous of every contrivance which can possibly reduce their importance." If this were true the consideration is an awful one indeed; as it would tend to show that the very conditions which are held to be necessary to make men happy and peacefully inclined are only so many the more incentives to oppression and violence. It is much more to the purpose when we are told to regard Broadhead in the light of a "secret, irresponsible despot," and when in this character he is denounced as "a sort of vulgar Robespierre or St. Just." There is really something in this which demands our serious consideration.

With regard to the fanatical enthusiasts just named, the comparison is a little unjust; but there is one hero of the Revolution with whose habit of mind the seared conscience and brutal violence of such a man as Broadhead may not unaptly be compared. When Marat made his appearance as a deputy in the hall of the Convention, Vergniaud and Boileau rose to denounce his atrocities; and, in support of their accusations, read from the tribune his demand for 270,000 heads, as a means of appeasing the country. Marat made no attempt to deny that he had made such a demand. He declared "*it was his opinion, after making the most accurate calculation, that about that number of obnoxious persons would have to be destroyed, and he was willing to shed that much of guilty blood, in order to save the innocent.*" So this Broadhead. He had no quarrel with Linley, and did not in the first instance, according to his own account, suggest the crime, but only listened to Crookes's suggestion. He "*turned the matter over in his mind for a long time, and on full consideration felt that for the salvation of the union it was necessary something should be done.*" In this spirit he gave the order, and in this spirit he and others seem to have committed whatever other atrocity the cause, in their opinion, seemed to demand. To make the parallel with Marat complete we have only to suppose, instead of some half-dozen obnoxious individuals at Sheffield, a large number of obnoxious persons scattered over the country; and instead of the union meeting at Mr. Broadhead's public-house, a committee of public safety sitting in one of the committee-rooms in Westminster Palace.

But we English are a law-abiding people. We do not set the house on fire for the purpose of roasting an egg. That is true in the main. But yet there is no doubt that the mental condition of Broadhead was precisely like that of Marat; in other words, Broadhead in a revolutionary epoch, and at the seat of government, would be ready to commit the wholesale atrocities which disgraced France; and, conversely, Marat in the narrow and comparatively obscure circumstances of a Sheffield trade organization would act precisely as Broadhead has done. The difference between the two men is scarcely one of degree. It is simply that one acted on a small stage, the other on a large one. Each found his accomplices and supporters suitable to the occasion. It is not men trained to the exercise of power in civil or military affairs who make the greatest tyrants. The most cruel wrongs and diabolical outrages have been the work of men unused to the lawful exercise of authority, but to whose hands despotic power has been entrusted by those under their influence. The broken-down lawyers and other civilians who figured in the French Revolution proved themselves to be the most atrocious scoundrels of that period; and during the late civil war in America the same experience was repeated. The Sheffield outrages show that human nature is not very different among ourselves, and that we have no less reason to be on our guard against fanatics and men of base ambition than the French or Americans.

We do not believe—with the writer who compares de-

votion to a trade union with devotion to a religion, and who says that it necessarily tends to horrible crimes—that the outrages at Sheffield are explained by any such hypothesis. Fanaticism may sometimes grope in the dark, but it is not always blind. Let us take a hint from Broadhead's observation: "*I wish to God the whole system was swept away, and legal powers given in its stead. It was because we had no legal power we rattened.*" In the opinion of unionists the relations between employers and employed form a proper subject for legislative interference; and because this legislative power is not assumed by the government of the country the men assume it themselves, and even usurp all the functions of a governing power, down to that of capital execution. Here again their action resembles that of the secret committees of revolutionary times, and it forces upon us the consideration with what facility, if ever the trades unions were generally converted into political unions, a reign of terror might be prepared in England.

It is hard to be compelled to think that materials are smouldering in some of the closer quarters of our densely-packed towns, which may possibly burn with fury hereafter, and leave a blackened page in current history. Yet no close observer can doubt that this is true; and the Sheffield reign of terror has proved that there are men base and cruel enough to turn any such opportunity to account for the accomplishment of their own sinister designs. It proved the sagacity of large numbers of the working men of London, when they refused to permit their trade union to be turned from its legitimate object on a recent occasion; and it would be a mistake to argue that they were, on that account, less heartily interested in the measure submitted to parliament. The day that saw the conversion of the trades unions to political purposes would be an evil day for England; and the best means to prevent such a result, and at the same time to prevent such crimes being committed as those which have stamped the name of Broadhead with infamy, would be to give the unions a legal status. To do so would involve a recognition of the principle that a government is something more than a police organisation for the protection of the country and the punishment of crime. It would imply that the great problems of production and distribution may as legitimately engage its attention as the problem of public safety or of individual liberty.

THE SULTANS.

THE presence of the Sultan on the banks of the Seine and the Thames is an event altogether without precedent in the story of his house. Though many of its early members were men of vigorous character and active habits, who travelled far and wide, it was always at the head of armies, with scimitar in hand and horse-tail standards aloft; generally also in the countries lying along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, thence to the basin of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. None of them ever conducted military expeditions into Europe further than the plains of Hungary and the walls of Vienna, from which some of their light cavalry passed on to the gates of Ratisbon. Later representatives of the dynasty, for the space of nearly two centuries, have been a stay-at-home race, confining themselves chiefly to a defensive attitude in war, and rarely stirring beyond the walls of Constantinople in peace, except to visit some favourite kiosk on the Bosphorus, or repair to the inland Valley of Sweet Waters, through which the stream of the old Lycus flows to the head of the Golden Horn, in a canal lined with marble, amid plane-trees and pleasure-grounds. Hence the recent imperial tour of some two thousand miles from the capital, to brilliant Paris and

mighty London—the head-quarters of the ghouls, the very heart of the infidel region—is truly a new thing under the sun; and must have made many a grave Turk look graver, stroke his beard with more of haste than dignity, and give vent to his astonishment with greater emphasis in the oft-repeated ejaculation, *Allah kerim!* "God is great and merciful!"

There was apparently a very serious obstacle to be surmounted before the Moslem chieftain could become a westward-bound traveller, for the letter of the Koran assigns to him every country upon which he plants his foot. Still, upon being appealed to, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who is the highest authority on all doctrinal and juridical points, found a way through the difficulty as cleverly as shrewd lawyers among the unbelievers are said to be able to drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament. Rumour states that a legal fiction was resorted to, in virtue of which the soil of France and England would be considered as belonging to the august visitor during his stay, to be graciously rendered back by him to its former sovereigns upon his departure. So a *fatwa* or written decree was issued which formally authorised the journey. Many thanks for his ingenuity to the official exponent of the faith who at present answers to the style and name of His Highness Sead-eddin. Western Europe is indebted to him for a sight never seen before within its bounds—that of the Grand Seigneur Khan, not as figured in a picture-book, but a potentate all alive, in plumed diamonds, agraffe, red cap and blue tassel, of whose reappearance among us it is hopeless to express the wish—

And when he next does ride abroad
May I be there to see.

The Sheikh-ul-Islam, a functionary commonly appointed for life, girds the sovereign on his accession with the sword of inauguration in the mosque of Eyoub, and represents him in his spiritual capacity as the Successor of the Prophet, the Commander of the Faithful, the Pontiff of Mussulmans, and the Vicar of God. To his decision all doubtful matters are referred as the supreme interpreter of the Koran, and of the laws which are deemed canonical, having been handed down by tradition from its author. Under a due sense of obligation we take leave of this magnate with the usual *Salaam aleikim*, "Peace be unto you!" and wish him a long term of his office, with its salary of 100,000 piastres per month, equal to a good £1000 per annum.

The form of government of which the Sultan is the head has been styled an absolute despotism limited by regicide. But this celebrated definition, due to Chateaubriand, has never been strictly correct; for the supreme temporal power has always been expected to rule in harmony with the laws of Mohammedanism, nor could the most powerful sovereigns in time past have defied them in their public capacity with impunity, if ever so much inclined. Even Mahmoud II. was innovator that he was, gave up his point respecting Frank tutor for his son and heir, upon the princely authority declaring, by a *fatwa*, that a prince destined to continue the line of the caliphs could not lawfully be educated by an unbeliever. But the same monarch, when armed by a decree in his favour, ventured with perfect success upon the most daring deed of an unscrupulous career, turned his artillery upon the Janissaries in the Atmeidan, and massacred the long-established militia of the capital. The present system of government may be described as a despotism founded upon the Koran, subject to the restrictions of recent liberal regulations difficult to apply owing to national prejudices, and further limited by the expression of public opinion among the western nations.

Upon both sultans and subjects of high degree the laws of their religion have sat loosely in private life while strictly attentive to public duties. Soliman the

Magnificent, builder of the Solimanié, the most beautiful mosque in the capital, enjoyed his wine, though a beverage interdicted to the faithful; and also introduced vessels of gold and silver to his table, equally forbidden things, in place of the green porcelain from China used by his predecessors. Abdul Hamid, similarly of free and easy habits, jocosely remarked to some European visitors, that if he were to change his religion it would be to join the Roman Catholic communion, since all the best wines were the produce of their countries. Mahmoud adorned his palaces with paintings and engravings, had his own portrait taken in oil, placed it in the arsenal, and caused it to be lithographed, though all pictures representing the human form or any living creature are prohibited by the Prophet's book. Even the grim Mohammed II., the first Turkish master of Constantinople, yielded to the seductive influence of the Venetian artist, Gentile Bellini, who accompanied an embassy from the republic to his court. He witnessed the countenances of some of his officers rapidly depicted with wonder, not unmixed with awe, as the effect of magic. At last he proposed the production of his own image, but in a manner which seemed to intimate that the task might be beyond the ability of the sketcher. "Hast thou courage," said he, "to take *my* likeness?" Bellini replied, with quiet confidence, that nothing could be more easy; and in a few minutes produced a pen-and-ink drawing of the redoubtable potentate, which is now in the print room of the British Museum.

The highest style of the Sultan is that of Padishah, father of kings, or emperor. His predecessors, when at the height of their power, relying partly upon an actually predominant position, and partly upon having succeeded to certain pretensions proudly claimed by the Greek emperors, refused to acknowledge an imperial dignity apart from themselves. Amurath III., in a treaty with the King of Poland, styled himself "The only monarch of the age of power able to confound the whole world; the shadow of divine clemency and grace; great emperor of many kingdoms, countries, provinces, cities, and towns; lord of Mecca, of the house of the glory of God, of the resplendent city of Medina, and of the most blessed city of Jerusalem; prince of the most fruitful country of Egypt and Yomen." Upon the first Austrian ambassador appearing at the Moslem court, the grand vizier took offence at the Archduke Ferdinand styling himself "most mighty" in his letters; and the unlucky envoy was forthwith thrown into prison. "How dare he apply to himself," said the minister, "an epithet like this in the face of the emperor of the Ottomans, in whose shadow the other Christian kings are accustomed to take refuge?" Political reverses soon enforced the abandonment of this high ground. Achmet I., in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was compelled to recognize an equal in Rudolph II. of Germany, and give him the title of Padishah, the first instance of such a concession being made. Anne of Russia next extorted it, and by force of arms taught her southern neighbour, Mahmoud I., to respect an empress in the czarina. Yet so absurdly tenacious were the Turkish ministers upon the point, that when Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power, assumed the title of emperor, they hesitated to recognize it, as infringing the peculiar rights of their master.

Another designation belongs to the head of Islam, which none need envy, now a dead letter, that of *Unkiar*, the "man-slayer" or "blood-drinker." It was intended to express the unlimited power claimed by all oriental potentates over the lives of their subjects, according to which the Sultan might order fourteen persons daily to be capitally executed, without cause being shown for the use of the sword or the bow-string. This prerogative, if ever exercised, was renounced by the Hatti-sherif of Gulhane, in 1839, a kind of Magna

Charta, which guarantees to all classes the possession of their lives and liberties, unless forfeited by crime duly attested by a legal conviction.

Ministers of state conduct the executive government, and form the cabinet, which retains the name of the *Divan*. The application of this term to the council arose in early times, from the sovereign meeting his officers in a room of the seraglio, simply furnished with a divan or bench along one of the sides, spread with cushions. Public business was then largely transacted at the principal entrance of the imperial residence, the gate, or *porte*; and hence originated the phrase of the Sublime Porte, to indicate the government in general. In this sense the analogous word *court* is in use with the other European nations. The Salic law strictly regulates the succession to the throne. No daughter of the Sultan ever succeeds him, nor can she transmit any right to the supreme power to her male offspring. Neither do the sons succeed if they are of tender age, and there is an elder relative. The sultanas, usually limited to seven, can alone give an heir to the throne, and are not allowed to remarry upon becoming widows. The Validé, or sultan-mother, resides in the palace with him, and is allowed to exercise great maternal authority, which has sometimes been made the engine of political intrigue. In 1863 the old seraglio, an incongruous group of structures, interspersed with courts, fountains, gardens, and shrubberies, directly overlooking the Bosphorus, was almost completely destroyed by fire. But it had long been abandoned by the sovereign as a residence. Both the late Sultans, Mahmoud and Abdul-Medjid, erected palaces for themselves, and in the modern classical style, though not without blendings of oriental features.

In the ordinary course of events, every Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, the inhabitants of the capital have the opportunity of seeing their liege lord. He then attends the noon-tide prayer in one of the imperial mosques, accompanied by the ministers of state and the great officers of the household. This is a public religious duty not to be omitted, except by reason of dangerous illness, to which foreign travel may now be added. Early in the morning the particular mosque to be visited becomes known, and the route is thronged by numbers of the faithful and foreigners in the city. The show by water, amid military music and the fire of artillery, is extremely imposing. At the prow of the state caique sits the sword-bearer, while at the stern, beneath a splendid canopy, is the Commander of the Faithful, with his body-guard behind him. Twenty-six caiques, in picturesque dresses, pull a stroke of thirty seconds' interval with their oars, and the barge proceeds swiftly on the surface of the Golden Horn. Not less striking is the spectacle by land, as the chief and his grantees ride slowly through the streets on richly caparisoned steeds, each led by an attendant, while the multitude express respect by the most perfect silence. Seven mosques are dignified with the title of imperial from being thus visited, of which that of Sultan Achmet may be called the Mohammedan cathedral of Constantinople, as generally resorted to by the court on the great annual festivals.

Little more than five centuries and a half have elapsed since an obscure sheik or emir, Othman by name, laid the foundations of the vast dominion which has been called, after him, the Ottoman empire. The man never trod the soil of Europe or saw the shore. He retained his original character of shepherd, warrior, and freebooter to the end of his days; never renounced the simple manners and hardy habits of pastoral life; and, apart from the territory conquered, he bequeathed nothing of personal property to his son and successor but a sword, a spoon, and a saltcellar, a new turban and an embroidered coat, some red standards, with a stud of horses, herds of cattle, and flocks of excellent

sheep. The sword is still extant, with a few of the standards; and it is a curious circumstance, that down to the present day the sultans have possessed flocks pasturing on the Bithynian hills, the seat of their ancestor, derived, without mixture, from his stock. It was in 1354, just before the fight of Poitiers was fought, that his youthful grandson, at the head of a small band of followers, stole across the Hellespont by night, and took permanent possession of a European site. In memory of the landing, a rocky strand or mole still bears the name of the Victor's Harbour. This is near Gallipoli, where the British and French troops first encamped on Turkish ground during the recent war with Russia. A century later the invaders assailed Constantinople under the father of conquest, Mohammed II.; and on the 29th of May, 1453, to use the words of Von Hammer, "The city of seven names, seven hills, and seven towers, was taken from the seventh of the Palæologi by the seventh sultan of the Ottomans."

His Imperial Majesty, our late visitor, whose appearance, movements, and manners the newspaper press has duly chronicled, is the thirty-second sovereign of the house of Othman, and the twenty-sixth after the sallow-faced, square-built conqueror of the capital of eastern Christendom. Born in the year 1830, and called to the throne in 1861, Abdul-Aziz is now in the prime of manhood, and has conducted himself wisely in affairs of home administration and foreign policy during his short term of power. His visit to the western capitals is the boldest step ever taken by one of his race, considering the prejudices of his people and the dogmas of his creed, and the spectacle of western civilization will probably be turned to good account; though it is not to be desired that the return of the Turks of Europe to their brethren in Asia—a seemingly inevitable event—should be delayed a moment beyond the period of its accomplishment in the most pacific way.

VILLAGE CLUB-WALKING.

THE club-walking is the great day of the year in the annals of many an English village. Whit-Monday is often the day selected for the annual festival, its celebration at that season being the modern method of representing the Pentecostal love-feasts of the early Christians, which, in Edward I.'s day, were supplanted by the miracle-plays or mysteries, which, in their turn, had to give place to the morris-dancers and the Whitsun-ales of Shakspeare's time. But the club-walking season may be reckoned as lasting all through the summer; and, in a country paper of the date of last June 29th, we not only read of two or three such festal anniversaries, but even of the annual gathering in that week of a lodge composed solely of the better half of creation, who were called by the pastoral title of "The Ancient Shepherdesses." The adjective in this title refers, we presume, to the age of the lodge and not of its members, whose beverage at their annual feast was (as a matter of course) derived from "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," to use an oft and misquoted phrase. But the members of the lodge who are depicted in our illustration are all of the male sex; and if no one of them can aspire to the romantic character of a shepherdess—an extinct race, now to be seen only on china and canvas—yet more than one of them is a veritable shepherd. Let us, from our personal knowledge, briefly describe the club-walking and club-feast of an English village, as they may be witnessed at the present day.

Of course the club is a "sick club," as it is commonly called; that is, it is a benefit society that makes a special provision for its members in their time of sick-

ness, and also for their decent funeral when they die. It is called by some such distinctive name as that of "The Good Samaritan Lodge;" and it possesses a banner in which the leading incident of the parable is vividly painted by the local Dick Tinto. This banner, which usually graces the wall of the club-room (at the public-house) on the nights when "the lodge" is held, is borne aloft at the head of the procession on the state occasion of the club walking to church, when it is carried by two of the members in such a way that it stretches its width across the road. The banner is followed by a still greater attraction—a real band of music, the performers in which, although limited in numbers, are unlimited in their command of wind and production of noise. They are very far from having attained perfection in their art, and their leader is not unlike the one mentioned by "Paul Pry" Poole, who kept a note in advance of the rest merely to show that he was the leader; but, inasmuch as they strongly evidence the power of sound, and the drummer liberally thumps his parchment at every note of the popular and inspiring melodies, they wondrously excite the rural population, both young and old, to whom a band of music is a rare treat. Behind the demonstrative drummer walks the president, or "father of the club," as he is termed, followed by his adopted children, the members of the club, who walk two-and-two, carrying wands tipped with gay ribbons and flowers, and garnished, as to their coat button-holes, with similar evidences of festal bravery. Quitting the village inn, where the dinner is to be held, the club walks round the "town" in procession; and then, as the hour for divine service draws near, marches up to the church.

There, on the steps, under the old moss-covered and lichen-hued lych-gate, is the parish-clerk, wand in hand and a bow of ribbons in his button-hole; and with him are some of the smock-frocked patriarchs of the place, who are too infirm and rheumatic to join the club-walking, but wait at the church gate to take their place in the ranks. All the babies of the village, either from choice or necessity, are brought there by their mothers and elder sisters to see the unwonted sight, and the village children swarm on all the "coigns of vantage,"—on the wall of the churchyard, its tombstones and shattered cross, and on the horse-block which, in some sequestered spots, still keeps its place outside the gate, and tells of the old-fashioned days when the farmer and his wife, and even the squire and his lady, were wont to ride to church on pillion, after the comfortable pattern of Darby and Joan. The six bells in the old grey tower of the church ring out as the procession draws near, heralded by its own brass music. The bearers of the Good Samaritan banner lower it under the lych-gate and lay its silken tapestry against the church tower, over the entrance porch. The band files off to the side of the road, and suddenly changes the quick measure of their popular air to the soberer strains of "God save the Queen" or "the Old Hundredth." The clerk receives the father of the club, and the members follow in their wake, and pass by twos, into the church, like Noah and his family entering into the ark. Then follows the service and the hearty congregational singing, and the rector's kindly sermon on brotherly love, temperance, and charity.

The service over, all return in procession to the inn, headed by the banner and the band. Then, after a brief pause, to sharpen the appetite, comes the crowning event of the day, the club-feast. The rector takes the chair, supported on either side by the surgeon and the father of the club. The table is laden with steaming joints of roast and boiled, with beef-steak pies, heaped-up dishes of vegetables, loaves of bread, lumps of cheese, strong-smelling onions, and cans and jugs of beer. If everything is rough, it is also ready; if the fare is plain, it is in the main wholesome, and is un-



doubtedly substantial; while to many the mere sight and aroma of the dishes is almost as good as a meal. When the members of the club have struggled to their places, and have bestriden the forms on which they are to sit, the father of the club sharply raps the table with a carving-knife, and calls out, "You bin all to stan' oop. T' rector 'll ask a blessin'." So they all rise while the rector says grace. Then they sit down, pleased and expectant, as the rector heads the storming party—which is no forlorn hope, though—and gives the signal for attack by plunging his knife into the huge steaming joint of meat before him. The other joints down the table are also set upon by willing hands, and speedily cut up and distributed in massy platefuls that would only ruin the appetites of some dainty folks, but which seem to be only gastronomic incentives to poor Hodge, who rarely sets eyes on a cooked joint on which he has an unlimited run, and to which he can return for "jest another plateful, Master Brown, if ye please," with a pertinacity that is slow to confess defeat, exhaustion, or repletion. Yet it must come at last. Sooner or later there must be an end even to a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, so once again all stand up while the rector says grace.

Then the mugs of beer are freshly filled, as the rector rises to propose the toast of "The Queen," and tells them how good and worthy a woman her Majesty is in all the relations of life, and what a blessing it is to a country to be ruled over by such a sovereign. Then the band, which is stationed at the lower end of the room, plays the National Anthem in an ear-splitting style, that is most acceptable to the members of the Good Samaritan Club, and to which the rector listens resignedly, well knowing, from annual experience, that he will carry home with him a wretched headache from out of the fumes and noises of the low, crowded room. For at this juncture, according to custom, long clay pipes are introduced, lighted, and vigorously puffed; while the secretary reads the annual statement of the financial doings of the Good Samaritans during the past twelve months. He concludes by the usual present to the rector of a half-sovereign in return for his sermon; but as the reverend gentleman is expected to return it as a donation to the club, he is none the richer for the gift. Next the rector proposes the health of the father of the club, who returns thanks by saying, that as he is no speaker he will sing them a song; which he does, and it proves to be almost as long and ancient as "Chevy Chase," but it is supplied with a good chorus, and is therefore well received. Then the father of the club calls upon them to drink the health of their surgeon; who responds, and deeply regrets that an important professional engagement had prevented him from attending church and hearing the very excellent sermon which, he understood, had been delivered to them by their worthy rector, whose esteemed health he begs to propose.

This brings the rector to his legs again, to say a word of thanks; and, being upon his legs, and by this time half stifled with smoke, he takes the opportunity to quit the chair and the room, followed by the surgeon, who is unavoidably prevented by another professional engagement from staying any longer with the members of the Good Samaritan Club, who are thereupon left to themselves to finish the evening after their own fashion, and to bring to an end their annual club-feast.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

WHAT if a body might have all the pleasures in the world for asking? Who would so unman himself as, by accepting them, to desert his soul, and become a perpetual slave to his senses?—*Sensica*.

A LOVE STORY.

BY GEORGINA M. CRAIK.

I.



OW hush, my dearie; hush, there's a man! Your mother is a poor creature, but she can take care of her little lad yet, and she will. It will never be *she* that will sit by and see him thrashed—not for all the Langtons and all the book learning in England!"

The speaker sat in her cottage kitchen, in an armchair by the fire-side, plaiting straw; a feeble, sickly-looking woman, with a querulous face. She had fretted herself into ill health two years ago when her husband died, John Morton, the Brent fisherman, who had lost his life one wild night coming home round the headland with his laden boat; and she was never likely, with her indolent and repining nature, to be anything but an invalid now for the rest of her days.

On a stool at her feet sat the boy whose unmerited whipping she bewailed—a small child, disfigured by abundant weeping. The room had also one other occupant, a dark-eyed girl of nineteen or twenty, who sat in the window sewing.

She sat sewing, but she let her work drop down upon her knees as Mrs. Morton spoke, and raised a face that was full of a strange kind of pain.

"Mother," she said, in a low intense tone, "I could not help it."

"You didn't try to help it," Mrs. Morton retorted quickly. "You wouldn't care if Langton broke every bone in his body—as he nearly *has* done—bad luck to his ugly face," she cried, bitterly.

"Mother, hush!"

As Mrs. Morton spoke those last words the girl's eyes had flashed, and her fingers had contracted almost convulsively.

And yet few others—men or women—in the parish would have been much concerned at a far greater amount of vituperation passed upon Philip Langton, few who had had any dealings with him would have been disposed to stand up very warmly in his defence. He was not a popular man in Brent.

He had come to the place a year ago to be master of the village school—the rector's school, as it was called. High testimonials had procured him the appointment, nor indeed were his abilities ever questioned; they were all that could be desired, and more than were needed for the post. He was found, however, to be violent-tempered, haughty, reserved, independent, and he soon got an ill name alike with rector and scholars.

He had been born and brought up as a gentleman. His father and mother had died when he was a child; at eighteen he had quarrelled with the uncle under whose guardianship he had been brought up, and utterly without resources of his own had left his house, and from that time to this his life had been a restless battle and struggle. He was clever, ambitious, determined—and friendless. In twelve years, spite of his talents, he had risen to no higher post than this humble one of village schoolmaster.

In the same school at Brent, three months after the arrival of Mr. Langton, Margaret Morton had been appointed mistress. She was young to hold such a post, but since her father's death the support both of her mother and brother had fallen almost entirely upon her; and this circumstance, when the place became vacant last winter, had given her, in the estimation of the kindhearted rector, a strong claim to the appointment. She had besides been mistress

in the school for some years; she was a good girl, too, and clever; the rector liked her, and before she had occupied her new post for a month it became clear that the whole school was of one feeling with him.

I say she was clever. In a very short time Philip Langton discovered that. Presently, moved, I suppose, by some feeling of kindness, he offered, if she cared for it, to help her to advance her studies. Perhaps she too had some ambition, some desire to be at a future time more than a village school teacher. Be that as it may she accepted his offer, and she had now been his pupil for six months. He had found her quick, earnest, and trusting; repaying that trust, he had made himself to her patient, unwearied, and gentle. Master and pupil suited each other.

It was evening, seven o'clock on a June day. The school had long been cleared of its throng of children; books and slates were put away into their places; the brick floor was clean swept. At the girls' room the door was locked, but the boys' room was still open, and alone at the master's desk stood Mr. Langton, a thin, slight man, with a dark, resolute face, by no means prepossessing or handsome.

He used to give Margaret her lesson usually about this hour, and he was waiting for her now. To-day, however, he had to wait a quarter of an hour or more before she came. When she did come at last he was writing, and only raised his head for a moment as he heard her step.

"You are late," was all he said.

"Yes; I was detained a little while at home."

She had brought out her books and arranged them before he moved from his desk. Coming at length in silence, he drew a seat beside her, and took the open book out of her hands.

"What have you prepared?"

"Those two pages."

He began to question her upon them forthwith. She could usually answer what he asked her readily; to-day, however, her thoughts were evidently wandering. He tried more than once to fix her attention, but still, in spite of that, the lesson was ill said.

He put down the book at last.

"You are not well to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I am well," she said, quickly.

"What are you thinking of, then? Not of your lesson?"

"No." She hesitated a moment.

"Tell me."

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Langton," she said, suddenly. "You were very angry with my brother this morning."

"Well?"

"You hurt him very much."

"I meant to hurt him."

"He is very young."

"Young or old, he did *wrong*."

There was a pause. Mr. Langton sat forward, leaning his dark face on his hand.

"Well?" he said again.

Her eyes had fallen. When he questioned her they looked back to his face; she began to speak again, and gradually as she spoke her cheek flushed hot and bright.

"Could you not be a little gentler with them—a little less angry with them when they do wrong? I know that they must be punished; I know that Tom deserved to be punished to-day; but—if you could be a little gentler! When you are angry every one misunderstands you. Oh, Mr. Langton!" she cried, "you do not know half of what is said against you!"

The tears had sprung up into her eyes; her earnest distress had filled her face with a look almost of passion.

"I cannot attend to all the fools' tongues in Brent," was his scornful answer. "Stand you by me, and they may talk as they please."

"But could you not bear a little with them?" she

pleaded timidly. "Mr. Langton, you must not think that they can do you no harm. They *can* harm you: they send every complaint they have against you to the rectory. They are saying already"—the poor girl's voice almost broke down—"they are saying already that you will not be much longer here."

"Ay? are they saying that?" and he laughed.

She gave him one sad look, and then dropped her head, and spoke no more. Her clasped hands lay on her lap; presently as she sat large tears fell down and wet them. She never moved: he also sat motionless. She thought he did not know she was weeping, but she was wrong there; he was conscious of every tear she shed.

Quietly watching her, he let the silence last for several minutes; then bending to her at last, he said these words—

"If it comes to that—if I am not to be here much longer—Margaret, will you let me leave Brent as poor as when I came?"

She started as he spoke, but she neither replied to him nor raised her head. He did not withdraw his look from her: after a few moments he spoke again.

"I have loved no woman before. You are my first love, Margaret. Will you be my wife?"

She answered him then.

"What am I that you should ask me this?" she said, in an agitated voice. "I am nothing but a poor, ignorant girl. Oh, no—no—no!" she cried. "Your wife must not be one like me!"

"Margaret!" he said.

She had not looked up till then, but at that call, as if its passionate tenderness compelled her, she raised her face. What need was there to speak again? By her two hands he drew her near to him, and took her in his arms.

II.



HEY told no one of their engagement, for they knew the outcry that would on all hands follow its discovery, and no one suspected it. For three months they were both infinitely happy.

Even in the school during these months there was improvement. Margaret's power over Mr. Langton was very great; one word or one look from her, one touch of her hand, could subdue him in his angriest and haughtiest moods; and, rendered pliable by his love for her, he strove, and often strove successfully, to bend his pride and curb his temper. Thus, for a time, all things went wonderfully well. But this hollow kind of peace was not a thing to last. Margaret could not be always by his side, or in his sight; and one day at length, in an unlucky hour, suddenly, without warning, the three months' tranquillity expired.

Mr. Langton quarrelled with the rector. The rector was really wrong in the ground of quarrel, and Philip right; but Philip, in his indignation, forgot all deference due to him as his employer, stood up before him as equal to equal, and the end of that day's business was, that when the schoolhouse was closed in the afternoon the key of it went into the rector's pocket.

He had written the sentence of their separation. Margaret knew that, but she did not reproach him. They met together that evening for the last time, at the foot of a cliff beside the sea, which had witnessed many a meeting of theirs before, with the calm wide water stretching from their feet.

"It must have come, sooner or later," he said. "Do not grieve so for it, my darling. I was wasting time here. My going now will only bring me back to you the sooner."

She looked up wistfully to his face.

"The future is all so dark," she cried; "we cannot

see into it. I feel as if I was holding the last link of a golden chain; and to-night—to-night before I sleep—it will have fallen from me."

"No; it will *not* have fallen!" he answered, cheerfully. "Your hand grasping one end, mine holding fast the other, it will remain stretched out between us until the hour that I come back. Margaret, I will work for you; I will struggle for you; I will rise for you. And *you*," he cried, "wait for me! for no power, but the power of God taking my life, shall keep me from coming back."

"I will wait," she said. "I will wait years and years. If you die before I ever see you again I will wait for you till we meet in heaven."

III.



HE did wrong to keep their engagement from her mother. Poor Margaret knew that, and was troubled by the knowledge; but she had not courage to awaken the storm of abuse which she knew well would fall upon her head should she divulge it, so she let time pass on, and told her mother nothing. She kept her secret for two years, hearing from her lover occasionally, but not often, and living on her silent trust in him.

After these two years were ended, one day, a bright summer afternoon, Mrs. Morton stood at her cottage door, shading her eyes from the strong sunlight as she looked eagerly towards the schoolhouse, whence the schoolchildren were coming pouring out and swarming down the road, and whence presently, with a step that was slower than theirs, came Margaret. Mrs. Morton's tongue was loosed as she drew near.

"Oh, dear me! what a time that school does keep you!" she ejaculated. "Such a state I've been in all day; my poor head's just worn out with thinking. Margaret, you never will guess as long as you live, but what *do* you think the postman brought me here this morning?"

"What, mother?" As she spoke Margaret's whole face flushed.

"Oh, you may well ask what. I tell you you'll never guess. Why, he brought a letter from your Uncle Tom, in America—who might have been dead and buried, for anything I've known, these five years—and he's sent us money to go out to him. Yes—he says we're to go out to him, every one of us, and he'll keep us as long as we live. Why, Margaret!" Mrs. Morton cried. "Margaret! God bless the girl, are you going to faint?"

"Mother, come in. Mother, come in and shut the door."

White and trembling, Margaret passed into the kitchen. She let her mother join her there, and grasping her hands tight within her own, she began to speak hurriedly, in a low, constrained, almost hard tone.

"Mother, I cannot go; I cannot leave England," she said. "If you go, you must go alone. No—no—don't look like that at me. I have had news, too, to-day. Oh, mother!" she cried, all hardness suddenly breaking down as she clasped Mrs. Morton's hands upon her breast, "speak gently to me, look kindly on me. Dear mother! dear mother! I am going to be Philip Langton's wife."

Mrs. Morton stood before her daughter, face to face, and caught her by her arms.

"You are going to be *what*?" burst from her lips. "Going to be *what*?" she cried.

"I am going to be his wife." Her answer came almost triumphantly now. "I promised him long before he went. He wrote to me to-day to tell me that he could marry me. And he is coming!" she cried, the light flashing up into her face.

It was the last flash of gladness that lighted that poor face for many a day to come. Margaret had told her secret, and what followed was a storm of tears and passionate reproaches so violent as to exhaust all the small stock of strength that Mrs. Morton had, and force her, before many hours were over, to her bed, where she lay and sobbed and moaned all night, and by morning had worn herself ill enough to make Margaret unable to leave the house. Throughout that whole day, from morning to night, her daughter sat beside her, listening to her reproaches, and her self-bewailings, and her passionate entreaties. For years past, indeed for well-nigh her whole life long, Mrs. Morton had been very well aware that her strength lay in her fretful pertinacity, and her deadness to every other creature's comfort but her own. In former days she had ruled her husband by her querulous selfishness; for years she had ruled her daughter by the same means: selfishness was to her her armour of proof, and, as she had resorted to it in countless straits before, so she resorted to it now. Margaret had worked for her, and devoted herself to her, and humoured her, and Mrs. Morton felt that it would be hard now to do without this filial care; and feeling this, whatever a generous and noble nature could least bear to have itself accused of, these things did the mother launch at her daughter's head. She hung herself as a dead weight round Margaret's neck, and then, wringing her hands, called every one to witness how Margaret was about to throw her mother off.

For two days Margaret bore this persecution almost in silence, sitting hour after hour by her mother's side, with her poor heart growing cold and faint within her. What should she do? They were all against her—mother, brother, friends; she had no one to take her part, no one—not a single one—to utter Philip Langton's name except with abuses or reproach. What should she do? Hour after hour for those two weary days the poor girl's desolate passionate question went up to heaven.

And slowly and relentlessly, as those hours went on, the hope that had been her torch so long paled and died out. She fought for two days, and then the battle ended. When the evening of the second day came she knew that she must give him up.

She must give him up—her love!—her life! She was sitting when the struggle ended by her mother's side, who, worn out with forty-eight hours of fretting, was lying at last with closed eyes and lips. She had lain so for half an hour, her thin face shrunk, her pale cheeks hollowed with those two days' illness, and for half an hour Margaret had sat and watched her. Sat in the deep silence—the first moments of peace that had been given her—and watched her as she lay there, sickly and feeble and lonely, till a conviction rose within her heart that conquered her—a despairing hopeless conviction—that she *dared* not leave her.

She sat when it had come, and rocked herself to and fro, crouching her head, putting out her hands and covering her face, moaning over and over again some low, unintelligible, broken-hearted words. She never changed sound or movement till Mrs. Morton's querulous voice broke on her misery. She only changed them then to raise her white face to her mother, and strive to utter words which at her first effort choked her and would not come.

And when at last, kneeling by the bedside, with her face pressed upon her outstretched hands, the poor girl uttered them, giving her broken-hearted promise that she would go, for her reward there came this answer—

"Could you not have said as much at the beginning," Mrs. Morton said, "without doing your best to kill me first? But you are still as you have been all your life—thinking of no creature in the world except your self."

IV.



HE promise was given, and from that time onward she was altogether passive. The chief object of every one about her was to hurry her away before Philip Langton could hear that she was going. She knew this, but she never said a word. Living as they did they only needed a few days to make their preparations for departure. The rector promised, without detaining Margaret, to find a substitute for her in the school. By the end of a week they were all in readiness to go.

She sat, on the last night, in her own room alone. Through all the week poor Langton's unanswered letter had lain upon her heart. To-night she wrote to him.

Like one whom sorrow had stunned into insensibility, she told him all that had been done; she told him of the promise she had given, almost without one demonstration of emotion. And only then, when all was said, suddenly at some stray thought—the chance recalling of a few words uttered long before—all the great agony of her heart burst forth.

"Do you remember," she said, "that evening when we parted, how I told you that I felt as if I had hold of the last link of a chain?"

And then—

"What am I to do?" she broke out wildly. "Oh, my God! what am I to do? How am I to live all my life long alone? Oh, Philip, help me! Philip, have mercy on me! write me one word, or I shall die. Oh, if I could have seen you once more—only once more—only once more before I go! All day long—all night, as I lie awake, I think of it. Oh, Philip! write to me—write to me and forgive me, or my heart will break."

She had been in her new home for a month when the answer to that appeal was brought to her. A hard and cruel answer. This was what it said:

"I trusted all my happiness to you, and you have wrecked it. For this I give you no forgiveness. From your solemn promise to become my wife—from your solemn promise to wait for me till I should come and claim you—no power on earth had the right to set you free. You have broken those promises of your own weak choice and will. Had I been by your side you had not dared to do this wrong to me. If you had been faithful I would have loved you as never living man will love you now. I would have cherished you as never man will cherish you. You have chosen your own lot apart from me. And I——"

The letter broke off here. To this last blank desolate line there was added nothing but the passionate bitter cry—"Margaret! Margaret!"

V.



PLEASANT room, with windows opening to a terrace, and, beyond, a garden sloping to the sea. A summer day in southern latitudes.

"And so, after all these years," cried a lady reclining on a cushioned sofa, "Henry Fitzgibbon has come back again!"

"Ay, he has come at last."

"I am so curious to see him. We must go early, Mr. Travers, and have a talk with him before the other people come. And with regard to the girls, Miss Morton—"

Mrs. Travers raised herself a

little, and turned her head—"as my sister likes you to be early, you had better join us about eight."

At the far end of the room Margaret Morton sits writing, with a cheek that nine years have paled, and

a figure that their hand has made more slight. All the rounded comeliness of former days is gone; and yet that calm, refined, strong face is beautiful now with a beauty it never possessed of old. The dark eyes have a deep, tender look in them, sometimes sad, oftener composed and cheerful; for she has wrought her way out of that great anguish of her youth, and it shades her years now only with a silent and subdued sadness, not any longer with passionate sorrow and revolt.

Yet the love that caused that bitter suffering has been the leading star—the refining element of her life. Its influence has led her in everything that she has done—in everything that she has struggled to become. She has been true to it in her whole heart and being, in spite of Philip's injustice, in spite of her own renunciation.

She has risen to the position of a governess in a merchant's family. Hither and thither her lot has led her, during these nine years, over that wide American continent: she is now in a pleasant southern town on the coast of Florida. She is all alone in the world. The kind uncle who brought her over is dead; the sickly mother dead, too, a year ago; her brother, the only one remaining, is a fortune-seeker in California.

"You will be at my sister's at eight o'clock," Mrs. Travers said; and at eight o'clock Margaret and her two pupils sat in Mrs. Maurice's drawing-room.

She sat before a side table strewn with books, and wiled the time away in turning them over. There were a few small groups of ladies in the room, making a faint buzz of conversation, but it was not loud enough to interrupt her. For a long while she read undisturbed, until the feeble buzz at last leapt into quicker animation, for the drawing-room door was opened, and new voices sounded, new faces entered and filled the room.

A few feet from where she sat there stood a small empty sofa. Towards this there presently came two persons, and took possession of it—Mrs. Travers, and a gentleman whose face was strange to Margaret. As they sat down it was he who spoke first.

"Begin from your own marriage, and tell me everything," he said. "What has become of all my old friends? I can scarcely see or hear of one of them."

"I can give you a score of histories," she answered. "Who shall I begin with?" And they fell at once into an animated talk together.

It might have lasted perhaps for half an hour, when, after a momentary pause, Margaret heard these words:

"In the midst of all this," Mrs. Travers's companion said, "how in the world have you contrived to be so little changed? To look at you I can scarcely believe that I have ever been away; yet the whole morning I have been complaining to Langton that I cannot recognize a single face I see."

She looked up with an involuntary start, but it was only for a moment. She had heard strangers called by that name before. There were more Langtons in the world than hers.

"By the way," Mrs. Travers said, "who is this Mr. Langton? Where did you pick him up?"

"Langton? Oh, he is a man with some name in political circles in England. He is just now secretary to Lord ——"

"He is not in the room at present, is he? I am so blind—but I don't see him."

"No; he and Travers got into a discussion together, and we left them to fight it out."

They turned the talk back to their own affairs. With a low sigh Margaret stooped her face again upon her book. "It is not Philip, it is not Philip," she whispered to herself. Bending her head she shaded her eyes, and for a minute closed their lids: and before

her attitude was altered, before her eyes were reopened, there fell upon her ear the long unheard voice.

"How beautiful your open sea here is," it said. "It brings to my mind the only place where I ever lived before by the open sea—a little village in the south of England."

She looked up and saw him. That vision that nine years had robbed her of; that lover to whose memory her life, with all its struggles, successes, endurances, had been an offering. There, before her, his foot within a pace of where she sat, his dark familiar face clear in her sight; familiar, and yet how strange, after this absence, this silence, this abnegation of nine years.

A hand was laid kindly on her arm, and on her ear came the tones of another voice—

"You feel this room very hot," it said. "Do you not, Miss Morton? I am sure you are hot, you look so pale and tired. Come away with me, and let us take a little walk upon the terrace."

The outstretched hand drew her from her seat. Oh, this was cruel! There leapt up to her lips one piteous cry—one helpless cry of passionate resistance; and then she rose, and went. Away she went, from where her hungry eyes had rested, to the dimly-lighted terrace.

"Now take my arm; we will walk for a little here."

She answered, "Yes," but she could not do it. She tried, and walked a dozen steps; then suddenly stood still, and cried—

"Let me sit down."

She leant against a pillar near her.

"Mrs. Carlton, let me sit down! Here, where it is not light; oh here, where it is not light!" she cried.

"My dear, there is no seat: stand still one moment."

Pausing to ask no questions, Mrs. Carlton hurried to the house. She was absent for a few seconds; then she returned, and not alone. Another arm was laden with the chair that she had gone to find, and another hand set it by Margaret's side.

"Thank you, Mr. Langton. Now, my dear, sit down. You will be better soon in this fresh air."

She sat down as she was bidden; helplessly, without a word. She gave no thanks.

Having come, he stayed. Deliberately and at once he took the place where she had stood, and leant where she had leant against the pillar. He stood with his face partly towards her, with the light upon it.

"We shall never teach this northern snowdrop to bear our southern warmth," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, are all your countrywomen so hard to accustom to new climates? Are they all such fragile creatures as this one?"

He turned his head where Margaret sat, and looked at her. Following that look there came no change upon his face, no token in him of recognition, nothing but this quiet answer—

"You are used to a warmer colouring here. Our northern snows rob Englishwomen of that."

"And yet England is a good way from the pole. And you are not like a snowdrop, Mr. Langton, at all."

"I am scarcely English; my mother was an Italian."

"Was she? I did not know. And have you lived in Italy? Ah, Mr. Langton!" she cried suddenly, in a quick outburst of her southern enthusiasm, "tell me about Italy. What parts of it do you know? Do you know Rome and Venice? Ah! tell me about them."

Her request was eager, but he was very slow to do her bidding. Possibly his thoughts were occupied to-night with other things than Italy's falling palaces and walls; yet presently her quick questionings roused him: he warmed and spoke. There, where the light fell on his face, illumining each kindling lineament, he stood and talked to her of the mighty cities of the south.

It was a thing that might have been a dream, so strange, unreal; the southern summer night and the softened lights; the scene so unlike all scenes of home, and yet in the midst of it, so calmly, quietly mingling with it, that one home figure, the centre star of Margaret's life. But even he so changed. All calmed, softened, refined; the old dark face, dark and irregular still, but in its whole expression grown so full of harmony and strength; its restive pride composed, its aggressive temper all subdued.

She listened to him as he talked, listened at first with a strange thrilling wonder of delight, then presently with a nameless sickening pain. Oh! she had striven all these years to reach up to his height, and he had left her in the race, as if she had not run.

"And now, after all your European wanderings," Mrs. Carlton said, "you have at last come here."

He answered, "Yes."

"Are you going farther south?"

"No; I shall retrace my steps now."

"But not at once, I hope?"

"I may leave to-morrow. If not to-morrow, still as soon as possible."

Sitting in the shadow, Margaret heard, and lifted up her head, swiftly, suddenly, driven by the starting cry of her sharp misery. She lifted up her head, and her raised eyes saw—

Oh! this was no stranger's look upon her—this was no stranger's gaze, sending its keen light through her!

"So soon as to-morrow? Why, Mr. Langton, you will have seen nothing."

"I shall have seen what I came to see," he answered.

"Ah, well! About that I cannot speak," she said, laughing; and there was a few moments' pause, which was broken presently by a sound of music coming through the opened door.

"That is Mrs. Travers's voice," Mrs. Carlton said.

"Mr. Langton, you must come and hear her, she has the finest voice I know. Miss Morton, will you remain here, or come with us? You had better both come."

She went forward towards the door, and Mr. Langton followed her. One moment Margaret saw the two figures stand upon the threshold; then one went forward and the other retraced his steps.

He came back in silence, calmly and quietly, to the place that he had left, into Margaret's full sight—there where she sat motionless, her clasped hands as he neared her only closing their fingers tighter.

He stood before her in silence for several moments; then, through the distant music, she heard his voice.

"She said I should see nothing," he said, abruptly. "She was wrong. Shall I tell you what I have seen?"

His eyes were directed towards her, but he did not wait for her to speak. Before she could reply he spoke again.

"She told me to tell her about ruined cities. There are other ruins besides fallen stones. One such," and his voice sank into infinite tenderness, "I have seen to-night,—a temple that I left entire—fresh from God's hand."

She rose up suddenly from her seat and stood before him with her slight figure erect, and with all that she had in her of gentle pride gathered upon her face.

"My white face does me wrong to-night," she said.

"I am no ruin. I have known sorrow, as others have; but no sorrow I have felt has crushed me. I have grown to look old, perhaps; but I am not young now, even in years."

His dark face had for a moment thrown off its mask, but all tenderness that in word or look had begun to appear in him shrank back before her words. The pause that came when she ceased to speak was broken by this cold reply:

"If there has been no suffering then my petition may be granted the more easily. I have come a long way," he said slowly, "to ask your forgiveness for a

wrong done to you long ago." He paused for a moment, and then his voice grew bitter as he ended. "It will cost you little to grant it. When the pain of a wrong has ceased, we can forgive the wronger easily."

She had been very calm outwardly when she had spoken, but now her hands were crushed together, and her eyes, fixed on his face, were troubled and dark. She stood one moment shivering; then all her love rose in a wild defence, and out of that nine years' silence leapt this cry—

"It has not ceased! oh, the pain has not ceased!"

Her head fell down upon her parted hands, she hid her face upon them, and broke with passionate helplessness into a low piteous sob.

And then, as she stood there desolate, she felt his arm circling her round; and passionate once more, in its deep loving tenderness, she heard his voice—

"Margaret, I have been faithful," he cried. "In spite of that harsh wrong I have lived for you. I have worked for you. I came to pray for more than forgiveness. I came to pray for my reward."

It was far away, that English village by the old familiar sea, yet, before his tones had died away, how there flashed back on her a picture of it, clearer than the sight of tropic land. She lifted up her eyes—the passionate gaze of old was on her face; she raised her arms—they fell to their old place upon his neck; she spoke to him.

Long years ago he had told her to wait for him till he came back. Like a child delivering up its trust, she whispered—

"I have waited!"

That was all. From him there only came one passionate low utterance of her name. Then between them there was perfect silence, and they stood beneath the tropic trees as they had stood nine years before under the sea-cliff at Brent.

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

VII.

HOW TO TAKE A CAP OR BOX OF HONEY.—Some care is required in removing a cap or box of honey, as two difficulties usually beset the young apiarian. First there is the question, how to get rid of the bees? Then there is the danger of robber-bees carrying off the honey during the process of plundering the hive. As to the latter difficulty, it will be found that robber-bees are not so numerous in the height of the season. They are most busy and pertinacious when the season of flowers is passing by, or when it has come to an end. Then very great care is required, or else nothing but empty cells instead of the full rich honeycomb will be left to the disappointed bee-master, as many have found to their chagrin. The following method of proceeding will be found both simple and effective. First remove all the coverings from the cap or super. Do this *very gently*, if you wish the bees not to molest you. Indeed you should always move quietly among your bees. They quickly perceive and as quickly resent any meddling with their domicile by a clumsy hand. Next pass a thin-bladed knife or spatula (and let it be long) all round and underneath the cap or box which is to be plundered. Oftentimes the combs are fastened to the floor of the hives, especially when they are thick and heavy. It is therefore important to pass the knife clear round the cap, so as to separate it thoroughly, comb and all, from the hive below. This done, as soon as the box or cap moves loosely, raise it a little on one side by slipping in a thin wedge of wood—not so much as to allow the bees to crawl out. Now blow some smoke into the cap—the smoke of brown paper will do; or better still, thrust into the hive under the edge a couple of lucifer matches, previously lighted. See that the fumes rise well into the cap. If not enough burn a few more. This will drive the bees up among the combs and greatly facilitate the operation of plunder. Do not fumigate, however, so much as to stupefy, much less kill the bees. Next take up the cap gently and put it down as gently upon a flat board with a small hole in the

centre, which should always be kept for this purpose. You may then remove box and board to some shady place at a little distance from the hive, and throw a cloth over the whole. This done, return to the parent live, and close the hole with a cork or piece of slate, covering it over as before. You must now carefully watch what happens to the plundered cap. If the bees remain quiet, it is a sign that their queen is with them, in which case you had better replace the box as gently as you took it off, and try again another day. I may mention here, however, that if you should prefer to increase your stock of bees to possessing the honey in this cap or super, an excellent opportunity is afforded you, by the presence of the queen in it, of making an *artificial swarm*. How to effect this will be explained in a future chapter. If the queen is not with them the bees will soon become very much agitated in the box, and in the course of an hour or so will begin to leave it one after the other, and fly off home. They will find their way out by the hole in the board, and creep out from under the cloth. Should there be nothing but honeycomb in the box or cap, it will generally be found quite deserted in the course of an hour or two. But if there should happen to be any brood-comb and young bees as well, it becomes a much more troublesome affair to get rid of the bees. Under these circumstances, if there is much brood and only a little honey in it, I should advise the return of the cap to the parent hive, as in the former case. If, however, there is found to be but a small quantity of brood, after waiting about three hours, to give opportunity for the escape of as many bees as possible, I find it the best plan to fumigate with sulphur sufficiently to destroy life. Then take up the cap and brush away the bees with a quill feather before removing it into the house. Instead of the foregoing method of taking a cap, I find the use of a sea-kale pot very helpful, and an infallible preventive of robbery. I fix it in a sunny path with its broad end downwards, taking care that the bees have room to creep out beneath its rim. The cap and its board (with a hole in the middle) are then set down over the narrower opening of the pot, whose rim here should be so even that no bee can creep in or out in this part. The bright sunlight on the path soon attracts the bees downwards, while the size of the pot and the darkness of its interior seem to baffle all attempts of robber-bees to get into the cap. I also throw a thick covering of some sort over the whole, in this case as in the former, both for coolness' sake and also to prevent any light from finding its way into the cap otherwise than from the base of the pot, where it rests on the ground.

As soon as it is determined finally to plunder the cap, attention must be given to the parent hive. If it is still early in the season another cap or box may be given, and the hole reopened at the top. But it is of little use to give more room after the third week in July. Better let the bees increase their own stores.

VIII.

HOW TO DRIVE BEES.—There is another mode of expelling bees from a hive, which can be adopted in cases where the stock itself is to be plundered, and where it is thought desirable to save the lives of the bees, instead of consigning them to the brimstone pit. It is called *driving*, by which word we understand the forcible expulsion of the inmates of a hive, queen and all. To a feeling mind it seems horribly cruel and ungrateful, at the close of the season, after the bees have been toiling hard, to "kill, burn, and destroy" so many valuable lives. Hence many persons prefer to save their bees, even at the risk of starving them afterwards. On the whole, painful as it is to do it, I have no doubt that the most merciful way of dealing with the plundered bees is to destroy them in the old-fashioned way. Instantaneous death by suffocation must be far preferable to the lingering death which too often awaits the poor insects, multitudes of whom inevitably perish in every attempt to preserve them alive, whether by feeding them as a separate stock, or by joining them to some neighbouring hive. It is of course quite unnecessary to plunder or break up a whole stock of bees. It ought very rarely to be done, except where a hive has become old or otherwise unprofitable. I have never, to the best of my recollection, so treated any one of my stocks. In fact I never disturb my bees. Whatever honey they give me in caps or supers I freely take in the manner described above; but whatever they store up in their own live I leave them to enjoy without grudging. Still, as circumstances will arise to make it necessary to break up a hive, and to save the bees, I shall proceed to describe the process of driving, which indeed is extremely useful in cases where *early in the season* it is desirable to make artificial swarms, or at any time to transfer bees from one hive to another.

The operation is best performed as follows. First, in the case of a straw hive to be plundered,* procure a common bucket and plant it firmly on the ground. Next, have in readiness a couple of empty hives the exact size of the hive to be operated upon. Put one of them on the ground in an open place, with one side resting on a bit of stick or a stone, so as to be raised about an inch from the ground. Then take the hive to be plundered off its stand, and quietly turn it *upside down*, and set it in the bucket in that position. In this case, as in the former, it is well to pass a spatula round the edges of the hive, and to blow in a little smoke at the entrance before removing it, so as to drive the bees up amongst the combs. It is surprising how little, with these precautions, the bees will annoy the operator; still, I need hardly remind you to protect yourself well with headdress and gloves, securing every crevice at the wrists and neck by which a stray or vicious bee might enter to annoy you. As soon as the full hive is firmly planted in the bucket (or whatever else may be used for the purpose) bring the second empty hive, and put it upon the full stock in such a way that the broad rim of both may meet exactly and rest one upon the other. Of course now the full hive will be at the bottom and the empty one at the top. Now with one hand commence beating the sides of the reversed hive (not the empty one) with a light stick or cane, while the other hand holds the two hives firmly together. Strike smartly and continuously all round the hive, but not so violently as to displace either hive or to break the combs inside. In a few minutes a loud buzzing will be heard within, and the bees, together with their queen, will ascend in crowds into the upper and empty hive. As soon as they become tolerably quiet lift off the upper hive very gently, holding it carefully in the same position, and with a sudden blow of the hand dash the bees out upon the ground very near to, and in front of, the first empty hive, which you were directed to raise a little on one side. Then quickly replace the empty hive in your hand upon the top of the reversed hive in the bucket, as before, and throw a cloth over the whole, while you proceed to watch the bees sprawling before you. You will be surprised to see the black mass of insects drop down inertly, instead of taking wing as you might expect them to do.

The fact is, they are so terrified by this unusual treatment as to have lost both reason and resentment for the time being. Soon, however, the instinct is awakened which leads them to care for their queen, and they hurry about in much anxiety in search of her. The proximity of the empty hive with its agreeable shade now tempts them to take refuge from the heat, and in a few minutes the whole swarm is in quick march in that direction. Most probably the queen is among them, and you may be fortunate enough to see her before she reaches the friendly shelter of the hive. When the bees have for the most part entered the hive on the ground, return to the full hive in the bucket. Remove the cloth, and resume the beating of the stock again till you hear the buzzing repeated. After a few moments' pause, again lift up the top hive and dash out its contents as before. Do this several times till you have pretty well emptied the stock. You may then take it out of the bucket and plunder its contents at your leisure, first fumigating with sulphur the few remaining bees that will be found in it. You will of course take care of the brood, as formerly instructed (see page 367). First, however, take up the driven bees in their new hive and put them in the identical place where their old hive was standing. Should their queen not be with them (and accidents unforeseen will sometimes happen) the bees will become very restless, and in the course of time will for the most part join and be peaceably welcomed by their former neighbours, especially if your hives stand on the same shelf or board. If their queen is with them, as is generally the case, you have virtually a swarm artificially formed, which you can treat as any other swarm, suffering it to remain where it is, and to recover itself as it may. This it will easily do any time before midsummer. You may of course give back to the bees their old hive after plundering it of its honey stores, and let them hatch out their own brood. What comb and honey remain will of course materially assist their labours and give them a better chance of recovery, but you will probably have to feed them largely in the autumn. After midsummer it will be found more profitable to join them to some neighbouring hive which is weak in population.

P. V. M. F.

* In the case of box hives the process is substantially the same. Read wooden box for straw hive, and follow the instructions given above. Instead of a bucket use a chair.



RAILROAD asks a question ("Which is the longest railway in the world?") which cannot be very decisively answered. One company makes a line to a certain point, and another continues it. The greatest continuous length of railway completed, we believe, is the Great Trunk Railway of Canada. The length of its lines, taken collectively, is 1057 miles, and its cost, everything included, was about 17,000,000*l.* sterling. In Russia there is at least one continuous line of rails stretching a thousand miles.

DENNIS.—A book entitled "Songs and Tunes for Education," by John Carver, would probably suit you.

J.—We are aware that the alleged fact of vipers swallowing their young is one of those controverted points in Natural History which has never yet been settled by evidence. A long discussion has taken place in "The Field" newspaper on the subject. Two sovereigns are offered to any one who, after witnessing such an occurrence, will forward the viper with the young still inside it to "The Field" office.

A READER OF ELIA.—The epitaph on Charles Lamb's gravestone at Edmonstone is as follows:—

Farewell, dear friend; that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow,
Better than words, no more assuage our woe;
That hand outstretched, from small but well-earn'd store,
Yield succour to the destitute no more.

Yet art thou not all lost: thro' many an age,
With sterling sense and humour, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth, and if with friends we share—
Our joys in heaven, we hope to meet thee there.

ROECIUS.—Sheridan Knowles is certainly to be numbered among the most popular of British dramatists in the class second to Shakespeare, who stands supremely alone. Our "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" reviewers affected to ignore his existence as a dramatist, but the public pronounced differently. No poet, be he whom he may, has portrayed with more truth, sweetness, and simplicity, the characteristics of female excellence. Whoever writes much will, at times, write below his reputation; but it is certain that not a few of Sheridan Knowles's plays will retain a permanent hold over the public mind. Compare the "Hunchback" or the "Love Chase" with the *chefs d'œuvre* of the palmiest play-writers of other days, and you will see how signally Knowles surpasses them all. He is more true to nature—more hearty and genial in his pictures of life transferred to the stage; and his dialogue has a versatile vigour which renders scene after scene replete with animation. In spite of the silence of academic critics, Knowles, in his lifetime, acquired great and deserved popularity as one of our best dramatic writers, and his laurels will long continue green. Sheridan Knowles was originally intended, and partly trained for, the medical profession; at all events, he was appointed the resident manager of the first authorised Vaccine Institution in London, where he enjoyed a very comfortable competency for some years. From this useful position he suddenly withdrew in order to try his fortune on the Dublin stage. His début in Hamlet was so entirely a failure that his reappearance on the boards was then thought to be chimerical. The rejected actor next betook himself to scholastic labours at Belfast, and in the intervals of leisure began to concoct plays. A London success led to his establishment as a dramatic author—sometimes eminently happy in his productions, and on other occasions only tolerated on account of his former fame. But on the whole his popularity never flagged. In private life Sheridan Knowles was a kind, loving, generous creature, ever ready to help others, but not calculating so wisely as to secure permanent prosperity for himself. An Irishman's good nature is too frequently allied with improvidence, and poor Sheridan Knowles was no exception to the careless rule; but a more liberal-hearted friend never existed. Many votarists of prudence could inveigh austere against Sheridan Knowles's pecuniary embarrassments, but they little knew the secret pressure that kept him down. To succour his father (the author of a valuable dictionary), Sheridan Knowles voluntarily took upon himself a large amount of liabilities, which hung over him for twenty-five years. Prudent people, of course, avoid all such indiscreet acts; but let us not censure too harshly the impulsive beings who are capable of self-sacrifice.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XVIII.

WALTER MOSS IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

ROBERT'S brilliant anticipations as to the profits to be derived from the gold mining shares turned out to be a miserable failure. The whole affair proved to be little better than a swindle. The respectable names which were placed among the list of directors had been inserted without authority, and the remainder

turned out to be men of straw. The settling day was now fast approaching, and Robert had to look around him to find money to pay his losses; but all he possessed in the world was insufficient for the purpose. How to raise the remainder was, indeed, a difficult problem for him to solve. There appeared but one way before him, and that was one which, a few months previously, he would have shrunk with horror from entertaining. He was now in much the same position as

the notorious forgers, Sadlier, Roupell, Pullenger, and others at the commencement of their dishonest career. In dishonesty, as in many other things, is to be found the truth of the French proverb, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, and Robert, as well as other forgers, proved this to be the case. He had already not only taken the first step in dishonesty, which is always a downward one, but a second and a third, each succeeding one being easier than the former. Like other great forgers, at the commencement of his downward career he had not the slightest intention of acting dishonestly. He began simply with an irregularity, a gross, inexcusable one, it is true, but still only an irregularity. He had followed it up by a gross act of moral cowardice, in not immediately proclaiming the forgery Moss had committed; and afterwards he was guilty of an unqualified act of forgery himself. True he had redeemed it, resolving, at the time, never again to be guilty of a similar crime; but the impunity which had marked his first attempt had smoothed the way for others far more criminal.

It would be too painful a task to trace, systematically, the different acts of forgery of which Robert Evans now became the perpetrator. Yet, whilst acting thus guiltily, it would be doing him an injustice to admit that the principles of honesty were altogether extinct in him. So far to the contrary, his life was now one of abject misery, not merely from the dread of punishment (for no punishment could be more severe than that which he was mentally undergoing at the time), but from the horror he felt at his own degraded position. He had been trained up in the way he should go, and the act of quitting it was, to him, exquisitely painful. When a child, his mother had been indefatigable in teaching him his duty to God and to his neighbour; and after her death these lessons had been followed up both by the teaching and example of the old carpenter and his wife. Still, he had taken the step from which it is difficult, indeed, to return. Misfortune after misfortune seemed to pursue him. Nothing that he undertook prospered. He saw before him but two courses from which to choose; either to proclaim himself a forger, and be given up to justice, or to patch up, by other guilty acts, his present position, till some unexpected stroke of good fortune should place him in a condition to take up the different bills he had forged, and then to commence life again on a respectable footing. Of the two systems he chose the latter.

Of the many objects of intense annoyance which now seemed to start up for the purpose of persecuting Robert Evans, the most terrible was Walter Moss. The behaviour of this man towards his employer had undergone a total change, for he had now become exceedingly familiar in his manner. Without his being apparently cognizant of the different forgeries committed by Evans, with each successive one the conduct of Moss appeared to become less deferential, till at last, he not only placed himself on an equality with his employer; but often conducted himself with gross rudeness. He had now made himself a frequent visitor at the house in Harley Street, much to the disgust both of Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Murphy, who entertained a strong dislike to him. But another feature in Walter Moss's behaviour began to develop itself, which rendered even his gross familiarity still more disagreeable. It may be remembered, that one day when Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Murphy were discussing

his character, the latter insisted, in spite of Robert's assurance to the contrary, that Walter Moss was a drunkard, and that he simply concealed the vice from his employer. Evans had now, on frequent occasions, strong proofs of the justice of the old lady's statement. Moss was often three parts intoxicated, nor did he even make the slightest effort to hide it. Evans, who was naturally a most sober man, was frequently so much annoyed at his subordinate's intemperance, that he would not have hesitated dismissing him from his employment had he but dared. Still, the dread he was under that Moss was cognizant of the forgeries he had committed, obliged him to submit, with apparent patience, to the infliction.

Again, Walter Moss's rapacity appeared to become unsatiable, for not only had his salary been doubled, but he was incessantly demanding from Evans loans of money, which he did not even take the trouble to promise to return. Nor were his demands for loans by any means made in the tone and manner of those who are about to ask a favour. Although he would frequently tell Evans he wished to borrow a little money, the phraseology alone bespoke the borrower, for had he been applying for money from a tardy debtor, his method of speaking could hardly have been more abrupt. To such a state of annoyance had the behaviour of Moss now arrived, that even the alarm Evans felt in his presence was less than the disgust he experienced at his assurance; and he at last resolved that, as soon as Moss gave him a fitting opportunity, he would risk everything, and explicitly prove that he would no longer be subjected to extortion of the kind. Moss was not long before he gave him an opportunity to put his resolve into execution.

One evening when Mrs. Evans, from ill-health, was confined to her room, and Mrs. Murphy was with her, Walter Moss called at the house just at the moment Robert was on the point of sitting down to his solitary dinner. In vain did the footman (who possibly detected the inebriated state Moss at the moment was in) tell him that his master was engaged, and could see no one. Moss pushed by him, saying, "Pooh! pooh! he is only at dinner, I know that well enough. I am going to take a chop with him, so get a knife and fork at once, and be quick about it." So saying, he entered the dining-room.

Objectionable as Robert, at all times, felt Moss's visits, he particularly did so on this evening. Many circumstances had concurred to make him low spirited. First, as the time of his wife's accouchement drew near, her health suffered, and she was obliged, almost continually, to keep her room, where however she was nursed with the greatest affection and solicitude by Mrs. Murphy. Again, there was the difficulty he was under in procuring money to meet his approaching liabilities; and, lastly, the terrible dread he had that, by some accident, the acts of dishonesty he had been guilty of might be detected before he should have time to redeem them. Moss's visit therefore was particularly inopportune, and caused Robert great vexation, which was plainly visible in his countenance.

"Well, old fellow," said Moss, with great rudeness of manner (fortunately, however, the footman was not in the room at the time), "you don't seem over and above pleased to see me. However, I am not a man to take offence easily, or I might be perfectly justified in doing so on the present occasion."

"My dear fellow," said Robert, putting out his

hand, and endeavouring to assume a friendly tone of voice and manner, "I do not wish to show you any want of hospitality, but, to tell you candidly the truth, my wife is exceedingly ill to-night, and the state of her health in general causes me great anxiety. You must excuse me if I am not in very good spirits."

"Oh, certainly," said Moss, in a jovial manner. "Don't make a stranger of me. Don't worry yourself about your wife; no doubt her ill-health will pass off satisfactorily enough. There is one good thing, you see, that we bachelors have—we have nothing of the kind to disturb us. I very much suspect, Evans, you would have acted far more wisely had you remained single. It would worry me out of my life to live in a house with a sickly wife and a crabbed old woman."

Notwithstanding the subjection he was under in Moss's presence, Robert could not submit quietly to this last remark, especially as it was rendered still more obnoxious by being uttered in the hearing of the servant, who had now entered the room.

"You forget, Mr. Moss," said Robert, coldly and sternly, "that you are speaking of my wife and mother."

"Oh, by-the-by, so I did," said Moss. "I beg your pardon, old fellow; I meant no offence. Here," he continued, turning to the footman, "give me a glass of champagne, and be quick about it. By-the-by, Evans, that is capital champagne of yours. I wish you would give me a note to your wine merchant; I should like to get some of it, unless you choose to make me a present of a six-dozen case, which I beg to assure you I shall receive with great gratitude."

To this Robert made no remark; and the dinner went on without anything particularly worthy of notice, beyond the excessive familiarity, as well as volubility, of Moss. When the dinner was over, and the servant had left the room, Walter Moss said to his unwilling host,

"I suppose you are rather surprised to see me this evening?"

"Candidly, I am," said Robert, somewhat shortly.

"Well, it was rather abrupt on my part, I must confess, thus to break in upon your solitude," said Moss. "I should not have done it though, had I not been compelled by necessity. The fact is, Evans, I have been deuced unfortunate lately."

"Might I ask in what way?" said Robert, getting greatly alarmed, as he knew perfectly well from Moss's manner that he was on the point of applying to him for a further loan.

"The fact is," said Moss, "I was bit last Derby-day. I thought I had made as good a book as was possible for any man to do. Of course, no one ever imagined for one moment that the favourite would come in first, and I had staked heavily against him. However, I have this for my consolation, that many others, with clearer heads than mine, were as much disappointed as I was."

"Are you in the habit of betting on races, Mr. Moss?" said Robert, somewhat coldly and sternly.

"Come, Evans, do not Mr. me. As intimate as we are, it sounds something very like an intention to begin a quarrel, and that I have no wish for. Yes, I am in the habit of betting upon races. It is a weakness of mine, and I cannot help it. Every man has his weakness, and I dare say, if the truth is known, you have yours. If I have hitherto attempted to keep the secret from you (and I suppose I must have suc-

ceeded, from what you say), I dare say you have tried to keep your secret from me."

"I do not know what you mean," said Robert—now getting dreadfully alarmed. "I am not aware that I have anything to conceal, or that there was anything I should mind all the world knowing."

Moss looked at him coolly for a moment, during which time Robert Evans quailed under his gaze. After a minute's silence, Moss continued, "You are a very fortunate fellow, Evans. There are few men that can say the same thing and speak the truth at the same time. But now to business; I am dreadfully hard up, and I want you to lend me some money."

"Mr. Moss," said Evans, angrily, "I can do nothing of the kind, and more, would not if I could. You are already considerably in my debt, and I do not intend to allow you to increase it. I am sorry to disoblige you; but I have made up my mind upon the subject, and will not alter it."

"But, my dear fellow," said Moss, "what am I to do? I am sorry to trouble you; but I have no alternative. Now let us talk soberly over the matter. If I do not pay the debts I am owing, the thing will soon get wind, and no one of any substance or respectability, will bet with me again. Now, the turf is the only amusement I have, and I do not intend to forego it. Be a good fellow, and give me a cheque for a couple of hundred, without saying anything more about it, for money I must have."

"Must!" said Robert, in a tone of surprise, not unmixed with anger. "That is hardly the word you ought to use when addressing me."

"I used it as the most simple I could think of," said Moss, with something of a sneer. "It would have been far less courteous on my part to have made use of the word will, although it would have expressed my meaning possibly better."

"Mr. Moss, I will not sit here, and be addressed in that manner," said Evans. "I must request you will immediately leave the house." So saying, he rose from his chair, and advanced towards the bell, as if to ring for the servant, when Moss coolly said,

"Ring, if you please; only remember this, I shall not leave the house till we have come to a perfect understanding on the subject. All things considered, it would be preferable, in my opinion, that the conversation between us should be carried on without having your servant to witness it. But that is a matter entirely for you to decide. I have no very great objection to it myself."

"I do not know, sir, what conversation need be carried on between us," said Evans, his hand, however, quitting the handle of the bell as he spoke.

"Very possibly, my dear fellow; but I do," said Moss. "And you will also, unless you choose to do as I ask you without any words passing between us. Before I leave this house I must request you will give me a cheque for two hundred pounds. As soon as that is done you shall be relieved of my presence."

"Two hundred pounds!" said Robert Evans, utterly aghast, both at the magnitude of the sum asked, and the perfect coolness Moss displayed in the matter. "Two hundred pounds! How do you think I could obtain the money even if I were disposed to do it? You are perfectly aware how embarrassed I have lately been for ready money, and the small amount I now have at my banker's."

"My dear fellow," said Moss, very coolly, "if you

are disposed to help me—and I am sure you are—you can get the amount in the same manner you have obtained other moneys lately.”

“In what way do you mean?” said Robert, with an expression of alarm on his countenance he tried in vain to conceal.

“I trust you will not press me for an answer,” said Moss, “as it would give me great pain; and the more so, as it would be a perfectly true one.”

“I insist upon your giving me an explicit answer,” said Robert, now greatly enraged. “Your words appear to contain an innuendo, which I do not intend shall pass with impunity. I insist, sir,” he continued, raising his voice as he spoke, “that you give me a direct answer, and tell me what you mean.”

“By forgery,” said Moss, in a voice so low, that without the aid of a guilty conscience it would hardly have reached Robert, close as he sat to Moss. “I mean by forgery, Mr. Robert Evans.”

Robert had no sooner understood the words, than he sprang from his chair, and clenching his fist, advanced a step towards Moss, who remained quietly seated, looking his opponent calmly in the face, and evidently noticing the effect his words had produced; when suddenly the expression of rage fled from Robert's countenance, and he became deadly pale, with a cold perspiration striking out on his forehead. He then made a desperate effort to recover his self-possession; and, throwing himself in his chair, he said to Moss, with as much coherency as he could assume: “What can you mean, sir, by making so infamous an accusation against me?”

“I mean nothing, sir, but the plain straightforward truth,” said Moss, calmly and deliberately. “I said, you could obtain the money as you have obtained other large sums of late, by forgery. Do not think I make the accusation at random. I could tell you, if I pleased, every time that you have forged your friend Macmurdo's name. But do not be alarmed,” he continued, noticing on Robert's countenance the extreme terror he was under, “I have no intention to act in an unfriendly or dishonourable manner by you. Your secret is as perfectly safe in my keeping as it could be in your own. At the same time, it is only fair that I should have my share in the profits. They will be far less than your own; but it is only just it should be so, as you have all the danger and I have none. Now, Evans, I think we perfectly understand each other; so let us be good friends for the future.”

For some minutes Evans preserved a dead silence; but at last the necessity of saying something became perfectly clear to him, and with considerable hesitation in his tone, said—

“I assure you, Moss, you are totally mistaken in the conclusion you have come to. I am quite incapable of behaving in so dishonest a manner. It is a great pity you should have thought fit to bring an accusation of the kind against me. You know perfectly well my willingness to oblige you, but you know equally well how straitened I am for money. If you insist upon it, you shall have the cheque; at the same time you will oblige me greatly if you could do without it.”

“My dear fellow,” said Moss, “I assure you it grieves me exceedingly to put you to any inconvenience, but the money I must have. This I promise you—that I will make it go as far as I possibly can, and I hope not again to call upon you for some time to come. I have made an excellent book on the St. Leger—so

good, that I am certain of winning—and then, I sincerely trust, I shall not only be able to repay you this money, but also a considerable portion of that you have already advanced me.”

“If there is no alternative,” said Robert, “I suppose I must give you a cheque for the money.” So saying, he rose from his chair, and, opening his writing-desk, took from it his cheque-book, and immediately filled up a draft for two hundred pounds.

“There it is, Moss,” he said, handing it to him; “but you little know the inconvenience it will cause me.”

“As I said before, Evans,” replied Moss, putting the cheque into his waistcoat pocket, “I am exceedingly sorry for it, but I cannot help it; the money I must have. Now, let us part friends,” he continued, holding out his hand, “for we must now both row in the same boat; and it would be folly, if not madness, for us to quarrel.”

Moss now left the house, and Robert remained by himself in the dining-room. It would be impossible to describe, even in a faint manner, the state of mind the guilty wretch was in. Up to the present time he had been uncertain whether his subordinate was aware of his crime; yet, terrible as was that uncertainty, it was perfect ease when compared with the knowledge that Moss was cognizant of the forgeries he had committed. He paced up and down the room in a state of the greatest agony. Again and again did he attempt to offer up a prayer to the Almighty, to relieve him from the fearful strait he was in; but he felt, at the same time, his supplications were unheeded. What to do he knew not. He did not feel that “sin would pluck out sin;” but, on the contrary, he felt the dreadful certainty that every fresh act of dishonesty would increase the avalanche which was hanging over him, and which but a breath from the wretch in whose power he was could cause to fall. There appeared to him but one way to obtain even a short respite, and that was to plunge still deeper into the horrible transactions in which he was already so inextricably involved. In this fearful state of mind he continued for more than two hours, totally unheeding the messages which were sent from his wife's room, that he would come upstairs and sit with her. At last Mrs. Murphy, hearing that Robert was alone, determined to try her powers of persuasion, and came into the parlour for that purpose. As soon as she entered the room, and noticed Robert's extraordinary wild and haggard look, she uttered a faint cry of distress, and, rushing towards him, clasped him in her arms.

“My dear boy,” she said, “what has happened to annoy or distress you? Do tell me, for you make me perfectly wretched.”

“Nothing, mother, nothing whatever,” said Robert, conjuring up a ghastly smile on his countenance. “What should frighten you so? there is nothing the matter with me.”

“Robert,” said Mrs. Murphy, “you are not telling me the truth. Maria and I have noticed for some time past that there is something which distresses you. Now, my dear boy, do tell me what it is.”

“Nothing whatever,” said Robert, pettishly.

“Robert,” said Mrs. Murphy, going on her knees before him, “once more I implore you to tell me. I am sure there is something distresses you, and it makes me perfectly miserable. On my knees, I implore of you to tell me the truth. No matter what it may be,

it will be better than this terrible uncertainty." And here the poor old woman burst into so violent a flood of tears, that Robert was not proof against her. He raised her from the ground, and kissing her affectionately, said he would tell her all. He had hardly made the promise, however, than he resolved to break it, or, at any rate, to keep it but in part. The idea came before him, in a moment, that should he tell the honest old woman, whose life had been one of perfect inflexible probity, that he was a forger, he feared the shock might cause her death, especially when he considered the intense love she bore him.

"Mother," he said, "the truth is, I have for some time past been dreadfully distressed for money; and where to look for it I know not."

"Is that all, Robert, my dear?" said Mrs. Murphy, wiping the tears from her face, and rising from her knees; "is that all? Why, then, did you not speak of it to me before? Every farthing I have in the world is at your service, and you know it. Let me know how much it is you want, and if I have it it shall be given to you."

"Mother," said Robert, and here he spoke the truth, "I have more than once thought of asking you for it; but on each occasion I feared that, by some mischance in business, I might not be able to repay you."

"Nonsense, Robert," she said, "you ought not to have thought anything of the kind, about me, of all people. I do not fear your losing it; and even if you lost all I have, I should then only be in the same position I have been in the greater part of my life—a poor woman. Now, tell me, dear, how much do you want at the present time? I have five hundred pounds by me; if that will be of any service, you can have it. Take it with you to-morrow, if you like. If you want more afterwards, you can have it, even to the last shilling I possess; but pray do not wear that woe-begone face any longer. Why, my poor boy," she continued, "you are getting to look quite like an old man, and your beautiful black hair, that I used to be so proud of, is getting as grey as poor Murphy's was before his death. Now, come upstairs, and see Maria; and do look a little cheerful. You need not tell her what we have been talking about, as it might worry her, and she has no strength to lose. There, give me a kiss, and come upstairs at once. The five hundred pounds you can take with you to-morrow morning; I will give it you before you leave the house."

Mrs. Murphy and Robert now joined Maria in the bedroom, and the evening passed off with greater happiness to Robert than he had felt for many a day.

The next morning, Mrs. Murphy placed in Robert's hands an envelope containing five one hundred pound notes, with which he immediately hurried off to his bankers.

(To be continued.)

CHIMNEYS.—Not a vestige of a chimney is found in Herculaneum, nor is there any good reason to believe that chimneys were known before the Christian era. The smoke being allowed to escape through a hole in the roof was a serious inconvenience, and in order to get rid of it, the bark was peeled from the wood, or it was soaked in lees of oil, but all to no purpose. The oldest mention made of chimneys, as at present used, is in a Venetian manuscript, which states that some were thrown down by an earthquake in 1347. In England they must have been introduced later, since Holinshed, who wrote in the sixteenth century, speaks of them as a luxury. In oriental countries, a brazier with a fire on it was carried where fire was wanted, and the smoke escaped in the best way it could. Fireplaces and stoves were unknown.

CHINESE NEWSPAPERS.

ALTHOUGH printing was invented in China, and used as a medium of information many centuries before it was introduced into Europe, yet newspapers, such as abound in western countries, are almost unknown in that multitudinous empire. The few periodicals issued from the press are meagre publications, and contain little or nothing of what we call "public opinion." A censorship has existed in that country, from time immemorial, more rigid than those of France or Spain. Hence the "liberty of the press" is restricted within the narrowest limits possible, and all political information emanates from the emperor and his councillors at Peking, or the officers of government in the provinces. It has been said "that the press in China is free to every one," and that "the printer and the vendor have only to be careful not to offend the government, and they may sin with impunity against decency and morality." The last part of this statement is strictly true, but the first part requires to be qualified. It is true that "no license is demanded, no *imprimatur* is required" to issue any periodical; but, on the other hand, the laws afford no protection to the press, and there is not a subject on politics, religion, or all the thousand fields of pure literature, to which freedom of discussion is guaranteed. Indeed, as far as the terms liberty and freedom are understood by the people of Christendom, the language of China has no appropriate characters to define them. The press, in any proper sense of the word, is not free. It is simply *tolerated*, and that under the strictest surveillance.

Among the populace the only publications circulated resembling newspapers are slips of paper occasionally issued on the occurrence of eventful news, or sometimes to report mere trifles. These are sold for the smallest coin of the realm, called *cash* by Europeans, and are named *Sin-wan che*, signifying "newly-heard paper," which is equivalent to our term "newspaper." These issues may be compared to the slips of paper hawked about the streets of the chief towns of Great Britain during the past generation, recording some great political or warlike event, or the "last dying speech and confession" of a culprit on the gallows—a description of newspaper which has been supplanted by the modern penny press. Although that is comparatively a small sum for the price of a newspaper in England, which in some towns is reduced to one half-penny, yet the Chinese publication is issued for the smallest coin of the realm, equivalent to one twentieth of a penny. Of course there is no comparison between the quantity, as well as quality, of the subject-matter contained in them. Still it has been observed that for an issue of *Sin-wan che* to succeed in China, it must be sold very cheap, so that the poorer classes can afford to buy it. A curious coincidence in the history of newspapers arises here, for it is stated that the word "gazette," given to our official newspapers, is derived from *gazetta*, the name of a small Venetian coin, which was the price of the first newspaper published in Venice.

The next publication which contains news is called *yuen moon paou*, signifying "a report from the gates," and published in the chief cities of the provinces. Like the *Sin-wan che*, it consists of a small sheet, but sold for more than one coin, according to its dimensions. The subject-matter is quite different, while it is issued at regular intervals, generally every day. As its title denotes, the information it contains comes from the gates of the *yamoon*, or official residences of the provincial governors, and others in high authority; but the contents are not furnished by them directly to the publisher, who is only a private printer. At the gates of these *yamoons* a clerk is stationed, whose duty it is to record the visits of all who have an audience of

his master, while others are in the audience chamber to note the circumstances attending the visit, or when the audience chamber was opened. For example:—"His excellency, governor Jang, at eight o'clock a.m., under a salute of guns, opened the doors of his office, entered the great hall of audience, and turning his face towards the palace of the emperor, did him reverence. He then 'opened the seals' of his office, and all his clerks and attendants came forward in their order, prostrated themselves before him, and offered their congratulations. The doors were then closed, and he received and issued official documents. All the high functionaries and literary gentlemen of rank directed their subalterns to send messengers to present their congratulations." This is an extract from the report of what occurred on New Year's Day, and does not describe the ordinary routine, when a great deal of extreme ceremonial is dispensed with, and the audience hall is turned into a court of justice for the trial and summary punishment of criminals, as reported in the following extract:—"His excellency, governor Jang, arrived to join the *Foo-yuen* (his colleague) in examining a criminal; and at eight o'clock a.m., under a salute of guns, the doors of the great hall of audience were thrown open, and their excellencies took their seats, supported by all the other functionaries assembled for the occasion. The police officers were then directed to bring forward the prisoner, *Yee A-shoon*; who was forthwith brought in, tried, and led out. The *Foo-yuen* then requested the imperial death-warrant, and sent a deputation of officers to conduct the criminal to the market-place, without the city gates, and there decapitate him. Soon after the officers returned, restored the death-warrant to its place, and reported that they had executed the criminal."

Besides these reports of judicial acts the provincial gazettes contain valuable information for the guidance of the industrious population when distress appears, as shown in the following translation from the Foochow circular of December, 1866:—"Chow, acting treasurer for the province of Fohkien, publishes the following, with a view to giving precise general information on certain points of importance. As agriculture and the use of the loom are the chief sources of wealth under heaven, so clothing and food are the two articles most needful to the people. Now the province of Fohkien being hilly, and bordering on the sea, the soil is meagre, and the people find therefore a difficulty in earning their bread; and if silkworm-rearing and cotton-growing be not introduced, the masses will be in a state of still further destitution, as having nothing to wear, their very existence being day by day imperilled. Lipa, a former prefect of Foochow, says, in a treatise regarding the planting of mulberries and the growing of the cotton plant: 'On my arrival in the Fohkien province I held this prefecture, and the silkworms reared within my residence produced excellent silk and fine large cocoons, clearly showing the possibility of their being introduced. Some cotton, too, which I grew as an experiment, bore a magnificent crop yearly.' . . . Since the treasurer entered upon the duties of his office he became aware of the wretched condition in which the people are in; so with the idea of opening out a new field, he requested the viceroy to depute an officer of Chekiang to buy mulberry seeds, silkworms' eggs, and the seeds of the cotton plant: directions too have been given to the soldiers to grow mulberries on all the waste lands of government within and without the city walls." This extract illustrates the patriarchal system of government in China; and the treasurer concludes by informing the people of all classes, that as the manufacture of silk and cotton is a matter of great moment, as affording a means of earning a livelihood, they should encourage each other to fresh exertions, so that the profits arising

from the same may be heightened, a consummation which he earnestly trusts may be achieved.

This publication, which has been designated in English "The Provincial Court Circular," is published early on the following day, like our morning journals. Now, as the publisher only obtains his information on the evening of the previous day, and the Chinese have not hitherto used movable types for printing it, they resort to a rude but ingenious method of hastily preparing the block for the press. Where sufficient time can be given the characters are cut very beautifully on wood blocks, from which a clear impression is taken. In this instance the block is covered with a coating of wax, on which the characters are transferred and inverted from a sheet of paper, on which they have been written, and which is afterwards rubbed off, leaving the characters clear. The wax is then rapidly scraped off the white spaces with delicately-pointed tools, and the block appears like a raised woodcut, but not so sharp in the outline. The impressions, also, from this rude style of stereotype, are very inferior, and frequently illegible.

THE PEKING GAZETTE.—This is the name given by English residents in China to the principal newspaper in the country, published at Peking. Formerly it was called *King Chao*, signifying "Transcript from the Capital," from being composed of extracts copied from documents in the departments of the central government at Peking, and circulated in official manuscripts through the provinces. Now it is named *King Paz*, or "Metropolitan Reporter," and printed with movable wooden types, the subject-matter being obtained in the following manner. "The supreme council of the empire, which includes the ministers, sits in the imperial palace at Peking. Early every morning ample extracts from the affairs decided upon or examined by the emperor the evening before are fixed upon a board in a court of the palace. A collection of these extracts forms the annals of the government, and thence the materials for the history of the empire are drawn. The administration and the government establishments at Peking are therefore ordered to make a copy of the extracts every day, and to preserve them in their archives. The government officers in the provinces receive them by their couriers, who are retained in the capital for that purpose. But in order that all the inhabitants of the empire may obtain some knowledge of the progress of public affairs, the placarded extracts are, by permission of government, printed completely at Peking, without a single word being changed or omitted."

The first-mentioned transcript, for the use of the provincial authorities, is published every day of the year, but the issue is limited, only a very few copies reaching Canton, Wuchang, or the other capitals of the provinces—nineteen in number. Some are carried by the imperial couriers, and others by private conveyance; the latter usually arriving first. Since the establishment of foreign steam communication between Tientsin, the outport of Peking, and Shanghai, the representatives of the Treaty Powers and the English press have received copies of the "Peking Gazette" so long before the Chinese authorities by their own dilatory conveyance, that the consuls at that port have been in possession of imperial decrees and reports of great events many weeks in advance, so that the mandarins have become indebted to foreigners for the earliest information. From the few copies of this official issue many more are transcribed. These transcripts are circulated in various forms, according to the wishes of those who seek for them. In their best style they form a daily manuscript in small octavo, of about forty pages.

The second issue, with which the inhabitants and foreign residents in China are best acquainted, is an inferior publication to the first, and appears only once in

two days. From copies of this Chinese newspaper now before us, it appears to be a poor publication for such a great empire, and may be compared to "Saunders's News Letter" at its first issue during the last century. Like all Chinese publications, it is printed only on one side of the paper, which is made of bamboo pulp, and thin as tissue paper; then folded, and forming what we would call a leaf, nine inches long and three to four inches wide, the whole twelve or fifteen being fastened in pamphlet form. The pages read from right to left, and the characters from the top to the bottom of each page. The subjoined specimen is copied from one of these papers. Some issues have a cover, with the title "Metropolitan Reporter" in native characters only; others have a design of scroll-work and dragons, emblems of the Celestial Empire, with the figure of an old man holding a scroll in his hand, inscribed "I have to say," and the date of publication.

刑此証追員票十
部願均在奏三二
發懇蒙案恭十月

If the outward appearance of the "Peking Gazette" is paltry, the contents make up for it in importance. These are chiefly edicts promulgated by the emperor, with the advice of his Inner Council, or prepared by members of the Imperial Academy, and memorials from censors and government officials, to which his majesty makes replies. As the reigning emperor of China is a minor in his fourteenth year, these duties are performed by the empresses regent, his own mother and the first wife of the late emperor, with the advice of his uncle, the minister for foreign affairs, and the other high functionaries in council. These assemble in the Hall of Audience of the Imperial Palace early every morning, when memorials are presented. Usually they have been previously opened, and answers to them prepared such as it is presumed will be approved of; when they are marked in red ink with a heavy stroke of the pencil, and the words *kin tze*, "respect this," which none but the emperor may use.

The imperial edicts are principally based upon the reports of the censors, who are privileged above all other officials in pointing out the backslidings of functionaries, and even those of the princes at the court of Peking, not excepting the emperor himself. Reports from the provincial governors form the subject, also, of edicts; and the general remark upon their contents is to direct investigation into the matters complained of, or to grant rewards to those who have acted rightly, and decree punishments to those who have acted wrongfully. As all appointments of importance are made by the emperor, the imperial pleasure is declared that so-and-so will fill a vacant post, or be advanced in grade, similar to those announcements in the "London Gazette," that "Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint," &c.

But the most important class of papers in the "Peking Gazette" are the memorials from the various boards, such as the Board of Rites, of Civil Office, of Punishment, &c., and the Council of Literati. As an example of these documents, we subjoin some extracts from a translation of a memorial presented to the emperor by the last-mentioned institution at the commencement of this year (1867), upon the desirability of establishing a new college at Peking, for the education of Chinese students in the arts and sciences of Europe, under the tuition of foreign professors versed in their language. As an indication

of the effects which recent foreign intercourse has had upon the old exclusive policy of the Chinese, it is the most important document that probably ever appeared in the "Peking Gazette," and as there is every probability of its being acted upon by the government, it will be the turning point in the annals of the empire as recorded in its pages, which may lead, let us hope, to the regeneration of China.

"In proposing to your Majesty to favour the study of the mathematical sciences, the Council of the School of Languages is not impelled by a sentiment of blind admiration for knowledge of this kind possessed by the Europeans, nor by an extravagant love of novelty. The reason is that in reality the construction of machines for warlike and industrial purposes, so important in our days, is based entirely upon the sciences. China wishes to construct her steamboats for herself; but to enable her to do so European masters must initiate her in the principles of the mathematical sciences, and point out the course to pursue. It would be a mistake and a fruitless expenditure of labour and money to hope that the Chinese could attain such a result by their imagination alone. . . . Up to the present time China has tried to be powerful by her own resources; but it is clear now that Chinese genius has produced all that it is able to produce, and that intelligent persons do not conceal from themselves that, in order to walk alone in future, it must first resolve to receive from Europeans those arts and sciences in which it is deficient. . . . It would also be a serious mistake to imagine that China abandons her ancient knowledge for that of foreigners. The Europeans admit that they have borrowed from China—or at any rate from the east—the notions upon which their science is now-a-days based. With their spirit of research and constant application they have increased these notions, drawn from them all the possible profit, and have finally discarded antiquated theories in favour of those more modern or exact. . . . To those who may say that China humiliates herself in seeking instruction from foreigners, we shall reply that, if one thing in particular can make a nation blush, it is to be ignorant of that which others know. . . . What immense progress have not Europeans made during the last fifty years in the construction of steamships—to cite only a single fact—incessantly seeking after better combinations, and vying with each other in labour and efforts! Even Japan has sent to Europe officers intended to seek instruction in the various sciences there taught. Thus, without speaking of European nations, each of which seeks to raise itself above the others by knowledge and civilisation, Japan has not wished to remain in the rear. That country also desires to take her place amongst the strong, while China alone, continuing obstinate in her indifference and her ancient customs, would condemn herself to stand aloof from the general activity. This is a true reason of disgrace. If we do not feel the humiliation in being inferior to others, but only in taking others as our instructors, without considering that by desire of equalling we may perhaps attain the glory of surpassing them, it naturally results that we shall never know anything, and shall have the eternal humiliation of inferiority. . . ."

The remarkable memorial, of which the above are only extracts, proceeds to point out how the object in view may be accomplished, to which a code of regulations is appended. Underneath the memorial, as published in the "Peking Gazette," the emperor's signature is given, *Tong Chee*, signifying "Union in the Cause of Law and Order," and dated Peking, January 28th, 1867, with the imperial remark, "The preceding is approved: Respect this!" We may add, that in pursuance of the contemplated college, the European agents in the service of the Chinese have sent to Europe for competent professors and teachers.

SCHILLER.

I.—HIS LIFE AND POETRY.

SUABIA has been specially distinguished as the seat and home of German poetry, both secular and sacred. Among authors of the latter are to be noted Hiller, Hahn, (a peasant), Bahnmaier, Barth, Bengel (author of "The Gnomon"), and Knapp. Of the secular poets, Uhland, Hauf, Mörike, Körner, Gustav Schwab, and the subject of this paper are the most distinguished—Schiller being *facile princeps*.

The reader is invited to accompany me on a visit to Schiller's birthplace. It is a lovely May morning; the carol of birds, the fragrance of fruit blossoms and flowers, and the first leaves and "tender grapes" of the vineyards along the terraced slopes, the cheanuts in blossom of varied hue and colour, with a bright blue sky overhead, and the soft warm breath of the breezy morn—all conspire to make our journey to Marbach delightful. Leaving Stuttgart, the capital, we are carried by the railway in a brief space of time to Ludwigsburg, a town not much above a century old, well built and airy, and with many delightful avenues shaded from the summer heat by trees impenetrable to the sunbeams. Once a ducal court had its residence here, with its schloss and its parks, where an English princess, a daughter of one of our Hanoverian Georges, lived as the consort of the first king of Wurtemberg, a somewhat lonely, and it is said, a not very happy life. In the royal chapel attached to the palace her ashes repose, and her memory is fragrant to this day, as having been a generous benefactor of the poor, and—childless herself—tender and affectionate towards children, whom oftentimes she gathered around her, providing for their amusements and ministering to their happiness.

As we pass through Ludwigsburg we see that it is a garrison town. Here is the general depôt for the whole army of Wurtemberg, and one third of the inhabitants are soldiers. By a postal conveyance we are carried through lovely scenery, and descend into a fertile valley, enclosed on either hand by wood-crowned hills, and watered by the translucent and rapidly-flowing Neckar. Before us to the eastward rises the very ancient town of Marbach, once the scene of cruel devastation by the army of Louis le Grand of France, whose generals carried fire and sword all through these regions. Except for its fine situation there is nothing attractive in the town itself; and yet it has been for more than half a century a place of pilgrimage for cultivated men of all nations, and specially the cynosure and the pride of the German race. For here, in a small house, half hidden from the eye of the passer-by, and not remarkable for its architecture, first saw the light, on the 10th of November, 1759, Johann Christoph Friederich Schiller. He was the son of Johann Kaspar Schiller, a military surgeon. At the expiration of the Seven Years' War, the Duke of Wurtemberg reduced his army, and Schiller's father became director of the ducal gardens and castle of the once famous "Solitude," with the honorary rank of major. His wife, the mother of the poet, was Elizabetha Dorothea Kodweiz.

Young Schiller spent one year at a classical school in Ludwigsburg, where he was distinguished for great diligence as a scholar, although in feeble and delicate health. His parents intended that he should enter the Theological Gymnasium ("Kloster Schule"), with the view of his becoming a clergyman of the Lutheran church. But the reigning duke had about that time established an academy for training youths in the higher branches of science and art; and being of a despotic temper, without any regard to the boy's aptitudes and tastes, or to the wishes of his parents, he commanded that he should become a student at

this institution. This establishment ere long became famous and flourishing. Its organization was strictly military, the duke himself acting as superintendent, and permitting no interference from any quarter. Schiller entered the institution, known as "Duke Charles's Academy," in his fourteenth year. Without any choice being given as to what branch of studies he would prefer, he was ordered to devote himself to medicine. During the period of his attendance in this department his poetical genius began to reveal itself. The duke was intolerant of any proclivities of this kind among the students of the academy, and the nascent bard, in spite of himself fired and filled with the "faculty divine," was obliged to resort to many stratagems in order to gratify his ruling passion, and to give scope and expression to sentiments and emotions which are now and for all time will be "married to immortal verse." Among other devices, he feigned sickness, in order that he might be sent as a patient to the hospital of the academy; and when on his bed his pen was busy in writing down the burning words of poetry and song. It was in truth, under such difficulties as nothing but the living force of genius could surmount, that his famous "Robbers" was written, at intervals extending over several years. Meanwhile his medical studies were not neglected, as was indicated by the several prizes which he obtained, and by his appointment in 1780 to the position of a regimental surgeon, with the rank of an officer in the army.

POETRY AND PERILS.

His "Robbers" was first issued at his own expense, as he was unable to find a bookseller to take the risk of its publication. But as soon as the duke was aware of the publication of the play, his anger was so kindled against the author, that he almost deprived him of personal liberty. There is a tradition that the duke, walking through the park, one day came suddenly on a party of young officers and students, who, not aware of his approach, were listening with rapt attention to the declamation by Schiller of the chief portions of his "Robbers." The ire of the prince was greatly increased when he learnt that Schiller had, without leave, made a journey to Mannheim to be present at the first representation of his work. He was immediately put under arrest for a fortnight, to which was added the heavier punishment of an extracted promise on his part, never to publish any production which did not bear on his medical studies. This was the more aggravating, as besides many smaller pieces in manuscript, Schiller was at this time preparing to launch one of his most famous works, "Fiesco." Thus, driven almost to despair, he determined to make his escape from the duchy; and after a secret parting from his loved and loving mother, with a faithful friend, a musical composer, called Streicher, he fled from Stuttgart on the 17th of September, 1782, assuming the name of Doctor Kitter, while his companion took that of Doctor Wolf.

SCHILLER ABROAD.

The poet's flight was deepened in its hardships by his poverty. He left Stuttgart penniless and in debt; he had no capital for his future sustenance except his brain. On his arrival at Mannheim he found that his "Robbers" had been previously represented, without any pecuniary advantage to the author, while others had profited largely by its production. Depressed by want, he almost began to doubt whether he had the qualities that make a poet, especially when, on reading portions of his "Fiesco" to some of his friends, including his companion in flight, it was unanimously condemned. After a short stay at Mannheim, without means, the two friends set out on foot to Frankfurt, a three days' journey, during which Schiller, unaccustomed to fatigue, repeatedly lay down weary and faint



under a tree, and fell asleep. He had hoped, on arriving at Frankfort, to have received from the director who had so largely profited by his "Robbers" a remittance of one hundred florins. Bitter was his disappointment when a letter came refusing the request. Being thus in urgent want, Schiller took one of his earliest poems (which, however, has been lost) to a Frankfort publisher, offering it to him for twenty-five florins, but in his pride refused to part with it when only eighteen guilders were placed before him.

At last one day he received a sum of thirty florins, which his devoted mother with great difficulty had got together, with which aid he was enabled to pay his debts at Frankfort and to return to Mannheim. There, after many vicissitudes and privations, he found a purchaser for his "Fiesco" for eleven louis d'or, nearly ten pounds. He was thus enabled to pay off some of his obligations, and to travel by mail to Bauerbach, near Meiningen, in Saxony, where Madame de Wolzogen, whose acquaintance Schiller had made at Stuttgart, resided. His friend here parted from him with many tears. Schiller hoped that in Bauerbach he should be able without interruption to continue his literary career, and had already projected two new works. But he had been so wounded in spirit, and agitated by continuous and heartless ill-treatment, that he became almost misanthropic, and thus his progress was arrested.

He soon began to yearn after fellowship and intercourse with kindred minds. Some time after this a letter of apology, couched in affectionate terms, was received from the director at Mannheim, who also invited him to return thither. He did so, and was offered an appointment, with a salary of twenty-five pounds a year. He soon, however, rebelled against the idea of working and writing by order, and resigned his situation even while his debts at Stuttgart "were pressing on him like a nightmare." When despairing of help from any quarter, and forgotten and neglected by his former admirers, a simple and almost unlettered citizen at Mannheim, a builder, named Anton Helzel, raised among his townsmen a sum sufficient to relieve the poet from his pressing necessities. Schiller now began to think better of human nature. He repaired to Weimar, where a government appointment was given him. He reached Weimar in 1787, at the time when Goethe, his great contemporary, then a citizen of that town, was absent in Italy. But there he found two other kindred spirits, Wieland and Herder, and was also presented at the ducal court, then famous for its patronage of eminent men. Soon after he was introduced to Herr Von Lengefeldt, who held an important office at court, and whose daughter Charlotte was destined to be his future wife.

SCHILLER AS PROFESSOR.

In 1788 an offer was made to Schiller of an appointment as professor of history at Jena, which he finally accepted, although no salary was attached to the office; the fees of the students who might enrol themselves as his hearers being his only source of income. Again cares and sorrows lay heavily upon him. His first lecture was a great success. There was a crowded audience, and so delighted were the students that they serenaded him in the evening. But with all this his worldly prospects did not improve, and his intended union with Charlotte Von Lengefeldt seemed to be more distant than ever. Once more in his extremity, relief came, in the form of an extraordinary annual allowance from the duke, to the amount of six hundred thalers; a small sum indeed, yet to the sanguine imagination of the poet it seemed sufficient to warrant him to enter the matrimonial state. The marriage was celebrated on the 22nd of February, 1790.

While still oppressed with anxiety by reason of a limited income, and by many visitations of sickness to

his household, his mental labours were constant and uninterrupted. It is stated that in reading and writing he spent fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. Succour to a certain extent, prompted by the affection and sympathies of his admirers in North Germany, was furnished him. One friend, for example, hearing of his distresses and the frequent illnesses of himself and family, determined to allow him one thousand thalers per annum for three years, which Schiller duly received.

After ten years' absence from his native country, the poet, now famous, determined to visit his beloved mother, on which occasion the Duke of Wurtemberg, his former patron and persecutor, ignored him entirely. Schiller had taken his wife with him, and soon after their arrival their hearts were made glad by the birth of a firstborn child—a son.

After a time Schiller returned to Jena, and the north of Germany henceforth was his second home. It was there that he wrote his principal works, both in poetry and prose. His social and political views were much influenced and shaped by the ideas which first revealed themselves in connection with the French Revolution. In fact, his sentiments in the "Robbers," and some of his earlier productions, gave such pleasure to the leading revolutionists at Paris, that the National Convention conferred upon him, in 1792, the honours and privileges of French citizenship. But though a liberal in his political views, the excesses which were committed in the sacred name of liberty filled him with disgust and horror. He sought consolation in the philosophy of Kant, to the study of which he devoted himself, and from which, as a standpoint, he formed his estimate of the historic events both of the past and the present. Philosophy, history, and æsthetics were henceforth his favourite studies.

INTERCOURSE OF GOETHE, HUMBOLDT, AND SCHILLER.

The year 1794 was an important one in Schiller's life. It was then that he formed the acquaintance of Wilhelm Von Humboldt, the statesman whose mind was well compared to that of Pericles of Athens, and who, from the deep and admiring interest which he felt towards Schiller's gifts and pursuits, furnished a powerful stimulus to the further development of his genius. For days and nights they were in closest intercourse, and ere long the illustrious Goethe joined them. The two poets had met once before, but their intercourse was brief, and was not followed by intimate fellowship. When they met a second time they were, by mutual attraction, drawn to each other, and at once combined in united literary labours.

Schiller had just commenced the preparation of a poetical annual, and Goethe proffered his aid. Many of Schiller's best productions first saw the light in this serial publication. Both his own contributions and those of Goethe were subjected to the envious criticisms of what—if we might bring in an allusion to the "Dunciad" of Alexander Pope and the literary hacks of the last century—might be called the "Grub Street" school of German writers. In retaliation, the parties attacked issued a series of short, pithy, and biting apothegms, which were entitled "Xnvia," amounting in number to nearly six hundred. It was never ascertained what were the respective shares of the two self-avengers in this work, but they came out from the contest applauded victors, and more popular than ever. All this time more serious work was not neglected. It was then that Schiller composed what may be called the triple dramatic poem of "Wallenstein," in which the Thirty Years' War, in its leading features and social bearings, is so vividly portrayed.

WEIMAR.

His circumstances having now become more prosperous, Schiller was able to purchase a property at

Weimar, and leaving Jena, he removed thither in 1797. In that year he wrote most of his ballads, by which he was placed on such a pinnacle of fame as to put all his adversaries to shame. About that time also he formed the plan of "The Song of the Bell," the noblest of his poems, save perhaps "The Diver." It was not published, however, till the year 1800. At this period of his life his labours were intense, and seriously affected his health; laying, indeed, the seeds of premature dissolution. Scarcely had he finished "Wallenstein," when he commenced his "Maria Stuart," and at the same time translated and recast Shakespere's "Macbeth"—thus introducing to the literary world of Germany the writings of the illustrious English bard. In 1801 he brought out "Joan of Arc," "The Bride of Messina," also his "Tourandot," and some other pieces. In 1802 he was plunged into grief by the death of his much-loved mother. In the same year he received the honour of knighthood from the emperor of Germany, or, to put it in the more fitting German phrase, he was made a baron of the Holy Roman Empire.

HIS CLOSING DAYS.

"William Tell" was completed in 1804, and proved the last work of the great master. He had projected several other works, but, alas! the King of Terrors was about to knock at the gate, and summon him away for ever. While young spring in laughing loveliness was scattering her flowers over the land, on the first of May, 1805, he was suddenly seized with alarming illness. Four days after it assumed a fatal aspect. On the day before his death he expressed a desire to look for the last time on the bright face of the orb of day, and on the day following he breathed out his life. What a tender loving spirit then passed away! How different was he in moral qualities and in heart from his giant cotemporary, Goethe, who, it must be admitted, was as remarkable for selfishness as for genius; who, like his own Faust, "had a laughing devil in his sneer"—as a demigod, demanding and exacting as a right the incense and homage of the loftiest of mankind. Schiller was simple-hearted, a loving husband and father; he loved the beautiful and the true. Nature always charmed him, and, to use his own words in his "Knight of Toggenburg":—

Thus one morn he sat in silence,
But to clay returned;
Still that face, so calm and pallid,
To the casement turned.

"On the eighth of May, towards evening, he expressed a desire once more to see the setting sun. The curtain was drawn aside, and gazing with a cheerful and serene air at the bright rays of evening, Nature thus received his last farewell. When asked how he felt, he said, "Calmer and calmer." During the night he repeatedly prayed to God to save him from a lingering death. At nine o'clock in the morning he became insensible, and in the afternoon the solemn moment of dissolution drew near. His wife, Lotte, strove to place his head in an easier position. He recognized her, smiled, and his eye had already a glorified expression. She sank down close beside him and he kissed her. This was the last symptom of consciousness. Suddenly an electric shock seemed to vibrate through him, his head sank back, the most perfect peace lit up his countenance; his features were those of one calmly sleeping."*

In a second and concluding paper we shall cross the threshold of his birthplace, at which we have detained the reader longer than was our design. We shall also present some specimens of his genius. Meanwhile, we trust that what we have recorded as to his career and history, drawn as it has been from the most authentic sources, will be alike fresh and interesting to many readers.

* Pallestri's "Life of Schiller."

EVENINGS AT THE LIGHTHOUSE,

II.—DUGGINS AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

"Ah, sir, here you are agin!" said Duggins, as I entered the lighthouse. "I thought I should see something of you. I said to myself, 'I shouldn't wonder if the gentleman remembers as it's my watch to-night, and he'll be down for a yarn.'"

"Well, bring yourself to an anchor, and you shall have one. But before I begin I want to tell you about a gentleman as was down here t'other day; a great gun, one o' them chaps as thinks they know everything. Well, he comes up to me, and arter we'd had a little chat about the lighthouse, he says to me, 'Duggins, what's your opinion about a future state?'"

"I saw what he was arter; he wanted to trot me out, but I didn't care; so says I, 'Sir, 'tain't for me to give no opinion about what I don't know nothing about, and what, if I was to live a thousand years, and had all the knowledge there is in the world at my fingers' ends, I couldn't know nothing about. There's a good many things as neither you nor I can understand, and what's to come arter death's one o' 'um. All I've got to say is as death and eternity is things as we've got to face, some day or other, and I think the best thing as we can do is to make ready for 'um.'"

"'But,' says he, 'suppose when we die there's an end of us, what's the use of all your preparation then?'"

"'Sir,' I says, 'I don't find as trusting in God and trying to lead a good life perwents me from being happy now; and if it was as you say I should be none the wuss for my faith in what the Bible says. But just for argument's sake we'll say, Suppose I'm right and you're wrong, what a pretty pickle you'll be in!'"

"'But,' says the gentleman, 'I'm as anxious to get at the truth as you are, but I can't see things as you do.'"

"'Sir,' says I, 'if you're unfortunately blind, 'tain't possible for me to make you see.'"

"'But,' says he, laughing, 'I'm not blind.'"

"'Well,' I says, 'I'll put it this way. If a man was to come down this pier, and say to me, Duggins, they tell me you're the lighthouse-keeper, but I don't see no lighthouse; what I should say would be this: If you can't see the lighthouse you must be blind; but whether you do or no don't make no difference, it's there, for all that.'"

"Now I take it that my lighthouse is werry much like the Bible. My lighthouse is put up there to warn poor sailors from running among the rocks, and to show 'um the way safe into port; and the Bible's given us to warn people from the wrath of God, and to guide 'um safe into heaven; but neither of 'um ain't no use to blind people.'"

"'But why will you persist in calling me blind?' he says.

"'Because you are,' says I; 'or, if you see, it's a sort of cross sight, as makes things appear different to what they is. You say you are seeking for the truth, and I dare say you think so, but then it isn't the right sort. What's the use of a man knowing, as you do, Greek and Latin, and all about animals, and fish, and butterflies, and caterpillars, and don't know nothing about yourself, and God, as made you and all of 'um. What 'ud be the use of a sailor's knowing all about the moon and the stars, if, when he got into a gale o' wind, he didn't know where to find the reef-tackles, and was afraid to go aloft?'"

"'Now, sir, because I say this, don't you go and think as I dispises knowledge and larning, because I don't. Only don't let us get mixing things up and putting one thing for another. Philosophy's one thing and religion's another; only what I says is this, the best sort o' philosophy is that as teaches us the best

sort o' wisdom—what teaches us to believe in God's word, how to keep our course in this world, and how to get a good berth in the next.'

"No, no," he went on, turning to me, 'I hope I shall never dispise knowledge of no sort, 'cause it's all useful in its way.'

"But there's some sort of knowledge as is thought a good deal of, and some just the rewerse. If a feller know all about Egyptian mummies, or geology, or chemistry, he's thought a good deal of; but a chap as knows all about a ship, and can reef and steer, and knot and splice, and work a grummet, why that's nothing, he's only a sailor, and he ain't looked upon. If a man knows anything well, particularly if it's his bisness, why should he be looked down upon? I'll put it this way, and we'll see how it fits. Suppose one of these philosophers was to take me down into a coalmine, and was to begin to talk to me about stratas, and fossils, and such like. I should look like a fool, for I shouldn't understand him a bit. He'd soon see that by my talk; and then perhaps he'd say, 'Why, Duggins, where was you eddicated?' you don't seem to know nothing.' And if I was to say, 'Well, sir, I was eddicated at sea, and I know all about sailing and navigating a ship;' then he'd say to me, 'What's the good o' your navigation in a coal-pit?' And he'd be right; he'd have the laugh at me, and I should be shut up. Well, another chap, as is a chemist, takes me into a room, and talks about gases; and then he begins to potter about with bottles and glasses, and things as I don't understand, and then he does something, and it goes bang! Not being up to his tricks, I get scared, and say I, 'Hello, mister! don't go and blow us out o' the winder, 'cause that 'ud be sudden death, and no mistake.' Then he laughs at me, and says, 'It's all right, it's nothing when you're used to it.'

"Now just let's turn the thing end for end, and see how it looks. Suppose I got Mr. Philosopher and Mr. Chemist aboard my ship in a gale o' wind. I says to Mr. Philosopher, 'Well, sir, how do you like it?' 'Oh,' says he, 'she goes on nicely, only I think the man at the wheel steers rather wildy. I've a theory.'

"Well," says I, 'never mind your theory—theories won't do aboard ship, go and show us how you'd do it; only see you don't let her broach to, or else you'll be taking the sticks out of her.'

"Well, Mr. Philosopher thinks he knows everything, and away he goes. He ain't bin long at the helm when up she comes right into the wind; flap bang goes the topsails, right out o' the bolt ropes; and we ships a sea as nearly drowns us all.

"I runs to the wheel and gets her before the wind, and then I turns round, and there stands Mr. Philosopher like a stuck pig; and says I, 'Hello, shipmate, what's the use o' your philosophy in a gale o' wind?'

"Then I turns round to look for Mister Chemist, and there he stands shaking in the lee-scuppers, and he says to me, 'There ain't no danger, is there?' 'All right,' says I, 'don't be scared; it's nothing when you're used to it.'

"I tell you what it is, sir. Plenty o' larning is a werry good thing, if a man's got a heart big enough to hold it. That seems funny to you, but this is how it is. When a man's got a lot o' larning and a big heart he ain't puffed up, because he sees that the more he knows the more he's got to know, and he finds out that if he was to live twenty times as long as he does, he couldn't know half the things what there is to know. And he begins to think what a helpless poor thing he is after all; for he sees with all his philosophy he can't make a bit of food to eat, nor a drop of water to drink. When he's come to this, he don't want to ask what God is, like you; he knows him and trusts in him.

"Well, when a man's got a big heart, he don't mind singing small; but when he's got a little mean heart,

and a lot o' larning, he thinks he's at the top o' the tree, and he don't like to own his littleness, and pretends not to see it. And now let's get on with my story.

"Well, now, I daresay you thinks, arter my riding out the gale in the old bo-at, I shouldn't have bin in a hurry to disobey my mother agin; but I did. I used to say to myself, 'I waunt do nothing to wex mother, 'cause she's werry good to me;' and you don't know how hard I tried to be a good boy, but somehow at times I couldn't.

"I tell you what it is, sir. In the first part of my life I always used to say 'I waunt do it,' and when I said so I was always sure to go and do it. When I said I wouldn't, I was like the teetotaller; I took the pledge, like, and *trusted in myself*, and so got no help, and I broke down.

"Well, just about this time we had another baby; we'd had two before, only they died.

"Sometimes, arter little sister com'd, I used to go out with father to sell his fish. I used to ride on the donkey. I liked it, for it was all new to me, and some o' the ladies what bought fish o' father used to give me cakes and nice things as I'd never tasted afore.

"One day when I wanted to goo, mother says, 'No, you can't to-day. I'm going to be busy, and I want you to nuss the baby.' So I didn't goo, and I was rare and savage; and when little sister cried I pinched her, and mother saw me, and ketched me a crack aside o' my head, and that made my temper feel wuss.

"Then the baby fell asleep, and mother put her in the cradle, and says she, 'Now, you may go and play; only don't you get out o' call, 'cause if the baby wakes I shall want you to hold her.'

"Out I goes, and there was two boys, and they said as they know'd where there was some birds' nestes, and wanted me to come with 'um.

"No," says I, 'I shan't goo, 'cause mother 'ull want me to hold the baby, perhaps.'

"Then they laughed at me, and called me 'Molly Duggins.' I said I wasn't Molly, I was Jim, and that I shouldn't goo; but at last they persuaded me, and away we went, a long way up the cliff; and then we found the nestes, and played about till we was tired and hungry, and then we started to come home. But it was ever so much past dinner-time, and I was frightened when I got nigh home, and wouldn't go no further. The other boys went; they said they didn't care, they should only get a tanning, and they didn't mind that; and then they should goo and play agin.

"Thinks I, when they was gone, I daresay I shall get a tanning too, but it ain't that as I care about, neither. But I know mother 'ull be wexed with me, cause I've been naughty; and says I, 'Bust them birds' nestes, and the little birds too; I wish I hadn't a gone.'

"Well, I sits down, and I feels so bad, and then I begins to cry, and then I feels better, and I went home; and on the door-step sits little Jane Bell, a nussing our baby. So says I, 'Jane, I'll take her now.'

"But she says to me, 'No, your mother said I wasn't to let you have her.'

"Why not?" says I.

"'Cause you've been a bad boy, and she ain't a going to love you no more.'

"Well, thinks I, I a' bin and done it now; what shall I do?

"Then I thinks about the other boys, and wondered why I couldn't 'not care,' as they did. 'Ah!' says I, at last, 'I know why they don't care—they don't love their mothers, and their mothers don't love them; and that's why they *seems* happy; but I know they ain't, for all that.'

"Well, all the rest of the day mother didn't say nothing to me, and didn't take no notice of me. If she'd blow'd me up and tanned me I shouldn't have minded; but I know'd now she was dreadful angry, and says I,

'What shall I do?' and I went out into the lodge and lays down, and cried fit to break my heart.

"Then I gets up and asks God to help me, and make mother love me agin; and then I feels better.

"Arter a bit mother comes and calls me, and gives me my tea; but I couldn't eat it, it seemed fit to stick in my throat. So says I, 'I don't want no tea, mother, I ain't a hongered,' and I looks at her; but she wouldn't take no notice o' me, and I feels so bad; and then I says, 'Mother, I'm so sorry I was a naughty boy; I won't do so no more.'

"Well," says she, 'I'm very glad as you says that; but I can't love you no more as I used to—so you'd better go to bed, and git out o' my sight.'

"So I goes to bed, but I couldn't go to sleep; and then I heard father come home, and then I felt wuss agin, for says I, 'Perhaps he won't love me no more neither.'

"Well, there I lays, crying a good 'un; and then I hears 'um coming up to bed, and shuts my eyes, as if I was asleep, for I couldn't abear to see father look cross at me.

"They com'd in to look at me; and I heard father say, 'Poor boy, he's cried himself to sleep.'

"Then mother come to the side o' the bed, and she puts the clothes right. And I hears her say softly, 'It went werry hard with me to do it; but I know'd it was for his good as I done it. I thought two or three times I should a' 'gin way, for, poor little chap, he was so sorry;' and then I feels her stoop down and kiss me softly.

"I couldn't stand no more, so I jumps up and ketches hold of her round her neck; and says I, 'Oh! mother, mother! I will try not to be a naughty boy agin, only do say you forgive me.'

"Then mother cries, and kisses me, and hugs me, and says she does; and father kisses me, and his face is wet; and they both say if I tries and be's a good boy, they'll try and love me agin as much as ever."

At this point Duggins took out his watch. "It's nigh upon half-past eleven; and it's time I went to look arter my lamps; so good-night sir."

PARISIAN SKETCHES

XIII.—SUBURBS OF PARIS.—PART I.

FOND as the Parisians undoubtedly are of the gaieties and dissipations of their metropolis, they possess also a great love for a country life, and when they cannot enjoy it pure and simple, they are perfectly ready to accept it in its least primitive form, and join it with their city avocations and business habits. It must not however be imagined, that, close as his suburban abode may be to the capital, the Parisian is the same there that he is in his office or ordinary place of business. On the contrary, he appears to drop off the attributes of his town life with far greater facility than our own men of business do, when in the evening they return home to their villas at Norwood, Streatham, or Brixton. The Frenchman in his little cottage frequently carries his ideas of a country life almost to the verge of caricature, as may be seen by the small dwellings and gardens which line the Versailles railway between St. Cloud and Paris. There, in a dwelling of some six or eight rooms, in the centre of a garden of perhaps the eighth or tenth part of an acre in extent, may be seen, on a fine summer evening, the French citizen surrounded by his family, enjoying (as shown in our woodcut) his *rus in urbe*, occupied in pruning his trees, while his wife and children are employed in divers ways, forming an admirable picture of content, thoroughly undisturbed by any thoughts of the gay and busy capital he has quitted a few hours before, and to which he will return the next morning.

Again, a greater metamorphosis, if possible, comes over the citizen's wife and female portion of his family when residing in their summer abode, and which occasionally very strongly resembles those set scenes we see upon the stage in what is termed a genteel comedy; as if the proprietor had acquired his ideas of rural life, before his means allowed him to indulge in the luxury of a country-house, from the Gymnase or Porte St. Martin theatres.

In our suburban villas the ladies seem as much as possible to adopt the dress, manners, and habits of the more select portion of London society, as if they considered it necessary to prove their gentility by retaining to the utmost the conventionalities of town life. The wife of the French man of business, on the contrary, when in her country abode, endeavours to imitate—so far as is consistent with her innate ideas of good breeding—the freedom and ease of a rural life, and talks of the state of her poultry yard with as much pride and interest as in Paris she would do of a new dress, or the details of the last ball she attended.

Nor is this love of a country life of modern origin among the French, or engendered—as it is supposed—by the facilities offered by railway travelling, or the greater economy in housekeeping expenditure by residing outside the barriers, where they are free from the octroi duties imposed on articles of food and fuel entering Paris. From the earliest times the hospitality of the old French nobility in their magnificent châteaux was liberal in the extreme; but they were generally too far distant from Paris, and too widely scattered over the surface of the country to serve as examples of the universality of the French love of country life, and we must seek for them nearer the capital. Long before the practice of having suburban residences had been adopted by Londoners, it was of very common occurrence with the Parisians. True, at Richmond, Kew, Clapham, Battersea, and other localities in the neighbourhood of London, are still to be found country residences of considerable antiquity, but they are of such magnitude as to prove they must have belonged either to the aristocracy or wealthy city merchants. In the neighbourhood of Paris may be found hundreds of dwellings whose erection was at least a century and a half prior to those alluded to near London. Chaillot, Passy, and Auteuil, are particularly rich in dwellings of the kind. There, not only noblemen of high standing, or merchants and bankers of great wealth, built their summer residences, but they were also the especial resort of men of high literary and scientific eminence, with a very abundant sprinkling of *bourgeoisie* as well.

Although the first of the three spots we have named (Chaillot) is now so closely connected with Paris as to have lost almost—if not entirely—its individuality, it was formerly a country spot much in favour with the Parisians, and many persons of great celebrity resided in it. In Chaillot was the celebrated convent of the Visitation, founded by Henrietta Maria of France, daughter of Henry IV., and widow of Charles I., king of England. After the execution of her husband she settled in Paris, and having obtained letters patent from the French parliament, she established a convent of nuns in the parish of Chaillot. For this purpose she purchased a large mansion built by Catherine de Medicis, and which after her death became the residence of the Maréchal Bassompierre. After the widowed queen had completed all necessary arrangements, she took up her residence in it with her nuns, and remained there some years, conforming strictly to their mode of life, and setting them an example of resignation and humility. At her death she was buried in the church, as was also her son, James II. of England, and his daughter Louisa Maria Stuart. After the decease of the ex-queen of England, the convent was enlarged, and further endowed in the

year 1704 by Nicolas Frémont, the king's treasurer, and Genéviève Damont, his wife, who also rebuilt the church.

It was to this convent that Mademoiselle de la Vallière retired, and afterwards took the veil. With all her degradation and faults, this lady was much to be pitied. She seemed to have possessed, naturally, a most amiable and virtuous disposition. When she discovered the partiality the king had for her, to avoid temptation, she first sought a refuge in the Benedictine convent at St. Cloud. As soon as the king had ascertained the place of her concealment, he ordered the abess to return her to the court; and on receiving a refusal, he further ordered that the convent should be destroyed if he was not immediately obeyed. A second time Mademoiselle de la Vallière made her escape from the king's persecutions, and

he was now under his Jesuit advisers, and fast obtaining a reputation for great piety, he sent his minister Colbert to her, to beg she would instantly return to Versailles, as he wished particularly to speak with her. Mademoiselle de la Vallière obeyed the summons, but it was simply to inform the king of her determination to take leave of him for ever. The meeting is said to have been an affecting one; the king imploring her to obey him, and she equally resolved to retire from the world. The interview had, however, such an effect upon her, that she put off her entrance into the convent for a few months longer. In the month of April, 1764, she definitely left the court, and entered the convent of the Visitation at Chaillot, which had been founded by the Queen Henrietta of England. In April of the following year she took the veil, under



FRENCH FAMILY IN THEIR GARDEN.

sought an asylum in another convent, from which she was taken by force, the doors of the building having been broken open by Monsieur de Lauzun, the Captain of the King's Guards. She now appears to have resigned herself to her fate; but becoming disgusted with the degraded position she occupied, she again attempted to retire from the world, but she was obliged by the king to leave her retreat and take up her residence at Versailles. At last, in 1674, she definitely resolved to leave her mode of life and retire to a convent, and that nothing should induce her to alter her determination. When the king was informed of the step she was about to take, he was at first exceedingly indignant, and insisted on her abandoning her project. Finding, however, that she was determined, and, tyrant as he was, fearing the scandal which might arise in case he should use force (for

the name of sister *Louise de la Miséricorde*. At the time of her becoming a nun she was less than thirty years of age, and a remarkably beautiful woman. The church of St. Pierre de Chaillot has little to boast of in an architectural point of view, and is principally worthy of note for the eminent personages who have been buried in it.

Passy is even richer in historical reminiscences than Chaillot, and has at different times been the residence of persons of great eminence. During the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth it was much frequented by the aristocracy and influential persons of Paris. The great financier, Samuel Bernard; the Marquis of Boulainvilliers; the *fermier général*, La Popélinière; Maréchal Richelieu, all had magnificent country houses here, as well as the Duke de Lauzun, the Duke d'Aumont, and Admiral Estaing.

The philosopher Benjamin Franklin, when he arrived in France—whither he had been sent by the revolutionary government in America to solicit the aid of the French king in the war the infant republic was then carrying on against England—had apartments allotted him in the house of the Duke d'Aumont. The gay society Franklin now mixed in—so different from the simple habits he had been accustomed to in America—had not the slightest effect on his manners; while he somewhat shocked his aristocratical friends by his utter disregard of the frivolities of dress. They soon, however, became accustomed to him; and his long white hair (without powder), and the plain brown coat which he wore, were considered as merely the marks of eccentricity of genius. During Franklin's stay in Paris he erected, on the house of the Duke d'Aumont, the first lightning conductor which had been seen in France. When he commenced the work, some people looked upon him as a madman, considering his attempt to catch the flashes of lightning—as they called it—a certain proof of his insanity; others, on the contrary, took a different view of the matter, and while admitting the strong probability of his success, looked upon the experiment as a gross act of blasphemy, attempting, as he did, to divert the weapons which God held in his hand for the warning or chastisement of the wicked. The era of infidelity in France was fast approaching, and all the infidel philosophers took up Franklin's part so warmly, and heaped such sarcasms on his accusers, as to make them appear so ridiculous, that the futile opposition they attempted soon ceased. A short time after the erection of the lightning conductor a thunderstorm passed over Passy. The utility of Franklin's invention was then fully acknowledged, and he received from all men of science and education the honour which was so justly his due.

Here also the Dutch banker, Jean Conrad Kock, took up his residence shortly before the first French Revolution. Many of the most notorious men of the day used to assemble at his house, and among them Hébert, of infamous memory, whose wife had been a nun; Rousin, the general-in-chief of the Republican armies; Vincent, the secretary-general of the War Department; the Prussian, Anacharsis Clootz, and several others. As soon as their powers began to diminish, their brother revolutionists showed them no more mercy than they themselves had done to thousands of others. They were denounced by St. Just and Robespierre in the tribune of the Convention, and their old friend Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, prosecuted them. They were found guilty, and met the fate they so justly merited. A few days before the death of Kock, his wife was confined of a son, who afterwards became the celebrated Paul de Kock, one of the most talented—and in spite of all his grossness—not perhaps the most immoral of modern French writers. Objectionable as a great portion of his writings undoubtedly are, a moral may occasionally be drawn from them—a feature which it would be difficult indeed to find in many other French authors now greatly in vogue.

Among other celebrities who resided in Passy were the famous Abbé Raynal, who died in 1796; Piccini, the rival of Gluck, in 1803; Bellini, the composer, who died in 1834. Lamartine, Madame Grisi, and Rossini have all built houses here. The Count Las Casas was also a resident in Passy, as well as the Count Portalis; Orfila, the celebrated chemist, who first reduced to a system the present science of toxicology; Béranger, the poet; Jules Janin, the author; the celebrated Honoré de Balzac; Louis Jourdan; the actors Bouffé, Levasseur Auriol, so long the clown of the Paris circus, Chollet, Madame Mainvielle-Fodor, Guyon, and several other actors and actresses of eminence.

(To be continued.)

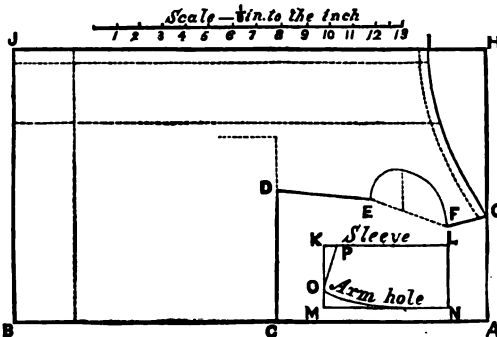
PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.



THE subjoined pattern will, we feel, be more appreciated by many of our readers than either the day or night shirt. If the little dress is made in good, useful material, such as printed calico, cambric, or holland, and a few pence spent on a little white braid or other inexpensive trimming, it will be found one of the cheapest, most useful, and easily made of patterns for children's frocks; and in families

where frocks have to descend from one child to another it is particularly so, as little if any alteration is required to make it fit any child between the age of one and three years. It is equally appropriate for dresses of more expensive and thicker material; little boys' frocks, too, may be thus made in any material until the wearers are promoted to jackets and knickerbockers.

In order to adapt the pattern to any particular child, the first thing you must ascertain is the amount of material required for the dress. For this, measure from the top of the shoulder to one inch below the skirt of the dress usually worn; then add the depth of the hem, which is generally $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, double the whole quantity, and there will be enough for the dress; this is supposing your material to be from 32 inches to one yard wide. In narrower materials an extra breadth or breadths must be added at the sides to make the skirt fuller, and must be joined to the length between the letters D O in the engraving. When the little dress is made in washing material, it is a pretty addition to have a sash of the same; for this, 6 or 7 inches more material must be allowed. The alterations that will be required are in the length under the arm, D E, and the depth of the armhole itself. It is well to remember that no dress will fit a child well unless good measure be allowed from the bottom of the armhole to the waist. The pattern is so simple, that any one who can use a pair of scissors with very moderate dexterity will be able to cut it out at once, from the engraving, the size required.



To make a frock of the dimensions given in the pattern, which will fit most children of from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ years.—Take one yard five-eighths of cambric or print, full width. Take off from the length 6 inches for a sash, which divide in two pieces 3 inches wide. Double the remainder of the piece in the middle of the width, making a crease the whole length of it. Make a box-pleat $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide about half an inch from each side of the crease; pin it to keep it in its place. Double the length exactly in half, and fold again in the crease made between the plaits, so that all the edges are together on one side. This reduces the material to about $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 20 (the hem being turned up round the bottom). Now make your lines with a rule and pencil by the engraving.

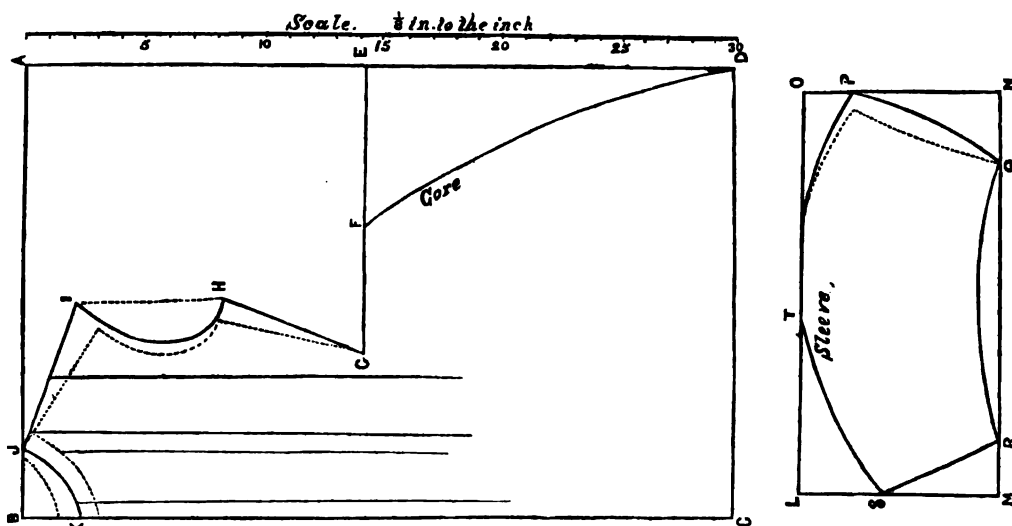
A B H J represents the material folded as directed, and is $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 20. A H is the top of the print, or what will be the neck of the dress. A B the selvages. From A to B 20

inches. A to C 9 inches. C D $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. D E 4 inches. E 5 inches from edge A B. E F $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. F to edge A B $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. F to G $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. G A $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Hollow for the armhole $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches from dotted line. H I $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Shape from I G by the engraving for the neck, cutting through the folds. The piece C D is to be plaited over the seam under the arms, to match the front plait, as shown by the dotted line beyond D.

The sleeve is cut out of the piece taken from the neck between I G H. The half of the pattern is given. K L M N $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inches from K to P, and from O to M are each three quarters of an inch. Join O P by a line, and slope the armhole by the engraving. Two frills may be had for each sleeve from the pieces cut out of the sides between A C, D E, F G. In sewing the sleeve into the dress, put the seam O P nearly half an inch to the front of the seam under the arms. When the seams are joined, and the plaits fastened at the waist by back-stitching neatly across

them, run a tape all round the waist inside to form a slot for a narrower tape to draw the dress to the figure. Hem the sash; join the two pieces neatly together so that they will form one long sash; fasten on the waist about 2 inches from the centre of each side. When the frock is intended for a boy, make it to open in the front at the outer edge of the box-plait, and put a little frill or work down the opening, and the same round the top. If for a girl, let it slip over the head, and draw it up round the neck, with a tape run in the hem for the purpose, or make it to open at the back.

Where trimming such as braid is not desired, feather-stitch with coarse knitting or crochet cotton round the neck (on the hem), on each side the box-plaits on the body only, and on the piece of sash fastened to the dress. The sleeves are also greatly improved by having the frills put on with feather-stitch instead of a cord. In our next, we purpose giving this pattern for a child of eight or nine years of age.



CHILDREN'S GAMES—continued from page 464.

THE PIGEONS.

HALF the children form a ring, taking hold of hands and standing close together. The rest stand close together in the ring and are the pigeons. As the song begins, those forming the ring step back, and raising their arms, make it as large as

possible. The pigeons then fly out, moving their arms for wings; they fly about the room till the words, "Then come," when all fly home and the ring closes as before.



Night comes on, the sun has gone down,
Oh, come back you pretty ones to your home!
Make haste, make haste, for we very much fear
The fox is now out, the hawk is near!
Then come all you pretty ones back before night,
And we'll shut you safe in, and lock the door tight.

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XIX.

MR. MOSS DECLINES A PARTNERSHIP.

WHEN Robert arrived at his office, he found his clerks already at their duty, but Moss had not yet made his appearance. Robert's first occupation was to open his letters, and after he had read them, gave to his clerks those which could be answered by them; and placing the others upon his desk for future con-

sideration, he seated himself in his chair, and attempted coolly to reflect upon the position he was in, and the best means of relieving himself from it. He now calculated the amount of the bills which were extant with Mr. Macmurdo's name forged on them, the amount of good debts owing to him, his present liabilities, and the sum he should require before he could be in possession of any more money from the contracts he had undertaken. On striking the balance,

he found his assets were lamentably below his liabilities, so much so, that even if he borrowed the whole of the money poor Mrs. Murphy possessed, it would barely suffice for the purpose of taking up the bills before they became due, and relieving himself from his legal liabilities. True, with the money, he could call in every bill with Macmurdo's name on it, and his infamy would thus remain unknown to the world; but in that case, there would be little difference in point of villainy between forging the name of his friend, and plundering the poor woman of all she possessed in the world. Consider the subject as he would, he could find no way out of it; and at last adopted the coward's resolution of letting things go on, in the hope that some lucky speculation might turn up, by which he should be able to recover his position.

He was disturbed from his reflections by the noise of voices, in angry altercation, in the clerks' room. He listened, and could distinguish Moss's voice severely scolding the head clerk, who, by his answers, seemed by no means inclined to allow Moss's abuse to pass with impunity.

"I tell you, sir, you are an impudent vagabond," said Moss, "and I have a great mind to discharge you on the spot."

"If I thought you had either the power to keep or discharge me," was the reply, "I would not remain in the office another hour. I have hitherto been used to be employed by gentlemen, and I have not the slightest intention of submitting to the impertinence of a drunkard like yourself."

"You dare call me a drunkard?" said Moss, the thickness of whose voice seemed to give some truth to the clerk's remark.

"Yes, and you are three parts drunk now, and you know it. However, I have no intention of stopping here any longer, if I am to be in the slightest degree under your orders, and I will tell Mr. Evans so at once." So saying, he moved towards the door of the inner office, and was met by Robert, who had risen from his chair to put a stop to their dispute.

"Mr. Evans," said the clerk, "will you have the kindness to tell me whether I am in any manner under Mr. Moss's orders? as, if so, I hope you will allow me to throw up my appointment immediately, as I do not intend to be the butt of his drunken abuse."

"Drunken!" said Moss; "you dare call me drunken? Mr. Evans, I insist upon your discharging that fellow directly."

"Well, but," said Robert, attempting to calm them, "let me hear what your dispute is about."

"No, Mr. Evans," said Moss, "there shall be no inquiry into the subject. I insist upon that fellow being discharged."

"But, Mr. Moss," said Evans, mildly, "you must excuse me if I say that is hardly the manner in which you ought to address me. You may depend upon it, I have every intention of maintaining your authority in this office; at the same time, I ought to be treated with the respect due to the head of it."

"I don't care anything about that," said Moss, thoroughly infuriated. "This vagabond shall go, and immediately too."

"And I will go," said the clerk. "I am sorry to leave you, Mr. Evans, but I will not act in any manner under the orders of that man. And as for you," he continued, turning to Moss, "I have some reason to believe you are not altogether the person you profess

yourself to be, and that you have borne another name besides the one you now go by. How far it may be true I do not know; but I have a cousin who is an inspector of police, and depend upon it I will find out the rights of the case, and if I do not inform you of the result, at any rate I will let your employer know it." So saying, after bowing to Robert, the clerk took up his hat, and immediately quitted the house.

It would be difficult to describe the change which came over Moss's features when he heard the last remark of the clerk. All appearance of intoxication left him in an instant. The angry flush he had before, now vanished, and a hue of deadly paleness supplied its place. So great was the change, that even Robert, absorbed as he was in his own gloomy reflections, noticed it. The expression Moss's countenance now wore was not one either of shame, sorrow, or fear, but it was one of deadly malevolence. His eye seemed to glare at Robert, as if the latter had already discovered the history of his previous life. After a few moments, however, he was sufficiently cool to notice the expression of intense surprise on Robert's countenance, and, by a violent effort, he regained his self-possession.

"I really beg your pardon, Evans," he said; "that scoundrel completely put me out of temper. However, he has gone now, and we are well rid of him. I will find you another fellow to supply his place. How is Mrs. Evans this morning?"

"Thank you, she is better," said Robert, coldly, for an extraordinary feeling of repugnance came over him at hearing Moss speak of Maria. He knew Moss to be little better than a villain; and, although he was obliged to own himself equally disreputable, the idea of Moss speaking as if on terms of intimacy with his family, grated acutely on his feelings. Moss evidently noticed the tone of Robert's voice, but said nothing, though Evans could perceive he was annoyed.

"Moss," said Evans, "I wish to have a little conversation with you on matters of business. I have now for several years enjoyed the benefit of your services. You have been on all occasions more than my right hand, and we have worked steadily on together. I hardly think you ought any longer to remain in the position of a subordinate. If I were to propose offering you a third of my business, would you like to accept it?"

Moss regarded him for a moment with a piercing expression, under which Robert almost quailed, though he knew not why.

"I could not afford it," said Moss, coolly and distinctly, as if he had been turning the subject over in his mind, and had at last come to a conclusion. "No, I could not afford it."

"You misunderstand me," said Robert, kindly. "I did not intend that you should in any way contribute to the capital employed. It was perfectly a free-will offering on my part."

"So I imagined," said Moss, coolly; "but I could not afford to accept it, even for nothing; I should loose by it."

"I do not understand you," said Robert.

"Why, my dear fellow," said Moss, with a look of the most perfect assurance, "you see that now, without my having the slightest responsibility or danger. I can take my third share of the profits, or even more, which I am sure you would give me, were I to ask for it. Why, then, should I take any responsibility on myself? You see I am candid with you."

Evans, who had been standing during his conversation with Moss, now threw himself into the arm chair, for he was nearly fainting. The terrible thralldom he was under came before him, without the slightest hope of his being able to relieve himself from it. Moss saw the condition his employer was in, and said—

"Come, come, Evans, don't give way, my good fellow. When you had the power in your hands, you were always good humoured and civil to me; and, now I am master (Moss laid great emphasis upon the word master), I will be equally indulgent to you—do not fear. Now, what is there we have to do to-day? Can I answer any letters for you? If so, pray make me useful; only let me do it at once, as I have an appointment this afternoon at Greenwich, which I wish to keep."

"No, thank you," stammered Robert, "I think there is nothing but what I can manage myself."

"How does *our* account stand at the bankers?" inquired Moss.

"We have sufficient for the present," said Robert, "and shall be able to pay up all our contractors at the end of the week."

"Indeed!" said Moss. Then, regarding Evans in a scrutinizing manner, he continued, "That was hardly the case yesterday. Take care, Evans. Let me advise you to be cautious. Remember, in cases of that kind, discovery is no joke."

It was with intense difficulty that Robert could retain his temper at this remark, as he knew perfectly well it contained the suspicion that he had committed another forgery. Moss was fortunately at the moment employed in lighting his cigar, or he might have taken umbrage at the expression of Robert's countenance. However, as it was, it passed off without remark, and Moss shortly afterwards quitted the office.

As soon as he was gone, Evans began again to entertain the question of borrowing Mrs. Murphy's money. He tried to persuade himself that if the good woman knew all, she would not only give every farthing she possessed in the world to save him from disgrace, but would lay down her life in the bargain. Still he refused to accept the proposition as a tenable one, and he now began to turn over in his mind some other plan for raising money, and taking up the bills bearing Macmurdo's name. There was but one way which presented itself to him. He was in that condition in life, like other notorious forgers, in which he found, that painful as it was to advance, it seemed impossible to return. He now began to think of the commission of a crime, which six months before would have been to him utterly impossible. His great wish was to relieve himself, at any price, from Moss; and a plan which appeared to be feasible suggested itself to his mind. It may be remembered he was co-trustee with Mr. Macmurdo for Mr. Wilkinson's daughter, on her marriage. He now resolved to forge Macmurdo's name for the transfer of some stock secured on her into his own name, and after he had sold it out, gradually to absorb the forged bills of exchange he had issued; still there were certain formalities to be accomplished, and he hardly knew how to manage it. He had to make inquiries on the subject, cautiously and indirectly, and at last, all being completed, he sold out the sum of two thousand pounds, with the intention of applying it to taking up the bills as they came in.

The very day he had realized the amount Moss called on him again in the evening. Robert had just

finished his dinner, and was turning over in his mind which of the bills it would be advisable first to take up, when Moss entered the dining-room. At first sight Robert easily perceived that Moss was partially intoxicated, yet not so much so as to preclude his speaking perfectly distinctly, and of well understanding what he was about. He was, in fact, one of those men upon whom spirits and wine seem to have but little effect, no matter how great the quantity they may swallow.

"Well, Evans," he said, throwing himself down upon a chair, "bad luck again. I believe I am one of the most unfortunate fellows that ever lived."

"What is the matter?" said Evans. "What has occurred?"

"Lost again," said Moss, "and pretty deeply too."

"Lost?" said Evans. "Where? What is it you mean?"

"Why, at the St. Leger, to be sure."

Robert, trembling and aghast, looked at him inquiringly.

"Too true, my boy," said Moss; "there is no mistake about the matter. I am in for it again. What a prudent, steady fellow you are, Evans, not to mix yourself up with anything of the kind. Upon my word, I regularly envy your calm tone of mind. How do you manage it?"

Evans returned no answer, but looked at Moss steadily and sorrowfully.

"Come, come, my boy," said Moss, "it is no use your sitting there looking as if you were keeping guard over a family vault. It cannot be helped, I am sorry for it, but I have no alternative, and I must draw upon you again."

"Draw upon me?" said Evans. "And from what source do you expect I am to obtain the money?"

"From the same source as the last," said Moss, turning round fiercely, "and without delay, too, for I must have a thousand pounds before this time to-morrow."

"Moss," said Evans, starting from his chair in terror, "are you mad?"

"Not in the least," said Moss, "unless you call three parts drunk being mad. However, that is neither here nor there; the question of my sanity is not before us at the present moment. I want a thousand pounds before this time to-morrow evening, and will have it; so let me be obeyed. I think I had better go now; for, from the expression of your countenance, it is more than probable we may have a row. When I am in a passion, which, by-the-bye, is very rarely, I am accustomed to express myself loudly and explicitly; and, although I have no particular objection (that is to say, as far as I am personally concerned) to your servants knowing the whole of your transactions, I don't want the affair to blow up just yet. By letting them know it, I should be playing the part of the pig in the water—cutting my throat with my own paws. So now, good-bye. I will call on you to-morrow at the office; when, like a good fellow, I am sure you will have the money ready for me."

For some minutes after Moss had left him Robert Evans sat in his chair as if completely stupified; nor did he recover himself until a violent flood of tears came to his relief. It was really piteous to see the state of utter prostration the wretched man was in. He bent his head on his hand, and wept like a child. After some time he became calmer, and raising his

head, his eye fell on the portrait of Murphy, which hung on the side of the room, opposite the fireplace.

"Oh! how I envy you!" he said, speaking to the spirit of Murphy, while looking at the portrait. "Oh! how I envy you! Would to heaven that I had died with you, rather than have lived to this day. What would you have thought of me could you have known I should have acted so basely?"

He now walked up and down his room for some time, till the servant entered to ask him whether she should bring in his tea (for he had been accustomed to take it in Maria's room), as her mistress was asleep, and if so, Mrs. Murphy would come down and join him. Robert Evans had contrived, during the time the servant was speaking to him, to turn his back to her, leaning his head on his hand, with his elbow on the chimney-piece, so that she might not be liable to see he had been crying.

"Tell Mrs. Murphy," he said to her, "that I have a very violent headache, and shall take no tea to-night. But first bring me my chamber candlestick."

The servant did as she was told, and Robert left the parlour for his bedchamber. When once he was there, he locked the door, and then continued his melancholy reflections. Suddenly the idea came over him, whether the shorter plan for him to escape from the misery he was in would not be by self-destruction; but he cast aside the idea, less from the wickedness of the action than from the dread of terrifying his wife, whose health was now in a very precarious condition. At last he sought his bed, and tried to drown his sorrows in slumber; but sleep he could not. Feverishly and wide awake did he pass the night. When morning came, he fell, for a short time, into a light slumber. As frequently happens, his dreams were of a perfectly different character from the thoughts which had last occupied his mind. He imagined he was with Maria at Mrs. Gibbons's house at Clapton; that the old lady was dead, and that he was conversing with Maria on the amount of property she had inherited. They were making plans for their wedding, and building castles in the air. The future seemed before them in its brightest colours.

He was aroused from this dream of happiness by the servant knocking at his door, and telling him it was eight o'clock, his usual hour for rising. For some time longer he remained in bed, trying to sleep, in order to escape, if possible, from the dreadful thoughts which then crowded in his mind. Finding sleep could not be obtained, he rose from his bed, and after his toilet was completed he descended into the breakfast-room.

When the servant brought in his breakfast, he noticed the altered condition of his master, and the terrible anxiety expressed upon his countenance. Of course he made no remark to Evans; but when he went down stairs he told his fellow-servants he feared their master was going to have a violent fit of illness, for he looked more like a corpse than a living man.

His breakfast over, Robert Evans left home for the office, where he found his only clerk already arrived.

"I am sorry, sir," said the young man, addressing Evans, "to leave your employment; but I wish to do so as soon as you can find some one to supply my place."

"Why so?" inquired Evans.

"Well, sir," was his reply, "I should have been most happy to continue with you, but I will not stop

any longer in the same office with that man Moss. I saw Jackson last night (the clerk who had left the office the day before), and he told me he had discovered Moss to be a thorough drunkard, blackleg, and swindler. He is to be seen every night at one of the drinking and singing saloons, in the worst company; and that he never went home without being partially intoxicated; in fact, that he was a notorious character. And he also very much suspected that after a few days he should be able to find out so much about him as would drive him from any respectable society whatever."

Robert Evans immediately perceived that he dare not, at that moment, quarrel with Moss, so he quietly replied, "I am very sorry to hear of your determination; the more so, as I strongly suspect that Jackson, out of revenge, has been setting you against Mr. Moss."

"Apart from Jackson, sir," said the clerk, "I have seen enough of Mr. Moss to hold him in thorough dislike; and, for that reason alone, if for no other, I shall decline remaining any longer in the office. At the same time, I should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience, but the sooner you find some one to fill my place the better I shall like it."

"Of course," said Evans, "if you persist in your determination I have no alternative, though I am very sorry for it. I will endeavour to find some one to fill your situation without delay." So saying he entered into his private office, and closed the door after him.

Evans now took up his letters, and opened them one after the other. They were all on business matters, and many of them required lengthy answers. He resolved to reply to them himself, and immediately commenced writing. By one of those singular changes which occasionally come over the mind when in deep trouble, he suddenly found himself in a perfect humour for business. He finished his letters for the post, and possibly he had never written better, so much so, that he was astonished at his own clearness and precision. He now took out his newspaper, and attempted to interest himself with its contents, but in vain. Over and over again did he read the same clear paragraph without being able to understand it, and yet, with a childish feeling of annoyance, he still continued till he had made himself master of its meaning. The article he had been occupied with was one of the leading subjects of the day, on foreign politics; but in spite of all his efforts, repeatedly as he tried, he could not make himself master of the argument, and in a fit of petulance he turned to another part of the paper, when his eye rested on the Old Bailey trials.

The first trial that attracted his notice was that of a man for having murdered his wife. Here he became greatly interested in the subject, and read it attentively.

The next trial was one for forgery. At first, he did not feel that it applied to himself in any manner; but as he read on he found similar instances mentioned which bore a strong similarity to his own case. The prisoner had been a gentleman holding an important situation in a bank, who, by over ambition, had become embarrassed in his circumstances, and, in order to redeem his position, had speculated largely, and lost considerably in each transaction. He had speculated again, and to enable him to do so he had employed some of the moneys intrusted to his care. He lost again; and to make up the deficiency of the money he

had used illegally he committed a forgery; and so, on and on, till his defalcations amounted to an enormous sum. His counsel used every argument in his favour, yet the case was dead against him, and the jury, without retiring from the jury-box, returned a verdict of guilty. To the astonishment of every one, the expression of the prisoner's countenance—which during the trial had exhibited the most intense anxiety, marking eagerly every word that fell from the witnesses, and evidently catching at anything that told in his favour—suddenly cleared up, and he gave a deep sigh of relief, as if the certainty of the gaol and the chain-gang were trifling in comparison with the mental torture he had been suffering.

Evans here threw down the paper, and for some time remained motionless as a statue in his chair. The idea which presented itself to him was to give himself up to justice, and to acknowledge the crimes he had committed, rather than to continue longer in the misery he was suffering. He had almost decided to adopt that course when the idea of his wife presented itself to him, and completely reversed the resolution he had almost arrived at. It was impossible for him to support the thought that she should know him as a despicable forger—she who imagined him to be the very embodiment of honour and integrity.

Again he found himself as bewildered as before, and was upon the point of taking into consideration the advisability of self-destruction, when he heard Moss enter the outer office.

"So that scamp, your fellow-clerk," said Moss, "has had the good sense not to show himself here again."

"From what he says, though," said the young man, "it is very probable that he will."

"How so?" inquired Moss.

"He says," replied the clerk, sternly, "that most probably in a few days he may have some communication to make to Mr. Evans respecting your past career, Mr. Moss. He further says that it is more than possible you may be the person to leave the office, and in that case he may come back."

"Listen to me, young gentleman," said Moss, in a tone of high indignation. "If ever you attempt again to speak to me in that tone and manner, your own appointment will not be worth an hour's purchase."

"To that I have no objection," said the young man, undauntedly; "and, more than that, I have this morning told Mr. Evans it is my wish to leave his employment as soon as possible, as I will not stop in any office where you may be. Not from anything Jackson may have told me, but from what I have found out respecting you myself."

Moss was on the point of asking him to what he alluded, but fearing to hear something which might not be particularly complimentary, he made no remark, but hurriedly entered into Robert Evans's private room.

As soon as the two met, Moss cleared his brow, and, putting out his hand, advanced towards Evans in a friendly manner.

"Well, Evans," he said, "you do not bear me any grudge, I hope, for that little tiff which took place between us yesterday evening. I did not wish to annoy you, but, to tell you strictly the truth, I had taken more wine than I could conveniently carry."

"Then I hope, Mr. Moss," said Evans, "you meant nothing that you did say."

"Not a word, my dear fellow, I assure you," said

Moss; "that is to say, with the exception of the money, which, much as it pains me to annoy you, I must have."

"Moss," said Evans, "you will push me to desperation if you do not mind."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said Moss with a sneer, "I know you too well for that."

"You do not," said Evans. "If you only knew how nearly I was upon the point of giving myself up to justice a few minutes ago, you would be somewhat astonished; and, I assure you, but very little would make me do it now. Anything would be better than the misery I am enduring."

Moss looked at him for a moment with an expression of mock indignation, and then said—

"Evans, you disgust me; nay, more, you disgust me with human nature, and make me blush for mankind. To hear you, whom I had imagined the affectionate son and husband, calmly talk of bringing dishonour and misery on those who ought to be so dear to you, saddens me. Shame! shame! What would that excellent old lady say if she were to see you in a felon's dress; or your wife, when she hears that you are condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude? for that is the least you would have. Evans, pray come to a better frame of mind, and think more of those who now cling to you for support and protection."

Notwithstanding the tone of mock gravity with which Moss uttered these remarks, and which was plainly perceptible to Evans, the scoundrel's taunt told home on the wretched man, and he clasped his hands before his face and wept like a child. Even Moss himself seemed touched for the moment by the anguish of his companion.

"Come, come, Evans," he said, "be a man. We have both been playing a deep game, and, if I have won, you should bear your losses like a man of spirit. Come, there's a good fellow, let me have the money. I know you have plenty at your banker's, so do not hesitate longer about it."

Evans remained for a few moments silent, and then, opening a drawer, took out his cheque-book, and drew a cheque for a thousand pounds, which he handed to Moss. On taking it into his hand Moss looked at it for some moments without speaking, as if absorbed in deep thought.

"Evans," he said, at last, "I do not wish to distress you, but our game is narrowing into a very close compass, and I must not lose a single point or run the slightest risk. You must present that cheque to the banker's yourself, and get it cashed, for I will not. It might be afterwards asked what right I had to the money. Now, if we go together, the cashier will pay you the money and see me in your company; and as I find you have drawn the draft in my name, you can, as if casually, hand me over the notes in his presence. Now, put on your hat, like a good fellow, and let us be off, for my creditors are anxiously waiting for me to settle with them."

With a lowering brow, yet with a settled expression of determination on his countenance, Robert Evans took up his hat, and, accompanied by Moss, left the office. They proceeded direct to the bank, where Robert presented the cheque. Moss, who knew something of the cashier, entered into conversation with him upon some casual subject. Presently, glancing at the cheque in the cashier's hand, he said to Evans,

"You have antedated that cheque, have you not, by one day?"

"No," said the cashier, looking at it, "it is quite right."

"Is it?" said Moss; "then I have lost a day somewhere. I cannot think how I could be so stupid."

"A day lost," said the cashier, sentimentally, "is not easily found again; nor is a mistake in money matters always easily rectified."

Robert Evans gave a deep sigh at the cashier's remark, but made no observation. Five two hundred pound notes were then handed over to him by the cashier, when Evans, taking them up from the counter, folding them together, said—

"I may as well hand over these notes to you at once, Moss."

"Very well," said Moss, in a tone that the cashier might hear. "Now we are all straight again," and he and Evans then left the bank.

As soon as they were outside the building Moss shook Evans heartily by the hand, saying—

"Well, old fellow, this is the last time, I hope, I shall have to trouble you."

Evans made no reply, but turned his steps moodily homewards; nor did he halt till he came in sight of the shop of a chemist, to whom he was known, and with whom he frequently dealt. He entered it, and finding the proprietor behind the counter, said to him—

"I want you to let me have an ounce of laudanum."

"It is quite contrary to rules, Mr. Evans," said the chemist, "but I suppose there will be no danger in letting you have it?"

"None whatever," was Evans's reply. "I know well its uses and its dangers. You may trust it to me."

The chemist having prepared the phial, gave it to Robert, who wished him good morning, and proceeded home.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

VII.—HOAR FROST.

WHEN after sunset the earth cools down by radiation under a clear sky several degrees below the temperature of the air, the cold surface condenses the moisture of the air in the form of dew. Vegetation radiates freely, and hence contracts more dew than most other objects. But radiation may proceed so far as to lower the temperature to a point that will not only condense the vapour into the liquid form, but will freeze it into what is called *hoar*, or *white frost*. Indeed, vegetation is liable to be affected by hoar frost during ten months of the year; and even in July and August, when hoar frost is rare, the nocturnal temperature under a clear sky may be only just above the freezing point.

It must not be supposed that hoar frost always consists of frozen dew; for it frequently happens that the moisture is at once condensed into hoar frost without previously becoming liquid. But hoar frost may be melted so as to form dew, or dew may be frozen and melted again more than once during the night. The clearness of the sky will favour radiation, clouds will check it; the texture of the radiating surfaces, the degree of shelter and exposure, all modify, or tend to modify, the formation of hoar frost. We may see in the morning an open grassy surface white with hoar frost, while the grass beneath the spreading branches of trees is covered with dew. The upper branches of a

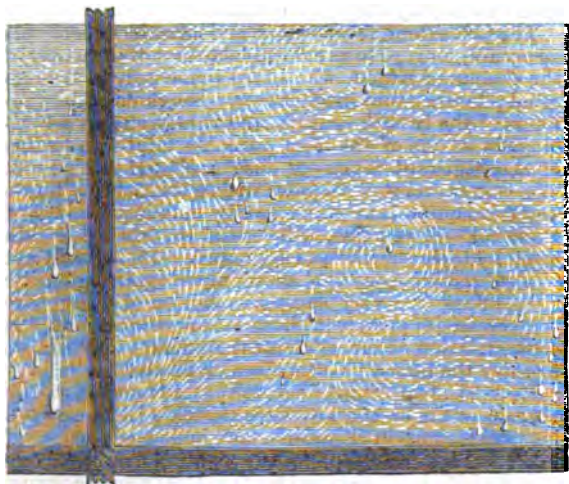
tree, being exposed to the sky, radiate their heat freely, and are covered with frost, while the lower branches, sheltered by the upper ones, are much less white; and even in the upper branches, where one crosses another without touching it, the latter is comparatively free from frost. So remarkable is the effect of shelter in checking radiation, that the partial covering afforded by the coping of a wall will protect the plant nailed to its surface, while the shoots which project beyond the surface may be frostbitten. We may see the effects of partial shelter in wooden railings, &c.; the upper edge of the railing, from being exposed to the sky, will cool down so as to contract an abundant crop of crystals, while the corresponding edge of the lower rail has portions of frost only, the spaces near the upright bars being protected.

The action of radiation on indigenous plants is beneficial, as it brings them a necessary supply of moisture; but its action on plants brought from milder climates may be such as to reduce them to a temperature that they cannot bear, and hence they get frostbitten and killed, as was the case during the last severe winter with many garden shrubs which usually resist our climate. It is generally supposed that the cold air of a winter's night does the mischief, whereas it is the radiating power of the plant itself, reducing its temperature many degrees below that of the air, that often nips it to death. Whatever then will check radiation is useful in saving the life of the plant. A thin cambric handkerchief or a piece of gauze strained above grass has kept it 10° and upwards warmer than the exposed parts of the field; and the effect was the same whether the screen were six inches or six feet above the grass, provided that in the latter case the screen were large enough to prevent oblique radiation. Bodies are really better sheltered by screens placed a little above them than in contact with them, and experience has long taught gardeners this method of placing their mats and screens. If mats or canvas, moving upon rollers, could be drawn down in front of wall trees at the distance of a foot or two from their foliage, they would afford much protection. It is a mistake to place the screen in contact with the foliage, or to bind trees up in matting, &c.: for in such cases radiation is transferred from the tree to the mat, and the mat in its turn cools down by radiation, and so chills the tree in every point where it touches. It is easy, by means of hoops, &c., to prevent contact.

The snow which covers the ground, and often remains on it for some time during winter, is chiefly useful from its checking radiation. In an experiment by Mr. Glaisher, a thermometer placed on long grass on a cloudless February night marked a temperature of 6° below zero, while grass covered with snow was 28° above zero; so that the effect of the snow was to keep the grass warmer by 34° than if there had been no snow. A thermometer on the snow itself was 12° below zero, so that the difference between the two thermometers, one on the snow, the other under it, was 40°.

Frost on the window-pane is a charming subject, and often gives to children living in towns their first strong sense of natural beauty. In some cases we have beautiful spiral scrolls of foliage resembling damask; in others a mimic forest seems to rise, with its thick branches and feathery foliage; in others again the pane is covered with a kind of frosted dust. Many of these variations arise from minute furrows on the glass, invisible to the eye, but sufficient to catch the particles of vapour, and to throw them into certain curves in cleaning. On the continent the practice of cleaning windows with fine sand or ashes produces these furrows, in which the frozen particles lodge, as in the following engraving. In fact, windows have been cleaned with fine sand with a view to producing

this effect. Two window-panes were rubbed with a circular motion, in one case from right to left, and in the other from left to right. A third pane was rubbed in straight lines from top to bottom, and a fourth in diagonal lines. Next day hoar frost was found in the direction of the lines or furrows produced by the friction. The panes that had been rubbed with a circular movement resembled thorny branches bent or plaited into a circle.



It need hardly be remarked that the frost on the window-pane is on the inner surface. The moisture of the breath, and that arising from the burning of gas, lamps, and candles, supplies moisture to the warm air, which the external cold condenses. The unequal radiating power of different parts of the same pane, the proximity of the woodwork to the pane, the motion of the vapour in the room, the thinness of the moist film, and other circumstances, all concur to give variety to the figures. If a small piece of tinfoil be pasted upon the exterior surface of a window-pane in frosty weather, and another piece on the interior surface of another pane, the inner surface of the glass opposed to the external metal will be free from hoar frost, while the rest of the same pane will be covered with it. The tinfoil attached to the inner surface will, on the contrary, be more thickly coated with ice than any other part of the pane. These effects may be explained on the principle of radiation. The heat radiated from the room to the window escapes through the glass, except at the part covered with tinfoil outside, which reflects back the heat, and keeps the corresponding portion of the glass warm. When, on the contrary, the metal is on the inside of the pane, it prevents that part of the glass from receiving heat from the room, so that it becomes colder than any other part of the pane; and, making the metal as cold as itself, will cause it to receive a more abundant deposit of hoar frost. A spot of mud or dirt on the outside of a window-pane will prevent the formation of dew or hoar frost on the corresponding part within.

The distribution of frost on the window-pane is influenced by the position of curtains, blinds, and shutters. If the window shutters be partially closed, the panes so covered will often be more densely coated with moisture or hoar frost than the uncovered ones. The effect of the shutters is to shield the glass behind them from the heat radiated by the walls and furniture of the room, so that they become colder than the uncovered panes. Indeed, if we bear in mind the innumerable ways in which radiation may be checked or modified, we shall have great assistance in understanding the variety of its effects.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

[How the king's daughter, having married me, a peasant, for love, heareth of the death of her only brother, and taketh her little son to the king.]

I.

SHE twisted up her royal lengths
Of fallen hair with a silver pin,
Her eyes were frowning, molten depths
Which stirred to flame when I looked within;
Dressed in a gown of velvet black,
With a diamond clasp and a silver band,
Walked from the door with a stately step,
And our young son held by his mother's hand.

Walter ran by his mother's side,
More like in his eyes to her than me;
The queen would have bartered her ivory throne
For such a blossom of royalty.

Heavily over the far-hill tops
Booms the bell in the minster-tower,
From city to city between the hills
Echo the bells at the burial hour.

"Amen!" saith the bough in the ten-mile forest;
"Amen!" saith the sea from its cavernous bed;
"Amen!" say the people when bowed at the sorest;
"Who is dead?" said the rooks, "who is dead?"
who is dead?"

The young man is dead, in his strength, in his beauty,
His curls lie loose on his white-fringed pall;
Loud cry the people and priests at the altar,
Soft wails the requiem over them all.

Low in the midst of the Church of the Merciful
Lieth the young man, gone to his rest,
His sword is sheathed and his coronet broken,
Flowers of yesterday cover his breast.

"Babe, child, brave youth!" wept the queen in her closet;

"Heir of my name!" sighed the king on his throne;

"Who leads us to battle?" cried they of the market;
"My lover!" looked one face as cold as a stone.

Slow tolled the bells from the north to the southern sea,

Winds caught them up with a desolate cry,
Solemn he lies under darkening arches,
The hand of eternity pressed on each eye.

* * * * *

II.

The market-cross, with its sculptured Christ,
'Mid the crush and the trample stood steady and strong;

The welded masses of voiceless folk
As a sea at midnight rolled along.

Booming bells, as they struck the ear,
Died away in the silent skies;
Gossiping women were dumb with fear,
And each gabled house was alive with eyes.

But lo! in the distance a shadowy file,
They move to the beat of a muffled drum;
The waves recede as for Israel's march,
And the thick crowd mutters, "They come, they come."

Where the bier was borne by the central fount,
She stood as still as the carven stone,
Saying, "O King, behold my boy,
"His smile is the dead's, and his eye is your own."

"From my broad domain in one true man's heart,
 "From the home I chose of mine own free will,
 "I give you my jewel to wear in your crown."
 Then snatching him back for one last long fill

Of his rippling smiles, they heard her say,
 With a haughty glance at her marriage-ring,
 "Well is my home by the forester's hearth,
 "But Walter, my son, is the heir of a king."

When the shadows fell on our quiet pool,
 And the birds were asleep in the firs overhead,
 She returned alone, but her face was white,
 And her step as the step of one waked from the dead.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

LOCHES.

. . . . each rocky mound
 Stern sentinel of ages, fortress-crowned.

THE first sight of Loches must produce upon the traveller an impression of a nature not easily to be effaced. It is one of the most beautifully situated towns in Touraine, and as we approach it a picture rises before us, so bright and beautiful, and full of picturesque detail so artistically thrown together, that it looks as if it had been placed there for the express purpose of enchanting the eye.

The old town owes much of its architecture to renaissance taste; and the rich and varied colouring of slate and tile, and moss-grown stone, appears with every diversity of line and angle, for the houses are built towards every point of the compass. The different gradients on which they stand aid the peculiarity of the effect, as the houses rise above each other to the height of twenty stories. On a level with the highest appear the turrets of the château, dominated by the spires of the venerable cathedral; and above this again the eye is led—by gates and walls which are seen from distance to distance, mingled as it were with the buildings of the town and the vine-clad slopes—to the square donjon, the pointed roofs and embattled towers of its ancient mediæval fortress, commanding and severe even in its age.

We might dwell at great length on the exquisite charm of this favoured spot, where all combines to form an aggregate rarely to be met with, and where Nature has surpassed herself. The Indre, on the banks of which it stands, forms a lovely valley, and dividing itself into several streams, fertilizes a large tract of country and enriches its inhabitants; for besides watering the neighbouring meadows, it has attracted a manufacturing population, and flowing beneath several bridges, serves, at Beaulieu—appropriately so named—to work a considerable amount of machinery.

The name of "Loches" is a corruption of "louc" or "loch," and signifies a marsh. Several Roman remains—among others, an elaborately carved Roman altar—have been from time to time discovered here; but we are altogether without details of the period or duration of the sojourn of the people to whom we owe them. That the Gauls established themselves on this spot in very early times, there is every reason to believe; and in the tenth century St. Ours founded here a monastery under the shelter of a hill, near which St. Eustache, bishop of Tours, had built a chapel dedicated to St. Magdalen. Little by little, a village rose around this chapel and this monastery, and soon the village became a town; such was the origin of Loches.

We pass over the turbulent times when Loches, together with so many other fortified places, was

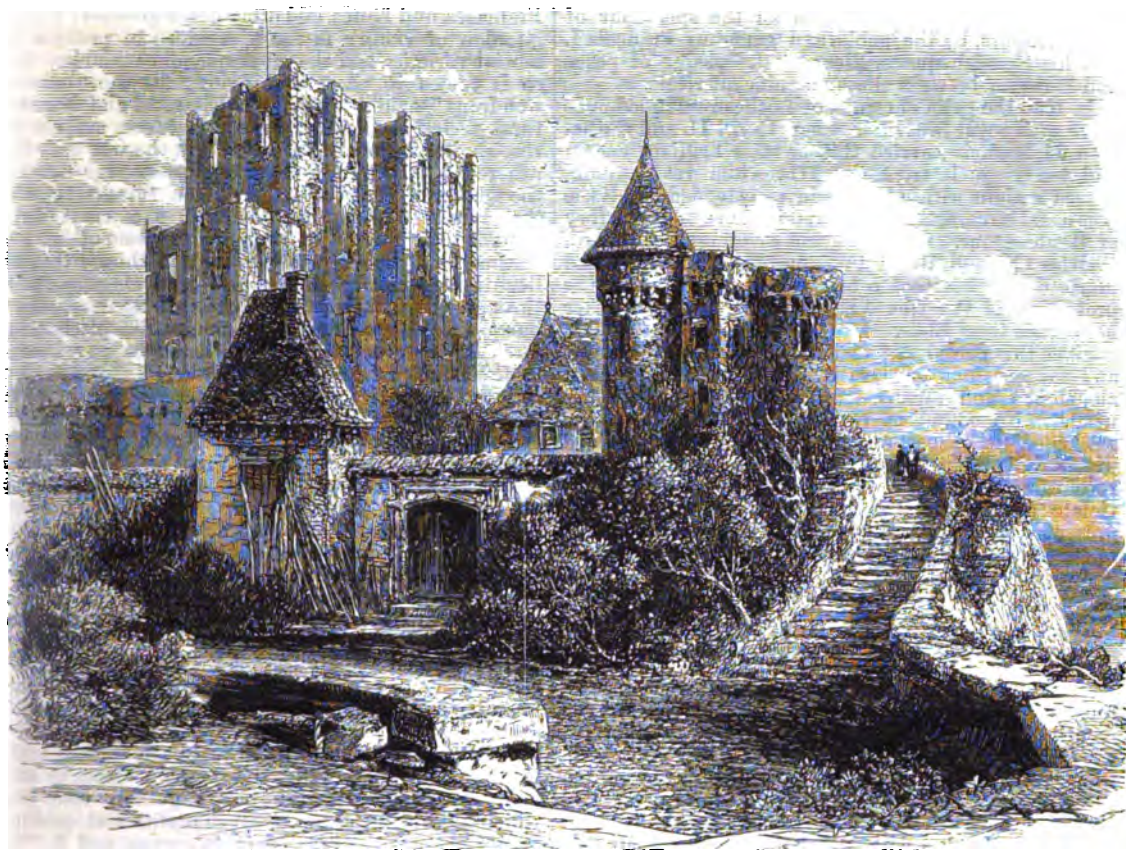
wrested from one conquering tribe by another more powerful for the time; but after passing through the hands of Romans, Visigoths, Merovingian princes, feudal lords, and the counts of Anjou and Touraine, it became, after the time of Philippe-Auguste, the undisputed possession of France. Stirring and spirited must have been the scenes it witnessed in succession during those early ages, when might was right, and when the *Diablo de Saumur*, *Front de Boisy*, *Longue Epée*, *Eveille Chien*, and other lawless chieftains, recognized only by their warlike sobriquets, disputed every inch of territory they could claim.

The vast extent, the strength and magnificence of this structure, conveys to us a formidable idea of the power of the Counts of Anjou, who added immensely to the original pile when they made it their stronghold. The donjon is of the twelfth century, and is regarded by archaeologists as one of the most valuable military remains of those distant times—at once a citadel and prison. We cannot venture to offer within these brief limits any description that would convey an adequate idea of these colossal remains, still less of the life led within them by their warlike and aggressive owners; suffice it to say, that the aspect of these imposing and gigantic ruins offers us a very suggestive notion of what were the necessities of war in those remote times; and the contemplation of those frightful ramparts may aid us to value the blessings of modern civilization.

In 1193, Jean Sans Peur, taking advantage of the absence of his brother, Richard Cœur de Lion, usurped his possessions in Touraine, and added a portion of them to those of Philippe-Auguste. No sooner, however, had Richard regained his freedom from the unjust captivity in which he had been held by the emperor of Germany, than he hastened to the recovery of his French territory. He found the stronghold of Loches held and disputed by a valiant force under the command of Guy de Laval. The governor defended himself at first with great intrepidity; but when he saw how furious was the attack of the English king, who himself led on the assault, he found it necessary to surrender, and was taken prisoner with several of his brave knights. In 1199 Richard died at Chinon, and Loches, with Montbrison, and the dependencies of both, became part of the dowry of his widow, Queen Berengaria; but in 1204, in consequence of the confiscation of the possessions of John Lackland, the king of France claimed the cession of all that had been owned by the English in that province. Loches was resolutely defended by Girard d'Athée, and other seigneurs devoted to the interests of the English queen; but after a struggle of a year's duration, provisions and ammunition failing, he was forced to capitulate, and Philippe-Auguste, having taken possession of it, gave it as a reward to Dreux de Mello, Connétable de France, a brave knight celebrated for his exploits in France and in Palestine, whither he had followed the king. This donation was redeemed at a later period by St. Louis, by virtue of an act dated from Egypt, on the banks of the Nile, 12th October, 1261.

On his return to France, St. Louis made a brief stay at Loches. In 1300, and again seven years later, Philippe le Bel remained there a week on his way to Poitiers to arrange with Pope Clement V. respecting the fate of the Knights Templars. The next royal visit to Loches was that of John II., who, when in his turn performing a journey to Poitiers, but on a different errand, halted there just half a century later. His destination was the battle-field, and his destiny to be defeated there by the youthful Black Prince. On this occasion Loches once more fell into the hands of the English.

Three reigns later Loches was again the scene of a royal passage, for Charles VII. made a sojourn there; but he was followed by a modest retinue, and came not with the pomp and ceremony of king of France, for he



LOCHES.

was only, at that time, king of Bourges. He was accompanied by his sagacious and gentle queen, Marie d'Anjou, who may be said to have been the good genius of France. Joan of Arc had not yet accomplished her glorious mission, but France was soon to owe her its deliverance.

In 1436 Charles returned to Loches, again accompanied by his queen; but the queen was attended by a young girl, whose beauty and virtues were to be reported to posterity as the heritage of Agnes Sorel. It is true Agnes was the king's mistress, but so exemplary was her character, and so beneficial her influence over the wayward and often unwise monarch, that the queen herself encouraged his admiration for her rival, and always continued on the best terms with her. At Loches, besides the other improvements made by the king, there was built for her accommodation a turret situated on the choicest spot, and known to succeeding generations as the tower of Agnes Sorel. On the death of the beautiful, judicious, and amiable Agnes, she was buried in the choir of the collegiate church of Loches, where her charity and gentleness are recorded on her monumental stone. The white marble tomb that covers her remains is a masterpiece of the time, and is well preserved. Charles died in 1461 at Mehun, aged fifty-eight, his death having been hastened by grief and alarm at the vices of his son, afterwards Louis XI., whom he suspected of intending to poison him.

No sooner had this cruel despot entered into possession of Loches, than he discovered how admirably it was adapted for a prison. He therefore had it fitted with iron cages, opened the *soupirails*, long disused, and was not long in finding state offenders to incarce-

rate within its defiant walls. Within the dismal dungeons of Loches have been confined Pierre de Brézé, Charles de Melun, Evêque de Verdun, Harancourt, Louis le Maure, Philippe de Savoie, Cardinal La Balue, Geoffrey de Pompadour, Georges d'Amboise, and we know not how many others. To La Balue is attributed the invention of those iron cages, within which he himself passed many miserable years by command of the tyrant who at that time ruled the destinies of France. Did space permit us we could dwell long on the sad histories of those whose weary lives were consumed, and whose spirits were broken within those gloomy walls, cut off from the light of day, and from the sympathies, nay, from the very ken of their fellow-beings. Even under the comparatively mild reign of Charles VIII., Commynes and others underwent the confinement of the iron cage, and this chronicler speaks feelingly of a penance of which he felt the bitterness by experience, for as he says "J'en avoit tasté pendant l'espace de huit mois." Charles VIII. passed here a portion of his neglected childhood, banished as he was from court by the jealousy of his selfish father, while his not less unhappy mother, Charlotte de Savoie, was frequently consigned to the Château de Loches and other fortresses by the suspicious monarch.

When Charles came to the throne he frequently made Loches his residence, and conducted thither his bride, the heiress of Brittany. He completed the great tower, but it remained for his brother-in-law, cousin, and successor, Louis XII., to raise that portion of the edifice which connects the round with the square tower. We have spoken of Louis le Maure, Duc de Milan—whose history is a romance, as one of the unwilling denizens

of the Château de Loches. Not thirty years had elapsed from the time of his death, when the conqueror of Pavia was received there, with all the splendour of royal honours, by the noble and generous François I. and his Spanish queen, Eleanor, the pledge of peace and harmony between these magnificent rivals.

In 1559 the grim old walls of Loches resounded once more with royal festivities, when Henri II. and Catharine de Medicis carried thither their brilliant court; and ten years later, Henri III., while yet dauphin, passed a night within its precincts, attended by all the pomp and circumstance of war, on the eve of the victory of Montcontour. Of subsequent sovereigns of France, Charles IX. and Henri IV. appeared at Loches, and Marie de Medicis took a brief refuge there under the protection of the Duc d'Epemon, its governor, after her escape from Blois.

Since this period the vast halls, the massive towers, and the spacious gardens of Loches, have remained abandoned and tenantless, "save to the crannyng wind." No sound of revelry or hum of men has awakened its echoes, and no voices have been heard within its precincts but the ominous cries of those revolutionary ruffians whose savage joy it was to violate and pillage the abodes of royalty. At the present day, the fortress-palace of Loches only offers to our contemplation the ghost of its departed glories.

CRUMPLED ROSE-LEAVES.

ALL things should appear irradiated with roseate hues in June, for it is the roses' month. "It was the month of roses," says the Laureate; it is "the odorous, wondrous month of June," sings Barry Cornwall, when, from hedgerow and parterre perfume is wafted, as "o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom," and as fascinating, though not so deadly, as that exhaled from the poisoned roses with which Catharine of Medicis was wont to rid herself of those who stood in her way. Brooks and ponds may now claim to rival Bendemeer's stream in their possession of bowers of roses wreathed with lovely specimens of the wild dog-rose, the self-same briar-rose that "fell in streamers green" when, "in the deep Trosach's wildest nook," the hunter approached the dwelling of the Lady of the Lake. Very pure and beautiful are the delicate hues of its five petals—in which its eastern worshippers saw the floral emblem of the five secrets of Allah; and, if we may credit that famous "Ophelia" picture of Millais' early prime, in which the wild rose was depicted with such marvellous effect, its petals were strewn on that glassy stream adown which "the rose of May," the sweet Ophelia, chanting "snatches of old tunes," floated to her death. From the wild hedge-rose to the thousand upon thousand varieties that bloom in the cultured garden,—the Ayrshires, Banksias, Boursaults, evergreens, multifloras, standards, climbers, perpetuals, hybrids, Provence, China, tea-scented damask, Noisettes, Bourbons, and the moss-roses,—how lovely are all, whether in colour, scent, or shape. Although the "Legend of Bion" would confer a masculine character on the flower, yet the Persian poets were more discriminating in making it the incarnation of feminine superiority, and hailing it not as the king, but as the queen of flowers. Leigh Hunt fancifully treated the idea in these lines:—

Whatsoever of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush and bosom and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

But, though its only rival flower is "the human, joy-abundant woman," yet is it the centre of much pleasant rivalry and the cause of those agreeable modern

wars of the roses, in which the strife is between the Paulas, and Rivers, and Lows, and Hendersons, and Francisces, and Lanes, and other noted growers; and the guerdon of victory is for him who can produce the newest varieties and the most splendid examples. And so it comes to pass, that among all the "odorous, wondrous" exhibitions of our botanical and horticultural societies, there are none that can surpass the rose-shows of June. And, although the wet week that ushered in that month in this present year detained the Queen of Flowers in her green retreat, yet, with the sunny Whitsuntide holidays, she came forth, radiant with blushes, as though conscious of her own charms, and glowing at those sweet things that her liege lover the nightingale had been singing to her through the month past. Then, all at once, with a burst of brilliance, the grand dames, demoiselles, and lords of the rose-garden came forth to pay homage to their queen. And, as they gathered round her and followed in her train, the portly Jules Margottin peeped at the gorgeous Duchess of Sutherland; Mrs. Elliot crimsoned with blushes beside the rich velvet coat of Arthur de Sansallies; Madame Vidot and Mrs. Standish approached with Barons Larray and Prevost; Devonians looked out for Hebe's Cup; the delicate Saffrona was happy with her *Souvenir de Malmaison*; and the *Géant des Batailles* was faced by Lord Raglan and General Jacqueminot. In June it is that nature begins to hold her festival of roses, and she prolongs those festal days well nigh to autumn's sere and yellow leaf.

Now there are many lessons we may learn from the rose; many flowery sermons that might be preached from its lovely text. There are its thorns and blossoms; there is the "Go, lovely rose," of Waller; there is that homely rose that had "just been washed in the shower that" (apparently, the shower) "Rosa to Anna conveyed;" there is the pope's golden rose, from which he evidently expects large profits and quick returns; there is the rose of Harpocrates, and the convivial talk *sub rosâ*; there is that tender maiden's-blush rose which is plucked and flung aside, "a moment cherished, and then cast away," of which so many poets, from Catullus to Moore, have sung; there are the Shakspearian roses—Juliet's, that "under any other name would smell as sweet;" Hamlet's "expectancy and rose of the fair state;" Duke Theaenus' "earthlier happy is the rose distilled," and a score of others; there is the vase that has held the attar of roses, which, like Horace's wine-cask, never will lose the scent with which it has once been imbued, even when broken and shattered; and there is George Herbert's moralising on the rose, and Quarles's quaint emblem, that "he repents on thorns that sleeps on beds of roses." And this reminds us of that Persian legend, which is more familiar to us in its classical form, wherein the slumbers of the sybarite on his rose-couch are represented to have been disturbed by a single crumpled rose-leaf; though even he was surpassed in sensitiveness of cuticle by the young lady in Andersen's fairy tale, who was discovered to be the true princess from the sufferings that she underwent when a pea had been surreptitiously placed under the lowest of her fifteen feather-beds. The sybarite may, for the present, serve our turn; for the bed of life has its crumpled rose-leaves for nearly every sleeper. True it is, that, as our great dramatist tells us, "Weariness will snore upon a flint, while drowsy sloth finds the down pillow hard;" yet even flints may sometimes seem to have sharper angles than is usual, and to thrust them more acutely into the tenderest places. Whether it might ever be possible for us, like the sensitive creature in Pope's "Essay on Man," to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," or, as we lately saw it quoted, by one who had evidently lost the context and his memory, "lie like the rose in aromatic pain;" or

whether, more practically than poetically, we die of our woes in a rheumatic pain, yet in its results the inevitable event is much the same, and places the death-seal on carking cares and sorrows. But, until that last sleep can be slept, until that bed has been made for us in which we must be laid for the final slumber, we permit ourselves to be disturbed by many petty annoyances and trifling troubles, which are to us what the crumpled rose-leaf was to the sybarite. They are nothing very great or formidable, nothing more than the little daily worries of life; but they may vex us, in the same way that the tiny midges exasperate the thin-skinned man, or the slight shaking of a casement may cause the over-sensitive to pass a night of restless tossings to and fro. Who cannot recall instances of the infinite variety of crumpled rose-leaves that disturb the mental rest and peace of mind of our would-be sybarites, both in high and low places, and in every condition of life? Mr. Bernal Osborne, not long since, in one of the interminable discussions on reform, spoke of the "political Epicureans," who were prepared "to pass any measure, so that they might have, for the future, a quiet life." But they are in a vast minority to our social sybarites with their crumpled rose-leaves.

Witness Mrs. Ditchwater's agonising endeavours to procure cards for Lady Coldstream's Thursdays, and Mrs. Shoddy's equally strenuous exertions to have herself, or daughters, introduced at the next drawing-room by nothing lower than a live countess. Mrs. A. wants a brougham or close carriage, like the B's. Mrs. C. requires silver side-dishes, like the D's, without which she cannot possibly give a dinner-party. Mrs. E. is hurt that the F's have not called upon her. Mrs. G. wishes for a French maid, like the H's, as it would be such an advantage to the dear children in their French, forgetful that she would probably speak a *patois* equivalent to cockney-English. Mrs. I. desires a country house, like the J's, and, when she has got it, is annoyed at the drumming of a threshing-machine or the smell of the cottagers' pig-styes. Mrs. K. is moving heaven and earth to get an invitation to the L's ball. Miss M. is intriguing to display her charming figure at the N's *tableaux vivants*. Mr. O. retires to a rural lodging, that he may complete his blank-verse tragedy in complete privacy, and discovers that he has located himself close to a waste bit of ground on the edge of three counties, which is the favourite resort of prize-fighters and their friends. Mr. P. feels hurt that the toast of the evening has been confided to Mr. Q., who is quite incompetent to do justice to the subject. And so on, through all the letters of the alphabet. To these otherwise estimable people, these various events are the crumpled rose-leaves that interfere with their mental repose, just as, in a lower stratum of society, other forms of disturbing influences are to be met with that produce like results; as when poor old Betty Higgins, who had been passed over in a blanket distribution, declared that she had never been so put upon in all her life, unless it was on that memorable Sunday when she found a new comer, Sally Brown, occupying her appropriated seat in church. Indeed, there are many crumpled rose-leaves to be found in church hassocks and cushions. Mrs. Uppington felt their discomfort when, glancing from her own pew to that occupied by her domestics, she spied her housemaid wearing a mantle of a brand-new pattern, and evidently copied from the one on her own shoulders. Enjoyment of the service, and a proper frame of devotion, is out of the question after the discovery of such a crumpled rose-leaf; and her state of mind is unhappily shared by Miss Gloaming, whose pet curate has walked from the Sunday-school to the church doors not in her sweet society, but in that of Miss Wyrnestay, who, whatever her fancied pretensions to beauty may be, has only devoted herself

to school-teaching for the last month, and that, as is very evident to Miss Gloaming, from motives that are thoroughly mean and despicable. Yes! the bed of life has its crumpled rose-leaves for us all. It is the sybarite and not the muscular Christian who is the indigenous growth of modern society. We magnify petty annoyances until they appear to swell into great misfortunes, and we permit trifles, light as air, to crush us, as though they were weighted with an insupportable burden of misery. We have worldly wisdom enough to feel assured that, as we have made our bed, so must we lie upon it; and yet, if only one of its thousand rose-leaves be crumpled, we cry out pettishly and complainingly. This is to be regretted; for it shows poor humankind in a somewhat despicable light, and presents not only the unheroic but unchristian side of our social condition. Yet, after all, as Sam Slick would say, it is but "human natur'" to complain of our couch, when it is to our own fidgety restlessness and querulous disquietude that we can alone attribute the real or fancied existence of any crumpled rose-leaves.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE DOCKS—PAST AND PRESENT.

And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear;
There she sees the highway near,
Winding down to Camelot.

There the river eddying whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad;
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot.

And sometimes through the mirror blue,
The knights come riding two and two.

If we could in some magic mirror see the "shadows of the world," as they appeared six centuries ago on the piece of earth east of the Tower of London, we should see just such a scene as that.

The place was known as East Smithfield then, as it is now, and was part of a piece of land called the Knighten Guild, given to thirteen knights for some service done. There were great and wealthy religious houses in the neighbourhood. Perhaps the "abbot on the ambling pad" had come from Barking away down the river, where he had been to look after the possessions of his fraternity of Allhallows Barking, who had a church and house in Sythen (now Seething) Lane, on the other (west) side of the Tower.

Looking in the magic mirror a few centuries later, we should see a dreamy-eyed boy walking along the river side. It is the poet Spenser; he was born here. He is thinking of "Faery Land;" he little thinks that the tower that shadows his home at sunset will one day hold in the shadow of death his friend Sir Walter Raleigh. But a magician as powerful as any in his wonderful "Faery Land" has been at work here. Where were a pleasant vineyard, fresh green fields, and a windmill, there grew up in course of time a dense and populous neighbourhood of the lowest sort. Another turn of the wheel and all that disappeared; these great docks and warehouses taking its place, with a strange goblin land underneath, the home of the mighty enchantress that has such power over man.

We must look in the mirror no longer, but keep

our eyes wide open as we pass eastward from the Tower, coming first to the St. Katherine Dock, then to the London Dock, both (as well as the Victoria Dock, some miles down the river) belonging to one company now. We pass the St. Katherine Dock, and go along Upper East Smithfield, looking at the high strong walls which surround the docks, and are here covered with advertisement boards. Passing by us, in what is at times a continuous line, go the carriers' vans and carts, loaded with goods from all England, destined to be shipped abroad, or with goods from the docks, to be scattered again over England and all the world.

We begin to see traces of "Jack." Here are his outfitters' shops, with the Jew proprietors walking up and down in front of their small domain, reminding one of the animals in the Zoological Gardens; we pass, too, a number of small offices belonging to that ill-used and much worried race, the carmen. If we could go inside, we should see the merchants' clerks coming in and out, wanting to know why their goods are not yet delivered in the city or alongside certain ships, the much worried trying to explain that it is impossible to do everything at once. At one time the carmen had small offices, which were nothing better than boxes on wheels, where the principal entrance to the dock now stands. Strange legends and stories are told of some of the old carmen, which we may try to collect another time, when we feel disposed to share in a pot of beer with one or another of them. Nearing the principal entrance to the London Dock, we see on the pavement opposite a number of men—not unfrequently quite a crowd; they are waiting for the chance of a day's work.

As we pass into the dock we notice a number of gatekeepers, some belonging to her Majesty's customs, some to the dock company. They have to see that nothing leaves the dock without its authorized pass.

And now it is almost puzzling what to see first. On our left is the wool warehouse, where immense bales of wool are being tumbled out, to be put on railway trucks, shoved along to the dock wall, there lifted by the hydraulic cranes the height of the wall, on to the railway communicating with the Great Northern Railway, and so the wool goes off for manufacture. Our friend seems anxious to take us down into the vaults at once—does he think that a glass of the wonderful wine he has at command will help us to see more clearly? For the moment we are not unwilling to fall in with his humour, and so we follow him down the steps into one of the vaults. At the bottom, in a sort of box, sits the slave of lamps: there are quite a number of them lying in front of him, some of them lighted, little oil lamps, stuck in a piece of wood about two feet long. This man reminds us painfully of our boyish impression of the picture of one of the evil-minded personages in the "Pilgrim's Progress," who sat in a sort of cave at the roadside, and wished evil to all passers-by; but this man wishes us no evil, but rather gives us a light—yet the fancy will hold. Now we are in goblin land. There is a strange, peculiar, but pleasant odour: the temperature, we are told, only varies a few degrees in the year; it always feels warm and pleasant in the winter, and deliciously cool in the summer. We pass along mysterious avenues, dimly lighted with oil lamps hung from the fungus-covered roof. Some of these grotesque forms hang a foot or two down; the whole roof is covered with their strange, sombre shapes. On each side of us are long rows of casks piled in order, one row on another. We come to intersecting vistas; there seems no end to them, with their long rows of dim lights: there are moving lights, too, in the gloom; they approach, but each light is attended by a human form. Our cooper soon finds the particular cask of which he is in search, and piercing its head, there spouts out a thin stream of wine into the bountifully-shaped glass. Now we realize as never before the "beaded bubbles winking at the brim." We tear our-

selves away from this enchanted place. Our friend would fain linger a while, and particularly wishes us to see the great wine vats, than which he says there is nothing in the world more interesting. Somehow we think it better to decline for the present, and reascend to the daylight.

We go into warehouses full of all sorts of goods, tea, sugars, hemp, indigo, everything; and along the quay, where many ships are loading and unloading. Here are the hydraulic cranes at work; a man just moves a handle, and immense, heavy goods are pulled swiftly out of the ship's hold and swung on to the quay. We pass open spaces between the quay-side and the warehouse, covered with casks of wine, just landed and soon to be put in the vaults. There are numbers of men, the dock labourers, pulling and pushing truck-loads of goods. But what does the bellringing mean? All the men, too, have stopped work, many of them quickly finding seats: numbers of men with barrows, and women carrying large baskets have appeared. It is twelve o'clock; all are allowed twenty minutes' rest, but the labourers cannot leave the dock. These things are brought in for sale, hot potatoes, cold fried fish, bread and cheese, penny sausages (called by the men "bags of mystery"); bad beer in small tin pots, and a warm liquid called soup is being dealt out.

There are many workers in these great hives; coopers in the vaults, stevedores employed in storing the ships, but they are all distinct from, and better paid than the "dock labourers," of whom there may be from one thousand to three thousand at work in this dock, the number varying from day to day with the state of business. There are many thousands employed at the other docks, at the wharves along the river side, and at the city warehouses.

In the dark of the winter mornings they turn out from their wretched rooms in Bethnal Green, Mile End, and further districts, to join the tide of human life that sets in towards this busy scene. Some of the men know that they will have work, they are for the time "regular" labourers, but to the great majority it is uncertain. The regular men pass in to their work, the others wait outside the gates till the foremen come out to take on as many as they think they shall want. Then there is an eager press of men, reaching forward their hands, holding up their tickets, if they have them, but with hopeless faces; for indeed there are sentences chalked on these walls that remind us of the terrible one that the great poet put over another doorway: "All ye who enter here all hope abandon."

The fortunate few pass on, the remainder lapse into their old listless waiting; they may yet get a few hours' work, for which they are paid fourpence per hour. The wages are 2s. 6d. per day; the regular men get 15s., 16s. 6d., and 18s. per week.

The history of a few of these men would be interesting. Some we should find to be very small shopkeepers, who can work here from eight or nine to four, and look after the shop in the evening; some whose wives earn money; some with lives stranger than any romance, without a friend or relative in the world, living at a threepenny lodging-house; and some lazy fellows who live as they can, but earn half-a-crown now and then down here. Of course most of these men have never been in better circumstances, but many of them are men who from various causes have sunk down in life, sunk down to this last resort of London labourers, for no skill is needed here, only strength to roll casks, move, load, and unload goods. Sometimes half-famished men have fainted at their work. In many cases it is laziness or drunkenness that has brought the men to this; in some no doubt the cause has been sheer misfortune.

As the men leave the docks again at four o'clock, the gatekeepers pass their hands over each of them, to see that he is not smuggling anything out. If he wears an

old hat he takes it off, to show that there is nothing inside, and sometimes looks knowingly at the inquisitorial Cerberus, who seems to say in reply—

I would not wrong
Virtue so tried by the least shade of doubt.

At least the sentiment is there in satirical guise, and we may read it in the man's face as he casts a searching glance on us also when we pass out through the narrow portal.

THE FAR-FAMED DR. FELL.

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell," &c., quoted I to myself one summer afternoon, as I threw myself down under a huge beech tree, after having made a remarkably disagreeable call upon a neighbouring family. "How supernaturally unpleasant some people can be without the least apparent intention to give offence. Poets, we are told, cannot be made, but must derive their inspiration from nature, and it stands on good authority that a cook, though she may learn most other branches of her art, can only 'be born a roaster.' Surely, then, some other people must be created for the express purpose of annoying others—their true mission in life is to vex or discourage. Poor Dr. Fell! I daresay he meant well enough, though he was so unlovable. What a pity it is that so little is known of his history."

"Would you like to hear some more?" returned a voice behind me, and looking up, I recognized the familiar features of the very man who, of all my acquaintances, was the most likely to know, or profess to know, a little about everything upon earth and in the vasty deeps. He was manifestly cut out for an intelligencer, name and all, for his lawful appellation was Bird, and being small of stature he was whimsically suggestive of the little disseminators of anonymous reports who are figuratively chargeable with all the scandal of the world, as the cats are with the broken crockery. Having a huge crop of short curly hair, with a beard to match, and invariably wearing spectacles, he was delectably like an owl, while for powers of gossiping he was unrivalled; so that one might mostly say that this or that piece of information had been told by a "little bird" with rather more than usual correctness. But over and above his well-nigh inexhaustible funds of strange information upon subjects that no soul living could really know much about, he dealt very largely in parabolic histories, wherein "by others' faults wise men might mend their own," to their hearts' content, if they were so minded; and by means of which, I thoroughly believe, he often came to very sound conclusions as to how "the land lay" upon many occasions when his knowledge of events was really somewhat uncanny. Into one of these whimsical narratives did "the little bird" forthwith proceed to plunge with all the gravity of the most conscientious chronicler, disregarding all the minor proprieties of time or place with as sublime an indifference as Shakespeare himself. He had laid himself out to be the historian of mankind, and not of any especial individual, so a few anachronisms were to him as things of nought.

"Johnnie Fell," he commenced, "was the son of a north-country yeoman, who bore the character for many a mile round his little homestead of being 'an awkward customer' at every description of encounter; a 'fell' hand at quarterstaff, as befitted his name, a shrewd wrangler over a bargain, a bigoted politician, and an obstinate parson's churchwarden, perfectly dissenter-proof as an inexpugnable tower of clerical refuge; in fact, a well-meaning, iron-fisted, wilful old Turk as ever breathed. But extremes are liable to meet, in matrimony as in other things, and Mrs. Fell was, in almost all respects, the very contrary of her

tough old husband. Bland, smooth-spoken, yielding, to all appearance, yet with a never-tiring eye for the main chance, she sacrificed the laurels, but carried off the spoils in every domestic encounter; till even the sturdy Yorkshiresman, sick of battling with a species of phantom, which never showed fair fight, but stole the fruits of lawful warfare from behind the victor's back, began to despair of getting his own way at home, and was fain to allow his wife to 'go her ain fule's gate,' as he was wont, with more vigour than politeness, to style his passive yielding to the magic weapons. Now it came to pass that when little Johnnie was going to be christened, and the friends of the family were offering their congratulations and good wishes with a cordiality that spoke well for the old man's popularity, despite of his warlike propensities, Mrs. Fell was pleased to upbraid the unnatural father with having no prayer of his own for the welfare of the hero of the day's festivities; a challenge which he was not slow to take up, holding it, as he did, to be an imperative duty to have an answer for every one. 'I wish, then, that he may always speak his mind plainer than thou dost, lass,' quoth paterfamilias. 'And be spoken of behind his back very differently from his father,' retorted madam, with more open asperity than usual. Old Fell gave vent to a grim chuckle, as though prodigiously delighted at having got thus much of a rise out of his cautious foe at last, but made no further verbal reply, and the festivities passed off merrily enough, without any thoughts of the ominous significance which, from the days of the fairy godmothers, has always attached to the wishes expressed at a christening feast.

"Yet the fulfilment of both prayers was fated to be very strongly marked in Johnnie's future life, albeit, hardly in the way in which the remarks themselves were intended. He was destined to be the plainest of speakers, according to his father's desire; but the gift of the true tongue was, by his mother's petulance, to be qualified by an awkward ungraciousness, which was not really characteristic of his father. The old man was not, upon the whole, unpopular, and was often thanked for his rough but well-meant advice; but his ill-fated son was doomed to be always getting into scrapes with his tongue, without gaining any credit for his candour, inasmuch as he did not seem to tell plain truths, so much as to stumble over them, to the grievous detriment of his neighbours' shins as well as his own.

"When he was about six years old he was sent with a servant, as a great treat, with a message to an old friend of his mother, who had lately settled in the village, and was strictly charged to remember what he had to say, and 'speak it out like a little man,' a commission which, as I shall speedily show, he fulfilled with a fatal accuracy which his parents little expected.

"Mamma's love to you, Mrs. Jones," commenced he in grand style, as he presented his right hand, after looking hard at it to be sure it was the right, and that the courtesies of life were thereby properly observed, 'and she hopes that you will give papa and her the pleasure of your company to supper to-morrow night, and then that will be done with for the rest of the winter.'

"The old lady was somewhat taken aback by this very unmistakable proof of the light in which her visit was looked upon, but was, perhaps, not quite so much amazed as she would have been had she had less experience of Mrs. Fell's smooth civilities; so she good-naturedly fetched the little messenger a piece of cake to refresh himself after his walk, and bade him thank his mamma for her invitation, but at the same time to tell her that she was afraid of being out at night for the present, and so was obliged to decline joining their party.

"I say," hissed Johnnie, as he munched his cake, 'don't you mind about the cold, because papa will give you something to warm your nose with. I know he

will, because I heard him tell mamma you should have it, even if he had to boil the water himself, and break open the cupboard for the sugar.'

"Mrs. Jones now began to be really wrathful, not against poor harmless Johnnie, but with the people who had been so coolly talking her over; but she managed to keep her temper, and was not long before she reaped her reward in hearing her little visitor turn his fire upon his own ranks, with a ludicrous simplicity which converted all her vexation into mirth.

"I don't believe, mind you, that warming your nose with hot water does you any good,' recommenced Johnnie, 'because Sally says you catch cold by running about after having your feet washed; and I expect that is how mamma comes to have chilblains here,'—and suiting the action to the word, he tapped his own little proboscis. 'You haven't got any, you know, and I wouldn't have anything to do with it if I were you.'

"Mrs. Jones laughed, and said she thought Johnnie was probably right in his supposition; so our young friend departed in great self-complacency, with a full conviction that he had done his duty extremely well, and little thinking that he had effectually banished Mrs. Jones's turkey and oysters from his father's Christmas table as long as his mother lived to preside over it. It would be simply monotonous to record all the feats of prowess by which that little tongue contrived to carry fire and sword into every luckless household it visited; till the very sight of Johnnie produced in every society the same panic-stricken terror as the buzz of the fatal gaddy inspires in a herd of reindeer. Suffice it to say that his mother, as befitted the original authoress of the evil omen, was the principal sufferer, and was duly exposed in her pet pieces of parsimony and choicest tid-bits of scandal with as unflinching a diligence as though her every action had been performed in the presence of the most accomplished detective. But time rolled on, and the murkiness of all days, the never-sufficiently-to-be-execrated black Monday, on which he was carried off to a neighbouring grammar-school, at length dawned dolefully upon ill-fated Johnnie, much to the relief of those he left behind, with the single exception of his father, who looked upon him with a species of grim satisfaction as a sort of amateur public prosecutor of the unrealities which his sturdy soul detested as much as Carlyle himself. You will perhaps expect to hear that he signalized himself as a telltale among his schoolfellows, and so incurred the dire penalties of that ne plus ultra of schoolboy iniquity, but such was not the case. He was no sneak, or self-righteous Master Goodchild either, nor was he at all incapable of comprehending the golden properties of silence as regarded the peccadilloes of his companions; but even in his good nature he was, to say the very least, extremely unlucky, and was essentially of that order of the good Samaritans of whom the psalmist so pathetically prayed, 'Let not their precious balms break my head.'

"On a certain occasion, when a lad belonging to a rather higher class in life than the bulk of the scholars had been giving himself great airs, and had been, very justly, sentenced to the loss of a forthcoming half-holiday for his coarse arrogance towards little Fell, Johnnie interceded for him with all his might, though upon so strange a plea that the most accomplished malice could hardly have suggested a more signal vengeance. 'It was all my fault,' said he, penitentially, 'for I led him on to crow, in order to make fun of him, which was very wrong, and father will box my ears when I tell him of it. But as for poor Peacock, he is not really proud; he's only stupid and clumsy at play, so thinks to make up for it with bragging words.' The master to whom this defence was addressed was fain to listen to the prayer for pardon, simply calling the attention of the offender to the humiliating truth

that he was saved from the penalty of his fault by the very paltriness of the intended outrage. So Peacock was released from his arrest, but whether he felt much gratitude to his deliverer is another matter.

"But it was not entirely upon such small deer that Johnnie's energies were expended, even at that early age. He flew at the highest game within his reach, and not even Archididasculus himself was free from the onslaught of that falcon of fairest flight. Dr. Benson, though a good schoolmaster upon the whole, a fair scholar and a gentlemanlike man, had his little weaknesses, amongst which a decided taste for good living filled a very prominent place: the road to his heart led from a region rather lower down. A bribe to turn aside the course of justice would have been too monstrous to be credited; but a little present of game was only a delicate attention and mark of gratitude, and showed on the part of a boy's parents a thoughtful and amiable disposition. Now Farmer Fell, like good Sir Walter Scott, was not so much 'the hare with many friends' as 'the friend with many hares,' and what was still more to the point, a friend with many quails, the which savoury little birds often found their way to the school, a brace in each pocket, when the sturdy old yeoman came to have a look at 'Jock' after transacting his business at the market or the bank; and Johnnie, always a tolerably good boy, was invariably in the highest odour of sanctity during game season. But even the best of us are liable to err at times, and Johnnie was discovered to have fallen away from his high estate by holding a lawless festival upon a cold goose in the dormitory: so stern justice had to take its course, and a long penance of converting good English into bad Latin was apportioned to the unhappy profaners of the temple of Somnus. Drearly did poor Johnnie labour at his task through three successive half-holidays, and a fourth instalment of the wearisome labour was nigh at hand, when a letter arrived from his father containing news which, after mature consideration, the just-minded Johnnie thought ought not to be kept back from the party it so deeply concerned.

"So he went boldly up to Dr. Benson as he was leaving the school after morning lessons, and poured forth the matter then weighing on his mind. 'Please, sir, father talks of coming to see me to-morrow.'

"The Doctor looked grim; he meant to give way at last, and release the culprit for his customary walk with his father, after an appropriate lecture, but discipline must be maintained.

"I am sorry that he will find you in disgrace,' said he. 'Very sorry.'

"So am I,' piped Johnnie; 'and perhaps I had better write to him not to come; only—'

"Only what?' asked the Doctor, in amazement.

"Only I thought you mightn't like my stopping him,' faltered Johnnie; 'though to be sure he might send the quails by the butter-woman'—a profound remark which was followed by so violent a box on the ears that he measured his length upon the schoolroom floor. But he picked himself up without further ado, and retired to his desk to write to his father, and explain to him his dilemma, a more prudent mode of procedure than he at all foresaw."

(To be continued.)

IN making our arrangements to live, we should never forget that we have also to die.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out.

THERE is more bitterness following upon sin's ending, than ever there was sweetness flowing from sin's acting. You that see nothing but *well* in its commission, will suffer nothing but *see* in its conclusion. You that sin for your profits, will never profit by your sins.—Dyer

MY GARDEN.

VII.



IF there be one flower more than another which may be called everybody's flower, it is doubtless the rose; not that everybody can grow it, but that everybody admires it. Yet like everything with which man has to do, it has been perverted. If it be the emblem of the gentle blush that mantles over the soft cheek of the fair maiden, it has also been that of unhal-

lowed love and licentious passion. If it has been used in Holy Writ, to set forth the beauty of Him who is the Rose of Sharon, it has been used also to mark the secrecy which men would impose when wine had made them worse than the brutes. If it has been used to crown the village belles in their simple rustic games, it has been lavishly strewn in the licentious halls of a Cleopatra, or it has crowned the drinking goblets of a Nero. If the successful suitor has received it as a pledge of plighted love, we know also that it has been worn as the rallying emblem in the bloodiest civil war that ever desolated our country. It is of this flower that I desire to say something to the reader, correcting a few mistakes entertained about it, and giving some practical directions concerning it.

Many persons imagine that it is a most difficult flower to grow; this is not the case. It is true that it will not bear the confined space or smoky atmosphere of our large cities, unless it is grown in pots under glass; that it likes some soils better than others, and some situations better than others. It delights in the stiff yellow loam that has tended to make the Hertfordshire rose garden famous; and it prefers the more genial south and midland parts of England to the cold and stormy north, but not more than other flowers do. And who does not recollect seeing it in almost every situation where a flower can grow? Now the brilliant crimson China has covered the walls of the little cottage, mingling with the fragrant honeysuckle, while the tiny fancy rose, in its tiny pot, has been the gem of the window. Have we not seen quiet parsonages covered with the rambling noisette, or decked out with the white and yellow Banksia? while all who are interested, really interested in flowers, know how magnificent are the plants and how grand the blooms which meet their eyes at various exhibitions which are held in honour of the rose; for of all countries, more real honour is given to the queen of flowers by England, whose special emblem it is.

There are various kinds of roses grown, as I daresay everybody knows; but there are two classes which now more especially are in favour, and deservedly so, because of their continuous blooming. What are called summer roses are now gradually going out of cultivation, although we cannot spare the lovely moss rose; and these two classes, the hybrid perpetual and the tea rose, are engrossing the care and thought of the rose lover. Two others, very nearly allied to them, and indeed in some instances not distinguishable from them, are grown—the Bourbons, which come very close to the former, and the noisettes, some of which are as much tea roses as any so called.

The hybrid perpetuals are so called because they are hybrids raised from the China, damask, and Bourbon roses, and also because they not only give a full bloom in the summer, but also from time to time during the autumn months; so that the last rose of summer is now a myth, as I have myself gathered out of doors a blooming and fragrant rose on Christmas day.

The tea roses are so called from their delicious fragrance, resembling very much that of tea, and have been the produce of the blush China rose and the yellow China rose. These are varieties of the hybrid perpetual class, which will grow in almost any part of England; but the tea roses are more delicate, and will only grow in the southern counties unprotected, and even then are often killed, or nearly so, in such hard winters as we have lately experienced. It is in this class that we get those lovely yellow roses which are so universally admired in England, although not so much so on the Continent.

It is perhaps known to many, that comparatively few roses are grown on their own roots, the principle of budding or grafting on some other stock being that which is most generally adopted; the two favourite stocks being the common dog-rose and the Manetti, the former a native, the latter a foreigner. The stocks of the dog-rose are dug out of the hedgerows in the autumn, planted in the garden, and budded on in the following summer; but the supply of these is limited, and it is not too much to say that rose growing in England would never have attained the extent it has, if it had not been for the introduction, by Mr. Rivers of Sawbridgorth, about thirty years ago, of the Manetti. It has proved itself invaluable. Light soils, which are generally very unfavourable to the growth of the rose when budded on the briar, seem especially suited to this stock, and when supplied copiously with manure, they flourish amazingly. I have seen gardens, in which by no ingenuity could a rose on the wild briar be made to grow vigorously, radiant with bloom by using this stock; and roses are so cheapened by it, that they are within the reach of everybody who cares for flowers.

We often hear wonderful accounts of the extraordinary roses which some people have seen. I have been assured over and over again that there is such a thing as a yellow moss rose. All I can say is, that it would make the fortune of any one who would introduce it to the horticultural world; but there is not such a flower. Again, I have been most seriously told that black roses have been obtained by budding on the black currant! although the utter impossibility of such a thing is evident to any person who for a moment reflects on it. Yet with all this we have some wonderful roses, and when we look at what has been done, we may anticipate almost anything. As every one who has a garden ought to have roses, I will here indicate a few of the very best, which can be obtained, except in one or two instances, for one shilling each, or even less. Moss:—Celine, White Bath, and Common Moss. Bourbons:—Andaloe (white), Red H. Dombrain, Baron Gonella, Catharine Guillot, and Souvenir de la Malmaison. Hybrid Perpetuals:—Charles Lefebvre (magnificent crimson), Comtesse Cecile de Chabrillaud (pink), General Jacqueminot (glowing scarlet), John Hopper (a fine English rose), Jules Margottin, Prince Camille de Rohan (very dark), Senateur Vaillee, Madame Rivers (blush white), Madame Vidot (blush), Mademoiselle Bonnaire (white), Dr. Audry, Baron A. de Rothschild, and Madame Victor Verdier. Tea roses:—Devoniensis, Gloire de Dijon, Rubens, Souvenir d'un Ami, and Maréchal Niel (splendid yellow). Noisettes:—Celine Forestier, Solfaterre, and Triomphe de Rennes. In enumerating these, I have selected such as are most likely to stand severe weather and unfavourable circumstances generally; and I am sure that those who have once enjoyed the pleasure of looking at such roses as the above, will not touch the poor miserable things with which gardens are too frequently crowded. And considering the high esteem in which the rose is generally held, I may ask all who love a garden to give it a fair chance, and be loyal enough to say, "Vivat Regina."

D. DEAL.

SQUARE WORDS.

THE game of *Square Words* may be known to some of our readers, unknown to others. It is proposed here to explain and illustrate the game, so that those who know it will have the pleasure of meeting an old, and those who do not know it, of making a new acquaintance. In a square the sides are equal, and the angles right angles; and so in a *square word* the proportions are similar. Suppose the word GUARD to be given out. You first of all write it down in this way:—

GUARD
U
A
R
D

so that you have, as it were, two lines at right angles, and letters making the same word, whether you read along from left to right or from top to bottom. The next step is to choose a word beginning with U, having the same number of letters in it as the word first set down, and such letters as promise to fall in with the original letters, so as to make, when read downwards, a word. For instance, it would not do to choose a word ending with B, C, T, &c., for it would be, one would say, impossible to find a word beginning with DB, DC, DT, &c. But if we choose the word UTTER, we shall have, DR, with which a word may commence. Writing down the second word, then, as we did the first, we have:—

GUARD :
UTTER :
A T
R E
D R

We have now to choose a third word after the former manner. We see it *must* begin with AT and end with a vowel, so let us try ATONE: we then have:—

GUARD :
UTTER :
ATONE :
R E N
D R E

The next word *must* begin with REN, and the memory of the compound householder, amongst other things, prompts us to try RENTS; so we have:—

GUARD :
UTTER :
ATONE :
RENTS :
D R E S

and it at once appears that the addition of another S will complete the square; so we have:—

GUARD :
UTTER :
ATONE :
RENTS :
DRESS :

And each letter of the word originally given is followed, whether you read along from left to right, or down from top to bottom, by letters making up the same word either way:

GUARD,	U	A
U	UTTER	T
A	T	ATONE
R	E	N
D	R	E
	R	D
	E	R
	N	E
RENTS		S
S	DRESS	

It will easily be understood that the longer the words and the more strict the limitations, the harder the game becomes, until it seems to be mere waste of time; but when the words are tolerably short and the restrictions few, it is both interesting and useful as a sharpener of the wits, a quickener of the memory, and a means of displaying all kinds of knowledge. When the only restriction is that the words shall be *bond fide* words in *any* language, there is a very good opening for a display of faculties and acquirements.

CURIOSITIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE correspondent who has favoured us with the following, assures us that the incidents occurred precisely as related. He was staying at an old-fashioned hall in Suffolk when this curious anecdote about a hen was told him, the facts being vouched for by the entire family.

A favourite hen of the Dorking breed was accustomed to lay its eggs in a pigsty, but day by day the eggs were carefully removed, for fear of the pig devouring them. At length the hen began to show the usual signs of incubation, and as she went clucking about the sty, the proper proprietor produced a litter of pigs. Instantly the hen became possessed with a notion that the adoption of this strange progeny would satisfy her maternal cravings; consequently she took possession of them, spread her wings over as many of them as she could gather under them, and fluttered about in a state of joyful excitement. This she continued to do for nearly three weeks, until the poor hen was nearly stripped of feathers, from the little pigs poking and rubbing in and out between her wings, and very nearly exhausted. It was a very curious sight to see her hoisted between two of her progeny, or a little later, seated on one of their backs, frantic with apprehension, as they rushed round the sty in the enjoyment of their different gambols, utterly regardless of the frightened clucking of their adopted mother. This occurrence frequently took place in the presence of visitors, who were invited to witness it. The hen was eventually removed.

On the same estate a hen took to some kittens for a little time. The circumstances which led to this strange freak were these. One of the hens used to lay her eggs in an empty barrel, when, one morning going to it as usual, she found it occupied by a cat, who had kittenized there during the night. Straightway she attacked the cat, and so vigorously, that she succeeded in driving her away. Immediately, with a cluck of delight, she assumed the position of mother to the young kittens. After a time she left them to seek for her food, and while away the cat was seen cautiously to approach and suckle her young ones, making her escape at the reappearance of the hen. This kind of alternate partnership in the kittens was at last put an end to by the owner of both making a sacrifice of the youngsters themselves; the hen not showing the emotion on the occasion which might have been expected from the anxiety which she had displayed when she first undertook the charge of the kittens.

Hens often display a great deal of cunning and sagacity in the attainment of their objects. A clergyman related the following little anecdote to the writer. During the severe weather last winter he was accustomed to feed the small birds with grain and crumbs of bread; but his success was much marred by the depredations of a hen, whom he had the greatest difficulty in keeping from the food. He tried to effect this by throwing stones at her, till one morning her instinct directed her to try the following expedient. She found that by getting behind a tree, where she could neither be seen by the clergyman nor hit by his missiles, she was able suddenly to shoot forward, pick up a bit, and escape to her hiding place, before a stone could reach her. This she did for several days, until her hiding-place was discovered and she was driven from her place of security.

The writer noticed a gallant action performed by a gander, this summer, in a pool in the county of Worcester. Some geese, accompanied by a brood of goslings, escorted by a gander, were slowly sailing along the water, when suddenly a hawk made a swoop down in order to snatch away one of the goslings. The gander was however quite on the alert, and swiftly swimming to the spot, met the would-be despoiler with a tremendous blow from his wing, which completely disabled the hawk, who from the force of the gander's blow fell into the water and was drowned, thus falling an instant victim to his own appetite and the courage of the vigilant gander.

The writer of this paper, having seen an account in the newspapers of a great duck's egg, was mentioning the circumstance to a farmer in Worcestershire, when he said, "If you will come with me, I will show you one laid yesterday, by one of our Rouen ducks, larger than any you have seen." The egg in question measured seven and a half inches in circumference, and four and three-quarter inches in girth, but there was no peculiarity in the shape or colour of the egg, or in the texture of its shell. The duck was a fine one—nothing out of the common way.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XX.

MRS. MURPHY PROVED TO BE RIGHT IN HER
OPINION OF MOSS.

IT would be difficult to say what were Robert's positive intentions when purchasing the bottle of laudanum at the chemist's. There is too much reason to fear it was for the purpose of committing self-destruction, for he had been fairly driven to desperation by the conduct of

Moss. Let us hope, however, it was rather with the view of obtaining that luxury denied to men in his state of mind without artificial means—that of a few consecutive hours' sleep. For some time past nothing could have been more wretched than his nights. So disturbed had they been by harrassing thoughts that the miseries of the day could not have surpassed them. If his intentions were to destroy himself they were completely frustrated by the scene which awaited him

on entering his own house—so alarming that even the terrors he had been under a moment before were forgotten. As he entered the passage Mrs. Murphy met him, and, with a terrified countenance, drew him into the parlour.

"My dear boy," she said, "compose yourself and listen to me for a moment. Maria is dreadfully ill, and the doctor is now with her. I will disguise nothing from you. He is greatly alarmed about her, and considers her in the greatest danger. Still, he admits there are hopes, and we must pray to the Almighty to spare her to us, for her fate now must be decided by His will alone. The doctor says he can do no more for her."

As soon as Robert had somewhat recovered himself from the shock, Mrs. Murphy conducted him into his wife's bedroom. He found her ghastly pale, and fearfully exhausted. She appeared to rally a little when she saw him, and smiling on him fondly, placed out her hand for him to take.

"Robert, dear," she said, "I am glad you have come. I should have been very sorry to leave without your having seen me."

Robert attempted to speak, but could say nothing, and he burst, instead, into a violent flood of tears.

"Come, dear," she continued, "do not weep so. I am not gone yet, and there may still be a chance for me. I am in the hands of the Almighty, and feel perfectly resigned to His will. I am, however, hopeful that I may still recover, and your presence appears somehow to have given me strength. The fainting fits I have been suffering from all the afternoon have made me very weak, yet, I think if I could get a little rest, I should feel better. Sit by me, dear, and do not leave me, at any rate, till I am asleep."

Robert promised he would not again leave her, and shortly afterwards she fell into a gentle sleep, which lasted for more than three hours. When she awoke, a restorative was given to her by the doctor's orders, as he considered that by stimulants alone would there be the slightest chance of saving her life. By the sleep and restorative she appeared to have gained strength, and she requested Mrs. Murphy to read some prayers to her from a book which had been sent to her by a clergyman of their acquaintance, as Robert was too much distressed to do so.

Mrs. Murphy had been reading in a low voice for some time, when the servant tapped at the door, and said that a person wished to speak to her master. Robert left the room, and told her to tell the visitor, whoever it might be, that he was engaged, and could see no one that evening, no matter how urgent their business.

"Jones did tell him so, sir," said the girl, "but he said he must see you, and would do so, even if he remained here all night."

Evans was upon the point of telling her that he would see no one, when he became suddenly alarmed as to who the visitor might be; and he inquired of the servant what sort of a person it was who wanted him?

"It is the same gentleman, sir," replied the girl, "who dined here the other day; and I am afraid," she continued, hesitatingly, "that he is tipsy. He behaves in so rude a manner."

Enraged at the girl's statement, Robert rushed down into the parlour, and there found Moss seated in an easy chair, smoking a cigar. From the con-

dition of his dress, and the bloated appearance of his countenance, there was no difficulty in perceiving he was intoxicated. Before Robert could say a word, Moss began the conversation, smoking his cigar the while.

"Well, Evans, old fellow, you did not expect to see me to-night, did you?"

"Indeed I did not, sir," said Robert, indignantly; "and, beyond that, I must insist upon your leaving the house at once. My wife is at this moment alarmingly ill, and it is my duty as her husband to remain by her bedside. I must, therefore, request you to leave the house without delay."

"Nonsense, Evans, my dear fellow," was Moss's reply. "You ought rather to be obliged to me for coming here to keep you company. Come," he continued, taking his cigar-case out of his pocket, "sit down and have a cigar, and let us talk comfortably together. I have a matter of business I wish to speak to you about. Something that will make both our fortunes; and without drawing upon you for more money, for I know you are not fond of that."

"Once more, Mr. Moss, I insist upon your leaving this house, and that immediately. My mind is not in a condition to-night to speak of business matters of any description, and so I must request you to go;" and, by way of adding force to his words, he took Moss gently by the arm to lead him towards the door.

Moss no sooner felt the slight pressure of Robert's hand, than he jerked it away, saying—

"How dare you attempt, sir, to use a gentleman in that way? Do you know who I am, and what you are, that you grasp me as if you were a policeman, and I, a thief? Take care what you are about, or, to-morrow, you may have some one take you by the arm in the same manner, who will have far better authority for a thing of the kind than you have. I have merely to say the word, and it will be done."

Robert, on whose mind this threat at the moment had but little weight, now grasped Moss more firmly than before; and attempted, with considerable violence, to thrust him towards the door, which he furiously resisted.

"Leave me alone, you vagabond," he said. "Is that the manner as dirty a thief as you are should behave to a gentleman?"

Robert took no notice of the remark, but continued thrusting Moss towards the door, when the footman, who had become alarmed by the noise, entered the room.

"Here, you flunkey," roared Moss, take this scoundrel of a master of yours off me. If you only knew the miserable sham he is, you would not remain in his house another hour. Why, there is not—" What Moss was about to say may easily be imagined; but, fortunately, he had not at that moment the power of utterance; for Robert had grasped him so tightly by the throat, that he was unable to speak a word.

"Jones," said Robert to his servant, "help me to put this drunkard into the street, and if he comes back again do not let him into the house."

"I will take good care of that, sir," said Jones, who was a sturdy young fellow, and possibly had some private grudge of his own against Moss.

Robert and the footman had now contrived to get Moss (who was struggling violently) into the passage; and the noise it occasioned reached Mrs. Murphy.

ears, who, leaving the bedroom, ran quickly downstairs to ascertain the cause.

"Do not be alarmed," said Robert, as soon as he saw her, keeping tight hold of Moss's throat at the time. "This drunken fellow has been making a disturbance, and we are trying to turn him into the street. I will take care he never sets his foot into this house again."

"He ought never to have come into it," said Mrs. Murphy. "I told you, the first time I saw him, that he was a drunkard, and you now find my words to have come true."

Robert and his servant at last succeeded in getting Moss into the street, and they closed the door upon him. As soon as he found himself free from Robert's grasp, he commenced a loud tirade of abuse outside of the house, calling Evans by every opprobrious name he could think of. Fortunately this was cut short by a policeman who happened to be passing, and who told Moss, if he did not cease the disturbance he was making, he would certainly lock him up. Drunk as Moss was, he had sufficient sense left to object to passing the night in a police cell, and he sullenly continued on his road, making use of the most detestable language against Robert, though incoherently and in a low tone.

As soon as Moss was out of the house, Robert inquired of Mrs. Murphy whether she thought Maria had heard the altercation. Mrs. Murphy told him she thought not, as Maria had dozed off to sleep again before she had left the room.

"Pray go up to her, then, and remain with her," said Robert. "I will join you in a few minutes; but at present my mind is so disturbed I hardly know what I am about. Now go, there's a good soul, I will soon follow you."

After Mrs. Murphy had left the room, Robert attempted to offer up a prayer to the Almighty, to grant him courage to support the trial he was undergoing: for, guilty as he had been, his mind was incapable of enduring it. His prayer seemed to have been heard and answered, for shortly afterwards he found his mind comparatively easier, and he joined Mrs. Murphy in the sick room. He found Maria in a deep slumber, and seating himself on the opposite side of the bed to Mrs. Murphy, they both remained silent for some hours, listening attentively to the breathing of the patient, which now seemed to be calm and regular. Towards evening she awoke, and some nourishment was given to her, when she again fell asleep, and remained so till the doctor's visit the next morning, which was at an early hour. He found his patient considerably improved, so much so, that he gave hopes of her recovery. As he left the house he told Robert to be of good cheer, as he expected the birth of the infant to occur very shortly, and if that ended favourably, he had no doubt of her ultimate recovery.

Encouraged by the doctor's statement, Robert dressed himself for the day, and, after having finished his breakfast, he determined to go to the office. When he arrived there, he not only found the young clerk, but Mr. Jackson, the gentleman who had left him a few days previously. Of Moss they had seen nothing.

"Will you allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with you, sir?" said Mr. Jackson, to Robert. "I wish to speak to you privately."

"Certainly," said Robert. "Come into my room."

"Mr. Evans," said Jackson, as soon as they were alone, "I told you the other day that I suspected Moss was not the real name of your managing clerk, and that he had formerly been even a worse character than he now is; or, perhaps I am wrong in saying that—I mean, better known—for I believe him to be as dishonest as ever, only cunning enough to keep out of the clutches of the law. I find that, beyond being the drunkard and gambler he now is, he has been twice convicted of robbery, and that his real name is Ephraim Moses, and not Walter Moss, as he calls himself."

"Are you certain your information is correct?" inquired Robert.

"Positive, sir," was Jackson's reply.

"How did you obtain it?"

"I would rather not give you my authority, sir, as it might get a relative of mine into trouble. I will leave with you, in confidence, the certificate of his last incarceration, and I understand the gentleman who prosecuted him is still alive, and you will find his address on the certificate."

"Have you mentioned the circumstances to any one else?" inquired Robert.

"I met one of Mr. Macmurdo's clerks as I came here this morning, and I told him. He is the only other person who knows it at present."

"Did you bind him to secrecy?" inquired Robert.

"Certainly not, sir; nor have I the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind. The fellow is a thorough-paced vagabond, and his character ought to be known a great deal better than it is."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Robert. "I will turn the subject over in my mind, and then determine what steps I will take in it."

Mr. Jackson then left Robert Evans, but remained for some time in the outer office talking to a younger clerk, evidently informing him of what had taken place, for, without listening purposely, Robert could hear Moss's name several times mentioned. At last Mr. Jackson left the office, and shortly afterwards Moss entered it.

"Has Mr. Evans arrived yet?" he inquired of the clerk.

"He has," was the somewhat abrupt answer.

"Very well. Now, I want you to go down to our stationer's, and bring me back a memorandum-book. Tell them to put it down to our account."

"I take no orders from you," said the clerk. "You are no employer of mine."

"Has Mr. Evans given you instructions to behave to me in that manner?" said Moss.

"Mr. Evans has not spoken to me on the subject. On my own authority I refuse to obey any instructions you may give me."

Moss now left the clerk, and entered into Robert's private room. Although now he was perfectly sober, the effects of the last night's intemperance were plainly visible on his countenance. Beyond looking at Robert with a stern, defiant expression, there was nothing particularly offensive in his manner.

"I wish, Mr. Evans," he said, "that you would send that impudent fellow to the stationer's for a memorandum-book for me, as he refused to obey my orders."

"I did not know you were in want of a memorandum-book," was Robert's reply.

"Nor am I," said Moss. "I merely wish to get him out of the way, as I want to have a little conversation

with you, which both of us, perhaps, may object to be overheard."

Evans made no further demur, but left the room, and, in a tone of civility, which strangely contrasted with the one used by Moss, requested the young man to go to the stationer's for the memorandum-book, and his order was immediately obeyed.

Evans and Moss were now face to face, but for some time neither of them spoke, each evidently waiting for the other to commence. At last Moss broke ground.

"Have you no apology to make me, sir," he said, sternly, to Evans, "for the treatment I received at your hands yesterday evening?"

"First," said Robert, with equal sternness of manner, "let me know whom I am addressing. I have received positive information, this morning, that there is no such person as Walter Moss. The individual calling himself by that name is no other than a certain Ephraim Moses, a Jew, who has been twice incarcerated for felony. Is that the truth?"

Moss folded his arms, and looked steadfastly and defiantly in Robert's face for some seconds without speaking. Then, taking a deep breath, he said calmly, deliberately, and pointedly—

"It is all perfectly true; I am that Ephraim Moses, and I have been twice convicted." Then, continuing with a sneer, "There is, however, a slight error in your information: my first conviction was for larceny, not felony. As you appear to be particular, it is better to draw the distinction."

"And pray, Mr. Moses," said Robert, continuing his haughty tone, "what right had you to impose upon me, by coming into my employment under a false name?"

"By the same right," said Moss, in a voice of thunder, "that you have to place yourself before the public as an honest man, when you know there is not a more despicable forger in the hulks. Evans," he continued, lowering his voice into one he generally used in conversation, "I see the game you have been playing, and, candidly, I compliment you on the talent you have shown. I had no idea you were so sharp a fellow. You have gained a step on me, I admit, but it will hardly do you much service. By the discovery of my secret, you have damaged my reputation to a certain extent, or, at any rate, you have the power of doing it. Still, as I said before, it will be of no advantage to you, and you are as much in my power as ever, although, possibly, you have succeeded in throwing some slight impediments in the way of my being believed. Do not forget, however, that when the documents are brought forward, all your ingenuity will prove of no avail. You are able to delay the evil day a short time longer. Nothing more."

Robert made no reply to this harangue, but merely walked to and fro in the room, with a stern determination on his countenance, which somewhat puzzled his adversary, who regarded him attentively. Finding Robert did not speak, Moss continued—

"Evans, we are both rowing in the same boat; escape from it you cannot, even if I would let you, for there are too many proofs of your guilt still extant. Yet there is no use hurrying things to a conclusion. Penal servitude is not such a treat as to wish for it before its time, and that I can tell you from experience. You see I do not mince matters with you. And even then your punishment would be worse than mine. I had

no position to fall from. My reputation was not worse in prison than it was out. I had, besides, certain opportunities of getting my punishment mitigated, which you will be unable to profit by. I saw the errors of my Jewish faith, and gradually became converted, and received many little indulgencies by becoming a Christian. You will get none by turning Jew."

Here Moss burst into so hearty a peal of laughter as to render him unobservant of the expression of rage which had started into Robert's countenance at the moment, as well as his attempt to grasp a heavy counting-house ruler that lay by him on the table. Fortunately Robert was able to recover his presence of mind before Moss's laughter had ceased. He made no remark, but continued his silent walk in the room.

"Now, Evans," said Moss, "let us strike a balance. I bear you no love, nor is there any lost between us, as I know you detest me cordially, and with good reason, I admit. You will, probably, have some time longer before you get to the end of your tether. Enjoy it while it lasts. It will not be my game to split upon you—not yet, at any rate—as, possibly, I may require more assistance at your hands. I know you have still a good balance at your banker's. How you obtained it, I will not stop to inquire. I called on you yesterday evening, to explain to you a system by which we might both make our fortunes on the turf. You treated me with the greatest insult and violence, and thrust me, like a dog, into the street. Now, Evans, I am not a man to put up with treatment of the kind. Consider me, therefore, as much your enemy as you please, and you will not go beyond the mark. I shall now leave you, and I do not intend to return here again, as I clearly see my character is blown upon. When I want money, I will write to you at your private residence for it; and, as long as you continue to reply satisfactorily to my demands, I shall take no steps against you. But remember this, the first time you refuse to grant my request, the next morning you will receive a visit from a policeman, with a magistrate's warrant. So now good-bye."

Moss then left the room, and the moment he had closed the door of the outer office Robert ceased his walk, and, in a state of despair, threw himself down in his seat.

"What am I to do?" he asked himself. "What steps can I take? Self-destruction seems the only means open to me, but to do so at the present moment would be to cause the death of my wife and her unborn infant."

He now attempted to offer up a prayer that the forgeries might not be discovered until after the birth of his child, and then, when his wife was perfectly recovered, he would destroy himself. But the wickedness of the idea, and the blasphemy of his prayer, flashed across his mind, and he relinquished it. He sat for some time longer in a state of the greatest distress, which was interrupted by the entrance of the clerk with the memorandum-book. His self-possession was somewhat recovered by the young man's entrance into the room, and, after thanking him for bringing the book, Robert said to him—

"Have you any objection, Mr. Wilson, to continue in your present situation, at any rate, for some time longer? You will greatly oblige me if you will. Mr. Moss is no longer in my employment, and therefore you will receive no further annoyance from him."

"With that understanding," replied the young man.

"I shall have much pleasure in remaining, but it would have been impossible if that man had continued any longer my superior."

"I will then" said Robert, "get you to take charge altogether of the office for a little time, although I will call for an hour daily. My wife is in a most dangerous condition, and I have no spirits for business. If anything occurs respecting the Irish contracts, apply at Mr. Macmurdo's office for instructions. I will write to him on the subject this afternoon. Other matters I shall be able to attend to myself when I call here."

Mr. Wilson having left Robert's private office, the latter sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Macmurdo, who was then in Ireland, telling him the state of health Mrs. Evans was in, and the distressed condition of his own mind. He requested Mr. Macmurdo, as a favour, to take the management of the whole contract till he should be able to attend to it.

The letter finished, Robert Evans returned to his own home, where, to his great satisfaction, he found Maria considerably better. The fainting fits had entirely ceased, and she had taken a good amount of nourishment, besides having enjoyed a sound, healthy sleep for some hours. Mrs. Murphy appeared delighted at the change which had taken place in Maria's health, and she joined Robert at the dinner-table, where they had a far more cheerful repast than Robert had enjoyed for many a day.

When the dinner things were removed, Mrs. Murphy said to Robert: "I do not want, my dear boy, to inquire into your business matters, but all I wish to ask is, if you are still in want of money?"

"No, mother, thank you," replied Robert, with well-assumed gaiety of countenance, "I can go on very well now, for some time to come, at any rate."

"Well, my dear, when you want any, you know where to apply, and you may have it as far as my means will go. But tell me, Robert, why do you not ask some of your fashionable acquaintances to give you the address of a good hairdresser? You seem to get greyer and greyer every day. Why, if Maria were to pull out all your white hairs, as she used to do two or three months ago, you would be completely bald. There certainly must be something to stop it. I see advertisements about it daily in the newspapers: lotions, and all sorts of things."

"Well, tell me, mother," said Robert, smiling, "the name of some good stuff for the purpose, and I will get it to please you, and try its effect on my hair."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "do not ask me the name, for I cannot tell you. I never saw such stupid people as those fashionable hairdressers are. Whenever they invent anything they always call it by so hard a name that nobody can ask for it. They must lose an immense deal by being so foolish. Why, I saw in an advertisement yesterday a lotion that I thought would suit you, and I determined to get it and put it on your dressing-table without your knowing it; but although I tried to spell the word for a quarter of an hour, I could not make head or tail of it, and at last gave it up in despair. I will show you the advertisement when we go upstairs. But, first of all, let us send up to know if Maria is awake, as the doctor said we must by no means disturb her when she is asleep."

Mrs. Murphy now rang the bell, and the servant immediately afterwards entered the room.

"Go upstairs," she said to her, "as gently as you can, and ask nurse if your mistress is asleep. If she

is, bring me down the newspaper I was reading this morning."

The girl ran upstairs, and shortly returned with the newspaper in her hand, saying that her mistress was in a sound sleep.

"Then Robert, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "we will have a comfortable cup of tea together; and after you have cut the advertisement out of the newspaper, we will have a chat about old times."

To please her, Robert cut out the advertisement, and promised he would get a bottle of the stuff the next day.

Mrs. Murphy then plunged into a conversation upon old family affairs, till it was time for them to retire for the night, when Robert accompanied her to his wife's bedroom, whom they found in a sound sleep, and he then went to his own chamber. On entering it, after closing the door, he took from the drawer of his dressing-table the little phial with the laudanum he had purchased the day before, and, drawing out the cork, he held the mouth of it over a drinking glass, without, for some time, pouring any out, but evidently in deep thought. Was he in doubt, at the moment, whether he would pour out the whole, and at one draught end his misery, or only take a sufficient quantity to procure him a few hours' uninterrupted rest? If so, he chose the latter, and poured into the glass about twenty drops of the fluid, which he immediately swallowed, and then, after a most disturbed attempt at prayer, he undressed himself and sought his bed.

(To be continued.)

THE FAR-FAMED DR. FELL.

(Continued from page 590.)

"It was the custom at — School, and a very useless one it was, considering the preposterous ease with which the law could be evaded, that all letters should be sent in to the Doctor's study to be posted, and among the scrawls which lay that evening on the table was one from Johnnie to his father, the sight of which excited sundry uncomfortable qualms in the magisterial breast. Dr. Benson was fairly ashamed to open the letter, yet it glared before him in mysterious defiance all the worse for being undefined. At last he could stand it no longer, but sent for the writer, and angrily upbraided him with being a talebearer against lawful authorities. 'Please, sir,' commenced Johnnie, with his customary exordium, 'I've not been complaining of you at all, but have asked my father to send the quails as usual; and I beg your pardon for "tucking" in the dormitory.'

"Well, well, my boy," replied the Doctor, blandly, 'as you seem sorry for your fault we will say no more about it, and you may tell your companions that I remit the rest of the imposition; so we will just burn the letter and say nothing to your father about it.' Thus did our little hero emerge from the house of bondage with a terrific character for being best left alone, but with an equally marked fame for being 'a queer, disagreeable boy, that one, somehow or other, could not take kindly to by any means.'

"In due course of time, having got an exhibition from his school, and bearing the highest possible character for steadiness and perseverance, he went up to Cambridge ["Oxford, my feathered friend," quoth I, rather proud of knowing something this time. "Dr. Fell was an Oxford man." "And I a Cantab," retorted the bird; "so let every man speak of what he understands."] and entered himself at one of the smaller

colleges, the master of which was a man of considerable erudition, but of very humble extraction, a fact of which he was very sillily ashamed, and concealed by all means in his power, not stopping short, unless report belied him, of very cruel and unnatural hostility towards certain members of his family who had ventured to come 'between the wind and his nobility' on critical occasions. Johnnie was not long in hearing of this peculiarity, but steadfastly disbelieved in its reality. 'The master,' argued he, 'is an able and sensible man, therefore he cannot be such a contemptible fool as you represent him. I wonder you are not ashamed of chattering like a nest of magpies against a man worth a dozen of us.' So he disposed of this petty gossip with all the contempt which he thought it deserved, and speedily found an opportunity of signally marking his incredulity.

"Every May, in accordance with the will of some pious benefactor of — College, prizes were awarded to the best English essay and Latin poem, or *vice versa*, in alternate years, written by an undergraduate whose residence had not exceeded five terms; and Johnnie, though still a freshman, valiantly decided upon competing for both, giving, however, his principal attention to the Latin poem, as he fancied that its subject afforded him the coveted means for publicly testifying to his unshaken belief in the master's innocence of the mean-spirited vanity attributed to him. For the young aspirants to the poetic laurels had been bidden to sing the praises of good old Horace, that prince of kindhearted minstrels and genial boon companions. And of all the many beautiful passages in his writings, which has gone more home to the hearts of men than his simple, affectionate testimony to the merits of his loving father, who, himself a freedman, had taken such pains to give his son every advantage which money or care could supply, and felt such noble pride in making him a fit companion for the best and greatest? So Johnnie, with many a tender thought of the old man at home, sat himself down to the composition of an episode recording the joy of one who, luckier than Horace, had his father and kindred still alive to share his prosperity; and as he wrote a very inspiration of honourable fervour seemed to come upon him, and his words were no longer his own, but those of some mightier spirit within. In fact, when he laid down his pen, a veritable work of genius lay before him, and he hardly knew whence it had come. The opening of his poem was frigid, pompous nonsense, like every one else's, nor did he feel any especial heart for the conclusion of his task; but none the less for that he could not but see that in the middle lay a real gem, a true pearl in an unshapely shell. He was not disposed, however, to risk all his hopes of fame on one trial, so he wrote for the English essay too, a performance of which it is enough to say that it was no duller than was almost unavoidable in those days of long words and stilted sentiments.

"The compositions were duly deposited at the master's lodge, and submitted to the usual tribunal of criticism. With regard to one prize there could be no doubt at all: Fell's poem was first, and all the rest nowhere; but as to the essay there were differences of opinion. Fell's was the best according to some judges, but not in the opinion of all. The master, however, lauded it up to the skies as incomparably superior to all the rest, the reason for which preference more or less leaked out in course of time. The classical lecturer, who was a bit of a wag, professed to think that as Fell's poem was so much superior to that of the nearest competitor, whereas he was, to say the very least, run very close for the essay by another writer, they should, without further ado, adjudge the one prize to him, and the other to the essayist who was, confessedly, so nearly his equal. 'For,' said he, looking hard at the master with a meaning smile, 'authors are often very bad

judges of their own best points, and as the winner of both prizes can only, according to our rules, select which one he will take, it is possible that he might not choose the poem, and so rob us of the pleasure of hearing declaimed in the public hall that magnificent tribute of his to filial gratitude and affection.' The unlucky master flushed crimson at this hit, but seeing in it a loophole of escape, hastened to avail himself of it by delivering a solemn lecture upon the injustice of such a mode of procedure.

"'No, no, Mr. Stephens,' said he, with a grave shake of his head, 'Fell must not be robbed of the double honour which, in my opinion, he has so honestly won. Let him take his choice, and if he desires the crown of the moralist rather than that of the poet, let him wear it by all means.' Stephens laughed, and muttering to himself, 'He will surely never be fool enough to make the wrong choice,' gave way in his judgment; and two other fellows politely bowing to the master's verdict, the announcement was made that Fell was double-first, and would announce his choice of prize during the forthcoming week.

"The very next day the master invited 'his distinguished young friend' to dine at the lodge, and treated him to a sonorous eulogium upon his dawning genius as a moralist, and sincere congratulations upon his good sense in not allowing a certain capacity for lighter literature to draw away his attention from sounder things; but all endeavours were in vain. Johnnie was quite aware that the poem was the better production of the two, and a much more decided victory over the next competitor; so he made his choice to that effect, and duly declaimed his respect for filial Horace before a learned assembly, over which, however, the master did not preside, being confined to his room by a sick headache.

"Time rolled on, and great were the rejoicings when the first chancellor's medal which had ever fallen to the lot of so small a college was carried off in very brilliant style by Fell, of —; and fast and furious (to tell the honest truth) ran the tide of revelry at the congratulatory supper, when good old paterfamilias was ensconced at his son's right hand, and kept up such a constant fire of drollery upon all at table that the roars of laughter began to merge into semi-hysterical explosions, and a solemn-visaged graduate in medicine was compelled by a strong sense of duty to warn his facetious friend that the consequences of this style of thing, if persevered in, might eventually prove, what the conversation itself had not exactly been, 'very serious.' And what made the hilarity the greater was the prospect, almost amounting to certainty, that our hero would obtain without delay a most honourable and lucrative tutorship, as the travelling companion of a young nobleman whose father was in the cabinet, and through whose interest it was only reasonable to take for granted preferment of no mean value would ultimately accrue. He had been highly recommended by more than one of the magnates of his native county; his academical career had been most distinguished, his private character was without a blemish, and his college testimonials all that could be desired, including a flourishing public eulogium from the head of his house. Success therefore appeared secure.

"But alas for human expectations! Although the master, in promising with a bland smile to testify with the greatest fervour to his pupil's good qualities, had told the truth, and nothing but the truth, he had not been equally candid as to the whole truth, for he had duly dispatched a letter to Lord —, marked 'private and confidential,' wherein he warned him, as a grateful and attached, if humble friend of his family (i.e. son of his father's gardener), that young Fell, though steady, clever, and well-principled, was afflicted, he might almost say cursed, with a spirit of satire which no considerations of prudence or propriety could

check, and which, he feared, would hardly spare the highest objects when exposed to temptation. Poor Lord —, though a statesman, was not quite above personal vanity, and moreover was not entirely ignorant of his son's conviction that he was 'a glorious old fossil; the best old fellow breathing, but as antediluvian as a plesiosaurus.' He recoiled, therefore, from the prospect of becoming the subject of a discussion upon a pre-Adamite world between young Lord Newbroom and his learned tutor; so Mr. Fell's claims were set aside, and his choice eventually fell upon a smug young gentleman, whose appreciation of his catechism, however inferior to Johnnie's in some respects, was warranted to be incomparably greater in the important respect of 'ordering himself lowly and reverently to all his betters.'

"One man's meat is another man's poison, Johnnie, my lad!" quoth his stout-hearted father, using the protest in a rather novel way. 'The sort of life which might suit Mr. Silket might not have suited thee, and may be it's God's mercy that thou'rt fairly out of it. As thou'rt not to sit at my lord's table in the lowest room, perhaps thou'lt sit there yet in one of the highest, and Lord Newbroom may come, cap in hand, to seek for the vote and interest of Mr. Dean, or his father be glad of the support of his good friend the bishop. Put your face sturdily to the hill, lad, and you'll view the top yet.'

"This cheering prophecy was not long in beginning to partially verify its own correctness, for pupils poured in on every side, and every moment which he could devote to his avocations as a 'coach' was not only filled up without difficulty, but eagerly pre-engaged weeks or months in advance. His habit of plain-speaking did him no harm in the lecture-room; on the contrary, every one felt that amount of confidence alike in his truth and his profound insight into the capabilities of all his men, that whatever screw was said by him to be a little loose, was unhesitatingly believed to be so, and forthwith tightened with corresponding care; while his guarantee that such or such subject was 'safe,' produced so comfortable a conviction of security that no time was wasted upon slaying the slain, a very common blunder among hard-reading men. So he steadily pushed his way upward until he became, beyond all denial, one of the leading men of his university; and though his father's eyes were closed in death, and could no longer see his beloved son's advancement, his prophecy regarding Mr. Dean seemed very close upon fulfilment, when a vacancy occurred in the chancellorship, and whose name filled a more prominent place on the committee of a certain illustrious personage than that of Professor Fell? So highly indeed were his services rated in the impending contest, that it was considered a delicate attention towards so doughty a champion that his Royal Highness the Duke of — should express a wish to attend one of his famous Wednesday evening lectures upon Biblical criticism. So accordingly, that admired of all beholders was duly to be observed in the master's stall, surrounded, like the sun amongst the planets, by a brilliant cortege of the great and noble, ready to hear the words of wisdom from the lips of the man on whom he himself was, ere long, as chancellor, to bestow the honours of a D.C.L.

"Those who were not well acquainted with the character of 'old Johnnie' fully expected that he would use this opportunity to institute some courtly parallel between Hezekiah, or Solomon, or some other 'nursing father' of the Hebrew church, and the modern antitype of princely virtue before him; others, who knew him better, prophesied nothing of the kind, but that he would keep 'upon the even tenour of his way,' and lecture upon the history or geography or other criticism of Biblical knowledge just as usual; but no one was prepared for what did come, which was,

indeed, a masterpiece of involuntary blundering. For he directed the attention of his hearers to Paul's moderation and strong sense of the necessity for obedience to constituted authorities, as displayed in the expression, 'Most noble Festus!' and to the fact that it was to the office and not to the man that the honour was to be paid. Nay, more; he went on to hint that the apostle was, perhaps, all the more scrupulous to do this, because neither the governor himself, nor the then reigning emperor, were personally men of good repute; wherefore to pay public respect to them was to mark with unusual accuracy the distinction between official claims to honour and individual ones, rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, even to Nero himself. All the older part of the audience sat upon nettles during this address, and the undergraduates tittered in their surplice-sleeves (for it was luckily the eve of a saint's day), but onward went the undaunted Johnnie, pointing a moral he did not in the least intend, and to all outward appearance shouting with stentorian lungs, 'Thou art the man!' to a person of whom he was no more thinking than he was of Tiglath-Pilezer. For the duke was a good sort of harmless duke, with no more vice about him than the lilies of the field, whose toilsome condition he so nearly resembled; and Johnnie really liked the guileless old man from the bottom of his heart; but the apparent slur was none the less for that, and when the 'Barnwell Witness' published a flaming account of his magnificent satire upon unworthiness in high places, and ventured to hope that he would display sufficient strength of mind to resist the glittering bribe by which it was said that he was to be muzzled for the future, the die was cast, and the deanery could not well be offered; not that, under the circumstances, it would have been accepted. This part of Professor Fell's career was marked by the unique characteristic of the only act of vengeance of his whole recorded life; the chapel-clerk was summarily dismissed, his acknowledged offence being simply this, 'that he was an incorrigible old fool, who threw about fire and said it was in sport.'

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF EDGEHILL.

THE struggle for mastery between Charles I. and his parliament began with the king's claim of ship money in 1634. In 1641 his ablest minister, Strafford, was condemned to death as a traitor, and on the same day, as a condition of borrowing a large sum of money from the city of London, the king assented to a bill "that the parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent." At the end of the year there was a Roman Catholic rebellion in Ireland, which the king was unjustly charged with instigating, and this led to riots and menaces in London. The king, in order to put down these, took the unwise step of going down to the House (Jan. 4, 1642), and endeavouring to seize five members, who in his opinion were the cause of the disturbances. They escaped, and the parliament immediately removed into the city of London, "to be safe from armed violence." The demand for the power of the militia was more pertinacious than ever, and on the 10th of January the king quitted Whitehall, and never saw it again till January 30th, 1649.

With all the correspondence and negotiations which followed we have no concern now, for they ended in nothing; and on the 25th of August, 1642, "about six of the clock in the evening of a very tempestuous day," the king set up his standard on the castle hill of Nottingham. "Melancholy men," says Clarendon, "observed many ill presages about that time. There was not one regiment of foot yet levied and brought

thither; so that the trained bands which the sheriff had drawn together was all the strength the king had for his person and the guard of the standard. There appeared no confux of men in obedience to the proclamation; the arms and ammunition were not yet come from York; and a general sadness covered the whole town, and the king himself appeared more melancholic than he used to be. The standard itself was blown down, the same night it had been set up, by a very strong and unruly wind, and could not be fixed again in a day or two, till the tempest was allayed. This was the melancholy state of the king's affairs when the standard was set up."

This was the opening of the great Civil War of England.

Who could attempt to picture the confusion of those sad months? In every shire, in every parish, in churches and alehouses, at the corners of the streets, England was tearing itself into hostile parties, and friends became foes. No narrative in English history, to me at least, is so solemn and pathetic as this of the enlistment of the two sides in the great warfare. On the one side, we are told, London subscribed "horses and plate"—plate of every kind, down to women's thimbles—to an untold amount, and four thousand citizens enlisted in one day. On the other side gathered the broad-acred squires, men who could tell of noble deeds of ancestors for many a generation back, and whose patriotism and loyalty had done so much to make the nation great, and who loved the liturgy and ceremonies of the Church of England. These melted their plate, and enrolled their stalwart labourers, whose fathers and grandfathers had lived and died on the same estates long before.

Which side was in the right? A looker-on now, without any suspicion of "trimming," or of affectation of impartiality, is, in our judgment, bound to say—*both*. Nay, there were many in the thick of the fight who said so then. Those who have been in the great hall of the Houses of Parliament have seen the statues of Hampden and Falkland guarding the doors. They died fighting on opposite sides. But the extreme Puritans came to dislike Hampden, and it is well known that Falkland spoke and voted for the death of Strafford. The fact is that the abstract principles of both parties were undeniably true. On the one side the dominant cry was "Church of England." Now if the history of the Reformation had not proved the Church the defender of national liberty, as well as the preserver of law and order, surely the history of the Civil War did so in the end. Whoever will read the history at length, will see that the temporary suppression of the Church was a time of iron despotism. On the other side, there is no doubt that the Puritans, as they were called, received their name from their laying claim to purity of life and manners. And as a body they had a right to it, though slander may say otherwise. The "stage plays," against which they clamoured, were foul and wicked, holding up sin as pleasant and desirable. If in denouncing drunkenness, and gambling, and excess of every kind, the Puritans were too sweeping in their condemnations, and included things which were harmless in themselves, one can scarcely blame them. It is hard to have to say it, but any one who will read "Hudibras" without prejudice will find that the ridicule which professes to defend "Whitsun ales," and "hockey," and "maypole dancing," is in its main drift a defence of sin against the law of God. And in more directly religious things the Puritan principles were right, though often they applied them wrongly. The great teachers, whose names we identify with them, Howe and Bunyan, Owen and Baxter, had an intense belief in the need of *personal* holiness, personal relationship to God. Their strong hold upon this truth led them to be impatient of the external helps, without which, as experience shows, devotion is in constant dan-

ger of dying out, and to seek union, not with the body of Christians, but with persons of like opinions with themselves. They were wrong in misapplying the truths which they so religiously held and loved. To sum up all, it was often the accident of birth or circumstances which decided which side good men took in that great struggle; but it was the direct providence of God which, in the event, showed on one side that his laws cannot be broken with impunity, nor the rights of a nation trampled down; and on the other, that his laws are not to be carried out by indiscriminate destruction, and that lawlessness is not liberty.

We purpose now to give a short narrative of the opening of hostilities. We have seen how the country gentry began to gather round the king. He raised money also by pawning the crown jewels, and further, sent to his lord-lieutenants to raise the militia. On the other hand, the parliament sent its most zealous partisans down to their constituencies to raise companies. Cromwell raised two in Cambridgehire, and was able to prevent the university from sending its 20,000*l.* worth of plate to the king.

On the 14th of September in that year a list of their army was published, Robert Earl of Essex being "lord-general for king and parliament," and William Earl of Bedford, general of the horse. Oliver Cromwell was "captain of troop 67."

The king's force by this time amounted to six thousand foot and two thousand horse, well-disciplined, "either by the care and diligence of the officers, or by the good inclinations and temper of the soldiers themselves." His commander-in-chief was the Earl of Lindsey; his general of the horse, his nephew, Prince Rupert; his secretary of state, Lord Falkland. Rupert was the son of the king's sister Elizabeth, who had married Frederick of Bavaria. The latter had been banished from his country, and Rupert was thus an exile from his youth. His overbearing temper, no less than his rashness and impetuosity, contributed in the end in no small degree to the ruin of the king's cause. Divided counsels unfortunately appeared in the royal camp from the beginning. Rupert was not only obstructive to Lord Lindsey, but even tried to quarrel with Falkland for bringing the king's orders to him, and his sulkiness was carefully encouraged by the officers of his division.

The first engagement took place at Worcester. Rupert with his horse encountered the whole army of the Earl of Essex, and defeated him. The king being apprized of this, hastened thitherwards himself, but on reaching Bridgnorth changed his plan of action, and resolved to march on London. Essex, after a day or two, followed him with a superior army, and for ten days the two armies kept their distance. On Saturday, October 22, 1642, the king reached Edgemoor, four miles from Banbury, where the Parliamentarians had a strong garrison. Charles determined to rest there for a day or two, and attempt its reduction. But about midnight came a message from Prince Rupert, that "the enemy was within seven or eight miles, and the head-quarters were at the village of Keinton, on the borders of Warwickshire; and that it would be in his Majesty's power, if he thought fit, to fight a battle next day, which his Majesty liked well." Accordingly the army moved at once in that direction, and encamped on Edgehill, two miles from Keinton. When Sunday morning dawned Essex was astonished to see the Royalist horse on the top of the hill, and was by no means well pleased, for his two best regiments of foot were not come up. However, he made ready without loss of time. Between himself and the hill was a large open country, with hedges and inclosures on the right. These he filled with musketeers, and placed on this side two regiments of horse; but he placed the main body of his horse on the left, where the ground was open. In the middle was the foot,



THE BATTLE OF EDGEHILL.

placed well forward, the general among them. Thus disposed, he waited the attack.

The king's side was embarrassed through two causes. The whole district in which they now were was hostile to the royal cause, and the soldiers complained that many companies had scarcely eaten bread for forty-eight hours; and in consequence many of them, through fatigue, were yet some miles from the place of rendezvous. It was three in the afternoon before his army had united, which was so late for the time of year, that the king's advisers were for postponement till the following day. But Charles judged rightly against this. His forces, he knew, would not increase; the enemy's might, and their strong garrisons all around could send them continual reinforcements. The word of onset was therefore given.

No sooner was the conflict begun than a peculiar incident happened. Prince Rupert, having command of the right, charged the enemy's left, where, as we have said, the greater part of the horse was posted. As he came near, a whole troop of the Parliamentarians, commanded by Sir Faithful Fortescue, an Irishman, fired all their pistols into the ground, went over to Rupert, and helped him to charge. The effect was that every man not only looked with dismay upon the fierce Rupert, but with distrust upon his own companions, and in a minute the whole wing wheeled about and fled, the prince following them for two miles.

The other wing, commanded by Wilmot (afterwards the infamous Earl of Rochester), had a more difficult task. The wing opposed to them was stationed in broken ground, and protected by musketeers who lined the gaps and ditches. The latter, however, being beaten off by dragoons, this wing also was put to flight, and the Cavaliers "followed this chase as furiously as the other."

All around the king thought the victory was won, and proceeded to arrange for sacking Keinton, where all the Roundhead baggage was. Suddenly the reserve

of Essex moved up in good order, pretending to be the king's friends. When they saw that all the horse were engaged in hot pursuit, they fell suddenly upon the king's foot with terrible effect. Lindsey was wounded to the death, and his son, Lord Willoughby, vainly endeavouring to save him, was taken prisoner. Sir Edmund Verney, knight-marshal, was also killed, and the standard which he bore was taken. The latter loss, however, was retrieved by a captain, John Smith, who charged again, and carried the standard back in triumph. The king and his two sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, were left with barely a hundred horsemen around them, and might easily have been taken. And this was the state of things which Prince Rupert found when he returned from his charge. Still, Lord Clarendon says, both sides thought themselves beaten. The parliamentary reserve retired and stood at bay, as before; their antagonists also stood still. Had either side charged again, it might have been victorious. But both were spent, and therefore afraid.

"In this doubt of all sides, the night, the common friend to the weary and dismayed, parted them." It was bitterly cold, "a terrible frost came on," there was no shelter for the Royalists of tree or hedge; they had nothing to eat, and such soldiers as strayed away to seek provision were knocked on the head by the villagers. No wonder that their antagonists carried off four pieces of cannon under their eyes, or that when morning dawned an immense number of soldiers had disappeared. The king in the morning sent a message of pardon to all who would lay down their arms; but this was of course fruitless.

The minister of the parish, who took charge of the burial of the dead, computed the number at five thousand, those of the parliamentary party being double those of the king's.

They looked at one another all next day, and at night both retired from the field. The king returned

to Edgemoor, and Essex marched somewhat precipitately to Warwick castle. Some of the royal horse followed them nearly thither; and afterwards, on the Tuesday following, returned to look at the field and search for their friends. They found the dead all stripped; and amongst them lay brave old Sir Gervase Sorell, who had headed a foot company of his tenants, stripped like the rest, and with twenty wounds, but still living. His son brought him away, and he finally recovered. On the Wednesday following the king took Banbury castle, almost without firing a shot, and this, says Clarendon, decided the question to whom the victory belonged at Edgehill.

OUR RECENT FESTIVITIES.



English are an impressionable people, but we detest demonstration. We are perhaps the most loyal nation in Europe, but we crowd round our queen when she appears in public, and cry "God save Her Majesty" with a smile upon our lips in derision of our childishness. We have plenty of emotional capacity, but we dread making ourselves ridiculous by expressing it. Of late years especially,

both our politics and our literature have caught a tinge of this constrained and reticent habit of thinking. We no longer regard oratory as a divine art: we throw aside impassioned rhetoric and seek for argument. We have not yet arrived at the ethical cultivation of the ancient Egyptians, who, lest a judge should be swayed by the skilful representation or by the persuasive eloquence of an orator, would permit only a bare statement of literal facts to be submitted to his decision. We no longer foster our navy in order to keep England mistress of the seas, but to preserve our commerce. We allow continental nations to wrangle like Kilkenny cats, so long as the quarrel does not affect our own interests. In short, we are becoming so thoroughly reserved, reticent, insular, and English, that what used to be a passing sarcasm in the mouths of foreign writers may soon come to be preferred against us, by ourselves, as a grave impeachment.

But within the past month or so we have been wonderfully wakened up from our comatose indifference. An unusual series of events has stirred us into a hectic hilarity; and England, to the amazement of the world, has become enthusiastic. It was by a narrow chance that we were saved from a charge of meanness and want of hospitality, despite this enthusiasm; but fortunately, in obedience to a marked expression of public opinion, the proper officials bestirred themselves in time, and we were not compelled to give our royal visitors the cold welcome of an inn. Now that these and other visitors have left our shores, let us briefly recall the chief points of the festivities with which we entertained them, an effort that has only become possible upon a cessation of the bewildering excitement through which we have just passed.

For a little time the Viceroy of Egypt wholly occupied public attention. He had got the start of his nominal sovereign; and when he landed in England, everybody thronged to see him who was reputed to be

the richest man in Europe. He had scarcely come amongst us, too, when stories became current of his Eastern generosity. We had all heard of the reckless presents and purchases he made in Paris; and in English eyes a man who can spend a great deal of money is always a grand personage. The Viceroy, it must be confessed, had other and better claims upon our consideration. He is a cultivated gentleman, a tolerable scholar, a man of singular enlightenment and impartiality. Unfortunately his highness had scarcely time to render permanent the kindly impression made by his visit when the Sultan arrived to throw him into the shade. The splendour of the new potentate extinguished the poor Viceroy. There was a mysterious importance attached to the person of this grave, austere sovereign, who had never before quitted his own dominions to visit a neighbouring potentate, which caused all England to turn its eyes upon him. Further, we were moved towards him by the subtle sympathy we always bear to a person whom we have befriended: we could not forget, that on the very last occasion on which England had shaken off her pacific lethargy, it was in the cause of a remote dynasty of which we knew nothing, and which was now represented to us by this august stranger. Well, the Sultan became the chief man among us for a while. Newspaper correspondents trotted at his heels, and chronicled his every step with a faithful precision, occasionally betraying some resentment because the oriental impassivity of his face prevented their making haphazard guesses at his private opinions. We crowded entertainments upon him, and we were far more successful than any one who has seen much of our public festivities would have anticipated. Well does the present writer remember the dull efforts at welcome which were offered to the French fleet in Portsmouth; though it must be admitted that they were no duller than the festivities previously offered to the English fleet in that receptacle of all evil odours, Cherbourg.

The banquet in the Guildhall was really a creditable affair; and the old hall, newly decorated, presented a fine spectacle. When the silver trumpets sounded, and there entered, conducting the Sultan, the Lord Mayor and sword and mace-bearers in their splendid robes, and when his majesty walked up to the throne where the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, the Duke of Cambridge, and other royal people were waiting to receive him, we hoped our guest would be pleased by this essay in ceremonial. Then, on the following evening, by the exercise of unexampled official alacrity and celerity, the India Office shone resplendent. The decorations of the place were singularly neat and appropriate, and the large and brilliant assembly which filled the great hall presented altogether a goodly show. We must not flatter ourselves, however, that we astonished or "crushed" the Sultan with our magnificence. "How absurd Europeans are!" exclaims an Athenian paper; and proceeds to show how his majesty is likely to compare the petty gardens of the Tuilleries with his own magnificent gardens, the appearance of Paris with "the magical site of the Bosphorus," and the women at official entertainments with the beauties of his harem. When he sees the old and broken towers of Paris and London, says this monitor, he will think of the gilded and glittering mosques of Constantinople. If he visits the courts of law, and sees the bewigged lawyers, he will think "the Franks have brought him to see their kangaroos."

We have intentionally omitted to speak of the naval review, inasmuch as it possessed a special interest apart from the presence of the Sultan. The intelligence that the queen was again about to undertake those duties which she had so long performed by proxy, put new life into the people, who had been languishing for want of the sunshine of royalty. The naval review promised to become a national holiday.

The lords and commons simultaneously secured places. London made preparations for transferring itself to Spithead. When the event came off, it was hard to say whether it was more of a success as a display, or more of a failure as a bit of pleasure. If the design was to impress the Sultan's mind with a sense of the naval power of England, and the importance of constantly altering armaments at the suggestion of science, the review off Spithead must have been all that we could have desired. If, on the other hand, our object was to give a day's enjoyment to the Sultan, we grievously failed. The weather was unsettled and windy, the water rough and boisterous. Our queen is a capital sailor; but the Sultan is a thorough landsman, and suffers from sickness even when the voyage is over. Whether his attention was distracted by internal qualms, we do not know; but certainly the spectacle presented by the double line of vessels of war was very striking; and as the Sultan approached, the ordnance of fifty of these bellowed him a resonant welcome. The sham battle which ensued would probably have been a pretty sight but for the squally weather; the visitors on the decks of the ships dividing their attention between watching the gunboats attack the forts, and guarding themselves from the gusty showers that fell from time to time. We must not forget to mention, that as the royal yacht steamed off towards Osborne, it was observed by the sharp-sighted ones that the Sultan, who was on deck conversing with the queen, had received the blue riband of the garter from her majesty.

The visit of the Belgian volunteers likewise contributed to the general air of festivity which hung over London. Wandering aimlessly along the Strand, gazing up at St. Paul's, or standing in amazement in front of the Exchange, to watch the ceaseless roar and hurry of Cheapside, little groups of these strangers were to be met with at every hour in the day. What a contrast they must have thought this great, grey, noisy, and muddy city, to the light and cheerful Brussels, with its white streets, and gentle skies, and calm repose. In their case, also, England did no more than save herself from committing a flagrant breach of hospitality; and to those who remember the extraordinary enthusiastic reception given to our English riflemen in Brussels, it would have been mortifying to hear that on the return visit our friends from over the water were welcomed in a niggardly and grudging way. Well, we could not give them that emotional reception which they gave us; but in a more ponderous and solemn manner we showed them that we really thought well of them, and were anxious that they should enjoy their visit. The first opportunity we had of seeing our visitors in their professional capacity was at Wimbledon, and here a vast assemblage had gathered to witness their performances. Unfortunately, at the very moment the Belgian battalions were marching past the Prince of Wales, a heavy thunder-shower was falling, which undoubtedly spoiled their lines, and gave to themselves a somewhat dismal appearance. The ball at the Agricultural Hall made up for this feeble show. How that gaunt and dingy hall—which we are accustomed to associate with sawdust and bare wood, the smell of stables, and long waiting for the judges to pass their opinion on this or that roan mare—had become transformed into a fairy palace, we cannot recapitulate here. Probably a goodly number of our readers themselves beheld this extraordinary transformation—the white and gold galleries, the long lines of gaudily-covered flags, the magnificent chandelier with its tinted crystals, the illuminations, and festoons of flowers. Foreign nations have a much greater liking for such artificial prettiness than we have; and doubtless the Belgians returned home with a keen and grateful memory of the spectacle which the Islington hall presented on that night. The place

was almost overcrowded; but few people go to a large ball like this with any eager wish to dance. It was not without some difficulty that an avenue was cleared through the throng for the passage of the Prince of Wales. The prince was preceded by the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince and Princess Teck, and accompanied by the Princess Louis of Hesse, the expected Sultan not making his appearance. The royal party left about twelve; at half-past twelve supper was served, and thereafter dancing was kept up until an advanced hour of the morning. The attention of the Prince of Wales, on this occasion as on others, towards the guests of the nation, seemed to be highly appreciated by them. The entertainment tendered them previously at Windsor—where the Belgians displayed even more than their wonted enthusiasm—was another mark of royal regard which our visitors did not cease to talk about; and it cannot be doubted that as they paraded in the quadrangle of Somerset House, and marched along the Strand towards Westminster, with crowds cheering them on every side, and as they got into their steamers and saw the waving of handkerchiefs which greeted their departure, they must have felt that our welcome of them had been, if not exuberant, at least full of good intention and kindness.

And now a final word concerning another gathering which had been engaging public attention, and which performed its closing ceremony only two days before. The Wimbledon meeting of this year commenced under the brightest auspices, and at first some fine shooting was made. Latterly, however, the weather became very bad, and the long-range shooting especially lay under the direst difficulties. It is therefore surprising that, on the whole, such good scores should have been made as we see chronicled. Scotland has this year lost the Elcho Challenge Shield by one point; on the other hand she has won the International Enfield Trophy and the Irish International Challenge Trophy. The Queen's Prize was won by Sergeant Lane, of the 1st Gloucester, who scored fifty-seven points out of eighty-four. The review which terminated the fortnight's shooting was marred by the ill weather that has figured so prominently in our last month's doings; but the Sultan, the Prince of Wales, and other royal personages were present, and under these circumstances a loyal English crowd bears its woes with patience.

So our guests are gone, the ballroom lamps are extinguished, and we are left to look at the empty dishes and the disarranged furniture. Have all our grand rejoicings left nothing but a sour deposit of *ennui* and satiety? We scarcely think so. It is good for a money-grubbing nation like England to be recalled at times to a sense of the fellowship she owes other nations, and to considerations a little less personal and selfish than the rising and the falling of stocks. We do not know whether it is a misfortune or not, but there is no denying the fact, that when England does recall herself in this way, she makes a blind rush, and seizing by haphazard some man or nation, proceeds to idealize him or it in a quite reckless manner. No doubt the popular enthusiasm for Garibaldi was the offspring of a noble sentiment which no official discouragement could check; but it can hardly be denied that the enthusiasm about the Sultan was the result of a generous ignorance or forgetfulness. Then again, the kindness we showed to the Belgians was well bestowed; and, indeed, of late years our old English contempt for the "[expletive] foreigner" has been gradually disappearing before the light of better acquaintance and sounder reason. On the whole, we see no reason to regret this brief season of holiday-making through which we have passed, and we could almost wish that no future summer might be allowed to pass without similar opportunities for unbending.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XIII.—SUBURBS OF PARIS.—PART II.

IN a former number we described shortly two favourite suburban localities in Paris—Chaillot and Passy. We will now speak of the adjoining one of Auteuil, formerly celebrated for its vineyards and the quality of the grapes they produced. A great portion of these vineyards belonged to the canons of the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, from which they received a very considerable income. Among others, a singular clause was inserted in the tenures—that the tenants were obliged to provide a dinner, consisting of three services, on the first anniversary of the death of any of the canons. About the beginning and middle of the sixteenth century Auteuil had already become a favourite locality; but unlike Passy and Chaillot, more literary men established their summer residences there than the aristocracy. In fact, Auteuil at one time had so many literary celebrities residing in it, that it seemed as if they intended to establish almost a little colony for themselves. Two houses especially were the resort of wits and men of talent of the day—those of Molière and Boileau. A very erroneous idea is common that Molière was a poor man, an error arising no doubt from the fact of his being an author, as in those days poverty seemed to have been the badge of all the race. In Molière's case, however, this was very far from being correct. Although he may possibly have accumulated but little money, he was always in the receipt of a very considerable revenue, arising both from his salary as an actor and from his rights as a dramatic author. Molière was rather grasping than otherwise, although he did not hoard money. He sought wealth more for the amount of amusement and comfort he could obtain from it than for the mere abstract love of money itself. While spending his money freely, he was at the same time exceedingly charitably disposed, and he would give to the poor with great liberality, especially those connected with the drama or the literary profession. Auteuil teems with anecdotes respecting him, many of which show the natural kindness of his disposition, and others his eccentric habits and way of thinking. Several of them are quoted at length in the "Nouveau Paris," one or two of which may be well worth repeating.

Boileau, La Fontaine, Chapelle, and some others, called one evening on Molière, and told him they had come to sup with him. Without any hesitation he agreed to provide supper for them; but as for some time past his state of health had obliged him to be very temperate in his diet, and also to retire to bed early, he told them he would be unable to be present at the table. Having ordered a splendid supper for his guests, he bade them farewell and retired to his bedroom. Notwithstanding the absence of their host the supper proceeded gaily, and good humour reigned among the guests. Unfortunately they drank a considerable quantity of wine, during which time they discoursed upon philosophical subjects, and among others, the evanescent nature of all earthly enjoyments. As the effects of wine began to be more strongly felt, they plunged the more deeply into the subject; and at last started the idea that life, after all, was not worth having, and that it would be an act of heroism on their part, and form an excellent example to others, if they were to prove their contempt for it by drowning themselves. The idea was received with acclamation, and not only unanimously adopted, but it was also proposed that they should carry out their resolution without delay. They now rose from the table and hurried down to the river side, where there was a ferry boat, but as it was late at night the ferryman was in bed and had to be aroused. This occupied some little

time, but at last they succeeded, and the man asked whether he should row them across.

"No," said one of the party, "we only want you to row us into the middle of the river."

"But the night is dark, gentlemen, and the current strong, and there may be danger in your bathing," said the ferryman, who easily perceived the intoxicated state they were in, and wished to dissuade them from the attempt.

"You silly fellow," said one of the party, "what should lead you to imagine we are going to bathe? Do you not see we have no towels with us? No; we are going to set an example to posterity how to quit the world and its follies in a heroic manner. As you will never see us again, we will pay you in advance."

The ferryman now became terribly alarmed, and positively refused to allow them to enter his boat, and they attempted in return to take the oars from him and his son, and to pull into the stream themselves.

At the time when the altercation was at the highest, Molière (who had been aroused from sleep by one of his servants, and informed of what was taking place) now made his appearance among them, and feigning ignorance, inquired into the cause of the dispute.

"Molière, my friend," said Boileau, "you have just come in time. We want you to use your authority with these two fellows. We have come to the resolution that life is not worth having, and we are determined to get rid of it. We have told these men to row us into the middle of the stream, where we can easily drown ourselves; and have, moreover, paid them in advance, but they refuse to take us."

"They are very wrong," said Molière, with great gravity. "You are about to do a noble and praiseworthy action, and they ought rather to assist you than to throw any impediment in your way. At the same time, you must excuse my remarking that your behaviour is hardly courteous to me. You know perfectly well that you will obtain great renown by killing yourselves to avoid the annoyances and vain pleasures of this life; then why should you not allow me to share this glorious act with you?"

"He is quite right," said Chapelle, addressing his companions; "and we have not behaved courteously to him. Let him make one of our party."

"Now this is behaving honourably," said Molière, "and I gratefully accept your permission to die with you. But let us consider for one moment what we are about to do, and whether it cannot be accomplished in a better manner. It is not merely for our own especial pleasure that we wish to quit the world, but to offer an example to posterity as well. Does it not appear absurd of us to choose a dark night for the purpose, and allow the envious to say that the boat upset by accident, or some other excuse of the kind, and thus deprive us of the glory which will be our due? No; I am of opinion it would be far better for us to kill ourselves in broad daylight, with plenty of witnesses, and those of such respectability as to establish our heroism without the possibility of a doubt. What do you say to my proposition?"

"Molière," said La Fontaine, after looking at him for some time with half-drunken admiration, "after all, there are more brains in your head than in all of ours put together. What you say is perfectly true. By killing ourselves in the night we shall be exposed to the calumnies of the envious. If, on the contrary, we do it in the day time, with plenty of witnesses about us, the grandeur of our motives can never be disputed."

The others fully agreed with La Fontaine, and the whole party returned to Molière's house, where beds were prepared for them for the night. It is almost needless to say that the next morning, when the effects of the wine had been slept off, they fully understood how much they were indebted to Molière for his kind-

ness the evening before in having stopped them from committing an act of drunken wickedness.

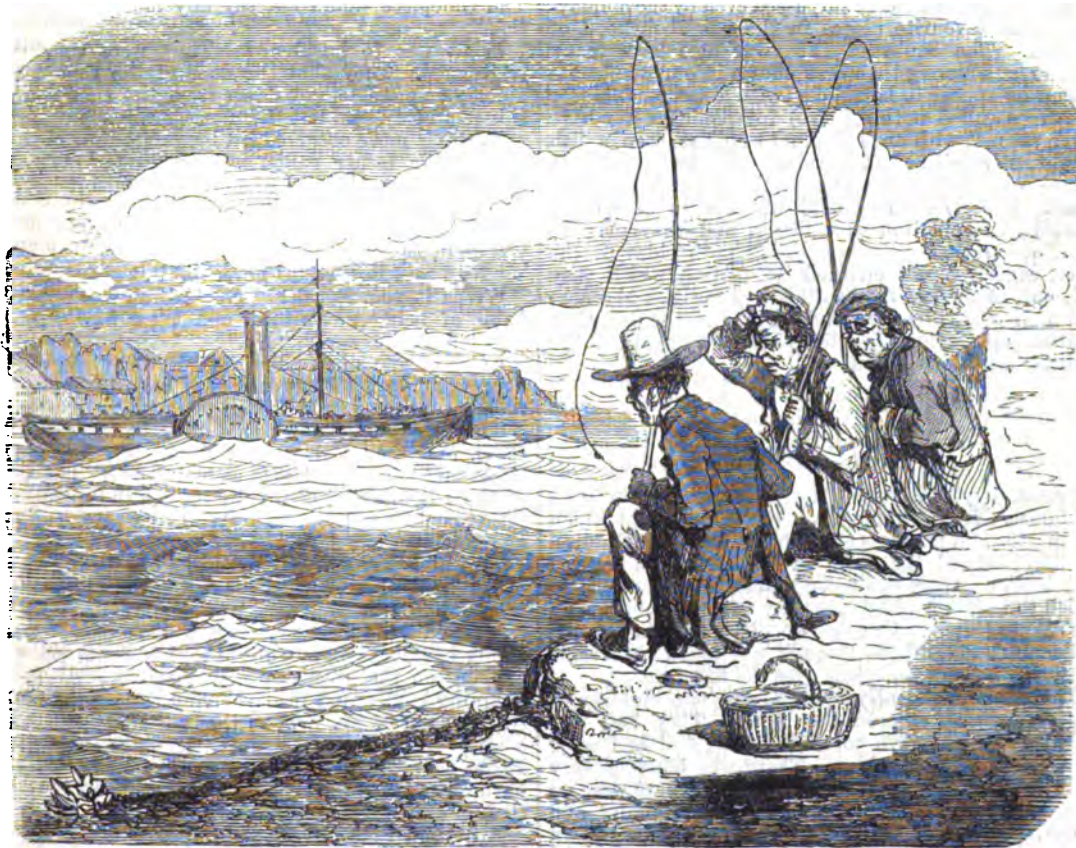
One of Molière's associates, a man named Baron, who was possessed of great wealth, brought one day under his notice an actor who was in great poverty, telling him that he ought to do something for him. Molière promised to visit him the next day. Baron met him in the evening, and asked what he had done for his brother comedian.

"Oh, I am glad you have mentioned the circumstance," said Molière. "You owe me sixteen pistoles."

"How so?" asked Baron.

"I called," said Molière, "on the poor fellow, and told him you had brought his case under my notice, and desired me to assist him. As I found he was in great poverty, I gave him twenty pistoles—four from

sophical subjects—passed the remainder of her days here. She lived in considerable luxury, which was dignified by good taste, and her evening *réunions* used to be attended by all the principal literary and political characters of Paris. Among others, the Minister Turgot, the Abbé Morellat, Cabanis, and even Napoleon Bonaparte, to whom she one day said, when he was noticing the small space of ground attached to her house, "You have no idea how much happiness may be found in three acres of land." She was born in 1719, and died in the month of August, 1800, regretted by all, especially the poor, to whom she had always been an excellent benefactress. Franklin, who was well acquainted with her, somewhat scandalized the devout Catholics in the neighbourhood by giving her the name of *Nôtre Dame d'Auteuil*.



PARISIANS FISHING.

myself and sixteen from you; and I wish you would repay me at once, as I am rather short of money."

Baron made a grimace, and knowing full well that he must either give the money or relinquish Molière's acquaintance, he paid the sum, though with a very bad grace.

Nothing at present remains of the country house of Molière, although the spot on which it stood is still pointed out.

Racine also lived for some time at Auteuil, in the same house with Boileau. Noël Falconet, a celebrated physician, resided there, besides many other eminent personages who took up their residence at Auteuil in the eighteenth century. The widow of Helvetius, after the death of her husband—who had the good sense to make a considerable fortune by financial operations, while occupying himself at the same time on philo-

Marie Joseph Chenier, a poet of considerable celebrity, also resided here. Condorcet, Count Romford, and the Chancellor d'Agneseau were among its inhabitants. It was here that the Princess Carignan passed some years of her life, and ended it in so sad a manner. King Victor Emmanuel I., enraged at the marriage of the heir to the throne of Sardinia with the daughter of the Duke de Vauguyon, refused to acknowledge the alliance, which he considered as an offence to himself; and the prince and his wife remained in France, where she became the mother of two children, who afterwards were acknowledged by Victor Emmanuel, and he took them under his protection. Great interest was now made to effect a reconciliation between the king and the princess, but without any success, and the princess retired to Auteuil, where she lived in the ancient château of the Abbots of St. Geneviève. After the

death of Victor Emmanuel, great efforts were made to reconcile his successor, Carlo Felice, with the princess, and these were at last successful. She received the letter conveying the pleasing intelligence late one evening, and resolving not to lose a moment in acknowledging it, and expressing her gratitude for its contents, she seated herself at the table to write a letter to the king, and was so occupied in her task, that she did not notice her dress had been set on fire by a spark from the grate, until the flames had acquired considerable strength, when she called loudly for assistance. Unfortunately, in rushing across the room, the flames increased in power, and the poor princess was burnt to death.

Auteuil and its immediate neighbourhood is a favourite resort of the Parisians in fine weather, on Sundays and fête days, and the crowds of visitors who assemble there cannot be surpassed even by the holiday-makers at favourite places in the neighbourhood of London. The banks of the river also have many visitors, and among them—as shown in our woodcut—those who appear to be afflicted with a monomania (for it can be called nothing else) for fishing. We have never yet met with an individual who has seen a fish caught, nor with a fisherman—and we questioned many—who had ever taken anything worth carrying home. Still the amusement appears to exercise a wonderful fascination over many, and they may be seen, at unequal distances, lining both sides of the river, eagerly intent on their occupation, which they only quit at the last moment allowed for their absence; and undismayed by their bad fortune of the day, they leave the spot, evidently determined to try again on the earliest possible occasion.

PIXIE-LAND.

PICTURE to yourselves a plainly furnished room in an old house. In the middle a long dark table, at which the master and mistress of the house and their children all dine; round the room twelve old chairs covered with leather; there is a second table in one corner, on which the servant places the tray when she brings in the dinner things. One or two pictures hang on the walls, and besides these there is not much observable excepting a small timepiece over the fireplace.

The door was gently opened, and two children, a boy and a girl, entered the room. They had just stolen away unknown to their nurse, and had come here to amuse themselves. There was however very little in the room to amuse children. There were no toys and no picture-books, nothing but chairs and tables; so after climbing the table, and getting down again, and throwing over a chair or two, they thought they should like to look at the timepiece.

So the little boy drew a chair to the fireplace, and on the top of it he placed a wide stool, and then both the children mounted and stood face to face with the clock.

They examined the figures and the painted scroll-work that runs round the face, and the minute-hand, which they could see moving, and listened to the "Tick, tick, tick," which seemed to come from within.

"Tick, tick," went the clock; and still, as the little boy looked and listened, it went on without stopping, "Tick, tick, tick."

"What can it be?" said the little girl, who was called Norah. "Where can it come from?"

"Oh!" said the boy, who was called Egbert, "it comes from the inside." So they looked all round the clock, and behind they saw a door. "It comes from here," said the little girl. "I should like to open it."

"No, no," said Egbert, "we must not; papa would be angry." But Norah poked about with her fingers, unknowingly touched a spring, and the door flew open.

There they saw a wonderful sight. There were wheels moving round and round, and the inside shone like gold, and there was a long piece of steel hanging down like a tail, which moved from side to side, and the timepiece said louder than ever, "Tick, tick, tick."

Norah put in her finger and touched the golden inside, and still the clock ticked on. Then she touched the pendulum, and though the timepiece paused for a moment, as if to take breath, it went on again fresher than ever, "Tick, tick, tick."

But at last she happened to poke her finger between the spokes of the little wheel, and the timepiece stopped.

Norah thought it would tick again in a minute, but she was disappointed. She touched the pendulum, she touched the wheel, she touched every part, but all to no purpose; and then Egbert tried his hand in vain. The timepiece would not say any more, "Tick, tick, tick."

What was to be done? They were very much frightened. They shut the door of the timepiece as quickly as possible, got down from the chair, put the things all tidy, and left the room quietly.

Nothing more occurred till breakfast time next day, when their father called out suddenly, "Why, the clock has stopped!" and when he examined it he found the main-spring was broken.

"Somebody has been touching the timepiece. Did you do it, Egbert?"

"No," said Egbert, "I never did it."

"Was it you, Norah?" Now Norah was not in the habit of being untruthful, and knew how wrong it was, but she answered, "No."

"One of you must have done it when you were in here yesterday. Betsy saw you coming out of the room," continued their father.

They at last acknowledged they had been in the room, and then Egbert said Norah had touched the clock, and then Norah said so had Egbert; but which of them it was that had really broken the spring their father could not discover. "Well," he said, "you will be punished some day."

This little boy and girl lived in a county in the west of England, where, besides the regular men and women, there reside a diminutive race of people called "Pixies." They used to be seen very often in past days. People riding home late on moonlight nights would see them dancing on the greensward, making very merry and laughing loudly, and dearly loving to lead the belated traveller out of his way, so that "Pixie led" is a west country proverb. But since the days of railroads Pixies have become scarce, or rather, shy of mankind, have retired into the deep woods, and live more quietly than of old.

A tribe of Pixies lived in a grand old wood near the house in which Egbert and Norah resided. They were Pixies who had taken an interest in the fortunes of this family for many generations, always patronizing and favouring good boys and girls, and always punishing the naughty ones.

Just on the edge of the great wood was a plat of grass of emerald green, on which the Pixies assembled every moonlight night. It was not often crossed by foot of man, but any one passing that way by daylight might observe round rings every here and there greener than the grass around. These were Pixie rings. Here the Pixies sat in a circle on raised benches made of blades of grass, whilst others danced before them, in the middle of the ring, to music played on flutes made from the thighbones of grasshoppers.

On the night after the timepiece had been broken the Pixies met, but not, I am sorry to say, for a dance, but to hold a council. On this solemn occasion all the Pixies of the neighbourhood assembled. There was the king wearing a golden crown, and the queen in diamonds of dew, and all the princes and princesses

in coats of harebell and violet. When the council was assembled the king spoke thus:—

"You all know, my dear friends, what an interest we feel in the family close by us. You remember how we gave the cap of learning to the present respected proprietor, and how, when his father behaved ill, we filled his bed with thistles. Now I grieve to tell you the children at the house have been very naughty indeed, they have been guilty of story-telling, a fault we hate and abhor beyond all things. The boy is not quite so bad as his sister; it was not he certainly who spoilt the clock, but still he went up on the chair and looked at it, and he ought to have told all this like a man, instead of holding his tongue like a coward. But Norah has told a decided lie, and she must be punished. What shall we do to her?"

"Carry her away from her home," said the queen of the Pixies, "and put Blue Cap in her place."

"It shall be done," said the king.

That night, as Norah looked out of the window before going to bed, she was carried off by the king of the Pixies.

The nurse thought that the Norah she put to bed was altered; that she was thinner and smaller and sharper-looking than usual. "It's only my fancy," she said, so the little Pixie slept soundly in Norah's bed.

On the following morning the father and mother also fancied that their little girl was changed, but the Pixies are very clever people, and they had of course made Blue Cap look as like Norah as possible, so she quite took Norah's place, and eat her bread and butter and pudding and desert, wore Norah's clothes, and was much happier than she had ever been before.

One or two little things she could not forget. She would rise from her little bed and look out of the window on moonlight nights with a sort of wistful, longing gaze, and she was fonder of dancing than Norah had been, and always ended in dancing round in a ring. And she would gather the tiny flowers that held drops of dew, and would always call the cup moss "our wine glasses," which all showed the Pixie taint; that which was natural to her would come out at times. Still, on the whole, she managed to conduct herself as a civilized human child should.

But where was Norah? She was away among the Pixies, and very unhappy. For first, she was very cold; secondly, she was very hungry; thirdly, very tired; and fourthly, she was made very ridiculous. All these things were very teasing, and sometimes she was ready to cry her eyes out. No wonder she was tired, for only think, instead of going to bed at seven o'clock and sleeping soundly every night, she had to go out on the green and dance till the moon set, and this was very tiring indeed to a person who did not like dancing. And she was cold, for instead of the warm frocks and cloth pelisses which she had left behind her at home, she had nothing in the world but Blue Cap's old clothes, and these very thin indeed, one made of faded rose-leaves and the other spun of gossamer. And hungry she well might be, for she had nothing but dew to drink, and on high holidays the leg of a beetle to eat. Still there was something worse. For some reason or other, ever since she left home, her tongue had begun to grow. Yes; it was not very painful, but exceedingly in the way, and you may imagine dreadfully ugly. Little by little it increased and grew longer, till she was obliged to carry it, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, under her arm, and the little boy and girl Pixies were always laughing about it, so that little Norah was very melancholy. It was bad enough to be cold and hungry, but "the big tongue" was worst of all.

The queen of the Pixies was a very kind old woman. Norah saw that in her face and soon made friends with her.

"Queen of the Pixies," she said one day, "I am very

unhappy! Indeed, I think I shall die if it goes on much longer."

"What is amiss, my child?" inquired the queen.

"Why," replied Norah, "I am treated so differently here to what I was at home. I have so little to eat and so little to wear."

"My dear child," said the Pixie queen, "you know the reason, you know why you were brought here; people who sin must suffer; children who do wrong must pay for it some time or other. You are paying now for doing wrong."

This was sufficient answer for Norah; for the present she thought she would say no more about it.

But her tongue vexed her so sadly, and she began to feel she owed it to her fault, and one day she cried out suddenly, "Oh! Queen of the Pixies, can you get rid of my 'ugly tongue'?"

"No, my child, I cannot get rid of it, but you can."

"How? Oh! tell me how to get rid of it!"

The Pixie sighed. "There is only one way, and that a way I fear you will not follow. Your tongue is disfigured because your tongue is the member with which you offended. You lately told a very wicked story: if you wish to get rid of your big tongue you must acknowledge your fault and confess the lie you told."

Poor Norah! she did not like this plan of getting rid of her tongue; anything rather than saying, "I broke the timepiece."

So she went on among the Pixies for some while longer, bearing the cold, and the hunger, and the midnight dancing, and the big tongue.

But she loved her father and mother, and did not like to be away from them for ever. She began to see that she had been very wrong and very wicked, and sometimes she would steal away from the Pixies' wood, and go to her own home, and as she looked in at the window, and saw her father and mother, and little Blue Cap sitting on her stool, the tears would run down her cheeks, and she would cry out in the bitterness of her heart, "Oh! that I was in my own place again."

One night she was standing by the window, particularly unhappy and penitent. Had she but the opportunity she would at length confess her fault. There sits her father by the bright fire, thinking he has Norah by his side. There are the brothers and sisters at their toys; the tea-tray comes in, and the cups rattle, and children gather round the table. Oh! to be shut out from all this comfort and the kind caresses of father and mother. At last something leads her father to rise from his seat and look out into the gloaming. He opens the window and steps out upon the gravel. In a moment a little tiny hand was thrust into his own, and a timid hesitating voice is heard to say, "It was I who broke the timepiece!"

"You! Who are you?"

"I'm Norah!"

"Norah; why Norah is in the dining-room with her mother."

"No, I am Norah, and I have been away among the Pixies, and they only gave me beetles' legs to eat and dew to drink, and rose-leaves for frocks; and see what a great tongue they gave me as a punishment for telling a story." And she put up her hand, but her tongue was gone! Oh, how glad she felt! The mere effort to do right had brought its own reward! And as she said again, more loudly, "I broke the timepiece," her father saw she was his own little girl, and giving her a hearty, forgiving kiss, he carried her into the cheery room to her mother and brothers. That night she slept soundly in her own room, in her own cosy bed, and she did think it was better than dancing till she was tired round and round fairy rings on the green!

And Blue Cap was never seen again.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT COOKERY.

MR. EDITOR,

I do not (like your correspondent, *Jemima Jippe*) trouble myself much about the frippery of the milliner and dressmaker. I know a nearer way to my husband's heart than that, and it lies in a region with which it would be well if ladies were a little better acquainted. It was *Jemima's* question that set me thinking about it, when she asked if you did not think a raspberry tart would be tasty as a headdress. I said to myself, if she cared more about raspberry tarts and less about head-dresses, her husband would be much better pleased with her; or if she has no husband her chance of getting one would be very much improved. I know it is nothing but her ignorance, so, if you will permit me, I will try to give her one lesson, at least, that will be useful to her, and make her husband (present or future) a much happier man than he is likely to be with her everlasting talk about bonnets and chignons.

Why, let me ask, is the ordinary run of cookery so inferior in this country? Why do we so very often see the most beautiful meat in the world wretchedly spoiled, the vegetables watery, cold, half-cooked, and things in general very often (excuse me, but I cannot find a better word) absolutely *messed*? I ask *Miss Jemima* why? but I will answer the question myself. It is because young ladies in England are taught everything except the most useful of all accomplishments. In Germany household work forms an essential part of a young lady's education, let her rank be ever so exalted. In France, the "*ménage*," as they call it, is carefully considered. In England it is shamefully neglected, and hence the evil consequences of which men are everywhere complaining.

Both in France and in Italy one secret in the art of cookery, but little known or thought of in this country, is highly valued. It may shock *Miss Jemima* to hear that I allude to the art of "*gently stewing*." *Soyer* did much, very much, to inculcate this homely art; but, alas! he is gone, and I fear his disciples are few. The Italians have a proverb—

Buono cuoco, poco fuoco;

in other words—

Good cook, small fire.

And so it is. Our huge kitchen fires are at the bottom of the mischief, and ought, wherever practicable, to be put out, and replaced by a proper cooking stove. Where this cannot be done, the simple remedy is—a very moderate fire, and a trivet.

In Italy it is common to see an earthen pipkin gently simmering over a slow fire. It is quite an institution, that little covered pipkin, and what does it contain? Bones, fragments of meat, pinions and necks of poultry, and what not. To what end, *Miss Jemima*? That is just like you. Why, the object is to convert those stray bits of food, which you would probably waste, into gravy, and the gravy is wanted in Italy for everything; but first and foremost, as a condiment to rice, to vegetables, and, above all, to macaroni. Now, pray tell me, Mr. Editor, if you do not think that we English sometimes eat too much meat? And is it not, think you, a real advantage to be able to make little savoury dishes not quite so absolutely solid and fleshy as those to which we are accustomed? You may doubt it now, but I know very well I should soon make a convert of you if I had the management of your kitchen for a week or two. Well—not to digress—as I said, Italians use much gravy, and, in order to make the same, have their little "*pignatta*," or pipkin, almost continually simmering over the charcoal embers, but I will give the exact recipe.

To make "sugo," or gravy.—Put into a pipkin or stewpan two ounces of butter or good dripping; let it get quite hot; cut four good sized onions into rounds, put them into the pipkin; also, two or three medium sized carrots, cut also into rounds. Next, place on these about three pounds of the shin of beef; break the bone and place on the top; season with two good teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and one of coarse brown sugar. Let these

all fry, as it were, at the bottom of the pipkin, until the meat has taken a nice brown colour; set it by the fire, place on the cover, and let it steam (for a short time only) by the fire, taking great care that it does not burn.

Now add five pints of cold water, or broth, if you have it; cover the pan very closely, and let it *simmer gently* for at least three hours. At the end of that time take out the bones and any lumps of meat, and strain the gravy through a clean sieve. Unless the meat be of very coarse quality it will be fit to eat, and the gravy will be delicious. When cold, you will take the fat off the gravy, and put it aside. It will be good for many uses, and when used should be thickened as follows:—

Take half a tablespoonful of arrowroot, or fine flour, a lump of butter, about the size of a walnut. Gently and gradually, and very thoroughly, mix this into a pint of the gravy, and give it a boil up for a few minutes. Never keep your gravy in anything but an earthen vessel. In summer of course it will soon turn sour, but in winter it will keep for several days. In this way Italians make their delicious gravy, but they rarely buy meat for the purpose, but daily set on the little pipkin with fresh bones and bits. Mushrooms, anchovies, or truffles give a delicious flavour; and, as a variety, Italians very often empty the contents of a fresh sausage into it.

Miss Jemima, I am afraid, will think it far beneath her dignity to pare up carrots and onions and scrape chicken bones, for the purpose of making a stew in a little earthen pipkin; but it was very different in the time of our great grandmothers, and men did not run away to clubs in those days, at least, not to the extent they do now, and they were never afraid to get married on two or three hundred a year, or even less, for the matter of that. I am afraid it is not much use talking to girls like *Jemima*; but, at the risk of all her scorn, I will not conclude without telling you how macaroni ought to be cooked.*

To dress macaroni.—Put half a pound of macaroni into rather more than a quart of boiling water, with two teaspoonfuls of salt and a wee bit of soda. Let it boil about half an hour, or until it is soft, but not quite a pulp. If stale, or rather coarse in quality, it may require to be boiled an hour. Drain it in a colander, have ready about two ounces of good grated cheese, some nice thick brown gravy, and a hot dish.

Strew some of the macaroni on the dish, take a few good tablespoonfuls of the gravy, and put a little of it here and there over the macaroni, then a dust of the grated cheese; again a layer of macaroni; a little gravy as before; and a dust of the grated cheese; and so on. I hope *Miss Jemima* will understand that when the macaroni is served the dinner is ready; like potatoes in Ireland, this dish must not be kept standing. As for the kind of cheese, Gloucester, Cheddar, and Derbyshire or Leicester, are all excellent for the purpose, but nothing is equal to Parmesan. Whichever is chosen it must be rich and sound, and not too strong. The idea of the grated cheese is one which I would not have you lose sight of; it is truly Italian, and is a very delicious accompaniment, with gravy, to all such wholesome but somewhat tasteless plain dishes. With Norfolk dumplings or plain puddings how nice would such adjuncts be—how much more savoury. Rice done in this way is exquisite.

There, Mr. Editor, one good practical lesson of this kind is worth a hundred of the usual recipes you find in cookery books. Once learn to make gravy as it should be, and you will not only get your macaroni well served, but if you have a clever little wife, not too much concerned about the fashion of her bonnet strings, she will discover for herself an endless variety of combinations of the same delicious and wholesome kind.

Believe me, dear Mr. Editor, with my best "*courtesy*" to *Miss Jemima*,

Yours, very truly,

MARTHA CUMMINGS.

* P.S.—Excuse me for putting the postscript in the middle of my letter, but can you tell me what my husband means by talking about *macaronic poetry*? and why he calls "*Little Pickle*" a "*regular macaroni*?" By the way, I don't know of any young gentleman more suited to *Jemima's* taste than *Little Pickle*, but I call him a *fop*!—M. C.

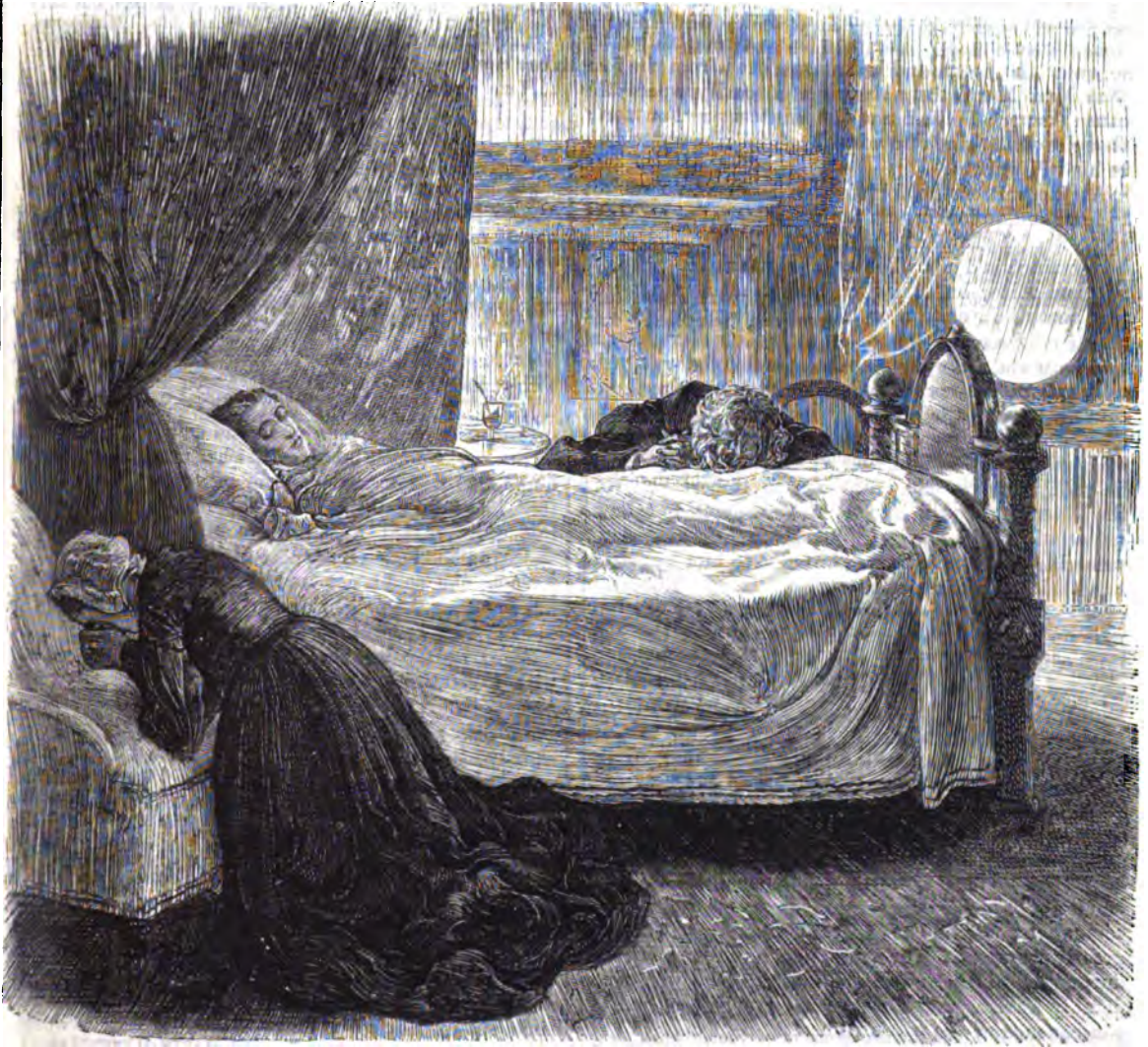
The *macaronism* is a kind of burlesque poetry, consisting of a jumble of words of different languages; and it is very curious that in Italy they call a certain style of man *macaroni*, while in England we call him a *Jack-pudding*. Why this connection between a man and a pudding in two different languages?—ED.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.]



CHAPTER XXI.

MARIA.

WHEN Robert arose the next morning he found the health of his wife had greatly improved by her night's rest; indeed, so much better was she that he took his breakfast with her. His own spirits were also much calmer than they had been for some days past, possibly from the effect of the opium he had swallowed the night

before, and which had not yet passed off. After breakfast he still remained with his wife till the doctor paid his visit, when he received from him a most favourable report of the state of his patient's health.

After the doctor had quitted the house Robert went to his office, and there transacted some business. As soon as that was over he left the office in charge of his clerk and returned home again, where he remained for the rest of the day with his wife and Mrs. Murphy.

When he retired to bed he repeated the dose of laudanum, but its effects were hardly as beneficial as the evening before. He continued this mode of life for another fortnight, spending an hour each day at his office and the rest of the time at home, without anything occurring particularly worthy of remark, beyond that he was on several occasions obliged to increase the dose of laudanum. Either from the quantity of opium he had swallowed, or from some other cause, he began to feel a singular impression, or rather uneasiness, at the sight of Murphy's portrait. When not in the room with it, his mind seemed, to a considerable degree, deadened to the dangers of his position; but when he gazed on the picture, he appeared to feel that it cast on him a continual glance of reproach, and the feeling increased in intensity each succeeding day. He now felt a strong antipathy to enter the room, and had it not been from the fear that Mrs. Murphy would notice it and suspect the cause (though he had not the slightest reason for a thought of the kind), he would have taken all his meals in his wife's room.

At the end of the fortnight a letter was brought to him, and on looking at the superscription he easily recognized the handwriting of Moss. For some moments he remained in doubt whether he would not return it to the post-office; but at last reflecting that it might contain some information or allusion he would not like another to see, he opened it, and glanced rapidly at the contents. Stupified as he was by the opium he now was in the constant habit of taking, this letter caused Robert the greatest indignation. It was a demand for the sum of a thousand pounds, which he said was owing to him, and which he insisted should be paid the next day. As soon as Robert had read the letter he threw it into the fire, resolving to take no notice of it. In the evening of the following day a second letter from Moss was brought to him by private hand. It was short and concise. It told Robert, in case the money was not paid the next day, he would wait no longer for it, but immediately take the legal proceedings he had threatened. Robert, though greatly alarmed at the tone of the letter, had sufficient determination to tell the messenger that he would return no answer. "Then," said the man, in an insolent manner, "Mr. Moss will send a messenger to you to-morrow, who will show that it is no joking matter." Robert made the man no reply, who immediately went away to take back the message to his employer.

It is more than probable that Robert Evans would have been far more alarmed at the tone of Moss's letter had it not been for the fact that Maria was that evening somewhat worse, and her husband's anxiety was thereby greatly increased. The symptoms, however, passed off during the night, and in the morning she was considerably easier. As Robert the day before had, in consequence of his wife's ill-health, neglected to take his customary dose of opium, he now became greatly alarmed at the possibility of Moss putting his threat into execution. He remained at home all the day in a state of intense terror, which was again increased by receiving in the evening a short note without signature, evidently written by Moss when in a state of intoxication, which merely said: "Now, do as you like; the affair is in the hands of the police." He remained at home the whole of the next day, expecting each moment the arrival of a policeman, but evening came without one making his appearance. A second and a third day

passed in the same manner, and, on the fourth, Robert summoned up sufficient courage to go to his office, where he found his clerk already arrived. He now took up the letters which had accumulated during his absence, and, one by one, he opened them in his private room, trembling as he broke the seal of each on which he did not recognize the handwriting. At last all were read, and, fortunately, none of them contained anything to cause him the slightest alarm. He next asked his clerk whether he had seen or heard anything of Moss.

"I have seen nothing of him whatever," was the reply; "but I have heard, that a few days since he presented himself at Mr. Macmurdo's office in so drunken a state, that they did not admit him."

"What did he go there for?" inquired Robert.

"Principally, I believe, sir, to abuse you. However, they could make very little out of what he said."

Here was another source of alarm for Robert, for it proved that Moss was now getting desperate. Still, he had no alternative, and returned home in a state of mind little to be envied.

On arriving at his house he heard some news which caused him great anxiety. Maria's accouchement was hourly expected, and the doctor was then in attendance on her. The night passed, and it was late in the afternoon of the next day when the baby was born. During the whole time Maria had been in a state of great danger, and thankful indeed was Robert when he heard he was a father. Towards evening, however, a circumstance occurred which caused him the greatest alarm. The servant told him she had forgotten to inform him that a policeman had called in the course of the day, who, on hearing that her master was not at home, had said it was a matter of no importance, and that he would call again another time. She further told Robert that a strange-looking man had been watching the house the whole of the day, but for what purpose she could not imagine. Robert desired her not to admit the policeman, should he call again, as he did not wish to be annoyed by the visits of strangers.

Shortly after darkness had set in Maria was seized with a fainting fit, from which, with difficulty, she recovered. A second followed it, still stronger than the former; and the doctor was sent for, who arrived shortly afterwards, and found his patient in a most dangerous condition. Drawing Robert Evans into the dressing-room, he told him he must not be surprised if the case ended fatally. "While there is life, there are hopes," he continued, "and she may yet recover; still it would be unjust on my part to conceal the truth from you. In half an hour's time I shall be able to form a better judgment. I will prescribe a restorative for her, and carefully watch the effect it produces; and I will not leave her until I can do so without danger of anything serious immediately occurring. At the same time, summon up all your courage to meet the worst, should it happen; for, as I said before, she is certainly in great danger."

In one of the intervals between the fainting fits, the doctor gave his patient the restorative he had spoken of, and, although she swallowed it with difficulty, the effects seemed to be most beneficial. He repeated the dose, and she certainly gained strength from it so much so, that not only Robert and Mrs. Murphy began to hope that all would end well, but, judging from the expression of his countenance, the doctor was evidently of the same opinion. He continued with his patient for

some hours, when she fell into a sound and apparently a refreshing sleep.

"I must now leave you," he said, "and will return early to-morrow morning, unless you send for me before. For the moment you have nothing to fear. All you can do is to keep her perfectly quiet, and to maintain the strictest silence in the house. Above all things, she must not be startled, or the consequence might be fatal. Every chance depends on the duration of her present slumber, and the condition she will be in when she awakes. Now keep up your spirits, and pray to God to save her, for she is in His hands. If He, in his wisdom, pleases to take her, remember she will be an angel, and in happiness, and that thought ought to go far to mitigate your sorrow. Now, good night, and pray to the Almighty to give you courage to support the worst, should it happen."

No sooner had the doctor left them, than Mrs. Murphy and Robert threw themselves on their knees, beside Maria's bed, and earnestly implored the Almighty to spare her to them; or, should it please Him to take her to Himself, to give them courage to bow with resignation to His will. More than an hour thus passed, Maria sleeping placidly, and the whole house remaining as quiet as the tomb. When it was near midnight, Robert's prayer was disturbed by a noise he heard below, and, on listening attentively, he found it arose from the voices of two persons conversing angrily together. Fearing the noise might disturb Maria, he rose from his knees and left the room, closing the door gently after him. He had hardly reached the head of the staircase, when he easily distinguished the voices of Moss and the footman in a high altercation, the former evidently attempting to force his way upstairs, and the servant preventing him. Robert now rushed rapidly down stairs, and in the hall he found Moss (who was quite drunk) wrestling with the footman. Without a moment's delay Robert seized the drunken ruffian by the throat.

"Leave the house this moment," he said. "What do you mean by this behaviour?"

Moss made a violent attempt to release himself from Robert's grasp, and called out—

"I want to know if you intend paying me the money you owe me."

"I owe you nothing," said Evans. "Begone this moment. Open the door, Jones, and help me to turn this fellow into the street."

"Stop one moment," said Moss, in a lower tone, "and hear me say one word, and then I will promise you to go."

Robert, taken by surprise, and possibly thinking it would be better to get rid of him quietly, if he could, so as not to disturb Maria, released his grasp, when Moss, seizing the opportunity, thrust by him, and succeeded in getting up to the first floor landing before Robert could stop him.

"I say, you old woman," roared Moss, in a voice of thunder, "come here and listen to what I have to tell you about this precious son of yours. He is a thief and a forger, and to-morrow will be in the hands of the police."

Here Robert succeeded in placing his hand over the mouth of the drunken ruffian, and, assisted by the servant, he contrived to get him down stairs, but not without considerable difficulty. Moss resisted furiously, and from time to time roared out some abuse, whenever he managed to get Robert's hand from his mouth.

At last they succeeded in getting him in the street, and Robert, greatly excited, returned to the sick room. Here a terrible scene presented itself to him. His wife, startled from her sleep, had awoke in great terror. Mrs. Murphy, at the moment of his entrance, was attempting to calm her, but a fainting fit of such severity came on, that for some moments they thought she had expired. She recovered, however, from the fainting fit, but so fearful was her weakness, that, in spite of all their hopes, they could not close their eyes to the fact that she was dying. Maria was herself perfectly well aware of her condition. With a feeble, though calm voice, she told Robert she was certain her end was approaching. She bade him not to grieve for her loss, as they should meet again in Heaven; that, although her existence would shortly terminate, she trusted the child would live to be a comfort to him. Happy as her married life had been, she willingly bowed to the will of her Maker, and she hoped her husband would be equally resigned. From time to time, during the whole of the night, she continued to address words of comfort to her broken-hearted husband, whose sorrow was so great at his impending loss, that even the thoughts of the terrible fate which probably awaited him were driven from his mind. Hour after hour passed, Maria gradually sinking the while, and when the sun rose upon the earth she was no more.

Robert's anguish was too great for him to pay any attention to what was passing around him. Mrs. Murphy, though greatly sorrowing for poor Maria's death, had her senses more under command, and she made every effort to keep the child alive until a wet-nurse could be found for it. In the afternoon the doctor sent a healthy young woman (whose own infant had lately died) to take charge of the baby. Late at night, however, the child was attacked with convulsions, and, before morning, it also was a corpse. In this predicament, Mr. Macmurdo, who had now arrived in England, showed himself a true friend. As Robert was utterly helpless, he took upon himself the task of ordering the funeral, and, eight days after her decease, poor Maria and her baby were consigned to the grave, Robert and Macmurdo being the only mourners.

After Mr. Macmurdo had left him, Robert remained during the evening seated in his dining-room, turning over the events of the day, as they passed before him. Suddenly a vague idea came over him that, as they were returning from the funeral, he had seen Moss—but where, or in what street, he knew not. Again, as his mind dwelt on the circumstance, the idea came over him that possibly he had been mistaken. The individual he had seen was thinner, and had a peculiarly wild haggard look about him,—still something assured him it was Moss. This idea now brought before Robert's mind the position he was in, and he began to form some resolution as to the steps he would take to relieve himself from it. The state of mental torture he had been enduring for some time was now getting insupportable. Fortunately he was not disturbed in his reflections by Mrs. Murphy's presence, who, fatigued by the events of the day, had retired at an early hour to her own room. After considering over the matter for some time with as clear a brain as he could command, he resolved to give himself up to justice the next day. His poor wife was no longer in danger of being shocked by the knowledge that her husband, on whom she doted, was a forger, and would soon

wear a felon's dress. True, the poor old woman, who loved him better than her own life, might sink under the blow, but still he had no alternative. He could only maintain his position for a short time longer without being detected, and that only by the commission of other crimes. Painful as was the course he was about to pursue, he was determined to carry it out, and knelt down, and offered up a penitent and heartfelt prayer to the Almighty to grant him courage to put his determination into execution.

The next morning when he met Mrs. Murphy at the breakfast table little conversation passed between them. He had no inclination to speak, and she, imagining that he was absorbed in his sorrow, did not attempt to interrupt him. Breakfast being over, Robert went upstairs to his dressing-room, and again prayed that he might be endowed with courage to support the infliction he was about to undergo. When he had finished he went downstairs, where he found Mrs. Murphy, and, embracing her affectionately, wept like a child.

"Do not cry so, my dear boy," she said, little thinking that he was weeping at the idea of never again seeing her, "do not weep so; we shall all meet again in heaven."

Could Robert have told her how alight was the probability of their meeting again on earth, her tears would have fallen still faster than his own. As it was, he had only the power to say, and that indistinctly, he possibly should not be home that night, and that she was not to sit up for him. Then, snatching up his hat, he hurriedly quitted her to leave the house.

As the servant opened the street door for him the postman arrived with a letter, which he placed in Robert's hands. He glanced casually at the superscription, but, not knowing the handwriting, he was upon the point of putting it in his pocket when the idea struck him that it possibly might have something to do with his forgeries; and he immediately went into a little back room, which he generally used as his study, to make himself master of the contents of the letter before going to the police station. On opening the letter, to his great surprise he found it was from the trustee of his wife's property. In it he told Robert he had heard of the unfortunate death of Mrs. Evans, and, in consequence, his trust was at an end. As he was now far advanced in years, he wished to relieve himself from all business transactions, and he would, therefore, without delay, transfer Maria's money into Robert's hands as soon as the legal formalities could be accomplished, which he considered would only occupy a few days.

At first Robert took but little notice of the letter, but placed it in a drawer, intending to leave the house for the police station. Before he had left the room an idea crossed his mind with such force that he was obliged to seat himself in a chair to collect his thoughts. Nor was his state of mind to be wondered at, for the vague idea presented itself that there might still be a possibility of his being relieved from the thralldom he was in. It will be remembered that, with Maria's consent, Robert had mortgaged the whole of her income to a life office; and by her death the liabilities were removed. He now pressed his hands on his brow, and remained for some minutes in deep thought. At last he rose from his chair, and prepared to leave the house, but with a far different motive than that which a few minutes before had actuated him.

Taking the letter with him, instead of going to the police station, he bent his steps to the office of the solicitor, whom fortunately he found at home. Robert showed him the letter, and inquired what steps he could take in the matter.

"My dear sir," said the solicitor, "as the trustee is willing to make over the money to you, everything, as he justly says, may be finished in a few days—say a week at the farthest."

"Can there be no mistake or delay?" inquired Robert.

"None whatever, that I can perceive," said the solicitor. Everything appears plain and straightforward."

Robert Evans now went to his own office, where he examined the state of the banker's book, and found he had sufficient money in his hands to meet the forged bill of Mr. Macmurdo's which would be presented in a few days. His mind being at ease on that subject, he now set to work to find the extent of his liabilities, and the number of forgeries at present extant, and in whose hands the bills were. On adding up the sum, he found that, with the whole of Maria's money, he should still be a thousand pounds short. This caused him, however, comparatively little uneasiness, as he knew very well that Mrs. Murphy would unhesitatingly advance him the sum required, and which he would be able to repay her by the sale of the furniture of the house in Harley Street. He had still the terrible dread hanging over him that Moss might get wind of his intentions, and make the affair known before he (Robert) could obtain the proofs of the forgeries he had committed.

He had now to resolve where to begin operations. This caused him comparatively but little difficulty, for he knew he had only to ask Mrs. Murphy to sell out a thousand pounds of stock she had inherited from her husband, and that sum would suffice for the moment. He knew in whose hands was a bill for that amount, and that the party holding it was pressed for money, and would be glad to turn it into cash. This he determined first to accomplish, and in the evening he spoke to Mrs. Murphy, and asked her for the loan of a thousand pounds. Without the slightest hesitation the good woman promised she would go with him the next day to a broker, and tell him to sell out stock to that amount. Robert explained to her that he should want the money but for a short time, as he should soon be in a position to repay her.

"For any time you please, my dear," said Mrs. Murphy, "or accept it altogether, for I have but little use for it. At my time of life I require very little, and I already possess more than I want."

According to promise, the next morning Mrs. Murphy accompanied Robert into the City. The money was sold out, and he immediately placed it in the hands of his banker. He now called on the holder of the bill, and asked him if the money for it would be any convenience, as in that case he was ready to take it up. He was told it had a fortnight yet to run.

"I am aware of that," said Robert, "but I have lately, by a misfortune, inherited some money, and it is my intention to retire immediately from business. I thought it possible the money might be of use to you, and, if so, it is now at your service."

"You must know perfectly well, Mr. Evans," said the gentleman, laughing, "that money is always acceptable to a man of business, and I am very much

obliged to you for the offer." So saying, he produced the bill, and Robert gave him a cheque for the amount.

As Robert was leaving the office he turned round abruptly, as if a sudden thought had struck him, and said to the gentleman—

"One favour I have to ask of you, and that I am sure you will grant me. Do not mention to any one that I have taken up the bill. As money comes in I intend taking up all of mine that are now out; but I do not wish it to be known at present that I am on the point of retiring from business."

"Your secret shall be faithfully kept, Mr. Evans," said the gentleman, "so be in no fear on my account. At the same time, let me congratulate you on your success in business. Few men, at your time of life, have either the means or the strength of mind to know when they are well off, and leave it."

Evans thanked him for the compliment, but deeply felt, at the moment, how little he deserved it.

After Mrs. Murphy had retired to rest that evening, Robert again turned over in his mind his present condition, and the danger he was still in. What he particularly wished to succeed in was to be able to draw in all the bills before Moss could be aware of his intentions. This he trusted he should be able to do; but he had still to consider about the forgery he had committed in making use of Mr. Macmurdo's name to get the stock for which they were trustees into his own hands. He felt fully certain Moss was ignorant of this transaction; and, therefore, that might be the last attended to; still, as the six months' interest would be due in a few weeks, it would be necessary for him to reinstate the amount before that time. If nothing occurred to interrupt the transfer of poor Maria's money into his name, he would be able to accomplish it without any difficulty.

The behaviour of Moss was inexplicable to him. He knew the sordid and revengeful disposition of the man, and was aware that, to a certain extent, he was in his power; yet he neither saw nor heard from him. This very uncertainty was possibly more alarming to Robert than the positive certainty of his movements, inimical as they might be. In the latter case he might be prepared to meet him; whereas in the former he knew not where the blow would be struck, and he was, therefore, comparatively helpless. Day after day passed, and still not a word was heard from Moss, while Robert's alarm increased in proportion during the time.

The week passed, but the transfer of Maria's money had not been completed. There was some hitch, the lawyers said, in the succession duty, Robert's lawyer not agreeing with the solicitor of the trustee as to the amount to be paid, and letters were daily passing between these legal gentlemen on the subject. Often did Robert beg of his solicitor to admit the amount stated by the other party to be correct; but all in vain. With professional obstinacy the solicitor would not give way; and, at last, annoyed by Robert's continual applications, he angrily told him that, if he was not content with the manner he was conducting his affairs, he was perfectly at liberty to place them in the hands of some other attorney, but while the matter was left to him he was resolutely determined that everything should be conducted in a perfectly legal and regular manner.

Robert had no alternative but to submit, annoying as the delay was to him, not only on account of his anxiety at so many of the forged bills still remaining

out, but the obscurity which hung over the movements of Moss. At last, almost driven to despair, and finding the affair progressing so slowly, he asked the solicitor if there would be any difficulty in his obtaining some money on the security in the reversion of Maria's stock.

"None whatever," was the reply. "If you want three or four thousand pounds I have not the slightest doubt I can get it for you without any difficulty, or a larger sum, if you require it."

"But," inquired Robert, "what time will it take, as I am in immediate want of the money? You must remember how long the transaction was in hand which you effected with the life office."

"This, my dear sir," said the solicitor, "is a very different affair, and there will be no difficulty about it whatever. You can receive the money the day after to-morrow, if you please. I am solicitor to the newly-established ——— Bank, and the directors have a board meeting to-morrow. If you wish for four or five thousand pounds, I am sure they will let you have it at once on my recommendation; on the security of the reversion, and at an equitable rate of interest. At the same time," continued the solicitor, "let us clearly understand each other, that this is a matter of business. If I get you the money from a bank, instead of a life office, I shall lose the profits arising from my costs, and it is only fair you should reimburse me the amount."

"Granted," said Robert; "with the greatest pleasure. I shall be perfectly willing to allow you a commission upon the amount."

"Then," replied the solicitor, "all things will go on smoothly and easily enough. I will bring your proposition, to-morrow, under the notice of the board. Come here the day after, and sign the necessary papers, when I will give you a cheque for the amount."

Robert now left the office in a far different state of mind to that with which he had entered it. He now had before him the prospect of almost immediately being in possession of a sufficient sum of money to take up the whole of the forged bills; and he would thus be safe from Moss's machinations. True, he had several liabilities which were now becoming due. The Irish contract had not proved as lucrative as Mr. Macmurdo had anticipated; and he had met with two or three heavy bad debts. He still hoped, however, that with the money he was entitled to, he should be able to meet all, and even if he were somewhat short of the amount required, he knew perfectly well he had only to ask Mrs. Murphy for her assistance, and he would at once receive it.

On the day appointed Robert had the money promised him from the bank, for which he gave a promissory note, and an equitable lien on the reversion of Maria's property for the amount. He now set himself to search for and take up the different bills extant, with Macmurdo's forged signature upon them. In this, with some little difficulty, he at last succeeded in taking up all but one; his knowledge of business transactions greatly assisting him in the matter. The last bill was a source of terrible alarm to Robert. He could not, by any chance, find out in whose possession it was. As in every bush the thief imagines he beholds an officer, so did Robert begin to believe that every person of whom he made inquiries on the subject suspected the truth; and this alarm was further increased by the receipt of an ill-written anonymous

letter, saying, that in a few days his real character would be known to the world. This letter caused Robert much anxiety. He had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that it was written by Moss, for, although he had evidently attempted to disguise the handwriting, Robert was certain, from the formation of some of the letters, it was from him. What most puzzled him was the extraordinarily tremulous character of the handwriting, unlike the bold and regular one Moss generally wrote. This was cramped, trembling, and uncertain. Although Robert reflected on the subject for some time, he could come to no settled conclusion about it; and the only effect the letter produced, beyond exciting alarm, was to stimulate him to still greater exertion the next day to find out the owner of the missing bill.

The next morning Robert again commenced, as delicately as he could, to find out in whose hands the bill then was; and at last he discovered it. His search had been in vain during the morning, and he had almost given it up in despair, when he had occasion to call on his solicitor to arrange with the bank to take up the bill of exchange, as Maria's money was to be transferred to him that day. In the course of conversation, he heard from his solicitor that a bill of his drawing, and accepted by Mr. Macmurdo, had been lodged at the ——— Bank, and they had discounted it for one of their customers. When Robert heard this intelligence he gave a deep sigh of relief.

"I suppose," he asked, "you would have no difficulty in getting that bill for me at once, if I wished it?"

"None, whatever," was the reply. "Nothing possibly could be easier; at least, with the understanding that you pay the full amount."

"I am perfectly willing to do that," said Robert. "The fact is, as I dare say you perfectly well know, I have been lately somewhat straitened for money. Now, what I want particularly to do is to pay off all my liabilities, and this is one of the few which is at present outstanding. When could you obtain it for me?"

"This afternoon, if you please," said the solicitor. "I have merely to speak to the manager of the bank, and I am sure he will let me have the bill directly you are ready to pay the amount."

"That I will readily do," said Robert, scarcely able to control his impatience. "I will, if you like, go at once to my bankers for the amount, unless they would accept my cheque for it."

"They will accept your cheque readily enough," said the solicitor. "If you have a blank one with you, fill it up, and we will go about it forthwith."

Robert immediately took a blank draft and filled it up for the required sum; and half an hour afterwards, to his intense satisfaction, the last of the forged bills was safe in his own possession. Two days after this he was able to reinstate in the bank the sum of money which, as trustee for Mr. Wilkinson's daughter, he had so dishonestly made use of.

In the evening of the same day Mr. Macmurdo called on him. Robert and Mrs. Murphy received him most cordially, for they felt gratified by his attention. After a little preliminary conversation Mr. Macmurdo explained to Robert the manner in which the railway works were progressing in Ireland, and regretted the unfortunate result which had attended them; the whole affair being altogether bankrupt, at any rate, for the present time.

"But never fear, Evans," he said, "I am fully convinced that in a short time they will go on again. The line is one of great importance, and must be completed sooner or later. I should not wonder if, in the end, it turned out more lucrative for us than it promised at the beginning."

Robert made no remark, and the conversation turned on other subjects. Presently Mr. Macmurdo asked him whether he had lately seen anything of his old clerk, Moss? Robert trembled at the name; but instantly recovered himself, for he remembered that every vestige of the crime he had committed was now in his own hands.

"I have seen nothing of him whatever," replied Robert, "nor have I the slightest wish."

"I certainly was never more deceived in any man in my life," said Mr. Macmurdo. "I acknowledge I never liked him much, but without being able to give any reason for it. I had, I admit, a high opinion of his integrity, though more than once I suspected he was in the habit of drinking. At the same time, I certainly never saw him in any way intoxicated."

"Do you know where he now is?" inquired Robert, with an amount of courage which he dared not have used a week ago.

"Personally, I know nothing whatever of him," replied Mr. Macmurdo; "but I believe he has been more than once to our office in a state of intoxication, apparently for the sole purpose of abusing you. The reception he there met with from my clerks was of such a description that, drunk as he was, he could easily perceive he was a most unwelcome visitor. For more than a fortnight they have heard nothing of him; but one of them told me he had seen him once or twice in a condition that rather betokened insanity than drunkenness. He was greatly altered in appearance, looking exceedingly emaciated, and his attire dirty and slovenly; quite contrary to his usual habits."

"The first moment I saw him," said Mrs. Murphy. "I knew that man to be a drunkard. I warned Robert against him, but he would not take an old woman's advice."

"I have now good reason to admit that your judgment was a correct one," said Robert; and he mentally added that he had paid severely for neglecting it.

"Well, Evans," said Mr. Macmurdo, as he rose to depart, "I hope we shall soon see you at the office again. Now, Mrs. Murphy, do try and persuade him to attend to his business once more. You may depend upon it, it will do him a great deal of good, as well as occupy his mind."

"I will assist you all I can," said Mrs. Murphy. "for I am sure, poor fellow, he wants something to divert his mind. Did you ever see a person alter more than he has lately?"

"He has certainly changed a great deal in his appearance," said Mr. Macmurdo.

"Changed, indeed!" said Mrs. Murphy. "Why, if I had not seen him daily, I should hardly have known him to be my own boy. Look at his hair, it is as white as if he were ninety years of age."

"I never saw a person's hair change so much in so short a time," said Mr. Macmurdo.

"I want him," said Mrs. Murphy, "to get some stuff to restore his own black hair again."

"I am afraid it is hardly to be done," said Mr. Macmurdo. "Have you any idea what has caused it to change so rapidly, Evans?"

"I think I can form a good guess," said Evans; "and on some other occasion I will tell you."

"I would rather you told me," said Mr. Macmurdo, laughing, "that you had found some nostrum to change it back again to its original colour. But now, good night. I hope to-morrow to find you at your office. I shall call on you in the afternoon, between two and three o'clock." So, saying, he took his leave.

(To be continued.)

THE FAR-FAMED DR. FELL.

(Concluded.)

"SHORTLY after the misadventure we have just recorded Dr. Fell retired suddenly upon a college living of small amount, and having amassed a considerable fortune during his long career as a tutor, devoted himself with the greatest liberality to the embellishment of his church, the building of schools, and the improvement of the labourers' cottages, many of which he bought up and remodelled after the best plans, in order to let them again at rates no higher than those of the filthy hovels which they had supplanted. But even here his usual ill luck followed him, for although he was charity personified, not only as regards openhandedness, but also in respect of that excellent gift that thinketh no evil, yet he had a fatal talent for giving offence. He pleaded the cause of the poor before the richer farmers until they, very unjustly, thought him a kind of demagogue; yet he would argue against the discontent of the poor, and the numberless instances in which they were their own worst enemies, with such vehemence, that he was constantly accused of being the abettor of tyranny or oppression. He defended the church before dissenters, and the good intentions of dissenters before churchmen, till both parties agreed that he was no true friend; and did the kindest things in so fierce a manner that no one was grateful. In fact, in many of his very best actions I can only compare him to a man who should pelt a shipwrecked crew dying of thirst with fine fresh cocoa-nuts, making them limp most dolefully as the stony shower came crashing against knee, or ankle, or shin, but none the less for that saving their lives from a horrible death.

"When he first took possession of his living a rumour went abroad that he was going to marry, a piece of gossip to which he himself lent some weight, by owning with mock shyness that there really was a lady in the case; but upon his return from a mysterious visit to London the mountain brought forth a mouse; for, alighting from his carriage, he handed out with the greatest care, not the expected bride, but a little dark-haired, pale-faced girl of seven or eight years of age, fairly crying with the cold of a long journey upon a bitter and a rainy night. Nothing could exceed his kindness to his little protégée during the eleven years that she afterwards shared his home; yet people said that he did not appear very fond of her after all; at least he was often peevish with her, and unjustly hard upon her childish faults, especially upon such as displayed either vanity or infirmity of purpose, so that no little fear and involuntary constraint was mingled with the sincere gratitude and filial affection of the young girl. And it is with his last conversation with his adopted daughter that I shall conclude my chronicle of his unlucky life.

"Fanny," said he, "it will soon be all over now, and your mother and you will be what most people would call rich women. I shall be more use dead than alive, I suppose, and you will have nobody to cross your whims for the future. I have left your money in

strict trust, for you are your mother's own daughter, and have not force of character enough to manage for yourself. Some day, most likely, you will curse the evil fate which prevents you from making a stupid match, and upbraid my memory for taking care that my money shall have no share in your folly; but take my word for it, you won't die of the disappointment, but live to be as merry and worldly as your neighbours upon your cross old guardian's heritage."

"O father! more than father!" sobbed Fanny, wildly, "why charge me with things of which I am not guilty? Why think me mercenary or ungrateful?"

"I do not, my child," replied the old man, more gently; "only weak, hereditarily weak! and I would fain excuse myself for dealing with you as I would not have done with a more resolute or constant disposition."

"What have I done?" thought Fanny, aghast; "and why this indirect prejudice against my mother, to whom he has been through life so staunch a friend?"

"She was on the point of putting some question to him upon the subject next her heart, when her attention was attracted by a kind of convulsive gasp, and looking upon the sick man's face, she saw in it too unmistakable signs of approaching death for even her inexperienced judgment to mistake. He opened his eyes with a strange smile, and muttered a few words, the whole of which she was not able to catch, but what came to her ear convinced her that his mind was wandering, and that he fancied himself far away, both as to time and place. He was once more a youth, and was standing with another Fanny upon a tower-crowned hill, watching the setting sun which betokened the close of one of life's fairest holidays.

"Adieu, my fairy-princess!" muttered he. "May we yet see many a sun set, to rise again upon our happiness. Farewell! thine through life and into eternity."

"Father, father!" shrieked Fanny, "do you not know me? Have you no blessing for me, who have never willfully offended or disobeyed you?"

"Oh, yes! God bless you, child!" said he, mechanically.

"And what message to mamma?" continued she, summoning up all her courage to ask the question.

"Dr. Fell essayed to speak, but the words were choked and inaudible; a new delirium seized him, and he relapsed once more into a mere babbling. Suddenly voice, if not consciousness, returned to its pristine vigour. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!' he exclaimed, in a loud, firm voice; the jaw fell, the greyness of death settled over his countenance, and he had gone to his place. Ill-fated to the last, he had expended his latest breath in giving pain where his natural impulse was to comfort and support. His heart was really full of love for the memory of the dear old bygone days, yet his spirit had passed away with a reproach, and not a gentle farewell, yet trembling on his lips.

"Scarcely was the funeral ceremony completed, when whirling up to the churchyard gate as fast as four smoking horses could bear it along, came a post-chaise with a single occupant, an elderly lady, whose whole appearance betokened fatigue and distress which it was painful to behold. Though quietly and simply dressed, she was not in mourning, and with the exception of a cloak, which she hastily flung from her as she sprang from the carriage, was in no way attired for the long journey she seemed to have made. You might have fancied her suddenly called away from her garden to see an intimate friend, or prepared to take a quiet walk, but certainly not fit for travelling, still less for a funeral; yet it was haste, not negligence, that had produced that strange effect. Two days ago she had received the letter announcing her old friend's death, and she had gone forthwith to her desk, half asleep, as it seemed to her in the

numbness of the shock, had taken out her banker's book and what loose money she had at hand, as mechanically as any automaton, and thrown herself into the first public conveyance which was going in the requisite direction, which, luckily for her, started almost immediately after she had found herself, scarce knowing where she was, at the nearest town. Whether she had asked for the cloak which she afterwards found about her shoulders, or whether her maid had put it on while her thoughts were too far away to take heed of passing events, she never clearly knew; and almost as little could she remember where she had changed carriages upon her road, or how she paid her way; but there she was, after two days' incessant journey, in the quiet little churchyard at Monkworth, sobbing as if her heart would break, upon the neck of the affrighted Fanny, and murmuring, 'Too late! too late!' in a voice as desolate as though it indeed came from one on whom 'the door was shut.' 'Where is it?' she whispered hoarsely in her daughter's ear; and Fanny, without another word, led her by the hand to the grave, over which the workmen were already replacing the flagstone which had been removed. 'Wait a minute,' said she, in a tone of such strange command that the men involuntarily obeyed her, as one who had a right to be heard. 'Turn your head,' Fanny, and the girl immediately covered her eyes as she leant against the wall. The lady quickly brought something out of the bosom of her dress, and scraping a hole with her bare hands in the sandy soil, buried her relic in the earth; then taking her daughter by the arm, with a wild impatient grasp, demanded, almost fiercely, 'And what message for me, Fanny?'

"None, mamma, none!" gasped Fanny, with pardonable equivocation. 'His mind was quite wandering when the last struggle came, and he never mentioned your name.' 'None!' exclaimed the unhappy woman, clasping her hands. 'None! O, unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' This strange coincidence with the real dying words did not escape the attention of the weeping Fanny, but she wisely held her peace, nor has the secret ever crossed her lips of these despairing words. When the will was opened Fanny was the principal heiress, though a handsome annuity was also left to her mother; and the trustees were expressly bidden to exercise to the utmost their discretionary power as to refusing their consent to any unsuitable marriage. 'My ward will easily get over any little disappointment of the kind,' ran the terms of the document, 'but would not as easily bear more worldly troubles.' Not long afterwards both ladies left Monkworth, never to return; and so ends my veritable history of the well-meaning, but ill-understood Dr. Fell."

"But who was this mysterious lady?" asked I.

"I am not quite clear about the exact rights of the story myself," replied the bird, with an unusual amount of modesty, "but I have heard that Johnnie was once upon a time in the habit of visiting a great deal at the house of a lady, for whose daughter he expressed so much regard that every one thought there must be an actual engagement. But I suppose things never went as far, for shortly after his loss of the travelling tutorship, of which I have already told you, a quarrel took place which ended in a thorough separation, and Fell was at the time greatly blamed for his supposed share in the matter, as it was currently said that he had been the aggressor. In due course of time the girl married, and a very pretty mess she made of it; whereupon Dr. Fell became, from a distance, the untiring good genius of his former ladye-love, and eventually brought up Fanny as his own daughter. As to the original quarrel, my cat's grandmother picked up a letter one day, which may perhaps throw some light on the matter. It runs as follows:—

"My little fairy princess, or my dear young lady (choose whichever of these epithets you like), you

must of course be quite prepared to hear that your last letter has put an end for ever to a dream as delightful as it was fallacious. You tell me therein that although you do not wish to agree with your mother's proposition, that I may have yet two years in which to fit myself to claim your hand, but that after that she must call upon you to direct your thoughts into another channel, yet that you are not prepared to refuse your sanction, and you even expect me to be grateful for the time allowed me. You do, then, gravely think it worthy of being created in God's own image to be betrothed, and look forward to married life with all its solemn responsibilities as a matter of bargain, which the striking of a clock, as it were, may invalidate as lapsed in point of time. You coolly contemplate the prospect of being, as a matter of course, somebody's wife in a year or two, with no very definite idea of whose you will be, and yet mean to be bound by very sacred ties meanwhile. Now the truth may as well be told at once; I will not accept even you on such terms. I should be doing you yourself an injustice if I did; for I should some day look up from my fireside chair, when we were married, and regarding my own wife, cry with bitter jest, "Pooh! you were very nearly adorning another hearth," and I should feel to you as a man should not feel to the partner of his life. My silly dream is over, and though I am not ashamed to own that you have taken with you all that makes life a pleasure, you too have vanished, and your place knows you no more. You once, in all a girl's sweet toying with a gentle melancholy, spoke of our being separated by death, and meeting hereafter. I do not even wish it now: I pray God I may not know you in the next world: the more eternal our parting the better. That you may not consider this letter a defiance, I once more own that I shall never replace your loss. What I said a year ago I say now: "Thine through life and into eternity;" but the very desire to call you mine is gone for ever. If you ever need a friend remember me, and that I can never have my thoughts distracted from your welfare: and may heaven defend you from a too good cause to appreciate your involuntary blasphemy against that love which came from God and is of God. Your gentle face and pretty little coaxing ways will soon win you a love more fitted for your nature than mine: only remember the doom denounced against the infirm of purpose: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. Farewell for ever—Johnnie."

"Such is the only clue which I have to the history of Dr. Fell's early disappointment, and by it you must be led to what conclusions you think fit."

"He certainly seems to have been an unrelenting old Turk," quoth I, giving myself a luxurious stretch. "But tell me, was Mrs. Fanny a widow when she appeared at Monkworth, or had her prudent mamma's 'natural protector' simply turned out a snare and a delusion?"

"Oh, she was no end of a widow," replied Bird, probably meaning a widow of some standing; "but the Doctor appears to have steadfastly adhered to his principles. He was clearly a man of warm feelings, though a little hard, and it is not every one who has the cool common sense to feel that the image which will no longer serve as an idol may make, after all, a very fair block for beating carpets upon."

"And what became of little Fanny?" asked I.

"She fell in love with a very poor, but most worthy and gentlemanlike young fellow," replied Bird, "and duly served the notice to her guardians of her approaching marriage and emigration to Australia. The said trustees, being men of sense and feeling, having persuaded themselves of her sincerity, acted as they sincerely believed their old friend would have acted; gave their consent, attended at the wedding, and vindicated, at least to Fanny and her husband, the true character of sharp-spoken kind-hearted Dr. Fell."



MR. DISRAELI.

THE Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, was born in the year 1805, at Bradenham House, in Buckinghamshire. His father was that Isaac Disraeli who, as author of the "Curiosities of Literature," is familiar to all lovers of quaint learning and graceful humour. The elder Disraeli was sprung from a Jewish family of the purest, or Sephardim race, that, namely, which has never left the shores of the Mediterranean, and was—if ancient origin, noble blood, and unstained caste can make a man one—a very aristocrat of aristocrats. His father, the statesman's grandfather, the son of a Venetian merchant, settled in England in 1748, where he lived for nearly seventy years, and died in 1817, at the age of ninety. Isaac was born in 1766: he married in 1802 a Miss Bassevi, by whom he had four children, and died at Bradenham in 1848. The Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to combine in his own person the characteristics of both his father and grandfather—the literary and imaginative turn of the author of the "Curiosities," with the practical, business-like sagacity of the successful merchant.

The young Disraeli was privately educated, and was introduced when very young into good London society. It is clear that he must have given signs of uncommon

cleverness at an unusually early age, for we find that Mr. Murray, the leading publisher of London, when in 1826 he brought out his daily paper, the "Representative," intended as a rival to the "Times," invited Mr. Disraeli to contribute to it, though he was never, as has been alleged, either editor or manager of that journal. It did not live long. But the young journalist had tasted blood, and for the next ten years his pen was prolific of novels, political essays, and letters upon public affairs. His first novel was "Vivian Grey," in which it has been the fashion to believe that the author meant to draw himself. Self-portraiture, conscious or unconscious, is so common a vice in young novelists, that the allegation is not worth discussing. The story is wild and improbable, but brilliant and extremely interesting; relating the political début of a young and ambitious genius, whose combined courage and ability raised him far above the heads of older men, and all but succeeded in making him prime minister of England. This novel made a considerable sensation, and its author was of course a marked man. But he did not stay long in England to enjoy his reputation. Shortly after the publication of his novel he went abroad, and in the course of some four or five years' travel he visited most of the spots famous either for natural beauty or historical associations in Europe and Asia Minor. During his absence from England Mr. Disraeli wrote "Contarini Fleming," and the

"Young Duke." But the political changes which were at that time taking place at home perhaps told him that the opportunity had at length arrived for making the grand experiment of life, and securing a seat in the House of Commons. In the summer of 1832 the Reform Bill became law. Parliament was immediately dissolved, and Mr. Disraeli hurried to England, and issued an address to the electors of High Wycombe.

Mr. Disraeli, though supported at first by a combination of Radicals and Tories against the Whig candidate, was defeated by a small majority. In the following year he issued an address to the electors of Marylebone, on the same principles; but the expected vacancy not occurring, he was a second time disappointed of his object. In this year were published the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," and the "Rise of Iskander," and in 1834 the "Revolutionary Epic;" the design of this poem being to represent and commemorate the spirit of a revolutionary age, as the *Iliad* represents the spirit of an heroic age, the *Æneid* that of an imperial age, and *Paradise Lost* of a religious age. But in the same year came a great political catastrophe. Lord Grey resigned, Lord Melbourne was dismissed, and Mr. Disraeli once more issued an address to the electors of High Wycombe. It was published afterwards, with the title of "The Present Crisis Examined."

In April, 1835, Mr. Disraeli contested the borough of Taunton on Conservative principles. He was again defeated, and again fell back upon literature. In this year he published his "Vindication of the British Constitution," addressed to Lord Lyndhurst, who was a warm admirer of the young and original politician; and in this essay he broaches all those ideas on the subject of English history which were afterwards more fully developed in "Coningsby," and "Sybil." In 1836 he published the best of all his novels, "Henrietta Temple," and "Venetia," an interesting story, containing sketches, not perhaps entirely successful, of Byron and Shelley. The same year brought out his letters of "Runnymede," a series of attacks on the administration of Lord Melbourne. But he was now about to pass on to another stage, and to take his final farewell of literature as a literary man. In the summer of 1837 the king died, and at the ensuing general election Mr. Disraeli was returned for Maidstone.

The first ten years which followed Mr. Disraeli's entrance into parliament sufficed to establish him in the front rank of parliamentary orators, and abundantly justified the very remarkable prediction with which he closed his maiden speech. That essay, which there is no danger of our ever being allowed to forget, was a marked failure, but it was by no means a commonplace failure. The subject on which he spoke was an Irish question of no great interest at the present day, and the young orator pitched his speech in too lofty a key for the occasion. This mistake, with some other peculiarities of which practice very soon cured him, caused the house to listen to him with impatience, and he was obliged to sit down before he had concluded his remarks. He covered his retreat with the following memorable words:—"I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced; I have begun many things several times, and have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me!" The time *did* come, and sooner than his audience anticipated.

During the remainder of that parliament, Mr. Disraeli was studying the House, and preparing himself, by short and unambitious speeches on subjects which he thoroughly understood, to recover the ground which he had lost. And he soon became known as a speaker from whom something piquant, original, and striking might generally be expected, and who was well worth the attention of his audience if only upon that account. At the general election of 1841 he exchanged Maid-

stone for Shrewsbury, which he continued to represent till 1847. In 1839 he married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, the widow of his former colleague at Maidstone, and soon afterwards he purchased the property of Hughenden, in Buckinghamshire, adjoining the town of High Wycombe, and distant only a few miles from his native place of Bradenham. In the mean time it was being gradually recognized that Mr. Disraeli was making a position for himself, and fast advancing towards a height on which those who now professed to look down upon him would have to treat with him as an equal. His parliamentary reputation, which had been steadily rising since 1841, became something more than parliamentary with the publication of "Coningsby," in 1844, and of "Sybil," in 1845.

Before the publication of these works Mr. Disraeli had ceased to be a regular supporter of Sir Robert Peel, though he remained on the Conservative benches. We have often thought that the relations between these two men were very like what are said to have existed between Pope and Addison: the one in possession of the throne, cold, jealous, and respectable; the other fighting for recognition, angry, sarcastic, and audacious. It was impossible for the two to have been friends, and it boots not now to inquire which of them was most in fault. But the retirement of Sir Robert Peel from the leadership of the Conservative party left a great opening to Mr. Disraeli, which he was not slow to seize. In the autumn of 1848, Lord George Bentinck, who had led the opposition for two sessions, died suddenly of apoplexy, and Mr. Disraeli stepped without question into the unrivalled position of leader of the country gentlemen of England. That is nineteen years ago, and Mr. Disraeli is now—Leader of the House of Commons.

In 1852, on Lord Derby's first accession to office, Mr. Disraeli was placed for the first time in the position which he now fills, and acquitted himself to the complete satisfaction of his party; but as many of our readers may remember, he was outvoted on the budget. During the Crimean war, Mr. Disraeli and his party supported the Coalition Ministry, and in 1858 he was again summoned to power under Lord Derby as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. In 1859 it devolved on him to introduce the first Conservative Reform Bill, and he has lately told us that Lord Derby's cabinet then came to the conclusion, that between the existing 10*l.* franchise and household suffrage there was no trustworthy halting-place. They determined at that time to abide by the former; and this having been rejected, they have, in 1867, been compelled to fall back upon the latter. The second reading of their first bill was thrown out by a majority of thirty-five. A dissolution followed, and in the new parliament a vote of want of confidence in the ministry was carried by a majority of thirteen. Mr. Disraeli again resigned, and made way for the second ministry of Lord Palmerston, who retained office till his death.

The rest is soon told. After the death of Lord Palmerston, in October, 1865, the House of Commons re-assembled under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, who had a nominal majority of seventy. But the party which followed Mr. Gladstone were like the troopers who pursued Rob Roy; their hearts were not in the work. The majority melted like a snowdrift, and before Midsummer Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli were in office for the third time. Six months exactly have passed away since the meeting of parliament for the session of 1867, and in that brief space a great political change has taken place, which it is beyond our province to comment upon, and which is too fresh in the recollection of our readers to require description. It is generally agreed that the new Reform Bill marks a great historical epoch in the parliamentary history of England; whether for good or evil remains to be seen.

HOW WE OBTAIN OUR HERRINGS.

THE herring fishery is undoubtedly our most picturesque sea industry. Many a time and oft have we stood upon the heights at Pulteneytown, watching "the pour out" of the *draves* from Wick harbour, the sea surface just broken by a faint ripple, and the evening sun tinging the brown sails of the boats with a golden flash, as hundred after hundred of them departed for the fishery, some turning to the right and some to the left of the harbour bar, according to where they supposed the *habitat* of the fish to be on that particular evening. It is a curious fact, however, in connection with such a large money-yielding industry as the herring fishery, that the fishermen have no means of knowing where the fish are located, or, if they know their locality, how deep they lie in the water; although a correct knowledge of these facts would have the greatest possible influence on the economy of the fishery. The natural history and habits of the herring, although man has been capturing that animal from time immemorial, are not yet so well understood as to admit of any fishery being other than a chance one; which means that a fisherman may shoot his drift of nets and never take a fish, the nets may be floating above the fish, or they may be sunk so low in the water that the shoal, when it moves, will pass over them altogether. In the words of an intelligent fisherman, spoken one day to ourselves, "The herring is just a lottery, sir; you may have, fishing alongside o' me, a boatful of fish, and I mayn't have so much as a single sprat."

The herring family (*clupeidae*) is not a numerous one, embracing as it does only four kinds, which are well known to commerce, namely, the common herring, the sprat, the whitebait, and pilchard. Of the latter we shall say nothing at present, as it is important enough to form a separate paper. The common herring is taken in the British seas in immense quantities, and if cooked as soon as it comes from the water, is a dainty fit for a queen. In Scotland one may find the merchant princes of Glasgow, as they come up in the morning from the numerous watering-places on the Clyde, bringing up with them a few of the choice herrings of Lochfyne, in order, perhaps, to present them to friends who would not otherwise be able to obtain them so fresh. The Lochfyne herring has a great reputation over all the world, small quantities of them being sold pickled in kits, ready for family use, and in that state they are much enjoyed as a breakfast relish; but the herring of Lochfyne is best when eaten fresh—"new drawn from the sea," as the song says, and they may be so obtained at those splendid breakfasts one gets on board the Clyde steamboats, and they are common all round the west coast of Scotland during the summer months. It may interest some of our readers to have the Inverary recipe for the cooking of Lochfyne herrings, so here it is: Cut off the heads, fins, and tails; scale, gut, and wash them; split and bone them or not, just as you please; dust the inside liberally with pepper and fine salt; place then a couple of herrings close together, the backs outward, and dip in toasted oatmeal; then fry them for seven minutes. They are delicious done in this style, or they may be similarly prepared and roasted on a gridiron. A fresh herring is also very nice when boiled in sea water; a haddock, to be perfect, ought never to be cooked any other way.

It is a pity that we do not know more about the natural history of the herring—indeed more knowledge is greatly wanted of the life and habits of all our sea fish. We literally do not know the alphabet, so to speak, of the natural history of our best food fishes. We can only guess at what age the haddock or the herring becomes reproductive, or how long the spawn takes to quicken into life, yet these are the first points

that ought to be determined in all animal economy. It is gratifying to find that some of our best writers on natural history are turning their attention to these very material points in the economy of our fish food supplies. So far as the herring is concerned, it is now pretty well determined that it is an animal that breeds and grows in the British seas, and is never absent from the waters that surround our islands. The old story of its annual migration from the arctic seas, the authorship of which, by-the-by, has been erroneously ascribed to Pennant, has long since been disproved, and the herring is now known to be a very local animal. This is so strictly the case, that the herrings taken in the Frith of Forth can be distinguished by fishery experts from those taken in Lochfyne. The food of these fish varies in different places, and is also less abundant in some places than in others; and we have noticed in consequence that the herrings of the inland Scottish lochs are fatter and of better flavour than the fish taken on the open sea-board. We have long been of opinion, also, that each particular sea or bay has its own particular season so far as the spawning of the fish are concerned; and, moreover, that the herrings are arriving at maturity and spawning all the year round; of course at different places of the coast. Some writers on the natural history of the herring are of opinion that these fish spawn at a very early age, that the spawn comes very quickly to maturity, and that the fish arrive at the reproductive stage with great rapidity. But there is no certain information on these points; most of what has been said or written on that part of the natural history of the herring is founded on guess work, as is also the supposition of some fishery economists that herrings spawn twice a year. Mr. John Cleghorn of Wick, who has studied the natural history of the herring with great care, is of opinion that these fish exist in races, and that, race by race, they come to maturity in the different months of the year; so that we might obtain plentiful supplies of fresh herrings all the year round. Before leaving this part of our subject we may notice, that some persons think whitebait are the young of the herring in a very early stage of its life, and that there are writers who maintain the sprat to be also the young of the herring. It is certainly curious that sprats (i.e. fish with a serrated abdomen) are taken along with the young herring in great quantities. We should be very glad to learn that some experiments had been instituted to find out the exact relationship that the sprat bears to the herring, and also to determine the periods of reproduction of all our food fishes.

Having said so much about the natural history of the herring, we will now proceed to tell our readers how these fish are obtained. All the great seats of the herring fishery are situated on the coast of Scotland, and the greatest of them all is situated at Wick in Caithness-shire. At this port, which is conjoined with a place called Pulteneytown, a thousand boats assemble every year to fish, commencing early in July, and continuing till the beginning of September. Each boat has usually a captain, and a crew of some four or five people; and the general rule of the fishery is for the boats to depart from the harbour late in the afternoon, so as to be on the fishing ground at sunset, after which time the nets are cast, and the boats hang on, the men waiting for the fish to "strike." Herrings are taken by means of what is called a drift net, or rather a large series of these nets fastened together by what is called the "back rope." They are sunk by the aid of leaden weights, and are kept upright in the water by large corks, each net being marked off by a gigantic bladder. The meshes of these nets are an inch square, and when in the water they appear like a great perforated wall, with accommodation for the drowning of many thousands of herrings so soon as ever the shoal strikes against the interstices. As it is

not legal to shoot the nets till sunset, the boats hover over the fishing ground for a brief time, or they sail about in search of what the skipper conceives to be a favourable spot. As soon as a shooting place is fixed upon, the shoulder of mutton sail is let down, and two of the men commence to propel the boat through the water by means of the oars, the other two men being engaged in shooting the nets, the captain, of course, steering and directing operations; and the work is both hard and enduring, for the train of nets is of great length, perhaps three quarters of a mile long. The nets are fixed to the boats by means of a swing rope, and as soon as they are all overboard the men rest themselves for a few hours, allowing the boat to drift away with the tide, whithersoever it may carry her. Some of the Lochfyne fishermen began to fish twenty years ago on the Cornwall plan; they called their mode of taking the herrings "trawling," but it was in reality "seining," and those who practised it were so very successful as to excite the envy and wrath of the old-fashioned drift-net fishers, so much so, that the latter applied for and obtained an Act of parliament to render trawling illegal. But, as according to the decision of a commission of inquiry, trawling is just as good a way of catching herrings as any other, a bill is now before parliament to repeal the trawling clauses of the former Act, and allow the fishermen to take their herrings after any fashion they please. Seining will suit the waters of our inland lochs and landlocked bays very well; but for larger expanses of water the drift-net will no doubt be still preferred. The seine net is easier to manage than the drift; it can be cast into the water with great ease, and may be shot over and over again in a comparatively brief space of time. The labour of hauling home a long suite of drift nets, especially if it be heavily laden with fish, is very severe. As each handful of the net is pulled into the boats, the fish are carefully shaken out of it into the bottom of the boat. Formerly the fish were not extricated from the meshes of the netting till the vessel reached the harbour; but by that system the herrings were so much deteriorated, that this new and better plan was generally adopted, and with great success.

As is known to most readers of natural history, all fishes are very prolific, and yield a large amount of spawn, the herring being known to contain as many as thirty-five thousand eggs; but for all this enormous fecundity, some of the boats obtain very few fish, probably from the reason already stated, of deficient knowledge as to its *habitat*. The herring fishers have only a few outward signs which they make use of in the fishery. If the gulls be high up on the cliffs when they go out to the fishing ground, they conclude that the herrings are near the surface of the water; if on the contrary, the gulls be near the water, then they conclude that the fish are deeper down. Such is their simple way of determining that important point. Again, if the water be still and calm in some portion, and there be as well a kind of oily gleam on the surface, they conclude that at such a place they will find the shoal, and they shoot their nets accordingly. It is a beautiful sight to witness the departure of the boats as they leave for the fishery, the beams of the setting sun striking on their brown sails, and lightening up the sombre colour into a fantastic brilliance. They pass the night away out at sea, it may be ten or twenty miles from port, drifting about with the tide, sometimes hauling and shooting their nets two or three times in their anxiety to obtain fish; and as the sun mounts in the heavens they finally haul in their drifts, and, hoisting their sail, make for home. Such is the course of business in ordinary fine weather, but they do not always have smooth seas and calm nights. There are times of storm, when the men have to fly for shelter, and have not always the power of reaching it;

times when there is weeping and wailing on the coast, when nets and boats are lost, and strong men are drowned; when widows are to be found mourning on the shore, and children are wailing in houses that are never more to be gladdened by the music of a father's foot. It is thought by some that those who reap the harvest of the sea gain a great profit; but it is not all profit. The Scottish poet speaks truly, when he says of the fish we have been writing about—

Buy my caller herring!
Though ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives an' mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.

THE STORKS OF THE WATCH-TOWER.



N Germany, at the foot of one of the Vosges mountains, lay a quaint old town, surrounded on all sides by vineyards. It was built in turbulent times, and to defend the peaceable inhabitants from the warlike barons who lived in their mountain fortresses, or from more distant enemies, the town had formerly been surrounded by a wall, having three gates, each flanked by two circular towers. The lordly castles are now in ruins, the fortification has been broken down, and all that remains is one gate, with its rude defence, still used as a watch-tower—not, indeed, by the burghers of the town, but by a pair of storks who built their nest in it, and year after year returned to claim it as their own. Their coming was always welcomed with joy by the townsfolk; and the old widow Marie, whose garden was bounded by the gateway and a remnant of the rough old wall, thought herself peculiarly happy in having the storks for neighbours, for she said they were capital gardeners, and cleared her little plot of ground of all kinds of noisome creatures; and what with their assiduity, and the constant labour and care bestowed upon it by her little son Franz, there certainly were not to be found in the whole town better vegetables or finer fruit than those which grew in the garden of the old widow. On the other side of the street lived a baker, Hans Faller by name, who had but just come to settle in the place. Looking round upon his new neighbours, he was struck by the neatness of old Marie's cottage, and the thriving appearance of her garden.

"The storks bring her good luck," said he to his son Wilhelm. "Why should not we be lucky too? If we have not a tower for them to build on, we have at least a chimney; and I'll engage that some of the flock which visits this country every spring will like that just as well, when I have fitted it up for them with one of the wheels of the old cart that is in the wood-shed." So Hans and his son Wilhelm went to work, and with little more trouble than it would have taken to mend the cart they fixed one of the wheels on the chimney, and looked anxiously for the coming of the storks.

They were not destined to wait long. The winter passed rapidly away. The opening buds of the flowers gave early promise of spring, and before the end of February the storks had returned to their summer home. Little Franz, who was at work in his mother's garden, greeted with a shout of joy the

constant old pair who had occupied their nest even before his mother came to live in her cottage, and ran to tell her how delighted they seemed to have got back again. The news that the storks had returned spread quickly, and Hans and his boy thought their trouble well repaid when they saw a young couple, who had never yet had a house of their own, take possession of the wheel, seemingly well pleased to find such a capital place prepared for them. In the midst of all this contentment, however, a circumstance occurred which neither the birds nor their friends had anticipated. A sudden change of wind brought a sudden fall of snow, which lasted for several days, and the ground was so hard locked by the frost, that the poor storks had no chance of procuring food for themselves. Lizards and snakes were safe in their retreats, and as for the frogs and fishes, they were completely out of reach, for thick ice coated the brook and hung about it in glittering icicles. There was no danger, however, of the good birds being starved, they were well cared for by all the people of the town, and there was not a child who did not share his portion with them. Franz and Wilhelm, delighted as they were with the unexpected pleasure of again sliding down the mountain in their great wooden sabots, or coursing each other in their rough little sledges, thought it still better sport to see the storks come down at dinner-time, and stalk about on their long legs, to pick up the morsels that were thrown to them, eagerly seizing the pieces of bread and cheese, and jerking them down their throats, or carefully mashing with their bills such pieces of meat as were too large for them. Nothing, however, came amiss, and scraps were willingly thrown to them from every house in the town; so that during a fortnight of hard frost they were never in want of a meal. At length the weather changed, the sun shone brightly forth, and in two or three days all traces of snow and ice had disappeared; the banks were gay with flowers, and the trees put forth their green leaves. The storks on the watch-tower began to examine their nest, repairing the injuries of time by weaving in new twigs, and completely relining it with fresh rushes and water-plants. The storks of the bakehouse had a longer piece of work, for they had to build a whole nest; but the wheel made an excellent foundation, and they had abundance of materials at hand. Soon after the nests were completed four long eggs of a dirty yellowish white colour were laid in that which surmounted the baker's chimney, and two were deposited in the tower nest; while the father sat triumphant, close by, firmly planted on one leg, with the other suspended in the air. You might have supposed him asleep, he was so quiet, but his eyes were busy enough in the garden below, where Franz was at work with his spade, and the moment that a large worm was turned up, or a lizard came out to bask in the sun, he was down upon it, and away with the precious morsel to his dearly-loved little ones, who, when they saw their father coming, reared themselves up in the nest and hissed for joy. Sometimes he took his turn in watching them while his partner refreshed herself by a foraging expedition, and in her turn brought food to her family. Both were fully occupied in providing for the wants of their brood. As time passed on, and the storklings grew larger and more hungry, their parents, not content with such game as they could obtain during the day, watched eagerly in the evening, whenever the moon gave them light; and many a bat flitting round the tower, and hungry mouse in search of his supper, fell a prey to the vigilant storks. Meanwhile the young ones began to exercise their legs, for although these were too slender and weak to enable them to stand upright, the little creatures managed to drag themselves about the nest on their knees, and to look out from their high tower upon the world below.

It was a beautiful evening, but there was less stir than usual in that part of the town, for a fête in the Herrngarten, at the other end of the little burgh, had attracted most of the people thither, and amongst them Hans Faller the baker, who liked amusement much better than work, and had intrusted his business and his good luck to his son Wilhelm. Now Wilhelm liked work no better than his father, and he soon became tired of remaining alone in the silent room, and looking out into the dull street; so he threw upon the oven fire several faggots of wood, and heaped upon them a basketful of dry fir-cones.

"Now," said he to himself, "there is no need for me to stay any longer; the fire will burn by itself, and I can come back again to attend to the loaves. I will go to see what Franz is doing! and if his storks are as lively as ours. Ho, Franz! what, at work still in your garden? You might spare a little time for play this fine day! I have heaped up plenty of fuel to heat the oven, so I need not be at home just now. I have found out this morning how many young ones there are in our nest—four,—and you have only two. So we are twice as lucky as you are, and our birds are ten times more lively. Do you hear what a noise they are making?"

The boys looked up. Both the parent birds were standing on their nest, clattering their bills, evidently in great agitation, and soon, alas! the cause was seen. Thick volumes of smoke issued from the chimney, showers of sparks were thrown out, and then a flame appeared. Wilhelm ran home in dismay, calling for help to the neighbours. The fire roared and crackled in the chimney, the nest and the wheel itself caught fire; but above all was heard the clattering of the bills of the poor despairing parents, who, unable to save their helpless offspring, and resolved not to abandon them, perished with them in the flames. The fire caught the roof and walls of the cottage, the timber of which was old and dry, and it was with difficulty extinguished before it reached the adjoining houses. During the whole time the tower nest was in especial danger: sparks and kindled portions of the cones showered down upon it, and every moment poor Marie and Franz expected to see their favourites share the same fate as their neighbours; but the old birds sat screening their young ones, and carefully picking out the sparks with their beaks as rapidly as they fell, and throwing them down into the garden. They watched and worked incessantly till the fire was extinguished and the danger was past, and when, after this eventful day, Franz looked out from his bedroom window to give one last glance at the tower in the calm moonlight, the storks sat quietly perched on one leg, their heads resting on their shoulders, still watching their darling treasure. Time passed on, and all went well with the parents and their young ones. Not a lizard, or frog, or snake could safely appear in the neighbourhood of the tower, the prying eyes of the old storks were everywhere; and when old Marie went to wash her basketful of clothes in the stream, there also she saw the busy birds, darting their long necks to catch the fishes which rose to the surface, unconscious of danger, or pouncing upon a toad crawling sluggishly along the path. The storklings had for some time been trying their wings: they had not as yet been permitted to venture beyond the nest, but they raised themselves on their pinions and fluttered a little above it. At first they fell down again immediately, but by degrees they became able to sustain themselves, and to hover for a few minutes over the tower. After daily practising in this manner, as soon as she thought them capable, their careful mother led them in little circles round the nest, bearing them on her wings when they became weary; and thus they soon could fly alone, and fish in the brook, or hunt in the gardens and meadows; and it was well that they were able to do so, for their watchful father now needed their care.

He had wounded his foot in one of his excursions, and was unable to balance himself with outstretched limbs and to guide his course through the air. He therefore was compelled to remain all day on the tower, where his grateful young ones fed him with unceasing assiduity till he was once more able to resume his former activity. The summer months were coming quickly to an end, and soon a grand meeting of all the storks in the neighbourhood was convened, in an adjacent plain, for deliberation on matters relating to the general welfare.

Twice a day they met, and held grave debate as to the time and mode of their annual departure to the rich meadows of Egypt, where game would be much more plentiful during the winter months than in their more northern dwelling-place. To judge by the clattering of their bills, there was much to be said upon the subject, but the unanimous conclusion seemed to be to wait a little longer. Day after day the storks met, apparently watching for some signal for departure. Franz had observed them with great curiosity, till one chilly evening, when a cold north wind blew, the whole assembly of storks rose into the air, orderly and silent, and Franz lost sight of them in the clouds, to wing their steady flight into a warm and distant region.

WHISTLING THROUGH THE WOODS.

The nunneries of silent nooks,
The murmur'd longing of the wood.

IN one of his so-called, "Poems of Imagination," Wordsworth pictures the joy of a child in the woods, and the prettiest part of the picture is that in which he shows us the little Rambler reclining on a mossy stone, and listening to the murmuring sound made by the "fair water-breaks." This sweet natural sound is again recalled by Tennyson in "The Brook," and it is one which no lover of nature who ever heard its "liquid lapse" among the silence of the hazels and cool ferny coverts will be likely to forget. But, in fact, the woods are as full of sweet sounds as of that mingled freshness and beauty of form by which, perhaps, we are more easily impressed. The murmur and movement of the wind are not likely to escape the notice of the most careless saunterer "under green leaves;" and the dreamy pleasure of the softened lights and shadows, which cross the winding paths of the forest, almost as readily touches the imagination. It is the more delicate pleasures of the woodland solitude that escape general attention, because they do not force themselves upon the wayfarer's notice. We must become citizens of the country, so to speak, if we would enjoy all its privileges and profit by its wealth of beauty appealing to every sense. Then only will every tree greet us with a familiar nod, and every blade of grass wave like a fairy banner at our approach. Sweet to us will sound the tap of the woodpecker and the hum of the wild bee; pleasant the sudden "whirr" of the startled blackbird's wing; and soft, like music, half heard in sleep, the coo of the rock pigeon. We shall even hear when the squirrel cracks his nut, and as we watch him leaping from branch to branch, the sullen plash of the water-rat, or the slight rustle made in the long grass by the stealthy weasel, as he prepares to make his deadly spring on the field-mouse, will draw our attention earthwards again. There, also, if we stoop to investigate, every bloomy knoll has some revelation to make to the eye or ear, for the tiniest moss shelters some tinier form of animated nature. True, we must wait and watch. We cannot hear the grass grow unless we listen very intently, and the tinkling music of the little harebell is no music at all to impatient souls.

The farmer's boy who goes "whistling through the woods" often makes a part of this pleasant picture, but he is rarely sensible of its charms. At rare in-

tervals we have had our Bloomfield and our Clare, and once, in ages of civilization, our Robert Burns. But as a rule, the peasant nature is about as sensible of woodland beauty as a sheep's, and is more easily moved by the sight of a well-grown potato patch or cabbage garden than by the loveliest peeps of sun and shadow in the vista of the woods. I remember a sensible honest fellow of sixty or more, who was taken from ordinary field work to assist in gardening operations. He had been employed a long time in removing some ornamental shrubs, when he was observed to lean on his spade and look at them thoughtfully, with a pleasant smile on his face. At last he said—

"Them is pretty, them is!"

"And are not all the trees pretty, Master Richard?"

"I sees they are now," was the reply, "but I never noticed it afore."

Poor fellow! How often he had gone whistling through the woods in his long lifetime, and how little he had seen or heard of the wonderful sights and sounds with which they are alive—the sunbeams crossing like flashing swords, and the wind moaning or rushing with the noise of an army among the trees. Well for him that his eyes were opened in his old age, though he saw ever so dimly, to appreciate so much of the beautiful as may be suggested by the forms of trees. How many thousands there are in our rural districts who may never hope to see so much as this!

While, however, we cannot be insensible to all that is lost to our national life by the dense ignorance of the peasantry, we must not forget, on the other hand, that the intellectual culture of England, so far as it extends, springs from a healthy natural stock. If our rustics are not educated, our educated men are more or less imbued with the love of rural life, and a feeling for nature runs through all our literature. As Washington Irving observes, in his charming "Sketch Book," "The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond-drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality."

This is so true that English literature may be said to differ as widely from that of the rest of Europe in this respect, as modern Europe at large differs from the old world before the Christian era. The feeling is so inherent in our nature, that English painters also excel in landscape, and may justly claim to be regarded as the founders of a school in that branch of art. Thus the love of nature is almost an instinct in England, but it requires education and culture to develop it. Still it cannot be altogether stifled by ignorance, for the clown who goes whistling through the woods can hardly miss the beauty of an orchard in bloom, or again, when the rosy fruits hang heavy on the boughs. Here, however, is a mighty difference. The cultivated lover of nature, and the awakened spirit in such untaught rustics as Bloomfield and Clare, sees beauty in every season; and the crackling of the frost, heard through the silence of the snow-bound forest, is as sweet to such as any other of nature's sounds in spring or summer.

For a striking example of the feeling for woodland scenery in English literature, let us refer to Shakespeare's idyllic comedy, "As You Like It." The deposed duke and his companions in the forest of Ardenne live together and "fleet the time carelessly," like Robin Hood of England and his merry men. "They spend their days in hunting, singing, and



[1867.]

[1867.]

WHISTLING THROUGH THE WOOD.

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH, BY

W. BROMLEY.

meditation. Their songs call their thoughts from ambition to nature and simple life, where no ingratitude of man, no forgotten kindness and friendship torments; but at the most the rough air and storms of winter, which they praise in smiling consideration that they are no flatterers, but counsellors, that feelingly warn them what they are. Thus withdrawn from the dangers of the 'Envious Court,' they have learned to love exile beyond the painted pomp of the palace; endowed with patience and contentment, they have translated 'the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style;' and sweet appear to them

the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

"In this life they find

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

"The fragrance of the country, the scent of the wood, the tone of solitude, in this part of the play, have always been justly admired; colouring and scenery gently and tenderly attune the imagination of the reader; they make us understand how hermits in such a region feel impelled to fill up the leisure and void with meditation and reflection, and to open the heart to every soft emotion; the noise of the world falls only from afar on the ear of the happy escaped ones, and the poet has carefully avoided in any way inharmoniously to disturb this profound peace."

Thus has Shakespeare pictured the reflective love of nature as a feeling of softened melancholy springing from culture and from that instinctive sense of natural beauty which is so easily awakened in the heart even of an English peasant. And he has done this without foolishly idealising pastoral life, as may be seen from Touchstone's answer to Corin. Is it necessary to say that his great successor in this particular line of thought is our countryman Wordsworth, who thus calls his friend from the "toil and trouble" of the study to the realities of the living world around him—

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet;
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things;
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

In these last lines is summed up all the difference between "whistling through the woods" and conversing with nature in their sweet solitudes. We shall emulate the wisdom of Shakespeare and Wordsworth if we leave our books at home—not without having read them—and, in the fading light of autumn,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.

* Gervinus on Shakespeare, translated by Miss F. E. Bunnett.

APPEARANCE.

WHEN poverty our comfort screws,
Part with whatever else we choose,
What from no motive must we lose?

Appearance!

What chills the heart to pleasure strung,
And binds the childish prattling tongue,
Making old people of the young?

Appearance!

When the bell tolls the hour of prayer,
With measured tread and solemn air,
What brings, alas! too many there?

Appearance!

What makes the empty fool deemed wise?
What virtue's vacant place supplies,
Winning soft looks from dove-like eyes?

Appearance!

Yet though the vain world's favourite,
From what does He who dwells in light
Avert in righteous wrath His sight?

Appearance!

SONNET OF THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

[The following touching lines (says the "Liverpool Mercury") written by Consul Cameron, one of the captives still held by the King of Abyssinia, will commend themselves to our readers, and particularly to all Mr. Cameron's fellow Scotchmen. The bird alluded to is the "Little Cardinal," smaller than our wren. The last amusement of the Abyssinian captives was to make a fountain (a very pretty one) for these birds. The fountain was, on advice, broken, lest the ingenuity displayed should excite too much admiration, and be pressed into state service. But a stone basin has been set instead for the favourites, and they are duly fed.]

THE BONNIE WEE BLUE BIRD.

Ballad written in prison, November 12, 1866.

"HEY! bonnie blue birdie, noo, whither awa',
"Wi' a' yer gay plumage sae kempit an' a'?"
"I'm gaun to my sweet luvie, who ca's frae yon tree—
"Sae ye'll bide but a blink, I'll be back in a wee.

"But tell me, fair stranger, or e'er I may gae,
"What 'tis gars ye lo'e a' the little birds sae?
"Ye've bigg't wi' yer ain hands this fountain sae
bricht,

"An' feed us wi' sma' seed frae morning till nicht."

"Ah! bonnie wee bird—but this heart it might break,
"Did I tell a' the thochts that such speerings awake;
"But bathe in my fount still, and fill your beak free,
"A' my guerdon's to watch thee, and feel ye lo'e me."

"Kind stranger, ye're heart-sick, come fly to yon tree,
"And list to a song frae my ain luvie an' me!"
"Ah! simple wee birdie, that wad I richt fain—
"But our thochts they hae wings, 'tis our bodies hae
nane."

The bird and the bee may wander still free,
And fill a' this soft air wi' sweet melodie;
But we who are wingless, in chains we maun grieve,
And sigh for our free air frae mornin' till eve.



VERITAS objects to our biographical sketch of Richard Foley, that it extols the character of a man who, "not by fair and open competition, but by the exercise of the lowest cunning and most degrading treachery," effected a species of *theft*, and "transferred the means of livelihood from one portion of our great federation to another." Without stopping to criticise the sense in which he speaks of "our great federation"—no unimportant element in the consideration of such a matter—it is evident that his objection touches on more than one point in morality, and even political economy, which it is mere rashness to decide on so hastily. Was Alfred the Great cunning and treacherous when he went disguised as a harper into the Danish camp? Was the "Pall Mall Casual" guilty of low cunning and treachery when he went in the disguise of a miserable outcast into the Lambeth workhouse? In both instances the object of the arch-deceiver was to acquire the knowledge of secrets which could not otherwise be discovered, and the discovery of which proved of general utility. Suppose the knowledge of printing with movable types had been kept a close secret for generations in one family down to the present time—would it be morally wrong of Veritas to enter the service of that family in a menial capacity, for the purpose of discovering the means by which they produced such marvellous results, and of giving the benefit of the discovery to his own townsmen, and through them to the world at large? Veritas may see from this instance that the problem is one which has too many important bearings to be decided in the off-hand manner of his letter. It involves an inquiry into the original right of proprietorship in an idea, from which again a thousand other inquiries branch out, affecting, among other things, the right of a people (the Chinese or Japanese for example) to exclude strangers from their coasts, and the right of the great medicine man of the red Indians to keep the secret of his charms.

LILY DALE.—Mrs. Trollope, the mother of the celebrated novelist, was the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Milton, vicar of Heckfield, Hants. In 1809 she married Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister, of Lincoln's Inn, son of the Rev. Anthony Trollope, and grandson of Sir Thomas Trollope, Bart., of Casewich, Lincolnshire. It was in 1832 that Mrs. Trollope published her famous book on "the Domestic Manners of the Americans," which was rapidly followed by other successful works—the charming "Widow Barnaby" among the number. Mrs. Trollope was vehemently attacked by the press for her plain speaking; but there is not much doubt that her first book had a salutary influence on the manners of our Transatlantic cousins, though at the time it proved highly offensive to them.

G.W.N.—The incident represented in our engraving of George III. (p. 457) is related as follows. The king was taking a solitary walk, when he was met by two boys, who begged for relief with many tears. The elder being questioned, said their mother was dead and their father was dying. The king ordered the boys to proceed homeward, and he followed them till he reached a wretched hovel. There he found the mother already dead, apparently from starvation, and the father lying beside her, also ready to perish. The king burst into tears, and leaving all the cash he had with him, he hastened to Windsor and sent a supply of coals, clothes, and provisions. The father recovered, and the king completed his good work by educating and providing for the children.

PENNY READINGS.

[We insert the following letter, with some unimportant verbal alterations, without pledging ourselves to the truth of the writer's statements, and without losing sight of the fact, which none have better opportunities of knowing than ourselves, that working men generally do not care to devote their evenings to *instruction*, they want amusement, and amusement *they will have*.]

"MR. EDITOR.—Seven years ago there originated in the town of Ipswich the idea of Penny Readings—from these several causes. For some time previous the falling attendance on the lectures had caused much anxiety to those interested in the welfare, moral and pecuniary, of the Mechanics' Institution; and the fact seemed to point, almost hopelessly, to the entire cessation of that mode of teaching, unless some plan could be devised that might continue the course of instruction, made attractive by a judicious leaven of amusement; a medium, so to speak, between the recital of dry facts on the one hand, and the enticements of the music halls and tea gardens on the other. At this time there flourished in Ipswich an unusually popular elocution class—founded on the model of that in connection

with the Southwark Institute; and the crowded audiences of the monthly entertainments given by this class contrasted in a marked manner with the empty benches of the ordinary lecture evenings. It therefore occurred to the committee that a great reason of this unequal popularity was the vivacity imparted by the change of reader and subject, as compared with the dulness of a solitary lecturer. Acting on this belief, they instituted the first 'Penny Readings,' selecting for the purpose a variety of extracts, so arranged as to contrast with each other in style, and serve as specimens of the various authors. The plan was most successful. The Lecture Hall was now crowded week after week, and the monetary results were equally satisfactory. The popularity of the movement spread, first to other portions of the town, then to the surrounding neighbourhood, and finally over the greater part of England. There are few places, I believe, not excepting villages, where Penny Readings have not been attempted, and mostly with success.

"So far—good; but here I think we must change ground. It must not be lost sight of that while they were intended to stimulate the apathy with which almost every attempt at oral instruction had been regarded, these Penny Readings were not intended to rival or supplant the lecture, but simply and solely to serve as additional means. It was not even thought advisable by the first promoters to increase their attractiveness by the addition of music and singing. A gradual change, however, has taken place, and the Penny Readings have now become a mere pastime, often with the grossest buffoonery for their recommendation. This change may please for a time, but most assuredly it will bring destruction in the end.

"Let us examine, even in its most hopeful form, this supposed combination of instruction with amusement. With regard to the one, I doubt very much the efficacy of public readings at all, believing that if the audience is ignorant, the effect is too transient to be useful, and if well-informed, that it is simply exasperating to hear the best passages of, perhaps, a great author beaten out of shape and sense by bad intonation, by provincialisms, by misplaced aspirates, and—save us!—alterations of the reader's own. With regard to amusement the case seems equally unhappy. Has it been your lot to 'sit under,' as some people have it, the villainous attempts at wit and the wretched humour that at times have graced these 'entertainments?' If not, allow me to congratulate you. It has been mine to suffer every variety of infliction in the shape of 'wit,' native or foreign; and the dismal effect has been almost equal to doubts of the existence of wit and humour altogether. The elasticity of our neighbour's conscience is a cause of frequent sorrow; but in all truth and earnestness, what is the normal standard of ideas with regard to extracts proper and improper for a public reading? After repeated complaints against our readers, we adopted the system of a printed notice sent to each person who volunteered his aid, requesting that nothing might be selected the subject or purpose of which could possibly be interpreted as throwing any slight upon religion, or as infringing the laws of good taste; and that from each selection, otherwise admirable, every coarse or even strong expression should be rigidly eliminated. Nevertheless, so inexplicable are the rules of taste (to put the most charitable interpretation on the facts), selections have been given which, to say the least, are in the highest degree reprehensible.

"Now, assuredly, if extracts of real worth and utility are from their own, or their readers' want of attractive power, unavoidably abandoned, these objectionable selections ought never to be made under the pretence of instruction. If it be urged that no pretence at teaching is, or needs to be, now made, I answer that a wasted purpose is sufficient condemnation, and that the movement is no longer of any value. In truth, it might easily be shown that the project has altogether failed to attract the class for whom it was mainly intended. As with similar educational movements, the working man has steadily remained aloof—be the cause indolence, ignorance, or aversion to patronage, real or imagined—and his place has been filled by a miscellaneous assemblage of the lower middle class, consisting principally of females. With regard to this last remark, it is worthy of question whether the fractional amount of good derivable from these meetings be at all equal to the mischief attendant on the frequent allurements from home, and the corresponding temptations to which young girls are thus subjected.

"Calmly, in conclusion, I reiterate my persuasion that this movement, wise and well-intentioned in the beginning, has sadly deteriorated in its purpose, and that it will continue so to do if permitted to exist at all. It is high time that something new was introduced to take its place, and happy shall I be if you or any of your readers can offer a suggestion on the subject.

"I am, yours, &c.,
"THEOPHILUS."

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

In Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

By WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XXII.

WALTER MOSS MAKES HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

WE must now return to Walter Moss. For some days after his parting from Robert Evans he amused himself by attending some racecourses in the country. If, in the day-time, bad fortune attended him, in the evening he sought consolation for his losses in drink. His cunning, to a certain degree, seemed to

have forsaken him. He knew perfectly well that what little reputation he had for respectability would soon be lost, for Jackson was taking great pains to inform every one of his real character and former convictions. He now became utterly reckless, and no longer attempted to conceal his drunken habits from any one. At last he had lost or spent nearly the whole of the thousand pounds he had received from Robert, and he returned to London to provide himself with more. It

was then that he wrote the letters to Robert, fruitlessly demanding money, and using threats to obtain it. During those days he was incessantly drunk, and incapable of carrying out any resolution he formed.

One morning he had determined to dog the steps of Robert Evans, and to follow him through the streets, proclaiming to every one he met that he was a forger. As he attempted to leave the house, however, a sensation of weakness came over him, which he sought to dispel by taking a quantity of brandy. Feeling stronger from the draught he tried again to go out, when a singular shivering fit came over him, and, although he felt no weakness, his legs seemed paralysed, and he was unable to walk. Still he would not give up his intention of annoying Robert, and as he could not go himself, he engaged a ruffianly horse-chanter of his acquaintance to follow and insult Evans wherever he went, calling him a thief and a forger. To this man Robert was personally unknown; but Moss described him as well as he could, and the house where he resided in Harley Street. The fellow, who was a notoriously bad character, and well known to the police, readily undertook the commission, and planted himself before Robert's house, so as to be able to follow him the moment he should leave it. It will be remembered that Robert Evans did not leave his house the whole of that day. The man waited for several hours, till at last he attracted the notice of the policeman on the beat, who, looking at him attentively, remembered to have had him in custody on the charge of skittle-sharping; and he also knew him to be the constant associate of thieves and bad characters. The policeman, placing himself in a position in which he could see and not be seen, remarked that the fellow frequently passed before Robert's house, apparently watching it with great earnestness. Still the man did nothing that could give him occasion to interfere, and he took no notice of him beyond watching his movements from time to time. When dusk came on, as the fellow was still there, the policeman considered he should not be exceeding his duty if he knocked at the house to inform the proprietor that a suspicious-looking man had been hovering about the whole of the day, evidently with some dishonest intention. Robert did not see the policeman, as he had given orders that day to admit no one, and it was his visit which had caused him so much alarm when the servant told him of it. When the policeman left the house he walked up to the man, and looking him earnestly in the face, said if he was not very much mistaken they had met before. The fellow, who had noticed the policeman go to Robert's house, began to fear that the place was getting too hot for him, so he merely muttered some unintelligible excuse, and, turning away, proceeded homewards to inform Moss of the unsuccessful issue of his mission.

When he arrived he found Moss helpless and unconscious, and suffering under a terrible attack of *delirium tremens*. For some days he hung between life and death, and it was only by the extraordinary skill of the medical man who attended him, aided by a naturally good constitution, that he was able in some degree to recover.

When Moss quitted his sick-bed he was the mere shadow of his former self, so terribly had his appearance changed for the worse. It would hardly have appeared possible, to an unscientific observer, that so great a change could have taken place in any human being in so short a time. His illness had by no means

cured him of his intemperate habits; and so great was his craving for ardent spirits, that he insisted on procuring them in spite of all the advice given him to the contrary. The result of his renewed intemperance was a relapse, from which he recovered with still greater difficulty than he had done before. Not only in person, but in mind also had he changed for the worse. He was continually in fits, either of despondency or rage, and in the latter he made use of the foulest abuse and invectives against Robert Evans. At last his friend the horse-chanter, getting tired of his incessant abuse, said to him—

"But if you have so strong a case against the fellow, why do you not split upon him, or, at any rate, make him pay down a handsome sum for hush-money? If he has forged all them bills, that you state he has, why do you not get hold of one of them? You might then do what you like with him. Why, he would be like a baby in your hands."

"I am afraid he has been too deep for me," said Moss, "or I would give him no quarter; you may take your oath of it. However, only let me get a little stronger, and I will be quits with him yet; that I promise you."

"How so?"

"By merely going to the fellow's office, whose name he has forged, and insisting on seeing him. His clerks, whom I know are all in the pay of Evans, will keep me out if they can: but go I will, till I have seen their master." And here again he fell into one of his horrible fits of abuse,

"What is the use of going on in that way?" said his friend. "You had better try and get stronger, and then do what you like; only shut up now."

"I wish I could get stronger," said Moss, "I would not be long about it."

"How do you expect to get strong," said his companion, "if you live like a boarding-school girl in that milk-and-water way? If you want to get stronger, you should of course live upon stronger things."

"I would soon do that if I thought I should get better," said Moss.

"Well, try," said his friend. "Let me get you a bottle of brandy and see what that will do."

Moss took his advice and sent for the bottle of brandy, and before night he and his companion had contrived to swallow the greater portion of it. Moss certainly appeared to gain considerable strength by his potations, but it was too late for him to leave the house that day with any hope of seeing Mr. Macmurdo.

His friend now left him, and Moss sat for some time in a half-somnolent state, while the effects of the brandy were going off. It was evening, but still hardly dusk, when he awoke from it, and he found he was not alone in his room. There stood just inside the door a singular-looking character. He was dressed in drab knee-breeches, with blue and white striped stockings, and buckles on his shoes. He wore a long waistcoat, with gaudy flowers embroidered on it; a long, brownish red body coat ornamented with pewter buttons; a high shirt-collar, with a bright handkerchief tied loosely round his neck. His face, which was flat and large, had on it a broad, stupid grin, which was surmounted by a wig of coarse red hair, while he held in his hands a drab wide-awake hat, which he was rapidly turning round. He moved not from the position he was in, but gazed at Moss with a stupid leer. Altogether he

resembled one of those buffoons which are so frequently seen in the concert-rooms of drinking-houses in the metropolis.

Moss gazed at him with intense surprise, and at last said to him, "What do you want here?" The figure made no reply, but continued to grin and leer at Moss in the same absurd manner.

"I ask you, what are you doing here?" said Moss. Still the figure made no reply.

Moss now began to get angry at the trick he believed was being played on him, and placing his hands on the arm of the chair for support, he rose with difficulty, with the intention of approaching the figure. He was no sooner in an erect posture, than he found himself alone. He now sat down in his chair, rang the bell, and waited till the servant came into the room.

"Who was that fellow who has just left the room?" he inquired of the old woman who waited on him, partly as nurse and partly as servant.

"I saw no one, sir," she replied. "No one has been in the house but myself for the last half hour."

"Do not tell me a lie," said Moss. "Do you think I am mad or drunk? I tell you, there was a fellow in knee-breeches, with buckles on his shoes, in this room not three minutes ago."

The woman looked at him with wonder, and said, "You must have been asleep, sir, and dreamt it. I assure you no one has been here. It would have been impossible without my knowing it."

Moss was upon the point of again calling her a liar, when the thought struck him, that possibly he might have been asleep. He therefore said no more about it, but told the woman to come up again in an hour's time, to see if he wanted anything, as he should then go to bed.

The woman now left the room, and Moss continued in his chair, attempting to force his mind as to the certainty of his having been asleep or awake. He could come, however, to no conclusion on the subject, and he sat moodily watching the door for the reappearance of the figure. It came not; and he remained quiet till the old woman brought in the candles, which she placed on the table, and then left him.

Moss now sat alone for a couple of hours longer, and began to think, after all, he must have been asleep. He now turned his thoughts to Robert Evans, and the manner he should proceed against him. In this frame of mind he continued till he began to feel fatigued, and he then resolved to retire for the night. He entered his bedroom and undressed himself, and after having lighted a night-light, got into bed. Although he closed his eyes, he had no inclination to sleep, and he continued the same train of thought which had occupied him before he went to bed. Presently, finding his position an uncomfortable one, he partly raised his head, with the intention of making an alteration in his pillow, when to his intense surprise, he saw, standing at the side of the bed, the same figure which had been in his sitting-room, gazing at him with the same stupid leer on its countenance.

Moss, now in a state of great surprise, rose in his bed, and gazed at the figure, who remained in the same position, and twisting, as before, his hat rapidly round in his hand.

After looking at the figure for a few moments, Moss's astonishment gave way to terror, and taking the bell-pull in his hand (which hung on the opposite side of

the bed), he rang it so violently for assistance, that in a few moments afterwards the old woman entered the room with an expression of fear on her countenance scarcely less than his own. They gazed for a second at each other in silence, and then Moss said, "Who is this fellow?" As he spoke, he pointed to the spot where the figure had been a moment before, but it had disappeared. The woman, who of course saw nothing, gazed at Moss with astonishment and alarm.

"Why, sir, you must have been dreaming," she said, as soon as she had somewhat recovered herself.

"You lie!" said Moss. "I have not been dreaming. I saw the fellow standing there as plainly as I see you now."

The old woman said nothing, but looked at him with a countenance expressive both of fear and astonishment. When Moss had recovered a little, he told her to go out of the room and shut the door; but to keep outside, so as to enter again the moment he called her. She did as she was ordered; and Moss, placing his head on the pillow, anxiously gazed for some time on the spot where the figure had stood. It did not, however, appear; and at last, being tired of watching, he rang the bell, and told the old woman to go to bed, adding, sullenly, "I suppose I must either have been mad or dreaming."

The old woman now left him without making any remark; and Moss again lay down, trying, if possible, to account for the apparition he had seen. With half-closed eyes, he continued in this train of thought for some minutes, when suddenly opening his eyes, he saw again before him the same figure, and in the position it had been when he rang for the servant. Moss, terribly alarmed, again seized the bell, and rang it even more violently than before, keeping his eyes all the time fixed on the figure, nor did he move them from it till the old woman came into the room. Moss turned for an instant to speak to her, but before he could utter a word, he again looked towards the figure so as to be able to see in what manner it would leave the room—but it was no longer there. The entrance of the old woman seemed to have caused it to vanish. Resolute as Moss generally was, he was now nearly beside himself with terror, and trembled like an aspen leaf. When a little calmer, he said to the servant:

"Sit down in that chair, and do not attempt to leave it again to-night."

"But I must go downstairs, sir," she said, "if it is only to lock up the house."

"Sit there, you hag, I say," he screamed at her, "and do not, at your peril, attempt to move, until I give you permission."

The old woman was too frightened to disobey him, and seated herself in the chair, as she was directed. Hour after hour passed, and both remained in the same position. Moss, fixing his eyes attentively on the spot where the figure had stood, and the old woman, with folded arms and drooping head, sitting sullenly by him the while. It was nearly morning before Moss fell asleep; and the old woman, profiting by the opportunity, glided stealthily out of the room, and sought her own bed.

It was nearly eleven o'clock the next morning before Moss awoke. After the old woman had assisted in dressing him, he entered his sitting-room, where he found his friend the horse-chanter awaiting him.

"Well, what sort of a night have you passed?" he said to Moss.

"A very uncomfortable one," said Moss, "and I do not feel at all well this morning."

"Well, you do look rather seedy," said his friend; "but your breakfast will do you good."

"I doubt it," said Moss.

"Were you ill last night?" his friend inquired.

"Yes, very," said Moss. "I suspect I drank more than I ought to have done yesterday afternoon."

"Never mind, old fellow," he said. "You know the cure for that—a hair of the dog that bit you. There is nothing like it, you know."

The conversation between these two worthies continued during the whole time Moss was at his breakfast. At last his companion said to him, "What do you intend doing about your friend Evans? I very much suspect he is altogether setting you at defiance. He knows you are ill, and thinks you have not the pluck to do anything."

"He will find out the contrary before the day is over," said Moss, vindictively. "If I could only get up sufficient strength after breakfast I would go down to Macmurdo's office, and insist on seeing him, and telling him all."

"I think," replied the other, "you would be quite right. He richly deserves it. How do you feel now?"

"I feel stronger than I did, thanks to the breakfast, but I am hardly equal to leaving the house at present."

"Take a glass of brandy now, and that will help you."

"Get out the bottle," said Moss; "there is the key."

The horse-chanter did as he was directed, and taking out the bottle of brandy they each took a glass, then a second, and then a third.

"I feel better now," said Moss; "and I have pluck enough for anything. Let us start off at once."

Moss was soon prepared to leave the house. A cab having been called, they entered it, and the coachman was told to drive to Mr. Macmurdo's office. On the road the effects of the stimulants Moss had swallowed began to subside, and he felt very faint. His friend noticed it, and proposed that they should go into a public-house, and get something to strengthen him. Moss made no objection, and a few minutes afterwards the cab pulled up at a public-house, which Moss and his friend entered, and swallowed glass after glass of liquor till both were intoxicated. The cab arrived at Macmurdo's office, and the horse-chanter, who was the least intoxicated of the two, asked the driver to help Moss into the house.

"Won't you come, old fellow?" stammered Moss from the pavement.

"No; I would rather not," he said. "I will stay where I am."

"You are a coward," roared out Moss.

"No, I ain't," was the reply. "You go in, and get your affair over. I will stop here."

"I say you are a coward," said Moss. "You are afraid, and you know it."

"Well, let it be so if you like," said his companion, who possibly had his own reasons for not wishing to get into a row.

"Will you come?" again roared Moss.

"No, I will not," was the answer.

Moss now replied by a volley of oaths (which we will refrain from repeating), and grasping the cabman firmly by the arm, he staggered into the house.

As soon as he had entered the office his drunken condition was easily perceived by the clerks.

"What do you bring that fellow here for?" said one of them to the cabman. "What does he want?"

"I don't know what he wants," said the man. "He asked me to bring him in here, and I have done it."

"I want," said Moss, "to tell your master that he is a thief and a forger. No, I do not mean that; he is a gentleman, and no mistake. Still he has no right to forge bills, and I will speak to him."

"Here, walk out of this place," said one of the clerks, taking him by the arm, and pushing him towards the door, "and if you have sense enough to understand what I say, remember this—the next time you make your appearance here I will give you in charge of the police." So saying he pushed Moss into the passage, and closed the door.

Moss was so bewildered at the treatment he had received, that he was incapable of making any reply, and the driver had some difficulty in getting him back into the cab. As soon as he was seated in it he became totally insensible, and was conducted home in that condition, and carried by the cabman and his friend into his sitting-room, where they left him to sleep off the effects of his potations.

It was nearly evening when Moss awoke from his drunken slumbers. For some moments he had considerable difficulty in understanding the position he was in. At last, rubbing his eyes, he rose to a sitting posture on the sofa, when, to his intense terror, he saw standing before him the figure which had caused him so much alarm the previous evening. He attempted to speak to it, but he could not utter a word; and he sat there, motionless, gazing at the figure, which continued to regard him with the same stupid leer on his countenance. Presently he resolved on ringing the bell for the servant, but to do so he must have passed close to the figure, and this he had not the courage to attempt. Driven at last to despair, he found his voice, and screamed lustily for help. Fortunately the old woman was within hearing, and in a few moments she came into the room; but as soon as Moss caught sight of her the figure vanished.

"Sit down there you hag," he roared at her, pointing to a chair, "sit down; and if you attempt to move I will discharge you at once."

"I will save you the trouble, and discharge myself, and immediately too," was her reply. "I won't stop here to be spoken to in that manner by you or any one else;" and she turned to leave the room.

Moss was terrified at the idea of her leaving him, and said to her, "I beg your pardon, I did not mean it, I was only in fun."

"I do not like such fun," said the woman, who now perceived that she was getting the upper hand. "It is not worth my while stopping here for the money you pay me when you are civil; and I won't be abused by you any more, I can tell you."

"Nonsense," said Moss; "if you are not paid enough, you can have more. There's half-a-crown for you. Now sit down like a good soul, and do not leave me again."

The woman pocketed the money, and seated herself opposite to Moss.

"Is your granddaughter in the house?" he said to her.

"Yes, sir; she is," replied the woman in a most respectful manner.

"Tell her to go out then, and get me a bottle of brandy, for I am so dead beat I cannot move."

The old woman readily obeyed him, and shortly afterwards the girl returned with the brandy, of which Moss swallowed a glass, and in a fit of complaisance offered another to the old woman, who accepted his courtesy with much amiability; and, smiling, drank to his "much better health."

Finding himself somewhat stronger, Moss and the old woman conversed together till it was time for her to go to bed. He insisted on her sitting up with him again, till he fell asleep, which was at a late hour of the night.

The next morning, while Moss was at breakfast, his friend entered, and they talked together over the events of the previous day.

"We made a regular mull of it yesterday," said Moss, "but I hope we shall have better luck to-day."

"You intend trying it again, then?" said his friend.

"Certainly," said Moss.

"But will they admit you at the office?"

"From what I remember of yesterday, I do not expect they will," said Moss. "I shall not try that dodge any more. I know that Macmurdo goes home every day to dinner at six o'clock, and I shall call at his private house shortly afterwards."

"Take care you have your wits about you this time," said the horse-chanter.

"No fear of that," said Moss. "To-day I will be as sober as a judge. Out of this room I do not go till six o'clock."

"That's right," said his friend. "I would not take a drop of anything all day if I were you, till the moment before you leave the house, and then I would just swallow a dram to give me strength."

"Nor then, neither," said Moss. "I do not touch a drop to-day. I begin to suspect this is my last go, and that scoundrel Evans has been too deep for me, stupid as I thought him. However, I will know more about it before night."

Moss's friend sat with him for some time, frequently swallowing glasses of brandy the while, from which, however, Moss cautiously abstained. When his friend rose to leave, he would not allow him to go until the old woman had taken his place, so much did he dread the appearance of the phantom. Shortly before six o'clock Moss, after making some alterations in his toilette, told the old woman to send her granddaughter for a cab, for even then he would not trust himself alone for fear he might behold the figure. When he arrived at Mr. Macmurdo's house he got out of the cab steadily enough, and knocked at the door.

"Is Mr. Macmurdo at home?" he inquired of the footman.

"No, sir, he is not," was the man's reply, "but I expect him in very shortly. Do you wish to see him very particularly?"

"I do indeed," said Moss. "It is on a matter of business of the utmost importance."

"Then you had better come in, sir, and wait in his study till he arrives," said the man, making way for him to enter.

Moss put his foot inside the door, and there stood motionless. In a moment afterwards he struck out into a cold perspiration, and looked so faint and ill that the man thought he would have fallen.

"Are you not well, sir?" he inquired, taking him by the arm. "Let me assist you."

"No, no," said Moss, hurriedly, and in a state of intense terror, for he saw standing in the passage,

behind the footman, the phantom he so much dreaded. "Help me back into the cab, I am very ill. I will call and see Mr. Macmurdo another day. Never mind my name, it is of no consequence. Help me quick into the cab."

The man helped him across the pavement, and as soon as Moss was seated he told the coachman to drive home as quickly as he could. He then closed his eyes, and did not again open them till the cab pulled up at his own door.

It is useless further to follow the career of Moss. The phantom continued to pursue him, and its visits became more frequent, and Moss proportionately more terrified at beholding it. He knew he could obtain momentary courage by swallowing brandy, but he knew equally well he was killing himself by so doing. The old woman remained almost always with him, night and day, till at last she became scarcely less obnoxious to him than the phantom itself. When she was not present the phantom immediately appeared, and when she entered, it vanished.

At last Moss could support the infliction no longer. One morning, when the old woman was out of the room, he jerked the bellpull with such violence that the rope came down in his hand. When she entered the room and saw the mischief he had done, she gave a grin of satisfaction, but said nothing. She calculated that a portion of her annoyance, at any rate, would cease for some time, as she would now have an excuse for saying she had not heard him when he wanted her. The next morning, after she had left the room, Moss, who had been silently lying awake for some time, rose with difficulty from his bed, and, with half-closed eyes, so that he might not see the phantom, fastened one end of the bellpull to the curtain-rod, and tying the other round his neck, stepped from the bed, and shortly afterwards was a corpse.

A coroner's inquest was held the same evening, the principal evidence taken being that of the old woman. She described her master as having suffered from the "horrors" for some time past. Not the slightest doubt was thrown on her testimony, for Moss was known in the neighbourhood to be an inveterate drunkard; and a verdict of temporary insanity was returned.

It is in the miserable end of such a man that we see depicted most plainly the fatal consequences of an ill-spent life, commencing with the perversion of talents which ought to have been a blessing to the possessor of them, and to all associated with him. No doubt the picture is a painful one, and some may object to the portrayal of what can only give pain to tender Christian hearts; while, on the other hand, less sensitive manners, it may be feared, will be more alive to the almost ludicrous effects produced by *delirium tremens* than to the real horror of such a death as we have here described. But there is much truth in the old distich—

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

It must be seen, however, in its *consequences*—so far as we dare to trace them—and not merely in the endeavour to accomplish its evil purposes. This is why we have chosen to follow the career of Walter Moss to its fatal termination. Of the terrible issue of such a death, following such a life, it is not for us to speak.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JOHN KEBLE.



HE names of those moderns, who, without foregoing the retirement of the study, have exercised an extensive influence over the opinions and characters of their fellow-men, would form a short but very remarkable list. In such a list the name of John Keble would undoubtedly find a conspicuous place. The seventy-four years of his unostentatious life were passed in

comparative privacy. Beyond the attention naturally bestowed upon a young man of special talent, his college career as scholar, fellow, and tutor, was not essentially different from that of scores of other men at either university; while the thirty years spent as parish priest of a small Hampshire village were as meek and unobtrusive as that of any country parson up and down the land. Yet of this simple life it has been not unjustly said: "The life of Keble, forming a commentary to his works, particularly his fugitive pieces, ought to be the history of the religious mind of England at a time when it has been more stirred than at any time since the Reformation." So majestic is the power of the pen! So extensive the influence of one sincere and earnest thinker!

John Keble was born in the year 1792, in the village of Fairford, Gloucestershire. He was the eldest son of the Rev. John Keble, vicar of Coln St. Aldwyn's in that county. This worthy man, who lived to a great age in the discharge of his ministerial duties, himself conducted the entire education of his two sons John and Thomas; and with such success, that John when only fourteen years of age was elected after public competition to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. This early and very unusual distinction was only a prelude to greater things. In 1810, in his nineteenth year, at an age when young men of the present day are only just entering on their college career, he took his degree as a double first, attaining the highest honours both in classics and mathematics. A fellowship at Oriel was at that time the most coveted honour at the university. To this honour it was very soon the good fortune of Keble to attain; and in that famous college, round the common-room fire of the fellows, the successful young student was brought into familiar contact with men of the rarest wit and acutest intellectual powers.

From very early years he had desired to take holy orders in the church. This had been his deliberate choice previous to his university successes, and those successes did not, as is too often the case, induce him to direct his talents into other and more profitable channels. In 1815 he was ordained deacon, and in 1816 priest, by Bishop Jackson. For some time he officiated as curate to two small country parishes, East Leach and Barthorpe, while he continued to discharge the duties of tutor and occasionally public examiner at Oxford. In 1825 he became curate of Hursley in Hampshire, a place which will be for ever affectionately associated with his revered name, but he remained here at first only for a short period. Owing to the illness of his aged father he returned to Fairford, to nurse and comfort him in his declining years. In 1835, at the advanced age of ninety, Keble's father died, and Keble himself, at the close of the same year became, through the patronage of Sir W.

Heathcote, vicar of Hursley, and subsequently the husband of Miss Martha Clarke. Here, with few and brief exceptions, in this quiet country vicarage, he lived and thought and wrote, from 1835 to 1866, the year when he was taken to his rest.

We have spoken of the extensive personal influence exercised by Keble. Probably no man of the present age has been so looked up to and consulted in questions of religious difficulty as the humble vicar of Hursley. His correspondence was immense. Whether by the unaffected simplicity of his life, his sincerity, his gentle firmness, or by the reputation and respect that his great work had won for him in all parts of the country, there can be no doubt that to John Keble, in the hour of doubt and dismay, many hundreds turned for comfort and advice. And, where it was possible, he was equally accessible to all. Without yielding the minutest particular of what he considered essential truth, he gave his honest unbiassed opinion to all that sought it; at the same time with so much gentleness, so much affection, such a keen sympathy for the distressed feelings of others, that each fresh consultor, though possibly previously unknown, was inevitably sooner or later enrolled in the long list of his cherished friends. Whatever merits may attach to his other publications, Keble is best known to the public as the author of the "Christian Year." The publication of this most delightful and instructive book was delayed for many years after it was first projected. Indeed some of the poems were written soon after his ordination, though the entire volume was not completed till the year 1827. The natural diffidence and humility of his character prevented him from hurrying into print, while neither Keble himself, nor the friends who urged him to publish, ever ventured to anticipate a tithe of the wonderful success with which that little volume has been blessed by God. When we say, that from the time of its first appearance to the present day, the "Christian Year" has been through upwards of ninety editions; that many of these editions were very large, consisting of at least three thousand copies each; that the book itself has not been read once for all, and then cast aside, but read and re-read again and again, the constant companion, friend, and comforter of thousands in all parts of the world, and under all conceivable circumstances; that men of every variety of opinion have recognized in its poetry true life and spirit, and in its doctrine a wholesome rule of faith, we have said more perhaps than can be said of any other book, with the exception of the Bible and the Prayer Book. The secret of this success, a success not to be measured so much by the number of the editions as by the individual influence of each copy of each edition, is to be found, we think, in the unavoidable conviction that the "Christian Year" is the matured work of a sincerely religious mind. However cynically disposed, no critic could question the devout earnestness of this poet. And even those who might conscientiously differ from certain doctrinal details, would hail with pleasure something real and simple, something plain and artless, a work over the greater portions of which Christians of every shade of opinion might meet and rejoice.

Far more is demanded from a religious, than from what may be called, for the sake of distinction, a secular poet. No doubt all wise and good men will consider the spirit of poetry debased by union with a questionable morality, or even an indefinite religious faith. But such considerations will not weigh with the many. The popularity of Byron and Burns is a proof of the homage exacted by poetical talents, quite apart from the character or creed of the poet. But we doubt if a purely religious poet would, by any exercise of mere talent, establish the position of a popular favourite, unless also recognized as a holy liver and an efficient guide. The reason of this is obvious enough. Re-

ligious poetry must do something more than fascinate the imagination and please the ear. It must also refine and instruct. It must discourse sweet music upon high and holy themes. Hence any want of capacity in the instructor, or any want of solemnity in the musician, will sooner or later counteract, in popular estimation, the greatest talents of the poet. If we are not mistaken, Keble fulfilled these conditions with singular exactness. A very learned scholar, a deeply-read theologian, distinguished for zealous piety, and displaying in his own private daily life the lessons he undertook to recommend to others, he combined with these primary qualifications the essential gift of poetical power.

The "Christian Year" requires and repays considerable study. For this very reason its success is the more triumphant. To write popularly, that is, to please and interest the people, the general mass of ordinary minds, is certainly difficult, and demands peculiar qualifications. But to write so as to please and instruct the general mass of educated and cultivated minds is a far more difficult and more exalted task. It is the "applause of applauded men," to which Macaulay points as the triumph of Byron. We have said the "Christian Year" has not been a book read once for all and then cast aside. It could not be. There are hidden beauties in it not discovered in a first or second or even third reading; gems of thought embedded in its profound depths, that are passed unobserved without careful and painstaking search. Such a book can never be popular in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for the meaning of the writer is often at first sight somewhat obscure, and the references, though aided with occasional foot-notes, not immediately apparent, and when apparent, often beyond the comprehension of the uneducated. Yet in a higher sense it becomes popular, and increases its popularity year by year, by attracting to itself the love and admiration of all who are willing and able to study its sacred pages.

As an example of the sweeter passages in the poems, and the author's loving observation of nature, we may take the allusion to forest leaves in autumn, which will not be deemed inappropriate just now, when the year is declining:—

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse : and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.
Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good night from every glade ;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.
How like decaying life they seem to glide !
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.
Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.
Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

The moral is pointed by the unexpected contrast :—

Man's portion is to die and rise again,
Yet he complains, while these, unurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

The chief object of the whole series is most fairly gathered from its brief preface, in which the author premises, that "next to a sound rule of faith, there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion." This

"sober standard of feeling," no less than the "sound rule of faith," he considers to be amply provided in the authorized formularies of the Church of England; and "the object of the volume," he adds, "will be attained if any person find assistance from it in bringing his own thoughts and feelings into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book." The book opens with a morning and an evening hymn, certain verses of which, now frequently sung in our churches, may be said to constitute the best-known portions of the entire volume. These verses indeed are perfect as specimens of hymns for common use, simple, readily appreciated, of unmixed metaphor, earnestly devout, and very sweet and tender. We then start with Advent, the commencement of the Christian year, and keeping strictly to the order of the Prayer Book, we have a short form for every Sunday, holy day, and saint's day throughout the entire year. To quote again from the preface. "Something has been added at the end concerning the several occasional services, which constitute, from their personal and domestic nature, the most perfect instance of that soothing tendency in the Prayer Book which it is the chief purpose of these pages to exhibit." Of course, on special days, the event which the day celebrates forms the subject of the poem. On ordinary Sundays the subject is sought for either in the lessons or in the epistle or gospel for the day. Many of these poems are exceedingly beautiful; not perhaps so simple and easily appreciated as the morning and evening hymns, but well worthy of close study, and replete with poetic fervour and refined religious thought.

In 1821 Keble was a candidate for the professorship of poetry at Oxford, but resigned in favour of the present Dean of St. Paul's. In 1831, however, he was elected without opposition to the vacant chair.

A carefully amended edition of Hooker, a life of the celebrated Bishop Wilson, forming part of the "Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology," and a second volume of sacred poems, published in 1846, and called "Lyra Innocentium," were the other principal efforts of Keble's literary life. To these must be added a large number of fugitive pieces, pamphlets, tracts, and letters, referring more especially to those controversies of doctrine and discipline in which he always took so prominent a part. The name of John Keble, however, will be best known to posterity in connection with the "Christian Year."

LEON AND ATTALA.

THE early history of France abounds in interesting episodes. The story of Leon and Attala is one among many which illustrate the manners of the age.

The sons and successors of Clovis of France, twelve hundred years ago, were men who governed by the rule of their own despotic will, and who made war upon each other or their neighbours without any other object than that of increasing their own possessions, or avenging a real or supposed offence.

Gondovald, one of these princes, was an utter barbarian; defying alike heaven and earth, he committed shameless acts of cruelty and oppression, and, amongst other lawless deeds, seized and made prisoner Attala, the nephew of the bishop of Langres, when the lad was enjoying a solitary ride.

The bishop was inconsolable for the loss of the boy, but knowing the mercenary nature of Gondovald, felt no doubt that a heavy ransom would redeem the prisoner. Two messengers were accordingly despatched to the court of Gondovald, fully empowered to treat as to the sum demanded.

Gondovald refused to accept any ransom. He loved money, but his hatred to the bishop of Langres overcame his greed of gain. He indulged his revenge at the expense of his officers. The boy should serve in the stable, and receive no better treatment than the meanest churl. Driven from the tyrant's presence, with blows and threats, the messengers returned with the sad

news of their discomfiture; and the bishop shut himself up alone in his chamber, and mourned for the boy who had been as the light of his eyes.

In the retinue of the bishop there was a common feeling of regret at the captivity of Attala and of indignation against Gondovald. A youth named Leon shared these feelings, felt them indeed more keenly than any other of the household. He had been preserved by the tenderness of the bishop when his parents were martyred by the pagan Gauls. He had been brought up with Attala, and with him instructed in the faith. A close and warm intimacy had subsisted between the boys; they had been indeed as brothers. In the weary day and wakeful night Leon thought of the miserable condition of Attala, and by the end of the week had resolved on attempting his deliverance.

Setting out alone on his journey, he travelled to within a short distance of Gondovald's stronghold. There he put up at an inn, where he was well known to the landlord as being attached to the bishop. To this man, in whom he had entire confidence, he communicated his design; and, as the first step towards its accomplishment, berought him to sell him as a slave to Gondovald. The man, after pointing out the risk of the adventure, and strongly dissuading Leon from the attempt, at length consented to his wish. They went together to the palace, where Gondovald himself purchased Leon for his slave, and gave for him twenty golden pieces. These twenty pieces were secretly given by the landlord to Leon, and he was left to the tender mercies of one whose cruel nature was proverbial.

Leon had been bought on account of his excellency in all departments of cookery. Gondovald was one of those who cared for his table not only being amply but delicately spread. As a cook Leon was exceedingly skilful, and his successes won the favour of his master. But day followed day, and the voluntary captive neither saw nor heard anything of the object of his search. He was careful to render himself agreeable to his fellow-servants; and they made good use of his culinary powers, loving dainty dishes as well as their master. By their aid Leon was made free of the whole place; even the stables were open to him, and one evening, when the sky was purple and studded with stars, he found Attala. The boy was asleep on some straw, miserably clad, and bearing evident marks of ill-usage. With extreme caution Leon awoke his friend, whose surprise may be easily conceived. He explained his object, and bidding him be of good cheer, left him for the night.

Next day Gondovald gave a great feast to his chief men, and instructed Leon, on pain of being "served as hogs are served," to exert all the resources of his art in furnishing the table. Leon promised compliance, and kept his word. During the day he found opportunity of seeing Attala, and warning him to be ready for flight in the evening. It was a dark night, that made the warmth and light of the low-roofed banqueting room trebly acceptable. Gondovald and his guests feasted merrily, drank and sang and quarrelled, and were the best of friends again. At a late hour for those times Gondovald was assisted to his couch. Leon was ordered to attend him, to receive his commendation for the dinner; but when he entered his owner was asleep. He was advised by the chamberlain to wait for a short time, and so was left alone with the tyrant. The moment for action had arrived. By the king's left hand Leon deposited the twenty golden pieces for which he had sold his freedom. He then possessed himself of the king's dagger and slipped quietly from the room. Hastening to the stable he found Attala, full of apprehension, but impatient to be away.

So the two boys fled together, and the darkness seemed to clear away as they advanced, and the stars came out. For three days they were in the woods, travelling by night, resting and hiding by day, feeding on wild fruits; but they quitted Gondovald's territory at last, and shook the dust from their feet.

"Leon, I owe my liberty to you," was Attala's warm expression as he embraced his friend.

"Not to me," was the answer, "but to Him who knows how to deliver!"

The joy of the bishop on receiving back his nephew—the indignation of Gondovald on losing both his cook and prisoner—may be easily imagined.

THE HERRING CURE.



THE HERRING GUTTER.

THE commercial aspect of the herring fishery is very curious. Those connected with herring commerce choose to do business in a very particular way, which we will endeavour, as briefly as possible, to explain to the reader. Well then, thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of barrels of herrings are annually bought and sold before any of the fish that are to fill the barrels have been, or can be procured; for it is a peculiarity of this fishery that the bargains and arrangements connected with future seasons are, as a rule, made nearly twelve months in advance. At the close of one season the bargain for the next fishing is arranged. The greatest personage in connection with the herring fishery is the curer. An active curer is the man who keeps up the whole fishery fabric; he does all the necessary financing, and is the middleman or go-between who arranges the purchase of the green fish from the fishermen, and after curing them negotiates their sale to the continental and other merchants. He usually bargains with a skipper to receive two hundred crans of fresh herrings, to be delivered at his curing yard or station during the season; for these, he agrees to pay at the rate of so much per cran—a cran, it may be mentioned, is a herring measure with a capacity of containing forty-five gallons of ungutted herrings—as well as various perquisites, in the shape of drying ground for nets, refreshments for the crew, and a sum of ready money, amounting perhaps to fifteen or twenty pounds, by way of what is called "bounty." The curer's bargain is made, of course, with the owner or skipper of a boat, and that personage has to provide his vessel, his crew, and all the necessary fishing-gear. An enterprising curer will sometimes contract with a very large number of boat-owners, so that he necessarily carries on a large business, having to provide salt, dye stuffs, barrel wood, &c. He has likewise to keep a large number of coopers in his employment in order to superintend "the cure;" he has to engage herring gutters and packers, and generally to expend large sums of ready money in furtherance of his business; and all that must be done long before, in fact twelve months before, he can ascertain whether or not the captains he has contracted with will be able to capture a single herring.

The curer himself is often enough the mere agent of some local banker, or of some distant buyer, who keeps him in funds for the purpose of making a good speculation; and, in order to push business and turn over capital, as well as to keep down prices, money is often advanced to ambitious young fishermen to enable them to obtain a boat and fishing-gear on their own account. Of course it is a part of their bargain that all such boats shall fish for them alone, on the most advantageous terms, and if there be a few good seasons the speculative fisherman may get out of the scrape; but as the cost of a boat and a suite of nets is very considerable, the result too often is that the young man, if the fishery turns out to be unproductive, finds the whole concern hang round his neck like a millstone, so that in the end he is too glad to get quit of his bargain on the curer's own terms. The herring fishery is in fact a lottery, in which the few succeed and the many fail; so that when there is a bad season, that is, a season in which an average quantity of herrings is not captured, there is much misery among the fisher class; for they "lippen" to the herring fishery as to a bank account, on which they can draw for all sorts of supplies—furniture, clothes, house rent, marriage portions for sons and daughters, new sails, additional netting, and even new boats are all calculated upon as being obtainable from the season's herring fishery. Great preparations are annually made on the Scottish north-east coast for the herring fishery. One would suppose that the fisher people live for that industry alone, and that all the other fisheries, which might be made equally profitable, were indulged in merely for the purpose of killing time. The earliest herring fishery of the season is that carried on in the island of Lewis; it begins generally pretty early in May, and

numerous boats attend it, some of them from great distances. As the season advances other herring fisheries come into play, till in August the great conjoined fishery of Wick and Pulteneytown will be found in active operation. Wick is the herring metropolis of Scotland; its harbour forms a rendezvous for a thousand boats during the time of the fishery, and it is to herrings what Manchester is to cotton, or Birmingham to hardware. Like Amsterdam, Wick has been founded on herring bones.

The quays of Wick and Pulteneytown present a wonderful sight on the arrival of the boats, and they begin to come into the respective harbours shortly after sunrise, and continue to arrive till the day is far advanced, those, of course, who have been at the greatest distance being the last to enter. The moment the boats arrive the men begin to deliver the herrings to their respective curers, pouring basketful after basketful into the gutting-troughs. Before the fishermen obtain any relief from their duty, they have to bring ashore their whole drift of nets, in order to have it carried away to the drying ground previous to its being again used, for were the nets not to be carefully dried they would very speedily become rotten. Some thirty years ago a man could carry his whole drift upon his shoulders, and have a certainty then of taking as many herrings as he can take at present with eight times the quantity of netting. As the day advances carts come upon the scene to take away the nets; wives and sweethearts and children arrive to note the result of the fishery; so that very soon the quays are alive with interested people of all kinds, and the air becomes impregnated with the odour of the fish, which are being brought up from the boats in enormous quantities. Clerks are noting down the deliveries of the respective



HERRING QUAY.

skippers; the coopers are sprinkling the fresh fish with salt as they are thrown into the troughs; the gutters are at work with all their skill and ceaseless industry, working away in their oldest clothes, and looking like a battalion of witches come direct from stirring Macbeth's caldron. It is difficult to recognize in these blood-besotted eviscerators the comely young Highland women of the preceding evening, who had been wandering about the heights of Pulteneytown in happy groups to see the boats depart for the fishing ground, yet they are one and the same. They are friends and relatives of the fishermen, who congregate at Wick during the months of July and August, and many of whom come from a great distance in order to partake of the remunerative although uncongenial employment of herring gutting. Many a time and oft have we wandered about the heights of Pulteneytown, looking down upon the busy scene below, wondering when the huge piles of barrels that were heaped upon the quay would be filled, and astonished at the rapidity with which the gutters carried on their work. The process of evisceration is performed with great rapidity; a woman will gut thirty or forty fish in a minute, the viscera being taken dexterously out of the herring by a turn of the knife hand. The woman just bobs down to seize a fish, and then bobs up again to throw it into the basket, having in the mean time performed the operation, and lo! the basket begins to fill rapidly. In a few minutes it is full; it is then carried backwards to the packing place, where the fish are thrown into a tub to be roused, that is, stirred about in a strong pickle of salt and water. One of the women then begins to lay them into a barrel with great neatness and precision, a handful of salt being thrown over each layer of the fish; in about eight minutes or so the barrel is full to the top, and may be estimated to contain about seven hundred and fifty fish. And all day long this industry goes on, hundreds of gutters being earnestly at work filling up the barrels with great rapidity. Sometimes, when there is a more than ordinary heavy take of fish, which there generally is on one or two days of each season, the gutting is prolonged far into the night, and has been known to be even carried on by torch-light, because it is a regulation of the fishery that the fish must be cured on the day that they are caught.

The herring fishery in Scotland is carried on under the protection, and by means of regulations issued by a board of commissioners. This board was originated at a time when the manufactures of Scotland stood in great need of encouragement, and when it was thought particularly necessary to foster the herring fisheries. Bounties were allowed to those who fitted out vessels, and government, as a means of certifying to purchasers that the herrings were properly cured, ultimately provided officers, whose duty it still is, if they are asked, to see that they are properly cured, and then to impress them with a brand. A good many herrings are now sold without being branded, and those curers who desire to have the brand, as a certificate to foreign buyers, have now to pay the small fee of fourpence on each barrel. Some writers on the economy of the fisheries think that the brand ought now altogether to be dispensed with, and that herrings, like cotton or woollen cloth, or like cheese or wine, should stand or fall on the merits of their curer; or, to use a homely simile, that "every herring should hang by its own tail." No doubt the fostering protection of the government was at one time of great advantage in helping to establish the great trade in cured fish which is now carried on in Scotland; but at present the danger to be guarded against is, not that the fishery will ever fall off, but that it will become far too active. The deep sea and its food treasures are free to all; there needs no seed to be sown, and there is no manure required, neither do the men require to use the plough or the harrow, nor have they to pay any rental; they have but to put forth

their hand and gather in the harvest, not even requiring to obtain permission. The herring fishery gives employment to a large number of persons, many of whom derive a comfortable income from that industry. The extent to which that fishery is good for trade is not seen all at once; but as an outlet for capital and labour it is one of the chief resources of Scotland. About one hundred thousand persons are directly engaged in the Scottish fisheries; but that number is largely augmented by those indirectly employed in the same industry, as boat-builders, sail-makers, salt-makers, grocers, carters, and others. It is not too much to say that the herring fishery of Scotland is worth at least one million sterling per annum to the country; but the money invested in that particular industry will be at least three times that sum. Twenty years ago the value of the boats, nets, &c., used for the herring fishery of Scotland, was estimated to be of the value of 389,358*l.*, but this sum has greatly increased of late years. In 1864 there were 13,331 boats, of the value of 875,655*l.*; but if we add the money invested by the curers, we very easily arrive at the sum named above, namely, three millions sterling.

It is thought, however, as regards the capture of the herring, that we are decidedly over-fishing; that the fish are in reality decreasing; that the boat-and-net power of the present day, large though it has become, does not bring to shore more fish than used to be captured in former years. We can put this before the reader in a very plain way. In the year 1820, for instance, the 604 boats which were fishing at Wick took each 148 crans of herrings; whilst in 1862, at the same fishery, the average catch per boat was less by 65 crans, although a half more netting was used per boat. With the statement of that suggestive fact we conclude our sketch of the herring fishery of Scotland, which is much more interesting and instructive than we have been able to depict. As to the moral and physical life of the fisher-folk we shall have something to say on a future occasion.

EVENINGS AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

III.—THE BROWN DOG AND THE BABY.

THE next evening I went down to the lighthouse, Duggins began thus:—

"It was two or three years after the time as I was a telling you about, I was a sitting on the beach one day, minding my little sister, when two ladies comes down as I had never seen afore. They sits down a little ways off from where we was a playing, and one on 'um takes out a book, and begins to read out loud.

"Thinks I to myself, I wonder what she's a reading about, and so I makes a pretence, and carries little sister about, and then sits down closer to 'um, to see if I could hear. It was quite a young lady as was a reading, and t'other was her mother, as I took it, and she seemed as though she hadn't been well. So I sits and listens, and presently she as was a reading puts down her parasol for something, and, as soon as she had, the wind ketches it, and away it trundles down the beach into the sea. Just as it got to the water's edge a wave laps up and takes it, and away it floats, stick up'ards, and goes sailing away quite natural like, just as if that was what it was made for. As soon as I seed it, I sets down Hester, and away I goes arter the parasol.

"It was a sailing away pretty fast, and so in I goes and katches hold have it. It was pretty nigh up to my arm-pits when I reached it, but I didn't mind that, and I brings it ashore, and says I, 'Here it is, mum, and it aint much wet.'

"'Thank you,' says she; 'but, although the parasol is not wet, you are.'

"Bless you, mum," says I, "water waunt hurt me; I'm used to it."

"But you must go home and get your things dried," says she, "or else you'll catch cold. Where do you live?"

"Up at that cottage," says I, and I points to it.

"Is that your sister?" says she, looking at little Hester.

"Yes, mum," says I.

"Well," says she, "you go home, and I'll bring the child."

"You needn't trouble yourself, mum," says I, "she waunt take no hurt while I go home, and mother 'ill come and fetch her."

"No, indeed," says she, "your mother's busy, I dare say." So she goes up to little sister, and speaks kindly to her, and the child seems to like her, and then she takes her up, and says to me, "Now you run on."

"You needn't carry her," says I, "she can walk."

"No," says she, "the stones are too rough for her little feet;" and then she says, "now make haste, you run on, and tell your mother I'm coming."

"Mother," says I, as soon as I got in at the door, "I bin in the water arter a lady's parasol, and I'm wet, and the lady's coming along with Hester."

"So mother comes to the door, and just then up comes the lady, and says she, 'I hope your little boy won't catch cold; it was very kind of him to run in, or else I should have lost my parasol.'

"Mother made a curtesy, and says, 'He waunt take no hurt, mum; boys about here don't think nothing of going into the water.'

"Pray let him go and change his clothes," says the lady, for I was a standing there, and the wet was a draining down on the doorstep.

"Yes," says mother to me, "you go and put on your Sunday things, and bring down them as you got on, and I'll wash 'um; they'll be all the better for a wash."

"So I goes upstairs and shifts myself, and when I comes down, there was mother standing with a bright, new, half-crown in her hand, and says she, 'There, that's what the lady's give you—it's half-a-crown—what are you going to do with it?'

"I don't know, mother," says I, taking of it in my hand, and looking at it, "what do people do with money when they gets it?" for you see it was the first money as I had ever had.

"Why," says she, "they spends it."

"Oh," says I, "but when they does that they don't ever have it agin, do they?"

"No," says she.

"Then I waunt spend it," says I; "you keep it for me, and I can have it to look at sometimes, when I want."

"Well, all that day I felt terrible big like, and kept thinking whatever I should do with my money when I did spend it, and next day I told all the boys I knowed, and some of 'um said it warnt half-a-crown, 'cause nobody would give so much for running into the water arter a parasol. So I takes 'um home, and I goos in to mother, and says I, 'Mother, I want my half-crown. Billy Bell and the Champs's boys waunt believe me; they says it's only sixpence—'tis half-a-crown, isn't it?'

"Yes," says she, taking of it out o' the black teapot, "only don't you let them play no lark with it."

"No," says I, "I waunt;" and out I goos with it. Well, fust one looked at it, and then another, and then Frank Champs he looked at it, and then he grabs it, and says, 'dote-larks,' and puts it in his pocket.

"And," says I, "you give it me back agin, else you'll ketch it."

"I'll fight ye for it," says he.

"No," says I, "I don't want to fight, but you shall give it me back agin."

"But he doesn't, and my monkey gets up, and I lets

out at him sudden like, and knocks him down. Then he gets up, and we begins to fight. I'd pretty nigh licked him, when down comes the two ladies, and the young un comes to me, and says she, 'Oh, you naughty boys, what are you fighting for?'

"Mum," says I, "he's thieved my half-crown what you gave me, and I want to make him give it up."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" says she, and she lays hold of Frank and says, "Now, give this little boy back his half-crown, or else I'll have you put to prison."

"Then he looks sheepish like, and pulls it out, and gis it me."

"Then she takes hold o' my hand, and we goes home."

"I hope," says the lady to mother, when we got there, "your little boy isn't fond of fighting."

"Dear heart, no," says mother, "he's never done such a thing afore."

"Frank Champs thieved my money, mother," says I, "and wouldn't give it me back, and I waunt a going to stand that, so I gis him a click aside o' the head, and knocks him down, and he gets up, and then we fought, and this here lady comed and ketched us."

"Says the lady, 'I'm glad to hear you're not a fighting boy. You won't do so again, will you?'

"No, mum," says I, "not unless I'm put upon, then I must."

"So the lady laughed, and didn't say no more."

"Well, arter that the ladies used to come and talk to mother, and lend her books, and sometimes they used to have me and little sister down on the beach with 'um, and they got right fond o' Hester and she o' them. Then sometimes the young lady used to read about all the wonderful things in the world, and the old un used to tell me all about 'um, 'cause I couldn't sometimes understand the books."

"So we got to look for 'um, and when they didn't come we was quite disappointed."

"After awhile, they comed down one day, and says they, 'We've come to bid you good-bye, it's getting cold; but we shall come and see you next year.'

"The next winter was a terrible blowing winter, and when father couldn't go out we used to sit and talk and wonder where 'the ladies' was; we never called 'um nothing but 'the ladies,' 'cause we didn't know their names."

"One night, we was all a sitting round the fire, nice and comfortable, and father was smoking his pipe, with Hester on his knee, and mother was a mending of his stocking, when the wind began to blow quite a gale."

"Lord a' mussy on all poor fellers out at sea to-night," says mother. "It seems to be coming on to blow."

"Yes," says father, "I'm afeard we shall have a dirty night. I hope nobody waunt be took as isn't prepared."

"Well, it comes on to blow great guns, right in shore, and the sea begins to roar and moan, and the rain patters agin the winders, and the wind whistles outside and howls in the chimbley, and sometimes the old house shook agin."

"Well, father fills his pipe agin, and then he begins to tell me a story about one of his wyges, and still the wind gets wuss and wuss, till I thought it was a goin' to blow the old house right down."

"Just then there came a knock at our back door, and in comes Daniel Brice, and says he to father, 'There's a ship ashore on the sands, mate, waunt ye come and see if we can help some have 'um to get ashore?'

"Yes," says father, "that I will, mate."

"Yes," says mother, "you goo, mate; goo and help them poor fellers to get ashore if ye can; perhaps some of 'um have got little boys and gals, as we have. Goo, mate, goo."

"So father puts on his jacket, and kisses us all round, and out he goes.

"Arter father was gone, mother put Hester to bed, and she says to me, 'If you ain't sleepy, mate, you may sit up along a me a little while, perhaps father waunt be long.'

"Well, arter father went it blowed harder nor ever, and the night was as black as pitch. Presently old Mrs. Brice comes in, and asks mother to let her sit with her, and says she, 'My boys is both gone; I hope none on 'um waunt come to no hurt.'

"'I hope father waunt come to no hurt, mother,' says I.

"'I hope not,' says she, 'but I shouldn't have liked it to have bin said as there was poor fellers a drowning and he wouldn't goo and try to help 'um.'

"'No, mother, says I, 'neither should I, only I hope God 'ill take care have him.'

"'I hope he will,' says she, 'and of all the rest have 'um too; but He knows what's best for us, and I ain't afear'd to trust Him.'

"Well, time went on, and father didn't come back, and then we heard voices coming along the back, and mother goes out, and I heard somebody say, 'I dun know, they bin off this two hours and ain't come back, and they keep burning o' lights aboard the ship, so I'm afear'd they couldn't reach her; perhaps they're gone ashore round in the bay. I hope we shall hear something have 'um presently. We're going to launch another boat and try what we can do.'

"When mother comes back she's werry white, and she fidgets like, and can't do nothing, but sits and listens, and every now and then she thinks she hears somebody coming, and she goes to the back door and looks out, and when she comes back she sits down again and don't say nothing.

"Just arter she come back they seemed as if they'd put on a fresh hand at the bellus, and the rain come in regular wollies agin the winder, so that you couldn't hardly hear yourself speak, and we all looks at one another, quite frightened.

"'Lord have mussy on us! I never did hear it blow so afore,' says Mrs. Brice.

"'Nor I,' says mother.

"Well, just then there comes a low wailing sort o' noise, but quite distinct. We all look at one another, but nobody didn't say nothing. Presently it come agin, and I felt quite sick like with fear.

"'What can it be?' says mother, and she goes out to the front to look. As soon as she opens the door out goes the candle, and we was all in the dark, and just then it comes agin, only this time it was as though somebody was a crying. I can tell you I was scared; it seemed as if it cut my heart in two.

"Presently mother comes back nearly wet through, and says she, 'I can't see nothing; I wonder what it was?'

"'I know what it was,' says Mrs. Brice; 'it's sperrets.'

"'Sperrets, nonsense,' says mother; 'there ain't no such things.'

"'Ain't there though,' says Mrs. Brice; 'what was it made that there noise then just now?'

"'I don't know, only it waunt sperrets,' says mother.

"'Waunt it, though,' says Mrs. Brice; 'you'll see, it's a warning, that's what it is.'

"'A warning! what do you mean?' says mother.

"'Summut's going to happen, you see, now,' says Mrs. Brice.

"For ever so long it was all quiet, except the howling of the wind, and the thundering of the waves on the shore, and then we hears the noise agin, only this time it was nigher to the house. 'That there's a dog,' says mother, 'I wonder what's the matter with him.'

"So she puts her shawl over her head, and goes out the back way, and is gone ever so long. When she

comes back she'd got something under her shawl, and there was a large brown dog with her.

"'There,' says she, 'what do you think o' that?' and she undoes her shawl, and shows us a little child about two years old. 'It was a mussy I went out as I did,' she says, 'for the poor little thing's nigh upon dead with the wet and cold;' and she puts it down by the fire and undresses it.

"Well, arter a time, when it gets better, it begins to cry, and then the poor dog, what we hadn't hardly took no notice of, fidgets about, and mother says to him, 'Don't you be afear'd, old fellow. I'll take care of her and you too, if God spares me.'

"So mother gives the child some hot milk, and wraps it up in a warm shawl and gets it to sleep, and then the old dog curls himself up in a corner and goes to sleep too.

"Arter this Mrs. Brice doesn't seem pleased, and mother says to her, 'What's the matter with you? you don't seem comfortable.'

"'Neither am I,' says she, 'I wouldn't have took 'em in.'

"'What do you mean,' says mother.

"'Why the child, and that there dog.'

"'Why not?' says mother.

"'Cause perhaps they're sperrets,' says she.

"Mother laughs, and says, 'I ain't afear'd of no such things.'

"'You do hear of such,' says Mrs. Brice. 'They takes all sorts o' shapes, and they never bring no luck with 'em.'

"'I don't believe in luck,' says mother.

"'Don't ye?' says Mrs. Brice, opening her eyes. 'Well, if ever I did hear anybody like you; you're quite a unbeliever.'

"'No,' says mother, 'it's just the rewerse, it's you as is a unbeliever, 'cause we read in the Scripture as God rules over all, and so there can't be no such thing as luck.'

"Mrs. Brice seemed quite flabbergasted with this, and don't say nothing, and still the storm keeps on as bad as ever, and no father comes home. So mother at last sends me to bed, and up I goes. When I gets there I thinks, I wonder where my poor father is. I hope God's took care have him; but then, says I, I know he's done that, whether he's drowned or not, and then I goes to sleep.

"When I gets up in the morning, mother looks werry grave, and I says to her, 'Mother, aint you heard nothing o' father?'

"'No,' says she, 'they went off last night, nine have 'em, and none have 'em aint come back. T'other boat as went off couldn't reach the ship, and she's come back; but they ain't got no tidings o' fust one.'

"Arter breakfast, old grandfather comes in, and he tells us as they're going to put off another boat. The ship aint broke up, and with the glasses they thinks they can see people up in the rigging, and then we all feels better, and hopes father's all right.

"Well, the long and the short of it was, we seed 'em launch the boat, and arter a time, them as had glasses said she was alongside. Then the weather comes up thick, and we couldn't see nothing for ever so long, and when it cleared we could see the boat coming back agin. Everybody was down looking out, and as she come towards the land, they kept spying at her to see if they could see father or any have them as went off last night.

"At last grandfather says, 'Don't none o' ye see nothing have my son Tummas.'

"'No, father,' says one on 'em, 'that's jest what we're looking for, we don't see none on 'em; but perhaps they've got hurt, and is laying down in the bottom.'

"I begins to feel very queer, and poor mother looks quite white and stoney like; poor grandfather, he was

quite of a dothery, and some o' the wimmen begins to cry. Then they all rushed down to the beach, for the boat was close to the shore.

"Well, sir, they brought sad news indeed. They'd saved two poor fellers as had bin in the rigging all night, but they'd no tidings of father, or any of 'um. Such a scene as there was with the wimmin you can't possibly imagine. Mother bore up well till she got indoors, and then she went upstairs, and left Hester and me, and I sat down and cried, for I a'most felt that my heart would break.

"Then mother come back, and sits down by us, and

takes up Hester and kisses her, and then I goes up alongside of her, and I say, 'Mother, I waunt cry if it ain't right and it hurts you; but shall I never see poor father agin?'

"'No, dear,' says she, 'God's took him, and we mustn't go agin His will. It's hard, I know; but I know as your poor dear father loved his Saviour, and so I ain't no fear for him. So now we mustn't give way, but we must all try and do our duty, and you must try and be a comfort to me, and then God will bless us and comfort us if we do our duty and trust in His mercy.'



PLACE ROYALE.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XIV.—THE PLACE ROYALE AND THE MARAIS.

WE have before alluded to the numerous and immense changes which, within the last twenty years, have taken place in Paris. At the present time there is but one portion of the French metropolis which bears any resemblance, or has any considerable vestiges left of old Paris and these are rapidly disappearing. The parts alluded to are those of the Place Royale and the streets of the Marais around it. Although this is now considered as perhaps the least fashionable locality in the French capital, it was formerly the abode of royalty, and of many of the most celebrated of the French nobility; the Place Royale itself occupying the spot on which the Palais de Tournelles formerly stood, and from which a street in the immediate neighbourhood receives its name.

This palace was so called from the number of towers and turrets which surrounded it. It was originally built as a private dwelling by Pierre d'Argemont,

chancellor of France, about the year 1390. Charles VI. dwelt in it for some years. The Duke of Bedford took up his abode in it, in the year 1424, as regent, in the name of Henry of Lancaster, King of France and England. In 1437, Charles VII. resided in it, and both Louis XII., and Henry II. died there. It was here also that the masquerade took place when Charles VI. nearly lost his life. The old palace was destroyed by Catharine de Medici in the year 1625. She had formerly resided in it; but at a tournament which had been given under her patronage, Henry II., in tilting with the Count de Montgomery, received a wound in his eye which caused his death. The helmet which he wore on the day is still preserved in the Musée des Souverains in the Louvre. At the time of the accident the visor of the king's helmet was slightly raised, that he might be able to breathe more freely, the day being hot, and the exercise he had taken having fatigued him, when the tilting spear of the Count de Montgomery accidentally struck the king in the eye and entered his brain.

For many years after the destruction of the palace of the Tournelles nothing appears to have been built upon the ground, for it was not until the year 1604, during the reign of Henry IV., that the present Place Royale was begun. It extends over about 15,350 square yards. The houses are all of red brick, with stone facings and high roofs. A wide arcade runs round the square, which is surrounded by iron railings. In the enclosure, are some fountains, and under the shade of the trees is a favourite spot in fine weather for the meeting of retired bourgeois of the neighbourhood, where, as shown in our woodcut, they while away the time in conversation or reading.

In the centre was formerly an equestrian statue of Louis XIII., erected by Richelieu in 1639, but it was destroyed by the revolutionists in 1792. The Bourbons, on their return, determined that another should be erected in its place, and the present one—which is of white marble—was put there in 1829. As a work of art it is utterly contemptible. The artist finding that he had made a mistake in his calculations, and that it would be impossible for the statue, when completed, to remain in the position he had designed for it, adopted the idea of placing for support, under the girth of the horse, the stump of a tree, which gives a most ridiculous effect to the whole. The Place Royale has not, however, been always the name of the square; it was changed during the Revolution into that of the Palais des Vosges. The republican government being sorely in want of money, issued a notice that the departments in France which should first pay their taxes, should have some locality in Paris named after them. The first to obey the summons was the Department des Vosges, and the Place Royale was in consequence called by its name. It was not likely, however, that such an affront to the Bourbon dynasty should pass unnoticed, and at their return the name was immediately changed back again to that of the Place Royale. On the expulsion of the Bourbons, at the Revolution of 1830, the Conseil-General des Vosges petitioned the government to allow their name to be restored to it, to which, however, Louis Philippe refused to accede, although petitions to that effect were annually forwarded to him. At the Revolution of 1848 the place went for a short time by the name of Des Vosges; but, on the establishment of the empire, it was again altered to that of the Place Royale.

The Place Royale and some of the hôtels in the streets around it give a far better idea of the state of luxury and grandeur maintained by the ancient French nobility than anything which can be seen in the more fashionable parts of Paris. The reader, if in Paris, should by no means neglect dedicating a morning to visiting them. Not only are the reminiscences connected with the Place Royale itself—with its traditions of desperate encounters and court intrigues—highly interesting, but every street around is rich in some historical event. For instance, the house at present No 7, Rue du Temple, was formerly the residence of the celebrated Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, who is said to have died in one of the rooms on the ground floor. He was a man of great celebrity in his time, a brave soldier, but somewhat unscrupulous. He was in many battles, and notorious for his contempt of death, and by his courage set an admirable example to the men under his command. The last battle he was engaged in was that of St. Denis, where he was mortally wounded. After the fight he was carried to his home, where a surgeon shortly attended him. At first sight the surgeon perceived there was not the slightest chance of his being able to save the life of his patient, but he did not like to have the responsibility of informing the Constable of the danger he was in. A Capucine friar, however, to whom the surgeon communicated his patient's con-

dition, took upon himself the delicate office. He commenced by stating that all were mortal, and should be prepared for their death. Here the monk's courage failed him, and he became confused. The wounded man easily understood him. "Fear nothing," he said to the monk, "but tell your message boldly. You are sent to inform me that I am about to die. Well, let it be so. I have been able to live with honour for eighty years, and I shall not find it difficult to die in a quarter of an hour." The Constable expired three days after the battle of St. Denis.

The Hôtel de Carnavales, in the Rue Culture Sainte Catharine, is also noted as having once been the residence of Madame de Sévigné, and afterwards of her daughter the Countess de Grignan. It was built in the year 1544 by the celebrated architect, Jean Bullaut. This hôtel is an admirable specimen of the domestic architecture of the aristocracy of the day, showing the vast state and luxury they must have kept up. It acquired a great reputation as being the resort of all the wits and men of learning in Paris. The drawing-rooms of Madame de Sévigné and her daughter are still to be seen, although their present application is widely different from that intended by the architect who built the hôtel, being now used as dormitories for a boys' school. The little study in which Madame de Sévigné wrote her celebrated letters is also shown.

Another and equally celebrated hotel, now No. 87 in the Rue Vielle du Temple, and the government printing establishment, was formerly the Palais Cardinal. The last tenant of this palace was the Cardinal de Rohan—the tool of the infamous adventuress the Countess de la Motte Valois, whose intrigues brought so much unmerited blame on the Queen Marie Antoinette.

No. 37 in the Rue Roi de Sicile was for some time inhabited by Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchess of Beaufort, who afterwards removed to a magnificent hôtel on the site of the present mairie of the first arrondissement, and obtained considerable notoriety—and that of a most unenviable description—in the reign of Henry IV. Paris had not yet recovered from the effects of the siege, and the poorer population were still suffering the most intense privations. "Processions of poor creatures," says Pierre de L'Etrille, "daily passed through the streets begging for bread, while the houses of the rich were satiated with banquets and superfluities. In the eyes of God it was an abominable state of things, whatever excuses men may make for it; and instead of attempting to appease the anger of God, they seemed to use every effort to increase it. Charitable persons assisted to the Hôtel Dieu hundreds of poor members of Christ's church, so sick and faint, that they hardly entered the building before they died. And all this while the greatest luxury and extravagance existed in Paris. Feasts and banquets were given, at which every dish cost forty-five crowns. Magnificent collations of three courses were served, while sweetmeats and cakes were so little cared for, that the ladies used to throw them to their pages and lackeys. As to their dresses, rings, and ornaments,—their superfluity was such that it extended to the tips of their shoes. On Sunday, February 15—although hundreds of the people were starving—there were magnificent fêtes and ballets given at the court, where ladies were so richly dressed, and covered with so many ornaments of pearls and precious stones, that they appear to have had considerable difficulty in moving about the rooms." He goes on to state that Gabrielle d'Estrées herself was so extravagant, that the embroidery on each of her pocket-handkerchiefs cost nine hundred crowns; and on the authority of Sully, the king annually spent upon frivolities and gambling no less than 200,000 crowns.

In the Marais are the remains of many other magni-

ficient hôtels. In fact every street in the Marais or near the Place Royale has in it some object worthy of notice, either as the residence of a celebrity of the time, or the scene of some remarkable event which had taken place in it. Of the difference between the wealth and poverty of Paris prior to the French Revolution, the reader may form some idea when it is remembered that no less than 500 hôtels of the nobility and wealthy were still standing in Paris in the year 1791.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

IX.—NEWSMONGERING.

A NEWSMONGER is a person who deals in news; and the term may, therefore, be correctly applied to many worthy persons who gain an honest livelihood, and who may themselves care no more for news than they do for old boots. The shopkeeper, who sells all the daily and weekly newspapers, is a newsmonger; and the little boys in red, blue, yellow, and other garments, with a badge like a drover's on one arm and with the name of the particular paper to which they are attached worn as sailors wear the name of their ship on their caps, who divide their time between treading upon your toes, butting you in the stomach, and offering you the latest edition of the penny newspapers, are newsmongers: but not in the sense in which newsmongering is here used. The newsmonger to whom attention is hereby called is a person like the well-known What's-up. And What's-up and his fellows resemble those Athenians and others of old of whom it is said that they "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." What's-up's end and aim in life is news; truth is a matter of slight consideration, but news he must have or—he'll invent some. What's-up may have business to attend to, but he will neglect it at any time for news; he is declared to have an excellent appetite, to feel more than ordinary interest in his breakfast, dinner, and other meals, and, in fact, to be tenderly attached to his inside, but he will leave breakfast, dinner, or tea; he will let the hot get cold, and the brisk get flat; he will be deaf to the very grumblings of his interior if only he can fill his ears with news, or unburthen himself of news to a willing (or, for the matter of that, unwilling) listener. It is worth while to take note of What's-up's outward appearance. He wears, for the most part, one of two aspects, according as he is empty or full; according as he wishes to take in or let out news. In the former case his face wears an eager, anxious, hungry expression; he walks along hurriedly and nervously, throwing about him such glances as a street-singer or street-musician casts at the windows of houses in search of a pitying face and a kindly hand prepared to throw the wished-for copper; he seems to rummage with his nose; he carries his head a little on one side, and his ears pricked up, and his whole manner reminds one of that of a dog which, with muzzle down and tail erect, careers over field and road, industriously hunting after that buried secret which every dog seems to have heard of and to seek for, but which no dog seems ever yet to have discovered or to be ever likely to discover. In the latter case his face wears an expression of such importance and conscious knowledge that the police would be almost justified in stopping him and asking him to show them what he has in his mind, and whether he has found out the secret of the "Waterloo Bridge tragedy," or any other tragedy or comedy which has been hitherto too much for their own detective powers; he strides along swiftly and steadily, with his eye sweeping the horizon in quest of Dotell or Wantoknow,

or any other of his friends to whom he may tell his tale, gaining a temporary advantage over them thereby; he reminds one of a dog which, having been intrusted with the mysterious duty of carrying its master's stick, is duly impressed with its own dignity; and at every step he seems to swell more and more, as if the news inside him were growing bigger and bigger, until there is some danger that, unless Dotell or Wantoknow, or some other newsholder, arrive to relieve him, he will put a jury of his countrymen to the necessity of finding that he "burst from over-suppression of news."

What's-up is never in repose; he wanders about in company from person to person, and moves away from each disconsolate at finding no news, just as a dog amongst a company of dogs sniffs carefully at each, and turns away dissatisfied at not finding the particular dog which was sent over as ambassador from China, and which bears a message nearly concerning the interest of those who can trace their descent from the little dog that laughed to see the sport when the cow jumped over the moon. What's-up's first questions are always either "What's the news?" or "Have you heard the news?" In the former case he speaks humbly, in the latter in a tone of superiority. If his news, as very often happens, concerns the private life of individuals, he tells his story in a sort of half-whisper, accompanied by knowing looks, confidential nods, and clutches at the listener's button-hole. What's-up is the man who hears all those reports about a "split in the Cabinet;" about "the form in which the Government mean to proceed with their Reform Bill;" about "the match which was arranged, but is now broken off, between a certain noble lord and a fair star of the theatrical profession, whose names are, for prudential considerations, withheld;" about a thousand and one things such as people are curious about, and which reports are nearly always contradicted either by events or "on authority." What's-up knows more about the Queen and the Royal Family, about the Bishops and Judges, about the two Houses of Parliament, and about the Fenians, than they know themselves. If you want to know who is the author of a book which has made a great stir, but has no name on the title-page, ask What's-up, and he will tell you (and you will most likely find out in the end that he was wrong).

What's-up is said to very often fill the post of "correspondent" to a newspaper, and, under some such title as "the lounge at the chop-house," or "the listener at the key-hole," or "the cat on the tiles," or "the prowler on the back-stairs," to provide country or other newspapers with the most interesting, exciting, and startling news (to be contradicted not seldom "in our next"). What's-up is very fond of telling you news "in confidence," which is a thing to be greatly objected to. For not only does he relieve his mind at your expense, but he puts you in a position which you were by no means anxious to occupy; and, moreover, you will nearly always find, when any weak vessel less able than yourself to keep news from leaking out, that What's-up has told the same thing to at least a dozen other persons in each case "in confidence." What puzzles people most is to guess how What's-up comes by his news; some people say he dreams it (for dreams, you know, always go by contraries); others that he is clever enough to make it. At any rate, that is a good rule which bids you "never believe more than half of what you hear"—especially when you hear it from a notorious newsmonger.

It is said that newspapers were first invented by a French physician, who, finding his visits welcome whenever he brought any news or gossip, applied to Cardinal Richelieu for a patent to publish the "Paris Gazette," in 1622.

MIDDLE CLASS FEMALE EDUCATION.

FIRST LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me to make a few remarks on the important subject of female education for the middle classes.

Whatever useless learning boys may acquire at school, or whatever useful knowledge their teachers may withhold, the superfluity is generally got rid of, or the deficiency made up, to some extent at least, in after life. The necessity which every man is under of making his way in the world—even when the supply of daily bread does not depend on his personal exertion—makes him quick to seize all information that can further him in his object; while the little respect paid by his fellows to acquirements and accomplishments which do not further that object makes him equally ready to let them slip; or, at all events, to keep them in abeyance to more important branches of learning. Of most of those men who remain stupid, frivolous, incapable, or idle during life, we may safely say the very best education would scarcely have made them anything else. In common phrase, “there was nothing in them.” Women, on the other hand—except those who have to earn their own bread—are comparatively little dependent on their own exertions, on their own abilities or acquirements, for their social advantages. Not only mere admiration and popularity, but even wealth, position, rank, and consequence, fall to the lot of those who could not earn their daily bread, and cannot earn respect, esteem, influence, or authority; who would have been personally helpless, and are socially useless. Women therefore, in general, show little desire to correct the defects or supply the deficiencies of their early education; nor is this to be very much blamed, any more than very much wondered at. It is not altogether from the fact of possessing higher principles that men are anxious to remedy any faults in their education. Could they have certain social advantages without the necessary social worth, or at least social usefulness, they might be as careless as women in this respect; and were parents assured that their daughters' future position in life, and consequence in society, would depend upon their social usefulness, women might not be left to repair the mischief done by their instructors.

Enough, and perhaps more than enough has been said on the folly of limiting female education in the middle ranks to mere accomplishments, or at least of giving to accomplishments more than a proper share of time and attention; since it has not been satisfactorily proved that the substitution generally of various other branches of learning would render women as a rule more fitted for the lives they are to lead. We are beginning at last to recognize the fact that every male human being about to be educated does not require nor could make future use of exactly the same course of instruction: consequently we have, for boys, grammar schools and commercial schools—schools to prepare them for future learning, or merely to fit them for business; while the necessity of undergoing examinations for government appointments or army commissions has created individual distinctions in the course of study even in these. For women there is no such arrangement. The course of instruction is exactly the same for all; the only difference being that what is taught by competent “professors” in a first-class school, is taught—if the word may be used—by ignorant and incapable female teachers in the second and third rate “establishments,” which send forth the ignorant and incapable women who mismanage their households and neglect or misgovern their children. No doubt the principles on which the education of men is conducted are not yet all that they ought to be. There is too much of the element of social caste, and too little of mental distinction. The course of instruction is too often decided by what is desired a man should be, instead of what he is fit for. Parents or guardians choose that trade or profession which offers the best prospect of fortune or distinction, rather than that in which the individual is best qualified, by nature's endowments, to acquire fortune or distinction. Still a great deal has been done, and juster opinions on the subject are steadily gaining ground, while any decided movement for securing similar advantages to women has yet to be commenced. Every girl at school must sit for the same number of weary hours before the piano, though she may have neither ear nor taste, and there may be no intention of making music her profession. She must translate the same quantity of French and German, although having no ability for becoming a linguist, just enough to enable her to make herself understood should she go abroad would be sufficient; nor is that much even always wanted. On this

point the fact may be parenthetically alluded to, that there are first-class schools in which the pupils are forbidden to speak in English. The whole necessary conversation of the schoolroom, as well as all the social intercourse permitted—and it is but very little—during meal time or the hours of recreation, is carried on in French. Wrongheaded absurdity can go no farther than this. Formerly every young lady was also required to take drawing lessons, and produce the result in a portfolio of hieroglyphics in pencilling called landscape sketches, or puzzles in water-colours called flower paintings. There is some comfort in knowing that at present this is not always insisted upon; that though custom still obliges women to appeal their friends or society through the sense of hearing, it does not compel them to do so through that of sight. They must all, however, during their school days, imbibe, or endeavour to imbibe, a knowledge, as it is called, of history, geography, and arithmetic, in exactly the same doses, no matter to which the peculiar taste or talent of each one may incline; and, in establishments which ostentatiously parade the “particular attention paid to solid information,” there is generally added a smattering of some of the natural sciences; those selected being, we may say without exception, the least likely to be of any use in the practical concerns of life.

Thus it comes to pass we have the spectacle of women, possessed of excellent abilities, wasting their youth over studies which are a very weariness to their souls, while the knowledge which they might have made useful, or which might have made them distinguished, is neglected until the time for acquiring it is past. Why is this senseless system allowed to go on? Why do instructors undertake to teach, and parents insist upon their children learning what the children cannot learn, and what the instructors, if they were conscientious, would therefore admit that they cannot teach? A schoolmistress, or “lady principal” as she is now called, undertakes that Miss A or B shall learn music. Of course. Who will dare to doubt it? Her establishment is famous for music, and is there not a “Herr” something or another, first music teacher, who is an undoubted proficient; and are not the Misses C, D, and F, who were educated there, most accomplished performers? But the Misses C, D, and F, had not only decided musical talent, but were passionately fond of the art; and two out of the three have magnificent voices, and are as justly celebrated for their vocal powers, as for their ability in mastering the theory of their favourite pursuit and their skill in the practice of it. Indeed, every one of the three young ladies would have liked, and ought to have been allowed, to devote more time than that allotted to the cultivation of the gift with which God had endowed her. Poor Miss A or B, on the contrary, has very little more musical talent than the stool on which she sits—to the distortion of her spine very likely—during those hours in which she is engaged practising, as it is called, neither has God gifted her with ear or voice. Still, music is in the programme, and it could not be admitted that any young lady should be supposed incapable of learning it at the establishment; or rather that there should be any young lady to whom the establishment could be incapable of teaching it. So she is taught. And, when she goes into society, she plays, and people either talk or walk out of the room; and she keeps, poor girl, to do the first herself, for there is information which she is thirsting to receive, and she has ideas and opinions which she is burning to express. But she has been informed—I beg pardon—she has had “information imparted to her” as all those “branches” which formed the routine of Miss Red-tape's establishment; she has been browbeaten into believing that they are the only branches on the tree of knowledge whose fruit could be wholesome for her to taste, and she does not ask for more: while as for ideas or opinions, what young lady in that “correct” community ever presumed to have an opinion, much less express one, so she is still more cowardly in that particular. She sings: Orpheus defend us from hearing her! And if politeness compels the company to be silent while she does so, the greatest hypocrite in the room cannot get up sufficient admiration to deceive the performer into believing that her exhibition has been anything but a humiliation to herself or an infliction on her hearers. This is the case of a moderately sensible young woman; but unfortunately there are hundreds of young women not sensible enough to be humiliated, or to know that their hearers are not delighted.

Not to encroach too much on your space, I will reserve what further I have to say till next week, and beg to subscribe myself,

Yours, truly obliged,
A. P.

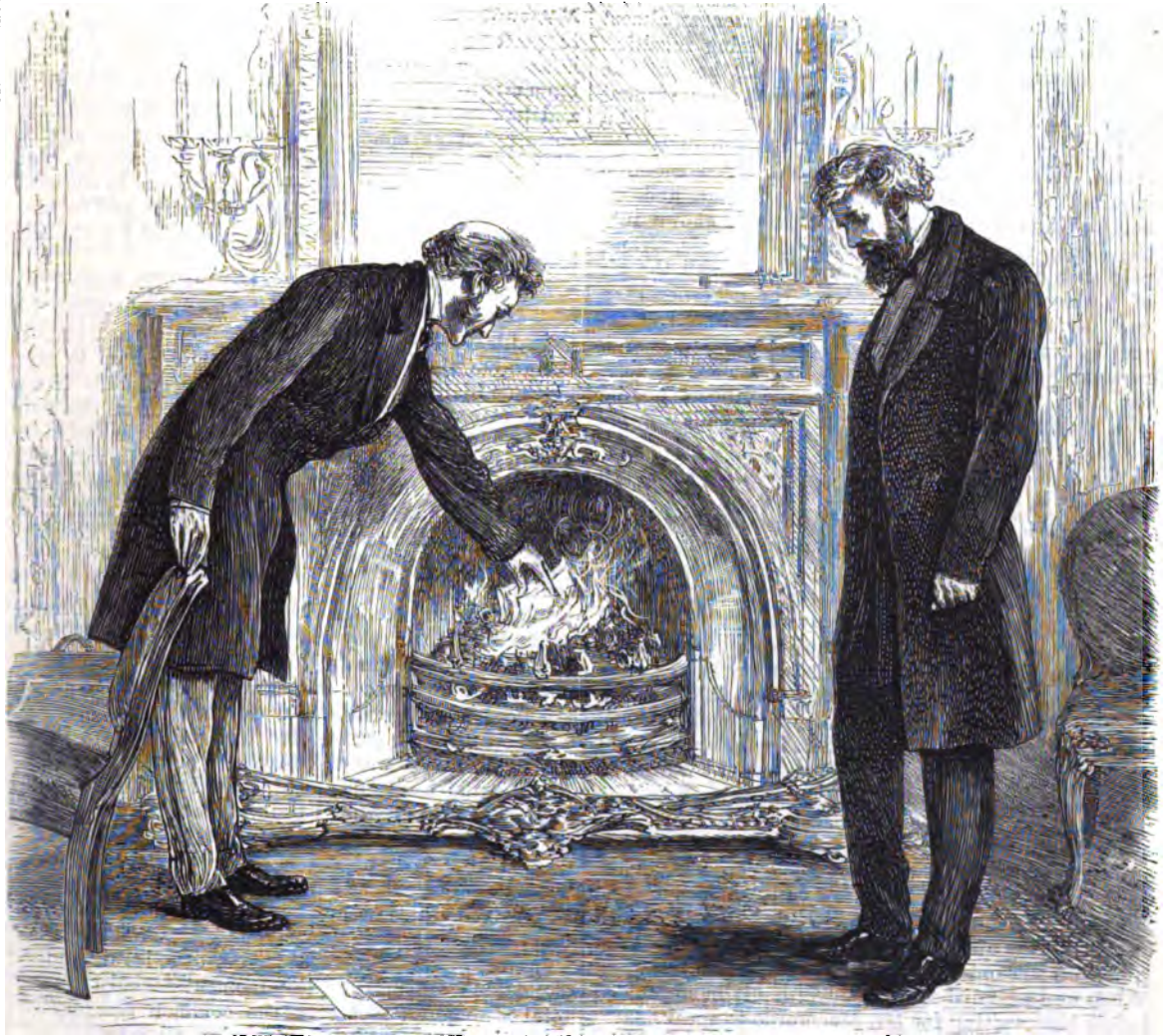
THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

UP AND DOWN THE LADDER.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS," ETC.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER.

THE day after his visit to Robert Evans, Mr. Macmurdo was greatly surprised, on arriving at his office, to find a large, well-filled envelope addressed to him in Robert's handwriting, and marked "private." His surprise was trifling to the astonishment he felt when, on opening it, he drew from it several bills of

exchange to the amount of many thousands, with his own name written across them, all of which had been paid. Presently he took from the envelope a letter written by Robert Evans. In it was a full description of his guilt, saying how he had been in the habit of forging Macmurdo's name to similar documents for some months past, and that he had also done so in order to transfer for his own use a portion of the stock to which they were joint trustees for Mr. Wilkin-

son's daughter. For all, however, he had now made full restitution—the money had been replaced and the bills taken up. He did not write, he said in the letter, with the view of exculpating himself in any way, or of asking for mercy for the crime he had committed. He had restored the moneys he had dishonestly obtained, but only as a solace to his own conscience. He was perfectly ready to submit to any proceedings Mr. Macmurdo might think fit to take against him, and for that purpose he had not only forwarded to him the whole of the bills, to sustain any charge he might make, but he also authorized him to retain the letter as further proof of his guilt.

It would be impossible to describe Mr. Macmurdo's astonishment on reading this letter from Robert Evans. To find a man whom he had considered as the very soul of honour guilty of such baseness, almost for the moment deprived him of reasoning faculties. After having a little recovered himself, he put the letter, with the bills, into his pocket, and without speaking a word on the subject to any one, he called a cab, and at once drove to Robert's house in Harley Street. When the door was opened, Mr. Macmurdo inquired whether Mr. Evans was at home, and, on being answered in the affirmative, he was shown into the dining-room. A few minutes afterwards, Evans, pale as a ghost, entered the room, and, with the air of a prisoner in the presence of the governor of a gaol, he stood with downcast eyes before Mr. Macmurdo, waiting for him to speak. After a few moments' silence Mr. Macmurdo told Robert to close the door, which he had left open. Robert obeyed him, and immediately afterwards resumed his original position.

"Is that letter in your handwriting?" he asked, throwing it, and the bills, on the table.

"It is, sir," said Robert, "and the bills as well."

"What could have induced you to behave in so dishonourable a manner?" asked Mr. Macmurdo.

"I can hardly tell you, sir," said Robert. "I will do it, however, to the best of my ability. At first I had not the slightest intention of acting dishonestly. At the suggestion of Moss, I was so imprudent as to make use of some money of yours I had in my hands, which, however, I replaced, and which, you will remember, I informed you of. The next irregularity, if not an act of dishonesty, was committed by Moss, in signing, without my knowledge, your name to a bill. This money I immediately replaced, and was upon the point of informing you of it, when he endeavoured to prove to me that I should not be believed, inasmuch as the money obtained upon the bill had been applied to my own private use." Robert Evans then continued to explain the different dishonest actions he had been guilty of, without the slightest disguise or reservation. When he had finished he stood with his hands folded before him, waiting for Mr. Macmurdo to speak.

"Are you aware," said Mr. Macmurdo, "that the crimes you have committed may be punished by a lengthened penal servitude?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"And that it is my duty to society to prosecute you?" added Mr. Macmurdo.

"Certainly, sir," said Robert. "Six months ago I would have prosecuted anybody who had acted in a similar manner to me. Perfectly understand me, Mr. Macmurdo: you cannot take any measures against me so severe that I will not admit them to be quite justi-

fiable. I have been utterly and basely guilty, and I am totally unworthy of mercy, nor would I wish it, had it not been —" Here his eyes filled with tears.

"What is it you mean?" inquired Mr. Macmurdo.

Robert continued silent.

"I ask you to what circumstance you allude?" continued Mr. Macmurdo.

"Although my poor wife can no longer be hurt by the discovery," said Evans, the tears now fairly pouring down his face, "there is one to whom I am much indebted, who will suffer terribly when she hears of my guilt. It will be a death-blow to that poor old woman, whose life has been to me one long-continued act of kindness, and who holds me to be as honest as the day."

"I am placed in an awkward position," said Mr. Macmurdo, after a moment's silence. "I have a duty to perform to society, but I am not aware that it is so strong as to oblige me to commit an act of inhumanity on that poor woman. What am I to do? and how am I to act?" he continued, not addressing Robert, but as simply uttering his thoughts aloud. "My duty tells me I ought not to forgive you, yet humanity, and even Christian feeling, seem to counsel the contrary. Restitution has been made, and to the full, and I cannot conceive any reason why I should not forgive if it pleases me."

Mr. Macmurdo now remained silent, but walked to and fro in the room, evidently deeply absorbed in thought, Robert Evans standing motionless as a statue the while. At last Mr. Macmurdo hurried up to the table, and taking the letter and the forged bills from it, he tore them in half, and threw them in the fire with a precipitation which showed that he seemed afraid to dwell longer on the subject. He watched the papers as they burnt, and, when they were all perfectly consumed, he gave a deep sigh of relief, and said, "Thank Heaven that is over, and I can now do nothing if I would." Then, turning to Robert, he continued—

"Do not imagine, Mr. Evans, that by the act I have committed, I, in any way, exonerate you. I have simply done it to spare my own feelings, that I might not have it on my conscience that I had bowed down the head of an amiable and unoffending old woman with sorrow to the grave; that I might not have it on my mind that I was the means of condemning to a life of penal servitude a man whom I have respected and, more than all, that I believe, though I am unable to prove it, that I have the right to forgive—even against the spirit of the law—those who have trespassed against me, as I hope my own trespasses may be forgiven. At the same time, though I have destroyed every documentary proof of your guilt, and, as far as I am concerned, your secret is your own, let us understand each other: from this moment forward we are total strangers. Not even the common courtesy of salutation may pass between us when we meet."

"I should not expect it, sir," said Robert, "even if I remained in England."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Macmurdo.

"I will tell you, candidly, sir," said Robert. "I thought it probable that although you would hardly be justified in showing me any mercy, you might still take pity on my poor old mother; and in that case I should immediately leave England for America, and begin the world anew. I mean anew, sir, in the fullest sense of the word, for I have not a shilling of my own

left in the world. I am poorer than when, as a boy, Murphy, the journeyman carpenter, first placed in my hand a chisel to sharpen, and gave me some nails to drive into a piece of wood for practice. I am, even now, in debt to Mrs. Murphy, though I trust I shall be able to clear that off, or nearly so, by the sale of the furniture of this house. Mr. Macmurdo," he continued, "do not imagine I have committed these acts without penitence and compunction. You asked me the other evening what had so rapidly changed my hair from black to white, and I promised I would inform you. You now know my secret."

"All things considered, Evans, I think your leaving this country for America the most prudent thing you could do. Although Moss can no longer rise up in evidence against you, still your transfer of the stock might be discovered, and, if so, I should certainly bear witness to the truth. I am no lawyer, and therefore do not know what my duty would be on the occasion, nor have I any particular wish to inquire. You understand me."

"Moss knows nothing of the transfer of the stock," said Robert.

"It would matter but little if he did," said Mr. Macmurdo. "He is now standing before another tribunal to answer for his own sins." Then noticing an expression of astonishment on Robert's countenance, he continued, "Have you not heard that he has destroyed himself?"

"Not a word of it," said Robert, turning very pale.

"Yes, he has destroyed himself, and the coroner's inquest took place last night, bringing in a verdict of temporary insanity. But now, sir, all communication ends between us. Take my advice, leave England as rapidly as you can, for if we should meet, I shall not notice you, and that might give rise to very unpleasant suspicions."

Mr. Macmurdo now took up his hat to leave the room, but before opening the door he turned round to Robert, and, with a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Although for the future I shall not know you, I cannot altogether forget old times. Write to me occasionally, and let me know how you get on. I tell you candidly I shall not answer your letters; but it will be a great satisfaction for me to know that a person whom I have respected as I have yourself has again the power, by a very narrow escape, to re-establish himself as, what till this day I have believed him to be—an honest man."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER Mr. Macmurdo had left Robert Evans, it was some time before he could recover his self-possession, so overcome had he been by his friend's kindness. Again, the intelligence of the death of Moss had startled him greatly. By degrees he somewhat recovered his composure, and it now remained for him to break to Mrs. Murphy the news that he was obliged to leave England. Presently he heard her footstep on the stairs, and requested her to come into the room, as he had something of importance to communicate to her. As soon as he had closed the door, he said,

"Do not be alarmed, my dear mother, at what I am going to say. I shall shortly leave England for America."

"You will not be long gone, I hope, Robert," she said.

"I shall never return, mother."

"Oh, do not think of it," she continued. "Remember, I am an old woman, and very weak, and have not the strength to travel to outlandish places at my time of life."

"But, mother, I must go," said Robert. "Now summon up all your courage, and hear what I am going to tell you. I am a ruined man. I have not a shilling in the world I can call my own."

Although Mrs. Murphy appeared greatly shocked at the news, she did not seem so much affected by it as Robert dreaded.

"But, my dear," she said, "I have still my money untouched; why cannot you make use of that?"

"Because, mother," said Robert, "I might lose it, and then you would have nothing left. Besides, my credit is gone, and I should be ashamed to look anybody in the face."

"Nonsense, Robert," said Mrs. Murphy, "all are liable to misfortune. You have done nothing you ought to be ashamed of. Never mind what people think, but hold up your head like an honest man as you are."

It is only justice to Robert Evans to admit that here he would willingly have told the whole truth to Mrs. Murphy, had he not been restrained by the fear of the effect the shock might produce, and he continued—

"Still, mother, it is impossible for me to remain in England. As a man of business, my credit is gone; nor shall I be able easily to recover it. Now, like a dear, good soul, do come with me. The voyage is but a short one, and I am sure you will be very happy there. If you are not, it shall not be from any want of care or solicitude on my part."

"Of that, Robert dear, I am fully persuaded," said Mrs. Murphy; "still, it is a terrible thing, at my time of life, to leave my native country and travel to foreign parts. But to live without you would be impossible, and I will go with you, for you are all that is dear to me on earth."

The next morning Robert placed in the hands of an auctioneer an order to sell the lease and furniture of the house in Harley Street, taking at the time a quiet lodging for himself and Mrs. Murphy till all should be disposed of. In a few days the house in which he had experienced so much of happiness and of misery was placarded over with bills announcing the sale; and the following week the furniture had all been sold, the lease transferred, and the money paid over to him. His first care was to return to Mrs. Murphy the money he had borrowed, and a month afterwards she and Robert left England for the New World. Fortunately for the old lady the passage was a very favourable one, and she suffered much less than might have been anticipated in a person at her advanced period of life. For some days after they had set sail, both Mrs. Murphy and Robert were silent and depressed. As far as Mrs. Murphy was concerned, the feeling seemed gradually to wear off; but although Robert became more conversable, there was no difficulty in perceiving that sorrow was pressing heavily upon him.

They arrived safely in New York, and remained at an hotel for some weeks, in order that Robert might determine in what locality he would again start in business, and at last, thinking that he had found a favourable opportunity, they left New York for the town of X—, in Vermont. Robert had now to begin

the world anew, and without a shilling of his own. True, he might have had any amount of capital he required, for Mrs. Murphy had transferred the whole of her stock into American securities, and placed it at his service. He borrowed of her, however, but one hundred pounds, with which he commenced business. Slowly and with great difficulty he made his way; and, with the first money he earned, he repaid Mrs. Murphy the sum she had lent him.

After they had been settled about twelve months in X—, a certain Mr. Podmore came to reside in the town. He was likewise a builder, and a considerable amount of competition existed between them. Fortunately there was room enough for both, and they continued on amicable terms together. At last they formed a closer intimacy, which ended in Mr. Podmore proposing they should enter into partnership—an offer which Robert, after a little consideration, accepted. Affairs now proceeded in a more flourishing manner for both. Though of different temperaments, the partners admirably suited each other. Mr. Podmore, a shrewd, speculative, energetic Yankee, was too apt to overburden himself with difficulties he did not clearly see his way through; while Robert, whose natural caution was now increased by the sorrows he had undergone, was, perhaps, too tardy in coming to a conclusion, although he never swerved from it when once it had been formed. In conducting their business they resembled each other in two qualities only—both were men of great industry and perfect integrity. In person they were exceedingly dissimilar. Mr. Podmore was a very tall, angular, and broad-shouldered man, with sallow cheeks, deep sunk eyes, long arms and large hands, black hair, and with a very good-humoured expression of countenance. Robert Evans's features were, on the contrary, delicately formed, the expression of his countenance was thoughtful and sorrowful, he was subject to frequent fits of melancholy, and his hair, which formerly was of a jet black colour, was now white as the driven snow, not the white of the Albinos, but the silvery hue of extreme old age.

The domestic establishments of the partners were, also, very different. Mr. Podmore was a married man, and his wife an amiable, good-tempered woman. They had a large family of children, most of them very young. Robert Evans, on the contrary, resided with Mrs. Murphy, in a neat, well-furnished house, seeing but few friends, and being contented in each other's society. Robert seemed to indulge in one pleasure alone, and that was the society of his partner's children, for whom both he and Mrs. Murphy appeared to have a great affection.

The frequent expression of unhappiness on Robert's countenance told but too truthfully his feelings. Although success attended almost every transaction into which he and Mr. Podmore entered, he did not appear to feel the slightest pleasure in the result. Everything seemed to be tasteless to him. He went mechanically through the duties of the day, and the evening (except when he spent it with his partner's children) he passed generally in reading. Mrs. Murphy had also become extremely taciturn, though as tenderly attached to her dear boy, as she continued to call him, as ever. After they had resided at X— for about three years, Mrs. Murphy took a very severe cold when returning from chapel one very stormy evening, which ended in inflammation of the lungs, from which she died. She was attended in her last moments by Robert and Mrs.

Podmore, who acted throughout the whole of her illness as a kind and attentive nurse.

Robert did not appear to grieve outwardly for her loss as much as might have been expected. Malicious people in the town stated that the large sum of money she had left him had acted as a soother to his grief. This, however, was far from being the truth, for Robert was never the same energetic man after her death that he had been before. He appeared to leave the greater part of the business to his partner, with whom he continued on the best of terms.

A few months after the death of Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Podmore asked her husband one morning if he did not think Mr. Evans looked very poorly? Mr. Podmore replied that he did, and had advised him to leave business for a little time, and to take a journey to some place where he could relieve his mind from the sorrow which he (Mr. Podmore) now began to believe was hanging over him, but that Mr. Evans had refused to leave the town, saying no doubt he should shortly be better. Time passed, and symptoms of consumption became plainly visible in Robert Evans. Still he took no care of himself, but mechanically went on with a portion of the duties of his business, though without being in the slightest degree interested in the matter. His illness continued to increase, and quietly and resignedly he sank under it. Since his arrival in America he had always been extremely attentive to his religious duties, and the only effect his illness seemed to produce on his mind was to make him more serious than before. He appeared perfectly indifferent to his own sufferings, and probably would have refused all medical advice, had he not given way to the expostulations and entreaties of Mr. Podmore and his wife. Nothing, however, appeared to give him the slightest relief; and before a year had passed since the death of Mrs. Murphy, her adopted son had followed her to the grave. By his will he left the whole of his property—which was very considerable—to his partner's children, with the exception of a moderate legacy to each of the parents, by whom he was much loved and respected.

In the fear that, possibly, his moral might not have been brought sufficiently forward in the life of Robert Evans, the author wishes particularly to impress upon the reader the necessity of immediately retracing the first downward step, which, after all, is most to be dreaded in the career of crime. The chain-gang and the hulks possess no terror to the man about to commit a culpable irregularity; and yet frequently that irregularity is the first step towards penal servitude. The second culpable irregularity is generally conjured up to support the first; a third, mixed, but in slight proportion, with dishonesty, follows; and thus on and on each move having more of dishonesty and less of irregularity in it, till at last the wretched victim looks almost upon the punishment held in so much horror at first as a relief from the mental torture his undiscovered crimes had kept him in. Nor must it be imagined that escape from judicial punishment, such as that experienced by Robert Evans, is of frequent occurrence. Nothing, on the contrary, could be more rare. Crime seldom passes with so much impunity; and yet, as has been shown, even in his case, the mental torture his dishonesty produced was scarcely less terrible than the most severe punishment the law could have inflicted upon him.

THE END.

THE PEASANT POET, CLARE.

[A copied monument of Ketton stone has been recently placed over the remains of John Clare, in Helston churchyard. It contains this inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant Poet. Born July 13, 1793. Died May 29, 1864. A poet is born, not made." About fifty pounds now remains at the bank towards defraying the cost of a memorial proposed to be erected on an open space near the poet's birthplace, in the village.—*Illustr. London News*, Sept. 7.]

JOHN CLARE, the "Northamptonshire poet," is an exemplification of the truth that while mediocrity waits for the opportunity that never comes—the opportunity to whose absence all failures are attributed—genius is irrepresable and makes opportunities, turning apparently adverse circumstances into propitious ones. Never were a man's surroundings more calculated to repress poetical inclinations than Clare's. Yet was he a poet at all times and in all places. In him the living fire of poetry achieved a victory over obstacles that would have killed mediocrity outright.

The "peasant poet" was born at Helpston, a village between Stamford and Peterborough, on the borders of the Lincolnshire fens. His parents were of the very lowest class. Their poor hut, situated near a plain covered with pools of stagnant water, and enveloped by mists the greater part of the year, was dark, damp, badly ventilated, and as narrow as a prison-cell; in fact, unfit for human habitation. Their food—potatoes and water-porridge—was of the coarsest description. Sickness was as constant a companion of their dwelling as poverty.

Parker Clare, John's father, was sickly from his birth, and his son inherited his weakly constitution. At seven years of age the boy was taken from Dame Ballimore's infant school to tend sheep on Helpston Heath, where he made the acquaintance of Granny Bains the cowherd. This old woman's memory was stored with songs, tales, and legends, and she recited many a one for the benefit of the shepherd-boy, who prized and pondered upon every word she uttered. The speaker must have had an equal delight in her task, for it is recorded that she and her companion occasionally became so absorbed in their subject as to forget their charge entirely. At twelve years of age the necessities of the family obliged Parker Clare to put his son to a more remunerative occupation than sheep-tending. He procured him employment as a thrasher at a farmer's, having first made him a flail that his small arms could wield.

The village of Glinton, about five miles east of Helpston, was noted for its school, and Clare made arrangements with Mr. James Meinshaw, the master, to attend his instructions five evenings in the week, as well as on those days when he had no employment. Finding the boy athirst for knowledge, the master gave him more than the usual facilities for gaining it; and Clare worked hard to acquire not only the rudiments of the English language, but those of algebra and mathematics. Being too poor to supply himself with paper, he used to pick up the shopkeepers' odds and ends of paper, and write thereon with a piece of charcoal. At the end of two years Clare had misgivings as to his capacity to understand abstruse studies, and having been promoted to a comfortable post at the "Blue Bell," he gradually discontinued algebra and mathematics, and turned to ghost stories and fairy tales for his mental food. While in this situation he fell in love with the daughter of a respectable farmer. It was no boyish passion that Clare had for Mary Joyce. She was to him one of the fairest works of God's creation. At the end of six months, however, her father sternly forbade her to meet and converse with the "beggar boy." Clare never really forgot his love for Mary, and Mary died a spinster.

At the "Blue Bell" Clare's duties were light, and he had much time at his own disposal. This leisure formed a turning-point in his history. He wandered about the meadows, through the woods, by the side of the rivers, and often remained for hours in one spot, lying on his back and gazing into the sky. "Nature, that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all," but which so many fail to read, had a special mission to John Clare. To him she gave the power of appreciation; to him she opened her illimitable stores. Between her and him there was a communication ever going on, of which the world took no note. The earth, the air, the sky, were each in turn laid under tribute for his benefit. From the herb of the field and the tree of the forest; from the chirp of the cricket and the trill of the nightingale; from the sunshine and the storm he could extract the music of song. A printed book was a rarity at Helpston. Up to this point Clare had seen, with the exception of a few school-books, nothing better than "Little Red Riding Hood," "Valentine and Orson," "Sinbad the Sailor," "The Seven Sleepers," "Mother Shipton," "Johnny Armstrong," and "Old Nixon's Prophecy." Accident gave him a glimpse of a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," and his excitement was intense. He begged the owner to lend it to him, if only for an hour, but his request was refused. He was told to purchase one for himself, as it could be bought for eighteen-pence. With great difficulty he collected the money, and on the Sunday morning, at daybreak, he started for Stamford, forgetful of the fact that the bookseller's shop would be closed on that day. He returned home sorry at heart, seeing at first no possibility of going to Stamford on a week-day. Presently a happy thought struck him: he would get a substitute to mind the cows. As soon as he had procured a few pence, he offered them to a boy to take charge of his master's property for a short time, and ran over to Stamford, a distance of nearly eight miles, in little more than an hour. Long before the shop was opened Clare was on the door-step, ready to rush in and demand the coveted book. He did not return so quickly as he went. Thomson's verse acted as an enchantress, and made Clare oblivious of time. Nature without—it was a lovely spring morning—and poetry within, were too strong to be resisted. He sat himself down among the shrubs of Burghley-Hall Park, and moved not on his homeward road till he had read the "Seasons" twice over from beginning to end. This was an hour of exquisite delight to Clare. He laughed, he sang, he cried by way of giving vent to his happiness; but he found no rest till he had scribbled his first sonnet on a piece of crumpled paper which he had in his pocket. The verses, after careful revision, were subsequently published under the title of "The Morning Walk."

Clare's character, as may be supposed, was in no way understood by his relatives and neighbours. That there was something about him different from an ordinary youth of his age they could not deny. The neighbours imagined him to be in actual communication with the Evil One—in no other way could they account for his possession of sufficient money to buy Thomson's "Seasons," and to pay the substitute in the meadows, ninepence in all, for his services. His verses increased rapidly, to the sorrow of his parents. Every scrap of paper was pressed into the service of poetry. To damp his poetic fire his mother watched his movements, and having discovered his hiding-place, drew from thence the boy's treasures and ruthlessly burnt them. It was all in vain! The poet soon accumulated another hoard, and contrived to keep it this time from destruction. Neither opposition nor want of education, neither poverty nor hunger, neither sickness nor health, could extinguish his love of the bright world around him, nor repress his desire to give utterance to

the house as he rode up the street, and when he saw Magdalene there he was off his horse like a shot, rushed into the house, seized her hand, and tried to drag her away. She resisted, and threw her arm round the great wooden knob at the bottom of the bannisters to save herself. The captain, as quick as thought, drew his sabre, cut off the knob, without touching the girl to hurt her, took her, knob and all, in his arms like a child, sprang on his horse, and was off with her at full gallop to join his comrades. The mayor was just looking out of window, and screamed in an agony as he saw his child flying away from him like the wind. There was a crowd in the streets and at the windows, and every one was calling out and running this way and that. Some would have gone after the soldiers, but how could they? It would have been hard enough anyhow to ride like them; and then they had carried off all the good horses, and left their own old ones behind instead. But every one who had a leg to stand upon of course ran staring after them as long as they could see the cloud of dust, and then went home again, not knowing what to do. But the mayor was utterly broken down in mind and body, and went creeping about like the shadow of the man he had been. One cannot fancy anything more horrible than it must have been for Magdalene—her father's darling and the great beauty of the town as well—carried off alone among a horde of Croats, and riding through thick and thin on a wild horse. But I can tell you one thing, because they heard it afterwards from herself, that the captain was sorry for her, and for what he had done. He treated her like a sister, kept her as the apple of his eye, and took such care of her as he best could. But he either could not or would not take her home again; so at last he brought her safe to Croatia. There she consented to become his wife; and as he had a good heart, and was unspeakably fond of her, she lived contentedly with him, though she was grievously home-sick in the strange country, and among strange people of a strange religion. They were all Catholics; and it was only when quite alone that she could secretly read the Bible and the beautiful hymn-book which she found about her husband's plunder. But she fancied after a time that he grew gentler and kinder every day; and she noticed that he often went into her own little room, where she used to read and pray. One day she slipped in gently after him, and found him reading her Bible, and the tears running down his rough cheeks. He looked up kindly at her, and said, 'Magdalene, I think the real truth is what this book says.' Then he told her, to her great joy, how he had once opened it by accident, and since then had read it regularly; and how he had learned from it that he might pray to God without his rosary to help him; and how his great wish now was to serve God in the same way as she did. Magdalene thanked God with tears of joy now, that he had let her fall into the hands of a wild Croat, that she might at last be the means of bringing him, as a kind and dear husband, to the purer faith that she had been taught. After he had taken this great step, he soon found that his new religion would not agree well with the habits of his old home; and Magdalene had not much difficulty in persuading him to go back with her to her dear fatherland. This took place about ten years after the beginning of my story. You may fancy how people stared when some one said Magdalene Brenner was there, and the Croat too. I fancy they rushed about to tell the news almost as hard as they had run after her when he carried her off. They say she was a very lovely woman then; and it is a pity there is no likeness of her left. The poor old mayor was still alive; but he nearly died of joy when he saw his only child again, so well cared for, and so handsome. Her husband had brought a good fortune with him, and money was scarce in this country, so that estates were

to be had for next to nothing; only the houses on them had mostly been burnt down. So he bought the nice property outside the town on the B— road, and built a dwelling-house upon it. And there the Croat lived many years with his wife in quietness and peace, and the old mayor also ended his days with them both. They say the Croat was a quiet, grave, and God-fearing man, and went very regularly to church. But people always had a kind of dread of him; and when he used to walk through his fields in the evening, they said he was all the while making mysterious signs in the air to charm away storms. No one had any real harm to say of him; but it is likely he never felt quite at home in this country, and often wandered about from restless home-sickness. But they say he was very fond of children, who soon left off being afraid of his great moustache. His only son, who was born after he came here, was the father of your great-grandfather; but none of his spirit seems to have descended to his grandchildren, for there has never been a military man in the family since. The staircase with the knob cut off is still in the old mayor's house, where Zoller the dyer lives, and you can see it any day. Our family arms, which came to us from the Croat, are painted in the corner of his picture: the flaming star on the shield he adopted in honour of his wife, partly because of her name,* and also to signify that she had been to him as the Star of Bethlehem, and had led him to his salvation."

So this is the story of Great-grandfather Croat, who was a cannibal, and next door to a savage.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.

THE last century was drawing to a close when a certain James Field Stanfield settled in the seaport town of Sunderland. In his earlier days he had lived a somewhat adventurous life, a restless disposition having carried him about the world and into places not usually visited by mere travellers for pleasure. Amongst his journeyings was one voyage to the coast of Guinea, which produced an effect never to be forgotten while he lived. The slave trade was then in its fullest activity, and Stanfield had ample opportunities of making himself acquainted with some of its greatest horrors. By these he was so impressed, that on his return he at once allied himself with the famous philanthropist Clarkson in his efforts for the suppression of that infamous traffic. The friendship between the two men was steady and unremitting, and though they worked in different ways they pursued their common object with equal zeal. While Clarkson managed the usual machinery of benevolence with unflagging energy, Stanfield, in the retirement of his Sunderland home, devoted his pen to the same cause. Amongst other works, all inspired by the study of men rather than of books, he produced a poem called "The Guinea Voyage," which had a certain amount of success. Judged by a modern standard it is not, perhaps, a piece of very high art; but its pathos, which was all the more touching from its simplicity, had an unquestionable effect in drawing public attention to the subject which was nearest to the author's heart. By-and-by a son was born to him, and to this child, in the fulness of his friendship for Clarkson, he gave his name. The elder Stanfield did not live to see the triumph of the cause to which he and his friend had given their best energies: the younger lived not merely to witness it, but to see the almost utter forgetfulness with which the world has visited those who were most active in bringing it about.

Born thus within sight of the sea, and with marine

* Brenner means one that burns or shines.



THE ABANDONED. (From a Photograph by Messrs. Caldesi.)

influences perpetually acting upon him, there is nothing singular in the fact that at an early age young Clarkson Stanfield should have decided upon following his father's profession. Accordingly we find that when very young he entered on board a king's ship, and made therein more than one long voyage. In 1813 he was transferred to the guard-ship *Namur*, then lying at the Nore. Here he was kindly noticed by the captain and more than one of the officers. Amongst these last was a little midshipman who was the pet of the entire ship's company. His name was Jerrold—a name with which every one who pretends to an acquaintance with modern English literature must be perfectly familiar. With the sanction of the captain, Austen—one of the family which Jane Austen the novelist has made famous—Jerrold occupied himself with getting up private theatricals on board. Scenery was of course wanted, and to supply it, the services of Stanfield, then a foremast man, were put in requisition. The future dramatist and the future R.A. worked well together, and a friendship sprang up between them, which, though temporarily suspended, was never entirely severed until Jerrold fell in harness about ten years ago. Both left the navy before many months were over; Jerrold, because peace having been at last declared there was but little prospect of either service or promotion, and Stanfield, because of a fall from the masthead of the ship, by which he sustained injuries of which he never wholly lost the traces. Many years after, when both had made their marks in the world, they met in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre. Somebody, who knew nothing of the early life of either, introduced them, and the old friendship revived with more than its original strength.

The "lucky tumble," as the queen called it when the story was related to her, having thus rendered it necessary for Stanfield to quit the navy, he turned naturally to art as a means of procuring a livelihood. As was to be expected also, he began by putting in practice the form of art of which he had acquired the rudiments on board the *Namur*. Somewhere about 1818, being then in his twenty-seventh year, he accepted an engagement as scene-painter at a theatre called the *Royalty*, in Wells Street, Wellclose Square, a place much frequented by sailors, and precisely of the kind which might be expected to afford the greatest room for the display of his special knowledge. He was very successful; his scenes were greatly admired, and drew not merely visitors to the theatre, but the attention of other managers. The result was an offer of increased pay and a migration from the East End to the Surrey side of the Thames, where, in connection with the *Victoria Theatre*, he laboured for some years. Thence he transferred his services to Drury Lane, where he succeeded the celebrated de Louthembourg, whose fame he, however, completely eclipsed. At this work, toilsome and unsatisfactory though it was, Stanfield laboured indefatigably, and it proved in the long run no altogether inadequate preparation for the kind of painting by which he will be known to posterity. He learned, by long practice of scenic art, always to pitch upon the best point of view, and, what was of infinitely greater importance, he learned the necessity for careful study of atmospheric effects.

Although he made his bread by scene-painting up to 1827, Stanfield did not neglect the higher walks of art. He studied, indeed, with the utmost diligence, and his work exhibits a consequent and steady improvement. The first work which he exhibited at the Royal Academy appeared on its walls as early as 1820; and though not a particularly brilliant picture, either as regards conception or colour, it possesses a special interest, since it proves how diligently the painter went to nature for his effects. The subject is an old mill which formerly stood at Battersea, and this, as Stanfield now lived in Pratt Street, Lambeth, must have

been within a short walk of his studio. As amongst his voyages he had been more than once round the world, the choice of this subject for his first-exhibited work shows a rare reticence and self-control, and a praiseworthy determination to rely not upon memory or imagination but upon actual observation of the things nearest to him. From time to time he made journeys of greater or less length, and the fruits of all of them are to be traced in the various pictures as they appeared. Thus, in 1820, he paid a visit to Scotland, and at the Academy in the following year was a picture of "St. Bernard's Well, near Edinburgh," while at the British Institution in 1822 were two pictures also of Scottish subjects. This latter circumstance points to the temporary cessation of his connection with the Royal Academy. The British Institution was at that time a really formidable rival to the older foundation, and certainly did more good to art than could have been done by a monopoly of its rewards by any single corporation. Stanfield, seeing little prospect of advancement at the Academy, attached himself temporarily to the British Institution, where for some time he exhibited most of his pictures, and where, in 1828, he received a prize of fifty guineas. In the following year he made a short trip to France, the fruits of which were a couple of pictures from Châlons; but it was not until 1830 that he made a journey of any real duration on the Continent. The results were, as usual, visible in his work; three pictures at the least, of the year 1831, "*Venice*," "*Strasburg*," and "*A Fisherman at Honfleur*," being obviously referable to this trip.

Some time in 1831 Stanfield returned to England. He had previously removed from Lambeth to a house in Buckingham Street, Strand, and now, on recommending housekeeping, he established himself in the Hampstead Road, where he settled down to steady work. In 1832 he became Associate of the Royal Academy, and three years later he was elected R.A., in company with Sir William Allan. From year to year he continued to delight the frequenters of Trafalgar Square with pictures from the coasts of England, France, Scotland, Spain, Holland, Venice, and Ireland. One of his best works, "*The Castle of Ischia, from the Mole*," was exhibited in 1841, and in 1844 he exhibited another, "*The Morning after a Shipwreck*," nearly, if not quite, equal. Later on came the well-known and admirable picture, "*Tilbury Fort*," commissioned by Mr. Robert Stephenson, and engraved in the first instance for the Art Union of London. In 1853 and 1855 Stanfield exhibited two admirable works, in which he to some extent opened new ground, and demonstrated the fertility of his resources. These were "*The Victory moored at Gibraltar after the Battle of Trafalgar*," and "*The Siege of San Sebastian*." Both of them were commissions from Sir Morton Peto, and both of them, although dealing with subjects somewhat out of the ordinary range of the painter's style, were treated with such power as to form a real period in his artistic career, and to show that, whatever his subject might be, Stanfield was fully capable of investing it with genuine poetry. A few years later he produced his masterpiece, "*The Abandoned*," a picture which, if all his other works were destroyed, would sufficiently attest the real greatness of the painter. Stanfield took his text from the "*Sketch-Book*" of Washington Irving, but the prose of the American author was translated in the picture into a piece of the richest and most imaginative poetry. There is something inimitably pathetic in this desolate and storm-lost hull, as it beats about unheeded between sea and sky, rent from all human sympathies, and bearing, even under an unclouded sun, the traces only too deeply marked of the storm and tempest which it suffered long ago. In this picture the painter has, beyond all question, reached a higher point than in any other of his works. Elsewhere,

the most prominent characteristic of his painting is its absolute and literal truth; here, there is the same truth as to details, but the conception of the picture is lifted out of the common range of subjects and carried to the highest point of idealization. Had Stanfield dealt with pen and ink instead of palette and brushes, it might fairly have been said that, while in his other works he proved himself a master of lyric, in this he has shown with equal, or more than equal force, how perfectly he was at home amidst epic subjects.

Of the later years of Stanfield's life it is needless to speak at any length. He lived to a ripe old age, preserving his faculties to the last, and working at his easel until within a few days of his death. Long ago all opposition had been conquered, and he was readily acknowledged as the prince of English marine painters. Even the most captious critics have been subdued into admiration by the genuine qualities of his work. Mr. Ruskin, whom no one can accuse of being too readily pleased, calls him "the leader of the English realists," and praises him for "the look of common sense and rationality which his compositions will always wear when opposed to any kind of affectation." The great critic adds: "He appears to think of no other artist. What he has learned has been his own acquaintance with and affection for the steep hills and the deep sea; and his modes of treatment are alike removed from sketchiness or incompleteness, and from exaggeration or effort." Dr. Waagen, another critic who is by no means too liberal in his praise of British art, says of Stanfield, that he "decidedly takes the first place among the landscape and marine painters of England. He also belongs to the realistic tendency, and treats with equal power the northern and southern forms of nature—mountains and water, buildings and flat scenery. His points of view are very happily chosen, the drawing good, the lighting powerful, the colouring of great power and freshness, the skies of exceeding clearness, the aerial perspective most delicately observed, the sea in its various movements admirably rendered, and the general effect of the picture of extraordinary attractiveness." To praise so exhaustive as these it is difficult to add anything. We may, however, fairly say that Stanfield seldom painted quite as well as he was able. All that he has done is admirable so far as it goes, but he seldom or never exhibits the whole of his powers. With a modesty which sat well upon him, he contented himself, as a rule, with faithfully interpreting nature as he saw her; but there was within him a power of idealization, of the existence of which few even amongst those who most admired him had any suspicion. Once only he displayed it—in "The Abandoned," and the high point which he touched in that picture makes one regret that he never again made an attempt to reach a similar level. In spite of this regret there are, however, grounds for thankfulness that Stanfield's work is no other than it is. "Ideal" painters of a faulty school have given us more than enough of dramatic absurdities in matters marine; have painted impossible waves and still more impossible "sunsets after storm," and have shown the picturesque side of shipwreck until one is tempted to disbelieve in the possibility of such events altogether; and from their work it is really a relief to turn to what Mr. Ruskin in another place calls "Stanfield's true salt, serviceable, unsentimental sea." The truth with regard to Stanfield would seem to be, that he accepted as his duty the painting of what he saw to the best of his ability, and that he put into that work all the old dogged, seamanlike principle of duty, without a thought of anything else. If other people would only carry the same rule into matters of every-day life, the world would be not less happy, and there would be some chance of getting its real practical every day work done without quite so much talking about it, and with somewhat more satisfactory results.

VAGRANTS AND VAGRANCY.

THE vagrant has been a plague and a pest to society from the earliest records of our country's history; and it is still a question of vast importance how to deal with him in an effectual manner, and put a break upon that wandering life which he prefers so much to the tedium and restraint of industrial occupation.

Various statutes and ordinances have been passed from time to time to obviate and diminish the evils of "wandering mendicancy." The earliest of these was made in the twenty-third year of Edward III. (1349). It recites that "many sturdy beggars were enabled by the gains of begging to live and devote themselves to pleasures and sins, and sometimes to thefts and other crimes;" and therefore it forbids all persons, on pain of imprisonment, to give anything under colour of piety or charity to such as were able to labour.

Here we have a very accurate description of tens of thousands of persons at the present day, whom the various philanthropic schemes of our own times have failed to reach. There is much wisdom in the remedy provided in this early statute. To cut off the supplies was a sure and certain way of conquering the enemy. It reminds us of the observation made by a person of great intelligence and experience, that he "would inflict a fine of five shillings for every alms given to a beggar, as some small reparation of the mischief done to the community."

The corruption of human nature is such that tens of thousands of persons prefer to live by mendicancy and crime, rather than by honest industry. They would prefer even half a loaf obtained by the former method, to a whole one earned by the latter. Lying, trickery, and artful dodges of all sorts, are the mendicant's stock-in-trade. He has to live by his wits, and these become wonderfully sharpened by constant exercise, by the successes no less than by the necessities of his career. And there is something extremely attractive in wandering about the country, levying black-mail upon soft-hearted people and defenceless women living in lonely and out-of-the-way places. Then again there is the nightly carousal at the public beer-shop or lodging-house, or, when reduced to extremities, the casual ward of the workhouse, where he entertains the fraternity with the relation of his various adventures during the day—how cleverly he had managed to hoax the public and "*diddle the parsons*;" a boast which is always received with relish and applauded with shouts of laughter.

Experience gives the mendicant wonderful tact in dealing with the tender side of human nature; and it makes him extremely clever in adapting his various dodges to the different characters he meets with. Some of these have proved so successful that they have assumed a stereotyped form; and their constant repetition may afford us some notion of the blindness and credulity of the public. For instance, a woman will turn out into the streets in a bitterly cold winter evening, with an infant in her arms, and two or three little children at her heels, all in rags and tatters, carefully got up for the occasion, and properly graduated in size, to prevent all suspicion of their not being her own, but specially hired for the business. Such an exhibition of misery and destitution is perfectly irresistible to a large class of the community; and to many persons it is a positive relief to the common sympathies of humanity to give her a few halfpence. We have frequently stopped to remonstrate with these wretches on the cruelty of their conduct; and we have often been reproved in a quiet but significant manner by some poor man or woman stepping forward to their relief, with an evident expression of indignation at our hard and unfeeling conduct in not listening to her piteous appeals.

Of course it never occurs to them that their mistaken charity goes directly to the encouragement and extension of the very misery which they intend to alleviate. The woman is a corrupt, hard-hearted, and lying impostor. Those poor children live and breathe and have their being in an atmosphere of vice, pollution, and misery. They are being educated in everything that is vile and abominable, growing up to be a plague and a pestilence in their turn to the community at large, graduating in vice and disease, and spreading contamination and ruin wherever they go.

It requires some knowledge of vagrant life, with all its plots and contrivances, to enable one to fathom all this audacious parade of suffering and destitution, and to see the certain aggravation and perpetuation of the mischief in that blind benevolence which seeks to relieve it.

The cruelty of exposing these poor children is very shocking, and should be promptly suppressed by the vigorous arm of the law. Lodging-house life is ruinous to the habits and morals of the young, and it is utterly destructive of all female modesty and virtue. The same remarks will apply to the casual wards of the workhouses. The two combined contribute an immense quota to the crime, prostitution, and immorality of the country. All governors and chaplains of gaols, and masters of workhouses, can bear ample testimony to this statement. The number of idle, dissolute, and incorrigible characters who frequent these places renders it almost impossible to provide proper shelter for the decent and deserving wayfarer. The casual-ward exposures, which have of late so shocked the sensibilities of the public, are the natural result of the misdirected charity of the country. The evil has assumed such huge dimensions that the law has hitherto failed to provide an effectual remedy; and this failure will be the more complete should the public indignation, aroused upon the subject, expend itself merely in furnishing more comfortable quarters within the walls of the workhouse. Whatever tends to make vice and improvidence more attractive or remunerative, must inevitably increase it a hundred-fold. We have no desire to diminish the comforts of the destitute and deserving poor; but something more must be done to discourage the vicious and the vile.

It is alleged that the number of beggars in London is on the increase. Is this the result of the recently-awakened efforts to reform the casual wards? Are they thriving upon the prospect of more comfortable lodgings during the coming winter? So long as the law fails to make a distinction between virtue and vice, it must fail in making a proper provision for the destitution of the country. We are glad, therefore, to see that this important subject is engaging the attention of the county constabulary inspectors. The new system of "ticket-of-way," which has been recently adopted in some districts, may lead to important results in helping to clear the country of the begging fraternity. There need be no fear of confounding this class with the poor whom Christians are commanded to relieve. The law declares the one to be illegal, and it is the obvious part of duty and of policy to discourage it. "So long as we have a poor-law, the patron of street beggars remains inexcusable."

And even as regards the halt, the maimed, and the blind, we have far too much confidence in the charity and philanthropy of the country to believe in the alleged necessity of their turning into the streets to beg. The money bestowed upon them would do infinitely more good if given to those noble hospitals and institutions which have been established for the very purpose of affording them proper shelter and relief. We have been solicited for alms in numberless instances, and in a large proportion of the cases the applicant has been redolent with the fumes of drink and tobacco, and our peremptory refusal has

been followed by insolence and abuse. Unprotected women often comply with such requests from sheer timidity, and as a means of self-security. In many country districts it is positively unsafe for ladies to walk out alone on our public roads. To show the magnitude and importance of this question, we may mention that in one single constabulary district, as stated in the last report, 110,480 vagrants were relieved in one year through the aid of the police, and of these 10,096 were children.

The poor-law inspectors tell us that the vagrant class comprises thieves on the look-out, hawkers of steel-pens or writing-paper, or anything that will serve as a pretence for approaching a house, to find what can be obtained by fair means or foul, ballad-singers, travelling tinkers, china vendors, umbrella repairers—businesses which can be much more profitably carried on if the person be aged, lame, or can gracefully assume to be so, or be successful in keeping alive a delicate child, to excite sympathy. Men of this class are totally reprobate, savage, and violent, and like untamable wild beasts, and, in fact, they are treated as hopeless; and masters of workhouses desire only to make the best they can of them for the night, and get rid of them as soon as possible in the morning.

The master of the Wrexham workhouse writes:—"For low cunning, outward immoral conduct, obscene language, and, in many cases, barefaced lying and stealing, I don't think for a moment that vagrants in general are to be surpassed by the most depraved outcasts of the metropolis."

The clerk of the Birkenhead union writes:—"The vagrant wards of the union workhouses throughout the country are not only made the receptacle of the very lowest class of the community, including thieves, rogues, and vagabonds, but serve as a channel to contaminate many honest, deserving persons, whose misfortune obliges them to travel from home in search of work, and who are compelled to make use of the wards from want of means." Mr. Doyle says: "As a general rule, in this district, the casual ward of a workhouse, so far from being the temporary refuge of the deserving poor, is a rendezvous for thieves and prostitutes, and other vagabonds of the lowest class, gangs of whom 'work' their allotted districts, and make their circuits with as much regularity as the judges."

"Two thirds of them," says the master of the Stafford workhouse, "are a lazy, indolent, and vicious set of persons, hardened in every kind of vice and infamy; inasmuch as when work is offered them they refuse the offer, and curse you for your pains. Their chief characteristic seems to be to lounge about the streets by day, begging; and then they spend what they can get in tobacco and beer, and finally resort to the different unions at night."

Mansfield.—"Doubtless the relief afforded to vagrants encourages vagrancy, as it enables them to spend so much more of what they beg and pick up on the roads, and in towns and villages on their line, in drink and debauchery."

Ripon.—"Some change is evidently necessary in order to check vagrancy. It is to be feared that the present mode of dealing with vagrancy tends to increase rather than to decrease mendicity."

Sulcoates.—"Since the encouragement given to vagrancy during the last ten or twelve years, the numbers have increased fifteen to one."

Guardians are expected to make vagrants do some work in return for their food and lodging, and as a discouragement to the profession, but the whole matter is beset with two many difficulties to be carried out with much practical effect. The duty is onerous, irksome, and often absolutely revolting, and the temptations to shirk it are great in proportion. It is an easy matter to supply the vagrant with food and to

give him a night's lodging, but as soon as any attempt is made to subject him to discipline, to "search," to set him to work, then the perseverance and self-control of the officer are tested to the utmost. We cannot therefore wonder that the duty is evaded, or discharged in a lax and inefficient manner. Vagrants won't work. They will break the hammers but not the stones, or the windows, by way of diversion. They will put stones into the pumps to prevent their action, but they will not lift the water. They will soil their wards and bedding, but will not clean them. If vagrants are to earn a penny it will cost a shilling to make them do it. To find food and shelter for those who will not work is a gross injustice to those who must work to defray the expense. There is neither Christian charity nor common sense in a state of things like this; but there is much cruelty and hardship in requiring the really deserving to associate with them when away from their homes in search of work, and unable to pay for a lodging. One of the poor-law inspectors thinks that he could remedy these crying evils. He says, "I believe that vagrant wards may be so constructed and managed, that relief may be so carefully but sufficiently given on the one hand, and so fairly counterbalanced by work and proper discipline on the other, as to constitute these wards self-acting tests of destitution as well as efficient means for its relief." We trust that no time will be lost in bringing this plan into operation, but we must confess that we have little hope of its success. We believe that it will require the combined efforts of the Poor Law Board, the police, and the public at large, to suppress an evil of such magnitude and of such long standing, and which has been for so many years a scandal and reproach to our country. Let but the public at large refuse to give alms to wandering beggars, and the work is half accomplished.

AN EX GAOL CHAPLAIN.

JEAN INGELOW.

AMONG the "Christmas gift-books," as the gorgeously got-up editions are called, of 1866, one appeared that, comparatively, a few readers of poetry rejoiced to see in the dignity of elaborate binding and artistic illustrations:—"Poems, by Jean Ingelow."

Why these poems have been so little known is not easily explained, except by an unwilling admission of the incapacity of general readers to appreciate the true poetry that a deeper vein of thought than usual may have rendered somewhat obscure. Too many, there is reason to fear, may possibly prefer a more sing-song rhyme to the strong, vigorous language that, in some of Miss Ingelow's verses, compresses a tangible meaning, and no small originality of idea, into every line.

The poem most generally known of this lady writer is that called "Brothers, and a Sermon," a quaint, simple title, exactly befitting the equally quaint way of treating the subject. This poem did make a slight sensation; surely a lesser one than it deserved, if for nothing but its wonderful merit of truth to nature. And there is much more than that in it.

The "Brothers" are two young lads, or rather men, who, trying to get rid of the ennui of objectless lives, are spending a vacation at a wild sea-coast village. There, while the elder is half-mockingly, half-seriously bemoaning the heirship that, he complains, puts him in a false position, and takes out of his hands the power of moulding his life as he wills, an old fisherman interrupts the boyish conversation with strangely contrasting stories of the perils of the primitive "fisher-folk."

A chance mention of the church leads on to the "Sermon" of the poem.

"Surely, sir," quoth he,
Took off his hat, and stroked his old white head
And wrinkled face; then sitting by us, said,
As one that utters with a quiet mind
Unchallenged truth—" 'Tis lucky for the boats."

Is the boundary line between faith and superstition yet undefined? It may be, but surely that ignorant childlike belief, "'tis lucky for the boats," stands firm on the right side.

"Our parson," says the old fisherman—

Our parson preaches in the church to-night,
He's a rare man,
Our parson, half a head above us all.

This parson is a hero in the little fishing hamlet, as a man must needs be who could go out in the life-boat, and, lashed on the line of the bravest men of the coast, could creep along the hidden reef to the vessel striking on the false rocks; and the "Brothers," more by chance than intention, make two of the hearers of his "Sermon."

It is difficult in a few words to give any idea of this discourse, unlike ordinary sermons, yet coming down with strange power on the hearts of his primitive audience. The interruption caused by the entrance of the "Brothers" is well told.

The parson knew that he had lost the eyes
And ears of those before him, for he made
A pause—a long dead pause—and dropped his arms,
And stood awaiting.

Then, with a sigh,
Fronted the folk, lifted his grand grey head,
And said, as one that pondered now the words
He had been preaching on with new surprise,
And found fresh marvel in their sound, "Behold!
"Behold!" saith He, "I stand at the door and knock."

This is the text of the "Sermon," that makes one involuntarily think of that pictured illustration of these same words, where we see the white-robed figure, with thorny crown, and eyes dim with love and sadness, stand at the long-closed weed-grown door, lighting up the night with the glow of the chain-bound lamp, knocking in vain.

The poem is too short to admit of many extracts. A few lines will show something of the earnest reverent preacher.

And speakest thou thus,
Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,
And of the earthly love that wanes to thee,
And of the heaven that lieth far from thee?
Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near thy door
Whose footprints leave no print across the snow.
Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face,
The smile of heaven to warm thy frozen heart,
And bless with saintly hand. What! is it long
To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go.
Behold! across the snow to thee He comes,
Thy heaven descends, and is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: "This night, this night," He saith,
"I stand at the door and knock!"

One more specimen:—

Once in old Jerusalem
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,
Kissed them, and washed them with her tears;
What then?
I think that yet our Lord is pitiful!
I think I see the castaway e'en now!
And she is not alone: the heavy rain
Splashes without, and sullen thunder rolls,
But she is lying at the sacred feet
Of one transfigured.

The end of this little poem is abrupt. The "Sermon" finished, the "Brothers" go out in darkness with the fisher-folk"—

Stumbling over mounds of moss,
And heard, but did not see, the passing beck.
It was as if the Christ
Had been drawn down from heaven to teach us,
And any of the footsteps following us home
Might have been His.

Such is the outline of this, the best known of Jean Ingelow's poems. Others in the volume are perhaps more deserving of notice, as, with less simplicity, showing more of the writer's two great characteristics—depth of thought, and skill in word-painting.

"Honours" is a good example of the first of these. Taking an unusual choice of subject, the mortification of a failure in university life, and the arguments intended to reconcile the loser by a reasoning that is cleverly and well carried out, but yet in a measure fails, as of necessity it must, the dozen or so of pages are filled with thoughts well worth the slow perusal that they need. In one part of this poem, however, where, treating of the wild longing of thinking minds for the solution of some of the mysteries that, in our ignorance, press upon us, geology is touched upon, there seems to be some misapprehension of the subject. Miss Ingelow appears either to have some sympathy with that class of persons who, in their reverent jealousy for the truth of Revelation, have taken alarm at a science that seems to tell a history unlike the story of Genesis, or to have expressed herself doubtfully enough to compromise herself on the question. This is unfortunate. The apparent discrepancy between science and Revelation must be treated, *not* by disparaging the former, even the—

Titan child . . . the baby science, born but yesterday—

but by taking it by a firmer grasp, looking more closely into its mysteries, following out the clue that seems to bend far away from the fixed point of our faith, but that shall yet wind around us through the secrets of the universe—to show us one day how the line that we have held in fear and trembling, yet leads us upwards, onwards to the very throne of God.

It must be so. Science, if it be science, is truth, and truth *must* assert itself; so that there can be no more perilous reasoning than that which, as it were, stakes science against Revelation, admits that the two are opposed, and, in the zeal for God's truth, says, "Man is a liar." When science proves itself to be founded on verity, where can such minds seek the truth of revelation?

Miss Ingelow can hardly intend to give support to this most dangerous of theories. The sneers, tolerably numerous, at

The science born but yesterday,

may be directed at the insignificance of its progressive movement, not at its supposed opposition to truth; and, however she may have meant to apply them, she teaches a sound lesson in the words—

Think how in soberness thy wisdom lies,
And have the grace to wait.

A few lines from the close of "Honours" give the result of the puzzles and doubts of self-conflict: a fervent, wild cry rises up from the maze of perplexity direct to Heaven.

Didst thou love the race that loved not thee?
And didst thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art thou his kinsman now?
O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips draw human breath!

Come, weary-eyed, from seeking in the night,
Thy wanderers strayed upon the pathless wild,
Who wounded, dying, cry to thee for light,
And cannot find their fold!

So many examples of Miss Ingelow's unusual power of nature-painting are scattered through her book, that it is difficult to make a choice of extracts. She has, in a large degree, the gift of not only drawing a picture, but of making us see it; two very distinct things. A few words, or at most a few lines, such as may be taken at random from any page of her volume, suggest a picture, or rather bring before us a reality; and we can not only see the beauty and glory that she has seen in even the lowliest, most common scenes, and that we may have looked at hundreds of times with unseeing eyes, but we can feel the depth of sadness that is so inseparable from the truest enjoyment of the loveliness of the world. Every one knows this sadness, or to express it better by a German word, this *sehnsucht*: no one knows why it exists. Is it that the effort to grasp the beautiful is too great, and changes pleasure into a sense of unsatisfied longing? or is it, as Jean Ingelow suggests—

The peace of nature—I will not pine—
But oh! the contrast 'twixt her face and mine.

The short poem, "Divided," is a series of such pictures done in few words; here is one:—

A yellow moon in splendour drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.
The desert heavens have felt her sadness,
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

A sunset, from the weird-like "Requiescat in pace:—

When I looked, I dared not sigh—in the light of God's splendour,
With His daily blue and gold, who am I? what am I?
But that passion and outpouring seemed an awful sign and tender,
Like the blood of the Redeemer, shown on earth and sky.

The "High Tide" brings back the ruin and desolation that, three hundred years ago, "strewed wrecks about the grass" in Lincolnshire, and "swept out the flocks to sea." In quaint spelling and diction an old woman tells, vividly and naturally, how

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet.
The feet had hardly time to flee,
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.
Upon the roof we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high,
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

Examples such as these might be taken at random from Miss Ingelow's poems. She cannot write a page without offering some new evidence of her sympathy with every phase of nature, such a deep sympathy that she almost seems to fear the extent of her appreciation. As she puts in the mouth of one of her characters in "The Four Bridges"—

But O my God, thy creatures are so frail,
Thy bountiful creation is so fair,
That, drawn before us like the temple veil,
It hides the holy place from thought and care,
Giving man's eyes instead its sweeping fold,
Rich as with cherub wings and apples wrought of gold.
Purple, and blue, and scarlet shimmering bells,
And rare pomegranates on its brodered rim,
Glorious with chain and fretwork that the swells
Of incense shake to music dreamy and dim;
Till on a day comes loss, that God makes gain,
And death and darkness rend the veil in twain.

There is hardly any occasion for multiplying extracts, or even for alluding to one of the shorter productions, which has been a more general favourite than most of Miss Ingelow's writings, "Songs of Seven." In its general outline this may remind the readers of German poetry of Chamisso's "Frauen-Lieben und Leben," being, like that, a series of descriptive verses on a woman's life. But the English has the advantage. The first, or "Seven Times One," of the series, verses attributed to a seven-years-old child, are among the best of the number in their real childlikeness and simplicity.

A long time has passed since the publication of this first volume; the announcement of a second is a welcome one to many who are inclined to regret the time spent on prose by Miss Ingelow. Prose writers exist in such a large proportion that they can far better afford to lose her services than can the small company of men and women who are able to show us, by rare examples, the worth and the beauty of the true poet's calling, and among such is Jean Ingelow's place.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

X.—BUSYBODIES.

PRY is first cousin to What's-up. Pry and his like were the cause of the foundation of an excellent society called the Anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society. The rules of that society cannot be here given, but it is believed that one of them enjoined upon the members the duty of putting up all their bristles against any of the family of Pry. And Pry and his family are certainly enough to turn the most amiable of human beings into a "fretful porcupine." Pry never seems to have any business of his own; or if he have he thinks nothing of it in comparison with his neighbour's. Pry would probably rather submit to any degradation than be ignorant of his neighbour's affairs. He may be able to bear cold, hunger, thirst, and nakedness; but he cannot bear not to know how his neighbour lives. It is said that everybody has a skeleton in some cupboard somewhere in his house; and Pry is constantly trying to ferret out that skeleton. He makes his way into the house; he creeps about the rooms, and he peers into the cupboards; or, if they happen to be locked, he puts his nose, his eye, his ear to the keyhole, in search of smell, or sight, or sound; in case there should be still a little putrid flesh on the skeleton, or the skull of the skeleton should stand out white and distinct, or the bones of the skeleton should rattle. If, therefore, you find Pry with the skin off the end of his nose, or with a cold in the eye, or with the earache, you may make up your mind that he has been at somebody's skeleton-cupboard.

Pry is, generally speaking, a mean-looking creature. He usually stands about five feet nothing, and weighs a mere trifle. He may occasionally reach a great height; but he is then pretty sure to resemble those giants who are exhibited in caravans and elsewhere; who are knock-kneed to such an extent, that they nearly always wear a petticoat or some sort of skirt reaching down to the middle of the leg; who are narrow-shouldered, who are weak-voiced, and whom an ordinary schoolboy of sixteen could thrash. Pry's chief and best features are his eyes, of which he has no more than two, but which are equal to half a dozen of the common kind. They remind you forcibly of gimlets; they seem calculated to pierce through a deal door. Pry's manner is brisk and cheerful; he has no hesitation about speaking first to strangers; and in whatever circumstances you meet him he will take the greatest interest in you; will try to get out of you who and what you are; how much you have a year; what sort of health you enjoy generally, and

whether you are suffering from any particular ailment just at present; whether you are married or single; whether you have any parents or children, and how they all are, and what lines of life they are in; what business you are about just now; what your politics are; and whether you have a vote. If you snub him, as it is very likely you will, he takes it very good-humouredly, and merely sidles off to somebody else, to ask who you are, and how much you have a year, and so on. It is very rash to ask Pry to do any little piece of business for you. He will do it with pleasure, but he will make it the means of getting a sight of your skeleton. For Pry has a way of doing far more than you ask him. If you propose to Pry to walk with you as far as the Bank, and expect to get rid of him at the Bank, you are a very sanguine person, and will find yourself greatly mistaken. Pry will stick to you until he knows all your movements, at least for that day. Pry, being a stranger, will carefully mark your outward appearance, and, from something which strikes him, will begin his questions. Perhaps you wear a mourning band upon your hat. Pry will commence with a few remarks about the prevalence of some epidemic, and will then say, inquiringly: "Lost a relative, sir?" Or you may walk lame, and Pry will ask: "Met with an accident, sir?" You may answer gruffly, "No, I haven't;" but Pry will continue, heartily, "Ah! gout then, I suppose?" And he will go on to "Rheumatism, perhaps?" or "Only corns, then?" until you lose your patience, and tell him "a piece of your mind;" when he will reply, quite affably and cheerfully, "Oh! no offence, I hope, sir; I meant no offence, sir."

Pry has a very near relative called Officious, who is, perhaps, even more objectionable than Pry himself. For Officious is not content with finding out all about you and your skeleton; he will offer you his advice, unasked, as to the best way of getting it buried out of sight. Officious will astonish you sometimes by interfering, when he is not wanted, with a knowing look and an "Excuse me, sir; I know you—you're Mr. So-and-So;" or a "Permit me to arrange this matter; I know that gentleman—he is Mr. Such-and-Such;" and he will look as important as a parish beadle or a bantam cock. Officious, moreover, will undertake, on his own account, to answer for you to others; will assure them that he knows perfectly well that you will or will not do or suffer this, that, and the other; and will often cause you serious loss or inconvenience. Officious may never have learnt the first elements of cookery, and yet he likes to have a finger in every pie that is baked; and, consequently, many pies come out of the oven in a frightful state.

You may now and then, as you walk along a street, see, with chin rested upon the top of a blind, a yellow face, in which shine two restless eyes. The face is that of a woman who knows everything which has happened for the last fifty years, not only at "over the way," but at every house in the street. She knows what time the people at each house got up, get up, went to bed, go to bed; what they did, do, ate, drank, eat, drink; and how they employed themselves and employ themselves every day in the week; and the knowledge does not seem to have made her any wiser, or better, or happier, but yellower, and uglier, and sourer. And the woman is Mrs. Pry. Mrs. Officious has a little the advantage of Mrs. Pry; for Mrs. Officious makes use of *her* knowledge, and can lay her head upon her pillow with a proud consciousness of having caused several marriages to be broken off, several quarrels between man and wife, several disagreements between parents and children, and several servants to be dismissed or to "give warning;" for Mary the housemaid and Jane the cook have the true British objection to being "spied out and told stories on by that there old cat hoppersite."

MIDDLE CLASS FEMALE EDUCATION.

SECOND LETTER.

MR. EDITOR.—In my communication last week I made some remarks on the “accomplishments” taught to young ladies, and the very unsatisfactory results—as regards the pretensions of the schools themselves. The case is not much improved if we turn to the item of “solid information.” There seems no good reason why every woman should have her memory burdened with fag ends of the natural sciences any more than why every man should, especially when, as I have said, those chosen are the least likely to be of any use in the ordinary business of life. Many a sensible, clever, and well-informed man knows nothing of botany or geology; no rational person will object to a woman being a most learned botanist, geologist, entomologist, or any other ‘ist in the catalogue if she chooses: it is the fact of women who do not choose, and have not ability to be really any one of them, being obliged to learn a medley of facts and names, which are about as like a real knowledge of science as a medley of bits of coloured glass are like the patterns which they are made to form by being placed within the instrument called a kaleidoscope. In truth there is little hope that many women will denote themselves thoroughly to scientific pursuits while one science is so totally neglected in their education. I mean, of course, mental science. The study of botany, entomology, and many others, are peculiarly suited to be pleasant and profitable as pursuits for those women who have no immediate necessary employment, and who have too much good taste and good sense to be able to fill up their time with shopping and gossip. They are quiet and unobtrusive; they appeal to that sense of the beautiful which is stronger in women than in men; they are conducive to health, because they involve the necessity of out-door exercise; and the time, labour, and study devoted to them have a tangible result in the collection of specimens made. This last is by no means an unimportant item when enumerating the attractions or advantages which any branch of study may possess as a resource for women. The very same propensity which makes women take pleasure in arranging the knickknacks in their drawers, or putting their wardrobes and trinket boxes to rights, makes them love to look at, arrange, and be able to produce their collection of botanical or entomological specimens. Men can be satisfied in *knowing* their work; women like to *see* it. When a man believes to his own satisfaction, and that of others, that an abstruse calculation is correct, he can be pretty well content; the expected comet may not come while he lives, but he is better pleased in feeling sure that it will come, to a moment, at the very time of his prediction, than a woman would be though she had correctly foretold a hundred, unless she could exhibit them.

All the real pleasure, all the rational and elevating employment which women might find, however, in such studies and occupations, is hindered by their ignorance of the art of reasoning. While the rigid exclusion, both of pure logic and of the inductive method, prevails in female education, any knowledge of natural science which can be given to girls at school must be merely parrot-like; and, being so, will be generally completely forgotten, or, at all events put to no use, and never extended in after years. But anything further on this point belongs to another part of the subject; to another mistake in female education, which if not quite as great, or as unavoidable, is sufficiently so to be productive of much mischief and obstructive of much good, if the obstruction of good be not, in itself, mischief enough.

The great evil then, to which I would point in this branch of female education, is that of “cramming.” Girls are *taught* too much; they *learn* too little; indeed, they can scarcely be said to learn—in the true sense of the word—at all. Schoolmistresses and teachers are so anxious to “impart instruction” (one feels inclined to box the ears of every one using the expression), that they cannot spare time for that training of the faculties which should precede and accompany all instruction. The pupils, as I said before, are never taught

to reason; and, we may add, never allowed time for reflection. No one faculty with which God has endowed them is called into exercise except memory; and let any of us, for a moment, think of the awful amount of work which that fearfully abused memory has to do, deprived of its proper helps of comparison, association, abstraction, imagination &c., and be thankful that we never had instruction imparted to us in such a fashion. A girl leaving school often *knows* a great deal; that is, in the sense of having had a great quantity of miscellaneous information poured into her mind, and now lying there in an unsorted heap: of her own research, observation, experience, inference, or any one process by which she ought to have acquired her store of knowledge, she knows nothing. She literally does not know that she has powers capable of being employed in such a manner. There can be little doubt that a great deal of the forgetfulness to which women are liable in after life is due to this abuse of the faculty of memory in their earlier years, as a great many other defects are owing to the disuse and neglect of other faculties. That want of order and method in business, that tendency to inaccuracy, or vagueness of meaning, in writing or speaking, and that complete irrelevancy of argument when discussing the most ordinary event, occurrence, or design, for all, or any of which women are so much blamed, can surely be traced to the—I may say forced—inaction of the mental powers during the period supposed to be devoted to their education. Nor is this altogether caused by the fact that logic and metaphysics are rigidly excluded as subjects of actual study. No doubt the former is absolutely necessary as a preliminary for the study of natural science, for the useful employment of a knowledge of history, and for other things; but in the ordinary affairs of life, men who have never devoted an hour to metaphysics, or do not know what is meant by a syllogism, can express their ideas clearly; can keep the various details of a business—either in the actual transaction, or in writing or speaking of it—out of a muddle; and can see the inevitable conclusion which follows the premises laid down by themselves or others when discussing any subject. This is simply because there has been no forced inaction of the faculties in their case. Much is yet to be desired as regards mental training in the education of men. Learning, the process of learning, might be made much easier to them were they first put in the way of learning how to use their own faculties to most advantage, and with most ease and readiness; but at least they are not prevented from using them. They are left to *learn* more than women are, and not *taught* quite so much; and, almost unconsciously to themselves, the mental powers are brought to bear on their work. They are left time to think, too; time for what the wretched, ignorant, incapable instructors of our juvenile female population would call idleness; but which is, in reality, time to digest the food which the young mind has received. And they are allowed the blessed, the glorious privilege of free intercourse of mind; of free interchange of thought, and opinion, and fancy; and “as iron sharpeneth iron,” so does the young wit grow keen and the judgment shrewd; and so is youthful energy quickened, and ambition—not paltry vanity or love of display—aroused; and men, not embryo geniuses or philosophers, but mere ordinary men, come to the battle of life with all their mental weapons fit for the combat; while women bring to their share in the strife only the odds and ends of “information” which their teachers have “imparted,” but not one of the abilities with which God has endowed them in good working order, nor one bit of the information properly arranged for use.

I have yet to make some observations of a general nature on this important subject, but beg to reserve them for a concluding letter.

Remaining, meanwhile, yours truly obliged,

A. P.

KNOWLEDGE is never of very serious use to a man until it has become part of his customary course of thinking. The knowledge which barely passes through the mind resembles that which is gained of a country by a traveller who is whirled through it on a stage, or by a bird flitting over it in his passage to another.—*Dwight.*

THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

ONE of the most remarkable objects at the London International Exhibition of 1862 was old General Gontchalin, as he appeared when he was refused admittance. His face, which at ordinary times was as red as beef, and which was garnished with a moustache as white as horseradish, became redder than ever. His throat presented a dangerously swollen appearance,

and his whole body shook convulsively as, with an apoplectic gasp and a cosmopolitan accent, he asked, in an excellent imitation of English, what the check-taker meant by refusing his money?

"Calm yourself, my dear papa," said a young lady who accompanied him, and who, fortunately for her, bore no resemblance to the author of her days. "Calm yourself," she repeated, speaking in the Russian language. "The man has his orders. How can you wish him not to obey them?"

This appeal to the military sentiment had the desired effect upon the general. "But what are we to do?" he inquired in a pacified tone. "Roubles are roubles. They took them in Berlin, they took them in Paris, and why don't they take them here?"

"They will take them here also, and be very glad to get them, only not at the Exhibition."

"Well, Natasha, what are we to do? The carriage has gone, or we could have borrowed some English money from the coachman; but I told him not to come back for two hours. We are in a nice position, certainly."

"Pardon me," said, in the Russian language, a young man who happened at that moment to be going into the Exhibition, "if I address you as a fellow-countryman. But you appear to be in some difficulty. I know London well, and can perhaps be of use to you."

"Of the greatest in the world," replied the general, "if you would only oblige me with change for a ten-rouble note."

"I can let you have some English money with a great deal of pleasure," said the young man; "but I don't know what I should do with a ten-rouble note."

"You are a Russian, are you not?"

"Yes, but I have no intention of going back to Russia."

"No!" exclaimed the general, with a look of astonishment.

"I think not," said the young man. "However, if you wish me to do so, I will take your note. It is worth about thirty shillings."

"Scarcely so much."

"Yes, thirty shillings as nearly as possible. There is a sovereign, and there are ten shillings in silver. You see they return you no change at this place. You must give the exact price of admission. This way," he said, addressing the young lady in particular; "allow me to go first."

The general's daughter, thinking her papa had not shown himself sufficiently grateful for the stranger's politeness, thanked the young man in a pretty little speech of her own. The young man felt that he enjoyed the right of reply. He of course said that the very slight service he had had the opportunity of rendering was not worth speaking of; and he added the expression of a hope that the young lady and her father had been pleased with what they had hitherto seen of London. The young lady said they had only just arrived. They meant to go to the opera in the evening; and the Exhibition and the opera would be enough in the way of sight-seeing, she thought, for one day.

"I should think so indeed," said the general.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" asked the young man. "Yes," he added, answering his own question. "You want a catalogue. They sell them here—and here they do give change."

"But not for ten-rouble notes," suggested "Natasha," as her father called her.

She called herself, and signed her name "Nathalie," but her proper Russian name was "Natalia."

"No; we are much indebted to you for your kindness," said the general, secretly urged to civility by his daughter. "Without you we should not have been able to get in here at all."

"Oh, you would have managed it somehow or other, at last," answered the young man. "But I consider myself fortunate to have met you just when I did."

Then, as the general did not seem by any means anxious to detain him, he raised his hat, bowed to Nathalie and her father with marked respect (and, as Nathalie thought, with much grace), and went his own way.

"You should have asked him for his card, papa," said Nathalie.

"Indeed!" replied the general. "Do you think I want to call on him, then? It would be a fine thing if we were to strike up a friendship with every Russian we might chance to meet in London. At least half of them are revolutionists and conspirators of the worst kind."

"He behaved very politely to you, papa, and you did not behave quite so politely to him. As for being a conspirator, he certainly does not look like one."

"You have only seen them on the stage, my little dove. In real life you sometimes can't tell them from honest men. The stranger certainly ties his cravat very well. That is an art that the English excel in, and which he has picked up during his residence here. I admit, too, that his gloves fit him, and he knows how to make a bow."

"You are malicious, papa."

"Do you think so, Natasha? Well, never mind. Let us begin at the beginning and go through the whole Exhibition."

While General Gontchalin and Natalia his daughter were exchanging the above remarks on the subject of the young man, the young man was wondering on his side who they could be, and was reproaching himself with not having made any serious endeavours to find out. He had not seen such a pretty Russian girl as Nathalie during some half dozen years that he had spent in England.

"As for that, had he seen any English girl," he asked himself, "who, taking her altogether, in regard to face, figure, bearing, manner, style of dress—general expression, in short—was as charming as this charming compatriot of his whom he had just left, and whom in all probability he should never see again?"

He thought not, and, after a very little reflection, felt certain on the subject. In Russia, or rather in Poland, he had received his first impressions of female beauty, and he remained susceptible to the influence of the one particular type which had first struck him. Two minutes more, and he had resolved that his *incognita* was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and therefore the most beautiful girl on the face of the whole earth.

Who could she be?

As for the father, he was Russian enough, if anything, a little too much. The daughter, however, united to the grace of a Polish girl the beauty of a Georgian.

Nathalie's mother, whom she had lost some years, was indeed of Polish family; but she had no Georgian blood in her veins.

What, however, the young man was particularly anxious to know was, not whence the fair unknown came, but whither, and to what particular place, she was going.

Where would he have some chance of seeing her? At the Russian embassy?

There he would take very good care not to present himself.

At the Russian church?

It was possible he might meet her at the Russian church.

Then all at once he remembered that that very evening her father was going to take her to the opera. But to which opera?

Well, it was a Monday night, and the Royal Italian Opera was the only one at that time which gave performances on Monday.

"What am I to do, however," he asked himself, "if I do meet them at the opera? I cannot speak to them. It will be thought almost impertinent—at least the father will think it impertinent—if I bow to them, even. I might by chance—and chance seems to favour me to-day—meet some one who knows them, and get introduced. But that after all is very unlikely. If they had any friends in London they would not have come to the Exhibition by themselves—the very day of their arrival, too."

"Queer person, the father," he went on to reflect; "and not over civil. I dare say he is not a bad man; but he is a great deal too pompous, throws his head back too much, and is too red in the face. If the Exhibition included a poultry show, his proper place would be among the turkey-cocks."

"And the daughter—what sort of bird does she resemble? for she has graceful little movements of the head that remind one rather of a bird. Ah, well, dove, linnet, or bird of paradise, her flight is quite beyond my reach, and the less I think of her the better."

Having come to this wise conclusion the young man thought of nothing else but Nathalie for the rest of the afternoon. Before going home he called at the opera and bought a stall for the evening. He then ate an excellent dinner—love sits lightly on the stomach of a really healthy young man—and wished that night would come.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE OPERA.

NATHALIE'S unknown admirer, for the first time in his life, reached the opera before the commencement of the overture. He had just given up his ticket at the entrance to the stalls, when his attention was arrested by a pair of magnificent nankeen trousers, which slowly, and with an air of importance, were ascending the grand staircase.

"Where can those trousers be going," he said to himself. The upper part of the person to whom the trousers of forbidden hue belonged was correctly attired in black and white.

The young man thought of Horace's *mulier formosa* with the fish's tail. But no; the *mulier*, or rather *puella formosa*, was walking by the nondescript's side. He recognized his Russian acquaintances—if acquaintances they could be called—of the morning, and determined to follow them.

However, he had already given up the ticket admitting him to the stalls; and it moreover struck him, that instead of following the proprietor of the trousers it would be much better to meet him accidentally at the top of the staircase, beyond which it was certain that the trousers would not be allowed to proceed. His familiarity with the corridors and passages of the Royal Italian Opera enabled him to execute his well-planned strategic movement with certainty and despatch. He entered the audience department on the ground floor, turned rapidly to the left, scaled a by no

means inaccessible staircase, and by a dexterous flank movement contrived to reach the check-taker's post at the entrance to the boxes just as General Gontchalin was being told that the colour of his pantaloons rendered his admission impossible.

"What does this pleasantry signify?" inquired the general.

"I am very sorry sir," said the check-taker, who saw that he had to deal with a gentleman; but our instructions are most positive."

"Instructions! what instructions?" roared the general.

"You are not in evening dress."

"Not in evening dress! In what am I, then? Is this a dressing-gown or a coat that I am wearing? Have I forgotten my cravat? Have I boots on my feet, or only slippers? *Par exemple!*"

"I am very sorry, sir, but your trousers——"

"My trousers! Well, what about my trousers? Does the cut not please you? Are they too long or too short? Really this treatment astonishes and confounds me."

At this moment the general recognized the obliging money-changer of the morning, who was standing close to him, but on the other side of the check-taker, at the entrance to the crush-room.

"He objects to my personal appearance!" cried the general. "Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"No," said the young man, bowing to the general and to Nathalie; "not to your personal appearance, but to an unimportant detail in your costume. In England black trousers are considered indispensable in evening dress."

"White pants, sir, is also permitted," said one of the check-takers, obligingly; "but blacks is the rule."

"Well," said the general, "but I wore these trousers at the house of M. Drouyn de Lhuys in Paris, and the Emperor was even good enough to let me appear in them at the Tuileries."

"Never mind that, papa," said Nathalie, much vexed at the ridiculous position in which her father and herself were placed; much vexed, too, at the prospect of losing the opera. Your dress does not please these gentlemen; that is enough. You cannot dispute with them. Let us go away."

"What am I to do?" said the general, turning instinctively to the man who had assisted him before that day. "I should like to hear the 'Barber of Seville' all the same."

"There is only one thing to do," was the reply. "That is to go home and change them."

"All the way to Jermyn Street."

"I wish I could assist you; but I can think of nothing but what I have suggested."

"You cannot change my trousers for me as you so kindly did the ten-rouble note this morning, that is very clear," said the general. "I suppose we must go home, Natasha, but it is exceedingly provoking."

"It is, indeed," said poor Nathalie.

"If the young lady would like to go to the box she might wait for you there," observed the check-taker. "You might show the young lady the way," he said to his companion.

"As for that," interposed the young man, "I have a stall here, and before going to it should be most happy to escort your daughter to the box, if you would allow me."

"Willingly," answered the general; "but only on

condition that you promise to come back afterwards and permit me to thank you for all your kindness."

"I certainly will not fail to pay you a visit," said the young man, who thereupon offered his arm to Nathalie, and conducted her to number forty-five on the grand tier.

"How could I intrust Nathalie to a perfect stranger?" said the general to himself, as he got into a cab and drove to his hotel in Jermyn Street. "But he will not carry her off, for the best reason in the world—she would not let him. Besides, he seems to be a gentleman. He will leave her at the door of the box."

The young man, however, did nothing of the kind. It seemed to him that, without abusing his position, he might at least see that his interesting charge was provided with those two essentials at the opera, a libretto and an opera-glass.

He insisted on lending Nathalie his own opera-glass (Nathalie's was in her father's pocket), promising to ask her for it at the end of the performance; and the box-keeper took care that there should be no trouble about the libretto.

"Now, if I stay a moment longer I commit a breach of confidence," thought the young man; "while, if I go away suddenly, supposing she is at all willing that I should remain, I look like a fool."

"You will hear Adelina Patti, the most enchanting singer of the day," he said. "Also Mario, the first tenor of his day, as you are aware, and who has really no superior in ours."

Nathalie acknowledged the remark by a slight inclination of the head.

"That is equivalent to a notice to quit," said the young man to himself. "Besides, she has not asked me to take a chair."

He was about to leave the box when the door opened, and a man highly dressed, highly brushed, and very highly shaved, who might have been five-and-thirty, but was in fact fifty, made his appearance.

"Ah, Natalia Ivanovna, how delighted I am to see you!" exclaimed the new comer. "And when did you arrive, and how is Ivan Mikhailovitch, and how is it that you are here alone? He put a glass to his eye, stared through it at Nathalie's companion, dropped it, and then went on talking. "And so you are here in London, and what really have you done with the general?"

"Oh, he is a general, is he?" said the young man to himself. "I might have guessed that from his manner. They are all alike."

He again prepared to quit the box, without however at all relishing the idea of leaving another man in possession; but Nathalie now motioned to him to remain.

"Will you not sit down?" she said. "My father will be back directly. My father has gone home. He had forgotten something," she added, addressing the new comer, whose presence did not seem at all agreeable to her.

The new comer was one of those free and easy persons who when a chair is not offered to them take it.

"Ah, Natalia Ivanovna, you forgot to ask me to sit down," he said, at the same time seating himself.

"I was listening to the music," replied Nathalie. "The orchestra makes so much noise that it almost prevents me from hearing what you say."

Not a word more was spoken on either side until the

general arrived triumphantly attired in a pair of black pantaloons.

"I have passed the censorship," he said as he entered; "my trousers please them. Ah! you have friends. M. Boutkovitch, is it you?"

"And you also are honouring us," he added, addressing the stranger, I expected to be favoured with your visit, but—"

"It was I who begged him to stay," interrupted Nathalie.

"Otherwise I should not have committed the indiscretion of remaining," said the young man, making once more a move towards the door.

"Pray do not leave us," said the general.

The young man looked at Nathalie, and thought he would take the general at his word. He accordingly resumed his seat. Gontchaline seeing him do so, said to himself: "That is the worst of being too abrupt—unless a man is a regular brute, he has to make amends for it afterwards. I shall now have this fellow, whom I don't know from Adam, sticking in my box the whole evening."

"Well, Boutkovitch, how do you get on in England?" he said in French.

"Moderately well, general," answered the person so addressed. "But it is a strange country—all the scoundrels of Europe are collected here just now. Talk about exhibitions! If an exhibition of all the brigands and conspirators of the world could be held, I can assure you that all that is most essential for such a show is in London already. You found what you wanted, I hope, general?"

"Found what?"

"You had forgotten something at home, I understood?"

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten my trousers, that was all."

"That was a great deal. But if you will allow me to say so, I don't quite seize your meaning."

"They didn't like my costume, and told me to go home and change my trousers."

"They dared to do so! And they call this a country of liberty! But I understand you now. You wore light trousers, and they wanted you to appear entirely in black."

"Exactly so."

"The buffoons! They ought to keep an assortment of black trousers on the premises; or a man with a blacking brush ready to give the proper funeral hue to clothes of every shade."

While Boutkovitch and the general were conversing in this strain, the young man addressed from time to time a few words to Nathalie. He did not say much, but he was delighted to have the privilege of speaking to her at all.

At the end of the first act, however, he thought it would be only becoming in him to propose to go, and this time in earnest.

"If you will leave us," said the general, "pray let me know before you go to whom we are indebted for all the trouble you have taken on our account. Here is my card." He gave a card on which was engraved—

"Le Général Gontchaline,

"Aide-de-camp de S. M. l'Empereur."

"I dare say you know my name," replied the young man, gravely, and rather sadly. Ferrari! He at the same time offered a card, which the general only

accepted after a moment's hesitation. "Stanislas Ferrari," repeated the young man, with a look directed especially at Nathalie, and that seemed to say, "I am very sorry for it."

"Well!" said the general, examining the card as if he did not quite know what to make of it, and did not know at all what to say; "Well—good evening."

"Sir, I have the honour to salute you," said Boutkovitch, with an air which implied that he considered he was doing Ferrari a great honour by saluting him.

"Good-bye, and many thanks," said Nathalie, with a sweet smile, which more than atoned for the coldness of General Gontchalin and the impertinence of Boutkovitch.

Cursing his fate and blessing Nathalie, Stanislas Ferrari, instead of going to his stall, left the theatre altogether and went home.

"What Ferrari is this?" said the general to Boutkovitch, as soon as the door of the box was closed.

"Simply the son of Colonel Ferrari."

"What, Ferrari the traitor?"

"Yes; there was only one of them. They called him Ferrari the traitor in Russia, and Ferrari the coward in Poland. I don't know why the distinction was made."

"No," said the general. "He was just as much a coward in Russia as in Poland, and I suppose the Poles had almost as much right to consider him a traitor as we had."

"Well, the Poles, it is true, consider every one a traitor who, knowing of their infamous machinations, feels it his duty to reveal them."

"That might be something very like treachery, might it not?" asked Nathalie.

"Now Natasha, what do you know about it?" said the general. "You must be sent to bed, like Don Basilio in this opera, if you talk about things that you don't understand."

"There is one thing that I don't understand at all," answered Nathalie, "and that is, why you should look upon Colonel Ferrari's son as an infamous person merely because his father had a bad reputation."

"A bad reputation!" exclaimed the general. "Say an execrable reputation. I can't hear the name without shuddering."

"Nor I either," struck in Boutkovitch.

Nathalie looked at Boutkovitch with a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression of countenance.

"You also!" she said. "He was really then a very bad man?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Boutkovitch, "and you may depend upon it his son is not much better."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Never."

"Because I was going to say that his father's example, instead of teaching him to follow it, may have had quite a contrary effect upon him. I thought perhaps, from the confident tone in which you spoke, that you knew something of him."

"By the way," observed the general, "you *ought* to know something of him. A Ferrari here, and you not aware of it! How does he live? His father cannot have left much money. Does he frequent the society of the refugees? You should look after him; you should, really."

Nathalie turned her back to Boutkovitch, attended, or seemed to attend, carefully to the performance, and

did not speak another word until the fall of the curtain.

The opera being at an end, she motioned to her father to put on her cloak, took his arm, and with the stiffest possible bow dismissed Boutkovitch, who understanding that he was to consider himself snubbed, remained behind while the general and his daughter walked towards the grand staircase.

"Where is that rascal Boutkovitch?" said the general. "I wanted to send him for the carriage; we shall never find it. But he is so abominably lazy. He does nothing, sees nothing, hears nothing."

"He is a wretch, papa. I wish you would forbid him to approach me. I thought when he came into the box that he was going to shake hands with me."

"I would have caned him, my dove, if he had dared to attempt such a thing. But he knows better."

"What is he, papa? Something very bad, I am sure."

"Well, well. He is an officer of gendarmerie, and he is, moreover, an agent belonging to the third section of His Majesty's Chancery, temporarily employed abroad, and charged with the duty of communicating to the government information respecting the movements and conduct of Russian subjects in the country which he has been instructed to visit."

"All that means that he is a good deal like a spy."

"Yes, a good deal."

It had been announced at the Covent Garden end of Bow Street that General Gontchalin's carriage was "coming up;" and the name, Gontchalin (pronounced Gon-tchah-lin), bounded like a ball from mouth to mouth, until at last it reached the staircase in the injured and mutilated form, first of "Charlin," and ultimately of "Charley."

"General Charley's carriage!" was called out, and "General Charley!" "General Charley!" was repeated several times. The carriage would have gone on, and the Russian officer would have found himself once more in an awkward position, had not Boutkovitch, who was close at hand, guessed for what name the impossible one of "Charley" really stood.

"This way general," he said; "it is your carriage. I think, that stops the way."

"Mine?" exclaimed Gontchalin. "The English are strange people. They won't take my money, they object to my trousers, and now they call me 'Charley.'"

Boutkovitch, happy to have an opportunity of rendering a service to a superior officer, pushed his way, nose first, through the crowd that blocked up the staircase, and finally succeeded in enabling the general and his daughter to reach their carriage just as the policeman was about to send it on.

"Good-night Ivan, good-night Natalia Ivanovna," he said, as he helped the general into the carriage, and sought to pay the same attention to the daughter, who contrived however to escape it.

"Good-night," returned Gontchalin. Nathalie, however, took no notice of the man.

"To think of the impertinence of that little school-girl," said Boutkovitch to himself. "She deserves to be well whipped. I wonder," he continued, "what that fellow Ferrari is about, that she seemed so anxious to defend. The two are worthy of one another. I shall find out something about him soon, and when I do I certainly shall not spare him."

CHAPTER III.

A POLITICAL MEETING.

BOUTKOVITCH lighted a cigar and walked in the direction of Leicester Square. Turning into a little court, he knocked at the door of a place which might have been a restaurant, might have been a cigar shop, might have been a billiard-room, might have been a gambling house; might have been anything, in short, that one would not be astonished to find in the immediate neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Over the doorway the encouraging name of Przemyslski might be read.

It was not yet midnight, but the door was closed. Light, however, could be seen inside through the chinks of the shutters, and a confused hubbub as of many voices could be heard.

Boutkovitch gave a single tap; then, after a pause, tapped twice; then, after another pause, three times.

"Quosne quæris?" asked a voice.

"Resurrecturos!" was the reply.

"All right," said the voice in English, but with a foreign accent. The door was opened, and Boutkovitch was welcomed by a short, thickset man, with a black shaggy beard, black shaggy eyebrows, black hair cut short like a brush, and black piercing eyes.

"We thought it was the police," said the black man. Come in, aristocrat. He examined Boutkovitch with a critical air. "Hair parted down the middle," he continued, "a garter in guise of a cravat, and a sea of shirt, enclosed by a narrow strip of waistcoat! Do you also suck the blood of the people?"

"I would rather have a cup of tea," replied Boutkovitch.

"Tea, aristocrat? Why not gin?"

"Because gin causes the head to ache, and because I have work to do. Do you know a man named Ferrari—Stanislas Ferrari?"

"Do you know a man named Iscariot—Judas Iscariot?"

"Pray be serious. I don't mean Colonel Ferrari; he is dead. I mean a son of his who is now in London. I saw him to-night at the opera."

"Like father, like son! I don't know the whelp, and don't wish to know him. And it will be much better for him not to know me."

"Then you can tell me nothing about him?"

"Come in! Why do you stop in the passage? Somebody here will be sure to know him."

Boutkovitch entered a room in which some twenty men were smoking like demons; some pipes, some cigars, some cigarettes. There were bottles and glasses on the table, and one member of the company, who sat in a higher chair than the rest, seemed to be officiating as a sort of president,

"Ah, Boutkovitch! come in," cried half a dozen voices.

"Boutkovitch, our ornament and pride!"

"Fashionable Boutkovitch!"

"Aristocratic Boutkovitch!"

"Operatic Boutkovitch!"

"Chivalrous Boutkovitch!"

"Boutkovitch the Polish knight!"

When this chorus of praise had ceased, Boutkovitch took a seat, a cigarette, and a glass of water, into which, under pretence of pouring in spirit, he poured in more water.

"Have you been to a parliamentary dinner, a ministerial reception, or what?" asked Black George, the man who had opened the door. "I suppose it is not late enough for a ball."

"I have simply been to the opera, as I had the honour of telling you before," said Boutkovitch.

"And what did you see there?" inquired a delicate-looking young man of pale complexion, with a long, thin, fair moustache, who answered to the name of Jankowski.

"Well, I saw, for one thing, the 'Barber of Seville.'"

"And besides?"

"Besides the 'Barber of Seville,' I saw some one of very considerable influence at the court of St. Petersburg."

"And what did he say?" asked the chairman—an ancient Pole, without beard or whiskers, but with a curly moustache which he was perpetually twirling and twisting."

"He said," replied Boutkovitch, "that the waters were rising; and that, though the waves might not be very strong, the dams were alarmingly weak."

"Bravo!" cried the assembly generally.

"So there is to be a revolution at St. Petersburg," exclaimed another.

"Well, I can't say. But it certainly seems probable. The man I was speaking to is no enthusiast, no fanatic. He knows what's what, and he foresees something like an inundation."

"May it come quickly!" said Jankowski, solemnly.

"But besides the influential personage from St. Petersburg, I saw Ferrari, the son of the colonel of that name."

"Of libidinal memory!" ejaculated Black George, by way of addendum.

"If you mean Stanislas Ferrari," observed Jankowski, "he is not a bad fellow. I have often met him. Indeed, I know him well."

"I congratulate you on your acquaintance," said the president.

"Oh, I know his name is against him. But Stanislas Ferrari is an excellent man for all that."

"What does he do in London?" asked Boutkovitch.

"Well, beyond studying, I don't think he does any work. Not that he is so well off that he can afford to be altogether idle."

"I must find him some if he is really such a good fellow as you say," remarked Boutkovitch.

The business of the evening was then proceeded with.

The chairman proposed, and Black George seconded a resolution to the effect that, in view of coming events a portion of the land of the Russian and Polish nobility should be divided among the peasantry.

This having been carried unanimously, several impossible plans for the destruction of Russia and the liberation of Poland were discussed.

At last the gas was turned off by the proprietor of the establishment, after which all the company separated.

(To be continued.)

CLING not to earth, there's nothing there,
However loved, however fair,
But on its features still must bear
The impress of mortality.

THE PHYSICIAN'S WAITING-ROOM.

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem :—but although we sneer
 In health—when sick, we call them to attend us,
 Without the least propensity to jeer.

NEXT to the "condemned cell," one is inclined to think there cannot be a more ominous halting-place in the journey of life than that antechamber of death—the physician's waiting-room. It was once—and once only—my lot to spend a morning in that purgatorial atmosphere; and as I sat ensconced in a corner I let myself be insensibly carried away into a contemplation of the scene before me, and a speculation upon the various actors who made their entrances and their exits on that grim and equivocal stage.

It was an imposing mansion, was that of the great Esculapius Silvertongue, M.D. (and perhaps not the only imposing thing there).

The doctor was "at home" to patients from 11 to 1, during four mornings in the week—for it will not do to make even physic too accessible—and great was the crowd which thronged round that fashionable door. I had no idea of the extent to which the gullible people of London could be duped, or I should have taken the wise precaution of calling early. As it was, although I was there by midway between the two hours, I found the medical *levée* at its height, and soon saw that I had very little chance of admission till the last moment, if then. The butler, who threw open the door with an obsequious bow, manifestly expected that those who feed his master should also "tip" him; but I passed haughtily on, regardless of his efforts to establish a friendly understanding.

Don't imagine, pray, dear reader, that I went to Dr. Esculapius Silvertongue on my own score. Oh, dear no! my visit was entirely vicarial; it was on behalf of a friend residing abroad, who entertained an exalted opinion of his skill, and whose case I carried in black and white in my pocket-book.

The spacious entrance-hall of the doctor's house was paved like a Roman tomb, with black and white marble; but there was grandeur in the massive balustraded stone staircase winding its wide carpeted steps up a well the walls of which were closely covered with large oil paintings. The portly functionary, though somewhat ruffled in his dignity, conducted me into a handsome dining-room of noble proportions, and closed the door upon me with a self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "One more victim trapped."

I could afford to laugh in my sleeve at his mistake, and I laughed accordingly, as I passed over the noiseless and conventional Turkey carpet, just as much worn and faded as Turkey carpets usually are, to a luxurious green morocco easy chair, into which I threw myself, determined at all events to make the best of the present time.

The room was oppressively full, and the great majority of course were ladies. There is, I am disposed to think, after all, more credulity in the fair than in the-unfair sex; and the few men who were there seemed to feel themselves in a false position.

My *futeuil* commanded the whole room, and gave me a good view of the door, which was opened from time to time by Mr. Butler for the admission of fresh prisoners. As each entered I remarked the same expression reflected on all their faces: they looked anxiously round, and that look said as plainly as words, "Oh, dear me! what a lot of people! Why, I shall be kept here all day." They then appeared to resign themselves, with the exception of one or two, who at once turned restive at the sight, and pursuing the gentleman-usher as he was retiring, held a few moments' whispered conversation at the door, which generally resulted in

their withdrawal. Whether they were suffered to depart, or were shown into a reserved room, and thence were smuggled privately into audience out of their turn, it is not for me to say; but I don't think they were allowed to escape unfleeced.

We may learn a suggestive lesson in the study of human nature by observing who are the people who make fortunes in these days. They certainly are not to be found in the ranks of authors or artists, nor of men of genius, as such; for of course there is a certain *kind* of genius in hitting upon the method of making a fortune, and in adapting energies to the peculiar weakness of our fellow men, out of which money is to be made.

Dr. Esculapius Silvertongue had evidently struck the right chord in the human heart, and it was a golden string on which he played; for his devotees were scarcely less eager or less numerous than those whose equipages thronged the temples of fashion, and make milliners into millionaires.

Yet this was a man whose first start in life was in a country village; whose stock-in-trade consisted of a few coloured glass bottles; whose labelled drawers were shams, and whose shelves were stored with a beggarly account of empty boxes; who had been known to look with hungry eye on the hospital dinners, and might even have longed for the crumbs which fell from the rich man's poultrice!

The village apothecary, however, had discovered the immense value of a handsome face, a graceful figure, and a good address. He was gifted with considerable acumen, and had found out the secrets of success—the vast advantage of possessing a sympathetic tone of voice and of assuming a dignified air—and he had studied to some purpose the matchless art of knowing what the patient *wishes* the doctor would advise. Few ladies can resist the soft-voiced "conscientious medical adviser," who assures them that "they do not need medicine; all they require is air, carriage exercise, and amusement, with generous diet, and champagne thrice daily." Who would not gladly pay for such an opinion as this, and return again and again to hear it repeated? Frederick the Great was a sensible man, but his way of dealing with the medical profession was singular. It was his wont to pay his doctor a handsome salary as long as he and all his household were whole, and needed not a physician; but the doctor's pay was stopped from the moment any one fell ill until he was restored to health; and if he died, the doctor was to be discharged at once. This was logical, at all events, but it did away with all the small talk of the consulting-room. The apartment to which we were consigned was of the gloomiest aspect, depressing enough to make any poor wretch ill who was not so already, and I began to think it within the bounds of possibility that even I, who came to scoff, might after all remain to pay! The walls were hung with a dark crimson flock paper, and nearly covered with pictures of large pretensions but dubious merit, in heavy gilt frames. The chairs, too, were "gloomy and grand." On the heavy French polished mahogany dining-table were strewn to-day's, yesterday's, and the day-before-yesterday's "Times," a few middle-aged novels in very greasy half-bindings, the last "Illustrated News," some magazines of not very recent date; and, as if in ghastly mockery of the circumstances which brought us there, several late numbers, and some elderly volumes of "Punch!" As for the late numbers, *passa pour cela*, there might be a congeniality there; but "Punch" when he was young and curly, when he really *could* crack a joke, and knew how to make even the "judicious laugh"—what business had he in that "chamber of horrors!"

I now gazed round on the living occupants whom a common infirmity had assembled here. What was the history of each of these my fellow-beings, of whom I should never know anything more than this evanescent

and unexplained episode? It was at all events a curious and condensed representation of life. They came—no one could say whence or wherefore—they remained, occupying or amusing themselves as best they might with the materials within their reach; and then in the midst of it, when least expected, appeared the pompous man in black, so suggestively like the minister of death, beckoning in solemn silence first to one and then to another—sometimes an individual, sometimes a couple, sometimes a group—to follow him.

In the window sat a young wife—a bride—for she and the youthful husband who sat beside her, gazing into her eyes with an anxiety fully justified by the tell-tale flush upon her unusually lovely face, were in the very dawn of life. Their happiness was evidently short-lived; for, apparently, they had exhausted it already. All the *Esculapiuses* in the world could not save her! And the young man knew it in his heart of hearts; though with that fond blindness with which we try to deceive ourselves about a fatal truth, he had come to purchase oracular words of hope from the oily lips of Dr. Silvertongue, that he might have a straw to cling to while he was sinking. It was a distressing sight, and I turned to the opposite side of the room, but it was only to light upon another, not less touching. An elderly man of gentlemanly exterior, with snow-white hair and beard, was accompanied by an interesting girl, evidently his daughter, for the features of both, which were extremely delicate and well-formed, were marvellously similar. She wore the deepest mourning, and on his hat, which stood on the table, was a wide hatband. In the countenance of both could be read the mournful tale of long watchings, of hoverings between hope and fear, protracted anxiety, and recent bereavement. The old man's eyes were closed, and presently I discerned that he was blind. Those of the girl were large and lustrous, and of a deep blue, which, combined with raven-black hair, bespoke race; but they filled involuntarily with tears from time to time, and she clasped her father's hand in hers as if fearful lest she should lose him too; while he held hers, to make sure that she was near him, now that he could no longer see her. As I looked sadly upon them, sharing unconsciously in the mournful detail of their griefs, the grim messenger appeared, and the young girl whispering in her blind father's ear, they rose, and she guided his steps with tender solicitude to the door. Alas! thought I, if they could but thus cross the threshold of life with simultaneous step! There was such clinging, mutual, loving dependence in their faces, that I could but ask myself how either would survive the other.

O, the soft commerce! O, the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which broken, break them and drain off the soul
Of human joys, and make it pain to live.
And is it then to live? When such friends part
'Tis the survivor dies.

My eye travelled over the room, passing with natural indifference over several very common-place individuals, who might also have had their histories, but there was no indication of any interest attached to their lives; and had they been asked, they would in all probability have only replied, with the "Needy Knife-grinder"—

Story? Lord bless you, sir, I've none to tell you.

There were one or two fashionable-looking, selfish, heartless women of the world, making the physician's waiting-room a morning-lounge by way of variety in their *blasés* existences. Then there was a pretty-faced girl, whose complexion had been destroyed by late hours and tight lacing, and whose mamma began to fear she was spoiled for the husband market—a serious consideration for an unfortunate *materfamilias* who has

seven bony damsels, growing older and less charming every day, to dispose of. Next to this unattractive group was a widowed mother elegantly attired, but in the weeds and crape which scarce announced her loss more plainly than her sad young face, attended by a female domestic in black, on whose knee sat her fatherless boy, a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed child, fresh as English children only are, but with a precociously thoughtful expression on its infant brow; one of those children of whom old women are wont to predict, in whispered asides, that "he is not long for this world;" and very often they are right.

A little apart, and making themselves the unenviable centre of attention of the room, sat two flippant young misses, whose social position it was very difficult to determine; but after a scrutinizing investigation I made up my mind that the better-dressed of the two, whose attire, though slovenly in the extreme, was intended to be of the most recent fashion, was a young woman of the upper middle class, but most objectionably fast, and that her companion was either a poor relation, a humble friend, or perhaps a confidential maid. She wore a long black silk dress unstained by a vestige of crinoline—indeed it seemed doubtful if there were anything beneath it—and as she held it up, after the fashion of a riding-habit, she exhibited a somewhat manly leather boot, with a very high heel, which made her gait rather unsteady, but served to draw notice to the foot, which was decidedly small and coquettishly *chausée*. Above the dress was a dark-blue cloth jacket, open at the throat, with lapels, contributing to its masculine expression, and the whole was surmounted by a straw head-gear, which was neither a bonnet nor a hat. This damsel maintained an unbroken conversation, at the very top of her voice, with the girl she had brought with her, in which the word "beastly" seemed to occur with extraordinary frequency, as well as many slang phrases, much in character with the loud and silly giggle accompanying it. The two employed themselves in turning over volume after volume of "Punch," and in passing their observations on them with a freedom which seemed to invite the participation of the other occupants of the room, but were more especially directed towards a young officer who was seated at the table, but who contrived to maintain a self-possessed abstraction, and to pore over the book before him just as if the fast young lady had never existed. It was a hopeless case of unproductive labour, and no doubt she thought it "beastly," while I was as much amazed at her perseverance as I was amused at her impudence. At length the handsome young man was summoned to the consulting-room, and the young lady's spirits seemed to come to an end at the same moment; at all events the room resumed that solemn and respectable silence in which any number of Englishers are wont to sit when they have not been introduced to each other.

This, however, was the last study I was destined to make. My own turn came next, and I thought, but it might be fancy, that I observed a malignant smile playing round the lips of that dignified official as he signified to me that I was "wanted." So thus ended my experiences of a physician's ante-room. Strange to say, I had become so interested in the little drama, that the call brought with it something like a feeling of annoyance; and much as I had at first repined at my incarceration, when it came thus abruptly to a close—

even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

A GENEROUS soul never loses the remembrance of the benefits it has received, but easily forgets those its hand dispenses.

THE friend that hides from us our faults, is of less service to us than the enemy that upbraids us with them.



SHEEP-SHEARING IN BUENOS AYRES.—OCTOBER.

SHEARED.

IN the month of June, dwellers in the country are witnesses of a pastoral sight that, at the first glimpse, is suggestive of nothing less than a transmutation of species. It was but a few weeks since that the fleecy flocks, as they dotted the meadows brilliant with the emerald green of spring, were seen to possess thick woollen coats that hung about them loose and long, concealing all symmetry of form, and well nigh hiding head and legs, so that the wearers appeared to be converted into huge bundles of rugs, and were assimilated to peripatetic woolsacks. This thick covering took various shades of yellows, ochres, and browns; and when beheld against the slanting light of the declining sun, invested "the harmless race" with a golden halo, making them, in fact, to be possessors of the real golden fleece. Mr. Holman Hunt, in his pictures of "The Strayed Sheep" and "The Idle Shepherd," could even educe from a fleece more tints than these, and could make it radiant with prismatic effects which were not visible to the ordinary and unæsthetic spectator. But other painters, such as Rosa Bonheur and Sir Edwin Landseer—the latter, notably, in his "Peace," "Twins," and "Highland Drovers"—who have looked upon sheep simply as walking muttons, and not as embodied condensations of startling chromatic tricks, have been satisfied to place them on the canvas in those soberer hues in which they are commonly seen. Their fleecy coats, hanging so loosely and ruggedly, making tags and ragged ends, are pictorially, no less than intrinsically, valuable, inasmuch

as they cause the form of the wearers to be diversified by many irregularities of surface, that produce much light and shade, half tints and broken colour. They are, furthermore, useful to birds of the rook and starling tribe, who, alighting thereon, pick out no small advantage both to themselves and the animals whom they patronize by their attentions. Unlike the productions of sartorial art, the thickness and value of the ovine top-coat does but increase with the length of wear. The walking wool-wearers widen—as the alliterative Mr. Swinburne might say; and if one of the flock rolls on to his back, he is stranded and helpless, unable to right himself and to regain his legs, but condemned to lie there, even until his death, unless relieved by the shepherd; for when once he is "cast," and firmly fixed by the pad of his wool-gathering back, all his struggles and violent efforts to regain his former upright position are as futile as those of any other silly sheep who lies cast in the toils of a money-lender. Stretched prostrate on his back, in the position of that bad shepherd of the Latin grammar who slept supinely, he is as incapable of resuming his proper sheep-walk in life as was the inebriate person on the pavement who confessed to the policeman that he had been reduced to that posture from having partaken too freely of melted butter with his salmon.

When the burden on the back has been widened to its greatest extent the oily fleece is treated to an ablution, and the sheep receives its annual washing. Once a year is deemed sufficient for its lustration; and, perhaps, this is once oftener than is thought necessary by some bipeds, from the time of our own

Saint Edmund of Canterbury—who propounded the anti-water-cure doctrine, that when the heart had been washed in righteousness, personal cleanliness was a work of supererogation—down to the more prosaic days of Madame de Staël, who boasted that she never washed her feet, and of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who also prided herself on the same bad habit, and of whose dress Horace Walpole said that it was a ground-work of dirt with an embroidery of filthiness. These reminiscences may possibly strike the tub-loving reader as somewhat unclean; but, as we leave them and return to our muttons, it will not be out of place to observe that they are in due keeping with the subject, for sheep-washing is one of those things that are superlatively nasty. Artists may, indeed, contrive to make pretty pictures out of such scenes, but so they can out of the smoky, peat-reeking, evil-smelling interiors of Highland huts and bothies. Poets may pen their couplets thereupon, and put out of sight all that is repulsive, as Thomson delicately did in his "Seasons," where he only once hints at dirt, in the line, "The trout is banished by the sordid stream;" and gushing, but neat-handed writers on pastoral themes can treat the matter in the roseate style, until, in imagination, the perfumes that attend the sheep-washings are those of attar of roses and Araby the blest. But, in sober truth, sheep-washing is one of those rural sights that should be avoided by all who do not desire that the poetry of their Arcadia should be ruthlessly invaded by the prose of unadorned Fact. For it is offensive to at least four out of the five senses. To the ear, when, as sung the poet Waller, the "plunge of struggling sheep in plashing floods" is accompanied with "the clamour much of men and boys and dogs." We take up Thomson's description of the scene: "outrageous tumult," "loud complaints," and "incessant bleatings." To the touch, from the oily nature of the fleece if you venture to place your hand upon it; to the sense of smell, from the commingled odours, that suggest an unpleasant combination of the worst ingredients in a woollen factory and manure yard; and to the sight, as the dripping sheep, made grotesquely ugly by the treatment to which they have been compelled to submit, stagger out of the pool or brook which has been rendered filthily "sordid" by the unwilling bathers, "and, panting, labour to the farther shore."

Well, enough about washing! After the poor sheep has been soused and doused and douched, and visited with all the horrors of death by drowning, he is allowed a reprieve of three or four days in which to recover himself, until his wool has somewhat regained its oily nature, and become "soft" for the shearer; and then, stretched upon a board or the barn-door, he is ruthlessly robbed of his fleecy top-coat. A terrible proceeding must this have been during those wintry weeks in the past season. To be stripped of broadcloth and flannels, and turned out *in puris naturalibus* to meet "the brisk nor'easter" and be pelted with hailstones, which the correspondents of the provincial press at that time represented as ranging from the size of a pea to that of "a bantam's egg," this would be a proceeding that could hardly be productive of feelings of delight even in the manly bosom of the most muscular of Christians; and we may, therefore, not refuse to contribute a tear of pity or throb of anguish to the somewhat analogous case of the poor denuded sheep. If the weather were sultry, and the thermometer recorded 90° in the shade, it would not so much matter; but farmers who have fixed to sell their sheep by a certain fair or market will not compassionate them so far as to dismiss them from their folds provided with their thick coats for the cold journey, unless the purchaser should have covenanted to buy the wool with the mutton. And so, whatever may be the reading of the thermometer, the fleeces must be clipped and be pressed in bales for the woolpack; and the creatures

that wore that wool are turned adrift into the meadows, where they appear as new animals, altogether different from those ochrey, shaggy quadrupeds that nibbled the grass in the days before the shearing. Instead of the familiar form, we see a white ghost of an animal that seems a cross between a sheep and a deer, or a half-bred cousin to the white doe of Rhyllstone, its glossy, satiny whiteness attributable, perhaps, to a daily repast on concentrated daisy-food, prepared by some fairy Thorley. The simple cause to produce the effect of this transmutation is to be found in this fact—the sheep has been sheared; and, like many a poor human being who has been treated in a similar way, and fleeced of those possessions that contribute to comfort, it presents the appearance of having been "whitewashed" after it has been sheared. And, if we were not at the end of our essay, we might here moralize on social shearing—the cruel clipping that does not always spare the poor lambs of the domestic fold, but turns them forth into the cold world, without a coat to their backs, to encounter the biting blasts of adversity and "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." But enough.*

* Our engraving represents a sheep-shearing scene in Buenos Ayres, at an estancia where as many as 20,000 sheep are clipped in one season, the shepherds bringing their flocks in rotation from the neighbouring pastures. Some thirty hands or more are engaged for the work—the majority of them natives, and a large proportion women—who are quartered at the estancia for the time, and are contented with very humble accommodation. The women and children sleep in a rough bothy, and the men upon sheep-skins and saddles outside. When the writer visited this estancia a runaway sailor officiated as butcher *pro tempore*—six fat sheep being slaughtered every morning for the day's consumption—and an old black woman acted as shearers' cook. The natives assembled on the previous evening, bringing their horses, children, and dogs with them. Shearing commenced on the 22nd October, and continued, with one or two interruptions, until the 20th of the following month. The shearing ground comprised a fenced enclosure, with a boarded floor, about fifty feet long by fourteen wide. In this compartment, protected by an awning from the increasing fervour of the noonday sun, the shearers laboured. Running parallel with it was another narrow enclosure, into which a "point," or lot of sheep were driven, that they might be more easily caught from a pen a little larger—the latter communicating again with a large corral where a sufficient number of sheep were shut up to provide work for half a day. Two or three men were employed in catching the sheep, binding the feet with strips of raw skin, and in laying them ready for the shearers, and they found it hot work to supply the demand. The *patrón*, or master, moved silently but vigilantly amongst the flock, giving a tally for every fleece that was taken off, and crying "Lata, lata, patrón!" were heard above the clink of sheep-shears every few minutes from voices male and female. A boy with a bucket of tar also threaded his way through the motley throng to anoint the wounds which the rapid shears had made in the shrinky skins of the sheep. He answered to the dignified name of *medico*, or doctor. Another youth or two carried off the fleeces to adjacent tables, where three or four men stood, and carefully but quickly teared them, inside out, into separate bundles. The wool is finer, denser, but shorter than that at home; yet a first class shearer can clip a hundred sheep a day. This, however, is considered a feat, and the little Basque who performed it declared when done that he would not make a beast of himself every day. The work is not done, however, in the same perfect style as in England, which indeed would not answer in Buenos Ayres; for besides wasting time, the poor sheep exposed stark naked to the fury of the sun, would lose their skin as well as their wool. When the fleeces are tied they are tossed into a large sheet, weighed, and carted off to a *galpón*, or shed, where they are sent to market with as little delay as possible. Last year the average weight of wool was about nine fleeces to the *arriba* (twenty-five pounds). It is a curious fact that wool carries a record of the year's feeding, and some can tell by examining the fibre, not only if the sheep has been poorly fed, but also the month in which it suffered. The women, as well as the men employed in shearing, lighten their labours with a *cigarilla*, and *mate* for all hands is supplied at regular intervals. Two hours are allowed at noon for dinner and *siesta*. At sundown, when work is suspended for the day, the natives cast off their greasy garments and make themselves apparently tidy and clean. One of them plays on the guitar, to the monotonous strumming of which others get up and dance with great gravity.

GEORGE WITHER: HIS "MOTTO."

WHEN John Keats doubtfully put forth his "Endymion," the first unripe fruit of his fine genius, he painfully pleaded for mercy from the critics on the ground that failure in a great object was in itself the fiercest punishment a man could be called on to suffer. Recognition of the wonderful power that was in him came, but almost too late to satisfy the impatient longing he felt to know whether his name would be uttered lovingly by men—to use an expression of his own—when the "daisies were growing over him." No man desires to have his name coupled with the world's scorn, hatred, or contempt; and for the same reason all are anxious to be spoken of with respect and remembered with tenderness. Above all others the literary man is possessed by this longing. He wishes to have his merits recognized in his own time, by his neighbours, by his friends, and by that large outside undefined and undefinable world, the dim murmur of whose applause speaks like a promise of future fame. Remembering this, it is not a little saddening to know how many of these men—through changes in the world's life, the shifting of its mental fashions, alterations in language and thought—have passed away and are forgotten amongst the numberless indistinguishable shadows of the nameless millions who have peopled the earth.

One who has triumphed over Time, has told us that that old gentleman "hath a wallet at his back in which he puts alms for oblivion." It is satisfactory to know, however, that though in his hurry he makes occasional mistakes, he frequently rectifies them and restores to the world what is well it should have. Had it not been for "Paradise Lost" Milton would have lain concealed in that capacious wallet; and even that glorious poem had fewer admirers for the first fifty years of its existence than Cotton's "Scaronides" or the "Davideis" of Cowley. Even Shakespeare was at one time a drug in the market, two small editions being only called for in forty-one years, from 1623 to 1664. It would be unjust, however, to blame the world too severely for the neglect with which it has treated George Wither, though it does seem strange that a poet who at one time was almost universally read, should suffer a neglect more complete than any of his contemporaries. And this seems the stranger when it is remembered that Wither's popularity did not lie amongst the learned or the fantastical, but amongst the true people—the masses, as they are now called—who, whatever their faults of taste, seldom give their sanction to claims unsustained by real merit. With all his excellences, however, and he had many, the writings of Wither have serious drawbacks. There is no English poet of his time, or perhaps of any other time, in whom the disposition to run everything into rhyme existed to the same extent. Whatever he had to say was poured out in verse. His reproof of the vices of his time, his love, his hatred, his political opinions, his complaints of wrong, his approval of right, his religious thoughts, his political counsels and forecastings; every idea or feeling that moved his mind found expression in some form of versification, and hence much of what he wrote only helped to repel the public, and bring upon him that neglect from which he has so long but so unjustly suffered. Pope sneered at him in his "Dunciad," and Warburton in his notes tries to show that there was reason for such treatment. Swift speaks of him with contempt in his "Battle of the Books," but as he couples him with Dryden, it will not be difficult to see that this attack was the offspring of malice or want of knowledge rather than of critical discrimination. Arbuthnot, too, in his "Martinus Scriblerus," has his fling at poor George, but it is as unjust as it is witty; our old poet and Quarles

forming the two wings of the paper kite that flew in, as a token of his son's greatness, at Cornelius Scriblerus's window. Modern writers too have made themselves busy with the name of Wither, and though several of them have sought to render justice to the old poet, certain others—relying perhaps on the absence of any knowledge of his writings in the public mind—have condemned him without troubling themselves to read his works, or even look at them, before delivering their offhand judgments. Indeed, the noticeable thing in nearly all that has been said of Wither, either by friends or foes, is the want of that true appreciation which must follow a study of what he has done. There is much rubbish it is true, but there is also much pure gold. He himself refused persistently to separate what was pure and precious from what was waste and worthless. Speaking of himself and his poems he says:—

No critic now, doth in these poems see
A blemish, or a scape, more soon than he;
He knows as well as they what seems amiss
In these inventions, and what childish is.
He knows how far they differ from those lays
By which the learned poet hunts for praise;
And where'er those absurdities do lie,
Which, to their thinking, mar his poesy,
And yet he will not mend them—

A very stupid conclusion, and one which with his love of fame the poet could hardly have come to had he known how much it would have interfered with posterity in the appreciation of his genius.

Wither's "Motto" is a curious poem, divided into three parts, on the following text: *Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo*—"Nor have I, nor want I, nor care I." He dedicates it "To any body," a fancy quite different from that which prevailed at the time, and which afterwards led to the fulsome and laboured flatteries of Dryden, which, notwithstanding their nervous manly English, cannot be read at the present day without certain touches of shame at the degradation of genius they display. Wither tells us in his preface that he wrote his "Motto" to recreate himself, and gave it to the world because his friends liked it and troubled him over much for written copies. Besides, as he declares, it was his intention to draw the true picture of his own heart, that his friends who knew him outwardly might have some representation of his "inside also," so that if they liked the form of it they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their own minds thereunto.

The first division—*Nec Habeo*—contains above six hundred lines, declaring the things the poet has not. Beginning in a tone of modest reverence, and running on with a simplicity of mind and plainness of speech not by any means common with the poets of the day, he says:—

I have not of myself the power or grace
To be, or not to be, one minute's space.
I have not strength another word to write,
Or tell you what I purpose to indite;
Or think out half a thought, before my death,
But by the leave of Him who gave me breath.

Having thus prepared his way, he proceeds,—

I none of those great privileges have,
Which make the minions of the time so brave;
I have no sumptuous palaces or bowers,
That overtop my neighbours with their towers.
I have no large demesnes or princely rents,
Like to those heroes; nor their discontents;
I have no glories from mine ancestors,
For want of real worth, to brag of theirs.
Nor have I baseness in my pedigree,
For it is noble though obscure it be.

I have not plac'd so much of my content
Upon the goods of fortune, to lament
The loss of them more than may seemly be,
To grieve for things which are no part of me.

For I have known the worst of being poor,
 Yea, lost, when I to lose have had no more;
 And though the coward world more quakes for fear
 Of poverty, than any plagues that are;
 Yet, he that minds his end, observes his ward—
 The means pursues, and keeps a heart prepar'd—
 Dares scorn and poverty as boldly meet
 As others gladly fame and riches greet.
 For those, who on the stage of this proud world,
 Into the paws of want and scorn are hurl'd,
 Are in the master prize, that tryeth men,
 And virtue fights her bravest combat then.

In this strain the old poet runs on, telling the world, for its benefit, what he *has not*.

The *Nec Careo* is somewhat longer than the *Nec Habeo*. As he proceeds, he never soars out of sight nor ever sinks into tiresome commonplace. The reader is astonished at the fertility of the poet's mind, and the unwearied earnestness with which he pours out his lessons for a good life. The passages quoted have not been preferred because of any excellence they possess more than the rest; they are taken almost hap-hazard, and might, without lessening the interest of the reader in the subject of this notice, be substituted by a like number of lines from any other part of this singular old poem. But we must give a specimen or two of what the poet "wanted not."

I want not so much judgment as to see
 There must 'twixt men and men a difference be;
 And I of those in place account do make,
 Though they be wicked—for good order's sake;
 But I could stoop to serve them at their feet,
 Where old nobility and virtue meet.

I want not much experience to show
 That all is good God pleaseth to bestow,
 What shape soever He doth mask it in;
 For all my former cares my joys have bin,
 And I have trust that all my woes to come
 Will bring my soul eternal comforts home.

Then comes this beautiful and most appropriate similitude,—

Yet—I confess—in this my pilgrimage
 I like some infant am, of tender age;
 For as the child—who from his father hath
 Stray'd in some grove through many a crooked path—
 Is sometimes hopeful that he finds the way,
 And sometimes doubtful, he runs more astray.
 Sometimes with fair and easy paths doth meet,
 Sometimes with rougher tracts that stay his feet.
 Here runs, there goes, and yon amazed stays,
 Now cries, and straight forgets his care and plays;
 Then hearing where his loving father calls,
 Makes haste, but through a zeal misguided falls,—
 Or runs some other way, until that He
 Whose love is more than his endeavours be,
 To seek this wanderer forth, Himself doth come,
 And take him in his arms and bear him home.

A page follows this on doubt and despondency, and the Christian hope that sustains and strengthens the soul in its hours of trial, intermixed with declarations of affection and tenderness towards his friends, which promptings of the heart he regards as amongst the choicest adornments of life.

These are the jewels that do make me rich,
 These while I do possess, *I want not* much;
 For these make sweet my life, and when I die
 Will bring the sleep of death on quietly.

Then rising in his enthusiasm for the simple dignity of an honest manly life, he exclaims, with the fervour of a true poet,—

I want no title, for to be the son
 Of the Almighty, is a glorious one;
I want no followers; for, through faith, I see
 A troop of angels still attending me.

This is a noble thought admirably expressed, and when it is borne in mind that Wither's "Motto" was published fifteen or sixteen years before Milton's "Comus," it is difficult not to believe that the great bard who sang of Paradise had it in his mind when he spoke of the "thousand liveried angels" that "lackey" chastity; and it must be confessed that the dignity and simplicity of Wither's idea are greatly impaired, if not wholly spoiled, by the "livery" and "lackeyism" introduced by Milton. It would be doing Milton an injustice, however, not to remember that in the eighth book of "Paradise Lost" he again introduces the idea, when speaking of the endowments of Eve, in language as exalted and pure as it is simple and appropriate.

Of the *Nec Curo*, or the "I care not" division of the "Motto," little need he said. The poet tells his readers how little he cares for the critics, and very likely with no more truth than a thousand others who have made similar declarations. He asserts his indifference to the shifting policies of states and the intrigues of those who seek to work their wicked wills in the world, believing that God's providence will bring all right in the end. He goes on also to declare how indifferent he is to superstitious omens and fears. He hates trivialities, too, and cares not what he eats or drinks provided it be wholesome and nourishing. He cares not for fashions in dress or in opinions, and cares not who rises or falls, so that honesty and truth shall be uppermost,—

I care for no such thriving policy
 As makes a fool of moral honesty;
 For such occasions happen now and then,
 That he proves wise, that proves an honest man.

He condemns also those who, having gained wealth or title, become ashamed of their poor relations; and praises those who have the modesty and good sense to ascribe their elevation to the will of God, and say,—

Lo, when the hand of heaven advanced us
 Above our brethren, to be lifted thus;
 He let them stay behind, for marks to show
 From whence we came, and whither we may go.

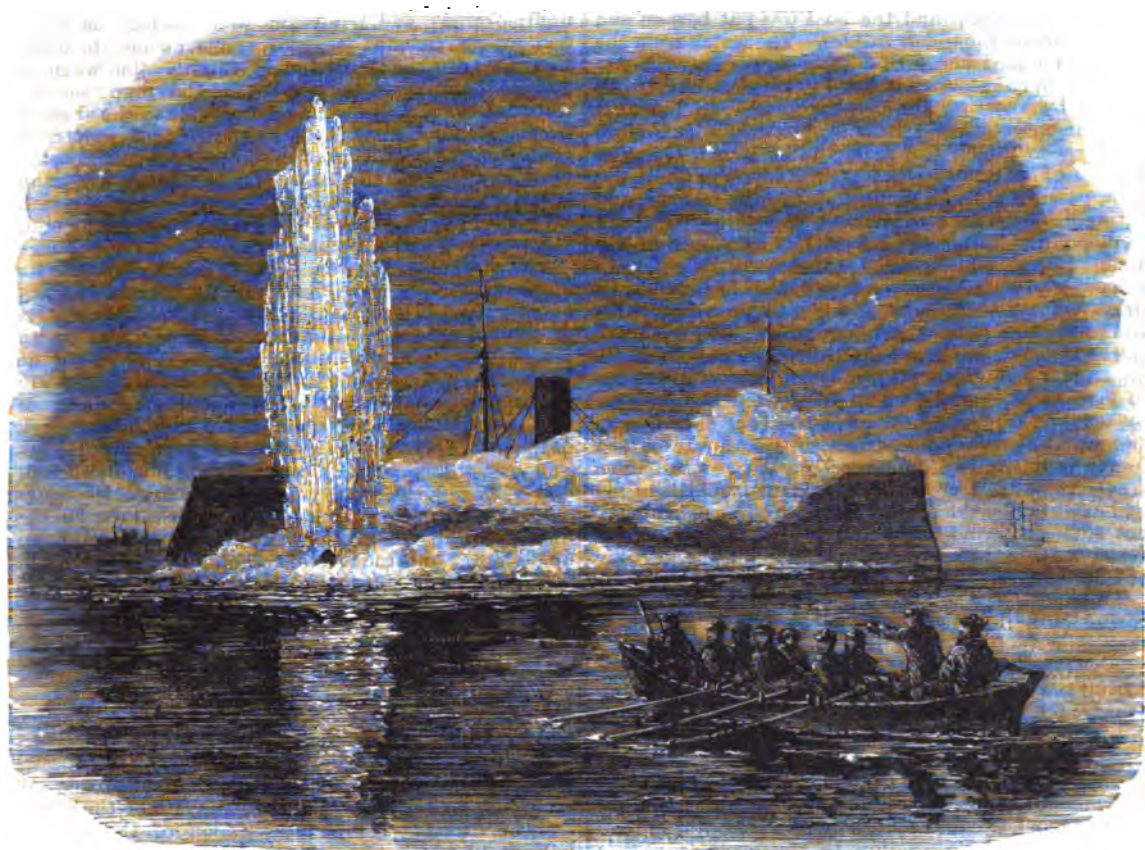
He desires not that the world should go smoothly with him, because he believes that adversity may be made the parent of many virtues. Besides,—

Smooth ways would make me wanton; and my course
 Must lie where labour, industry, and force
 Must work me passage; or I shall not keep
 My soul from dull security's dead sleep.

Thus for several pages the reader is further informed what the poet cares not for; till at the end, suspecting that he might be blamed for his style, as well as for his disdain of the world's vanities, he exclaims,—

I care not who shall fondly censure it,
 Because it was not with more method writ;
 Or framed in imitation of the strain
 Of some deep Grecian, or old Roman vein.
 Yea, though that all men living should despise
 These thoughts in me, to heed or patronise,
 I vow I care not, and I vow no less,
 I care not who dislikes this carelessness,
 My mind's my kingdom; and I will permit
 No other will to have the rule of it;
 For I am free, and no man's power (I know)
 Did make me thus, nor shall unmake me now;
 But, through a spirit none can quench in me,
 This mind I got, and this my mind shall be.

And so the honest-hearted stubborn old Puritan finishes his work without such frenzied gyrations or fanciful tossings about of trope and figure as a modern bard would indulge in; and though it may evidence lack of taste or critical discernment, yet it may not be going too far to suggest a preference for the plain speech and honest thought of old George Wither.



ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP AN IRONCLAD MAN-OF-WAR.

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

THE word Torpedo, now used to express what may in truth be termed an infernal weapon of war, was originally confined to the name of a fish, which on being touched emitted electrical shocks, thereby producing *torpedo*, or numbness. But it is not with its more harmless definition that we have now to deal. Since the war in America the word has become familiar to those who, however cursorily, have perused its annals, and its destructive powers have been associated with some of the most daring deeds of that great struggle, fertile in proofs of enterprise. In this sense it may be said to mean an explosive charge of gunpowder or gun-cotton, either buried in the earth or under the water, or propelled against the sides of a vessel, to be fired for the purpose of destruction to the enemy, in whatever form he may present himself. Thus, shells buried in the roads to hinder pursuit, such as were used by the Confederates on the retreat of the army from Yorktown, were named torpedoes; although more properly the word is associated with those harbour defences, either stationary or movable, which added so greatly to the protection of the forts and rivers of the southern states.

The stationary torpedoes, exploded by electricity, were dependent for success more on the calculations of science than on the daring of those who employed them. They were purely defensive. But the torpedoes used as aggressive engines for the destruction of the enemy's ironclads required in practice an amount of courage and daring which would daunt all excepting those most callous to danger and to death. Such

an enterprise was that which nearly succeeded in demolishing one of the most formidable of the Federal ironclads.

It was in October, 1863, that the United States frigate, *Ironsides*, was lying anchored off Morris Island, in the outer harbour of Charlestown, engaged in blockading the port, and in awaiting a renewal of the attack of the previous summer. No danger seemed to menace her; her iron-coated sides were impervious to shot and shell; and it was not supposed that the dockyards of Charlestown could produce an enemy capable of encountering her with any prospect of success. Nevertheless, on the same evening four daring men, including Lieutenant Glassell, the officer in command, put off in the small steamer *David* from the wharf at Charlestown, with the intent of running into the *Ironsides*, exploding a torpedo amidships, and, if possible, of blowing her up. The night selected was dark and hazy, and the little steamer directed her course along the shoals on the inside of the channel, until nearly abreast of the *Ironsides*. There she remained for a short time, seemingly for the purpose of reconnoitering her formidable antagonist, and so discovering her most vulnerable part. Lieutenant Glassell, with a double-barrelled gun, sat in front of the pilot who had charge of the helm, and a chief engineer and volunteer fireman were working the engines.

The time for striking the blow had arrived, but the officer commanding hesitated to give the order. He knew that in all probability he was signing his own death warrant; possibly he thought of the number of unsuspecting men whom he was about to launch into eternity. A short conversation ensued. The lieutenant,

addressing his crew, said: "It is now nine o'clock. Shall we strike her?" He was answered: "That is what we came for;" and the boat was put bow on and aimed directly for the Ironsides. The watch from the Ironsides hailed her with "Take care; you will run into us. What steamer is that?" Lieutenant Glassell replied by shooting the speaker dead, and the next moment the steamer struck the Ironsides, exploding the torpedo fifteen feet from the keel. An immense volume of water was thrown up, covering the little boat, passing through the funnel into the furnace, and extinguishing the fires; whilst volleys of musketry were poured from the deck of the Ironsides on her almost invisible antagonist. Lieutenant Glassell gave the order to back the steamer, but this was found to be impossible; therefore he and another, provided with life preservers, jumped into the water. Two remained in the steamer, which gradually drifted away from the Ironsides; and these, after much difficulty, succeeded in making their way back to Charlestown. The lieutenant was captured, but out of the four daring men two certainly effected their escape. The fate of the fourth is unknown; probably he was drowned. The Ironsides was not so greatly injured as had been hoped and expected by the enemy. The torpedo was probably not sufficiently powerful, and, although shaken, the vessel continued to occupy her station off the harbour of Charlestown.

An enterprise somewhat similar in character, equally daring both in conception and execution, and more successful in its results, was conducted by a young officer (Lieutenant Cushing) of the Federal navy, during the month of November, 1864. The blockading squadron lay off the mouth of the Roanoke river; a military force was ready to co-operate in an attack against the neighbouring town of Plymouth, but operations were at a standstill. The ironclad ram, Albemarle, was mistress of the waters; her formidable guns commanded the approaches to Plymouth, and her ram threatened destruction to the enemy's vessels should they attempt to ascend the river. She was moored some miles up the stream near the river's bank; a picket of infantry, bivouacked in close vicinity, kept watch over her safety; and a guard-boat anchored lower down seemed to afford security that no enemy should approach without due notice being received and preparation made. Nevertheless Lieutenant Cushing prepared his plan. He chose eleven volunteers, many of them officers, and embarking in a row-boat, pulled with muffled oars, under cover of the darkness and under shelter of the shore, up the river. They passed the guard vessel unperceived, they escaped the notice of the sentries, whose forms they could descry on the bank, and without detection reached the Albemarle.

But here an unexpected danger awaited them: the enemy's picket had lighted a large fire, and the flames threw a red glare across the waters. Moreover the Albemarle was protected by a boom of pine logs, which rendered the approach to her difficult, if not impossible. But no danger could daunt Cushing and the brave men under his command. He neared the boom swiftly, and to a challenge from the watch of the Albemarle, of "What boat is that?" replied—"You will soon see;" at the same time putting the boat's head straight at the boom. A volley of musketry was fired from the picket on the bank; but Cushing, who had now passed the boom, and reached the Albemarle, attached the torpedo to her side, and as a bullet from the infantry picket struck him on the wrist, pulled the string which served to ignite it. An explosion ensued, but at the same moment a shot fired from the Albemarle struck and sunk the boat. Cushing and his crew were precipitated into the water; some were drowned, some captured, but he, floating down the current, although wounded, kept his head above water,

and managed at length to reach the shore. He landed near one of the enemy's sentries, but happily was undiscovered; and lying concealed among the reeds and jungle, induced a negro whom he met to bring him word of the fate of the Albemarle. To his great joy he heard that the explosion had produced the intended effect, and that the formidable ram had sunk. Then seizing a small boat, he paddled off, half dead from pain and exhaustion, and succeeded in rejoining the blockading squadron. Such were two out of the many enterprises connected with the torpedo boats, which may serve as examples of the courage evinced by both sides in the great American war.

The stationary torpedo, requiring less daring in its employment, but more deadly in its effects, was frequently used as a protection to the rivers and seaports of the Confederacy. It is comparatively new as an instrument of warfare; and although employed at Cronstadt during the Russian war, and attaining greater perfection under the Austrians in the defence of the approaches to Venice, did not receive its full development, or exemplify its destructive effects in actual warfare, until the contest between the northern and southern states developed the system of torpedo defences, together with many other changes in the art of war. One instance may suffice as a proof of the awful power of these infernal machines.

It was in the summer of 1864 that the Federal fleet endeavoured to force its way up the James River, to turn the lines of defence so bravely held by General Lee for the protection of Richmond. The attempt was bold, but the prize in prospect was brilliant, and every effort was made to render the enterprise successful. The admiral's vessel was preceded by a steamer, which unmolested pursued her course up the river. But within a few yards of her deck, concealed beneath the trees and shrubs which lined the river's bank, sat an officer, who held in his hands the fate of the vessel and her crew. He had possession of the electric battery to which were attached the wires connected with a formidable torpedo sunk in mid-channel; and, hidden from view, he listened to the orders of the officers, and even to the conversation of the men on the deck of the gunboat. He allowed the steamer to pass unmolested over the hidden danger, as he was expecting higher game, and delayed the explosion of the mine until he could destroy the admiral's vessel.

It is difficult to realize the feelings of a man employed on so terrible a duty. To hear the voices of men in full strength and vigour, to listen to the merry laugh and to the jokes bandied about among the sailors, and to feel that in all probability, by one little act, the whole will be precipitated into eternity, is a position which even the most callous must regard with awe; and which it would require a strong sense of duty to enable a man possessed with feelings of humanity to regard without horror, or to perform without disgust.

Such was the position of the officer in charge of the electric battery. He awaited the admiral's vessel, but in the mean time heard an order given to lower the boats to search for torpedoes; and feeling that now or never was the time to act, he allowed the steamer, which had already passed the fatal spot, but which was returning to execute the order, again to come within the influence of the mine, and then, applying the electricity, exploded the charge. The effect was as instantaneous as it was terrible: the steamer was blown into pieces, and out of the whole number of the crew only three escaped. The torpedo had done its work surely and completely, and the Federal fleet, alarmed at the submarine enemies which obstructed its course, returned to its moorings, and abandoned the project of forcing a way up the river to the capital of the Confederacy.

THE RIDING OF THE BATTLEMENTS.

(From the German.)

"I'll stay not in my room, with its silence and its gloom,"

Said Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"Lo! the forest paths are shady, I'll a-hunting," said the lady,
The Lady Cunigunda.

"No craven will I wed, he shall win my hand," she said,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast,

"Who can gallop without falling, round the battlements appalling,"
The Lady Cunigunda.

A gallant knight there came, to the ride to win that dame,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

He fell before her sinking, and she saw the sight unshrinking,
The Lady Cunigunda.

And another gallant knight rode the battlemented height

For Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

Horse and man went down before her, but no woman's fears came o'er her;
The Lady Cunigunda.

Again a Bitter bold rode the bastion gray and old,

For Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

His charger fell o'erladen, but in silence stood the maiden,
The Lady Cunigunda.

And the long years passed away, and no rider came each day,

To Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

They shunned her ghastly portal, for the ride seemed for no mortal.
The Lady Cunigunda.

On the battlements of blood then that haughty lady stood,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

She said, "I'm very lonely, is there none who loveth only
"The Lady Cunigunda?"

"Is there ne'er a knight to ride, to win a noble bride,

"The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast?"

"Lo! the knights are cravenhearted, and all chivalry departed!"
Said Lady Cunigunda.

Then spoke the Landgrave bold, from his high Thuringian hold,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"'Twere a gallant deed and knightly, now to ride the ramparts rightly,"
The Lady Cunigunda.

He trained his trusty steed over rocks to climb at need;

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"The lady we are after shall not mock my fate by laughter,
"The Lady Cunigunda.

"Now, lady, rise and see! for a true knight comes to thee,

"Oh, Lady Cunigunda of Kynast!"

She saw him riding boldly, in her cheek the blood ran coldly;
The Lady Cunigunda.

His girths he tightened well, and he sprang into the selle,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"Oh would that I had never planned the ride, he's lost for ever,"
Said Lady Cunigunda.

Oh, bravely he did ride, and she turned her head aside,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"Woe to me! for he'll be lying in the castle moat a-dying,"
Said Lady Cunigunda.

He rode the bastion round, where deadly ramparts frowned,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

Her lily hand grown whiter, claspt the snowy bosom tighter,
The Lady Cunigunda.

He rode the ride again, in the might of his disdain,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

She held her breath suspended till that fearsome ride was ended,
The Lady Cunigunda.

Then safely from the crown of the castle he rode down,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"God's hand hath been upon him, and hath safe deliverance won him,"
Quoth Lady Cunigunda.

"I thank the Heavenly power, that upheld him in that hour,"

Said Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"Sir Knight, the ride is over, thou mayest greet me as a lover!
"Thy Lady Cunigunda."

Then obeisance did he make, but from off his steed he spake

To Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

"Oh, maiden ruthless-hearted! Lo! the knights are not departed,
"Proud Lady Cunigunda!"

"But, lady, thou must bide till another comes to ride,
"Oh, Lady Cunigunda of Kynast!"

"My marriage vows are spoken, and the oath shall not be broken
"For Lady Cunigunda."

Then the Landgrave spurred away, and he left her in dismay,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

And ah! her thoughts were dreary, for the waiting years were weary,
The Lady Cunigunda.

And she lived in virgin fame, for no other rider came,
The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

Till by magic incantation, lo! a wooden transformation
Of Lady Cunigunda.

Where her tresses waved, her pride—see a hedgehog's prickly hide,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

And 'tis every pilgrim's duty, that he kiss the thorny beauty,
The Lady Cunigunda.

And if his heart be weak, and the colour leaves his cheek,

The Lady Cunigunda of Kynast;

There runs a legend olden, that the forfeit must be golden,
For Lady Cunigunda.

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

MIDDLE CLASS FEMALE EDUCATION.

THIRD LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,—To conclude what I have to say, without trespassing on your space with details, the ignorance of women on many important subjects is a distressing spectacle; but to a reflecting mind the useless information of some women is still more provoking. I do not mean useless in the sense of being worthless in itself, but in the sense of not being put to use; of not having been acquired for any purpose, or employed to any advantage. How often do we see an able, intelligent, well-read man obliged to have recourse to books of reference, for, say some name or date in history, which his youngest daughter, fresh from her mental "cramming," will be able to give him with glib correctness; and then her governess—if she has been what is called home-taught—will bridle and smile, and glance round triumphantly to claim applause for the superior education she has "imparted" to her pupils. Then ensues a conversation on the historical event, an allusion to which led to the demand for information, and miss and her governess are both dumb. The former has no opinion whatever to give on the event itself, on the characters concerned in it, the circumstances which gave rise to it, or the consequences that resulted from it; while it never entered into the calculations of the latter, that to be able to form such an opinion, to be able to judge correctly of passing events by the conclusions drawn from a consideration of the past, is one of the chief uses of the study of history, the real purpose for which the accuracy on which she prides herself ought to have been attained. Without such uses a *knowledge* of history is nearly as valueless as a chronicle of the dates and titles of all the placards posted in London during any given number of years would be. There are few experiences in domestic life more common than this. Father and sons relieve their minds from the pressure of their daily business by discussion on some subject on which the knowledge—the school knowledge—of the female members of the circle may be greater than their own; yet the females are perforce silent, because their school knowledge does not qualify them to take a share in the discussion.

That a more useful system of education—that is, a system more useful as regards the education itself—would unfit them for domestic duties, no one can believe. A woman may, if she please, devote herself so exclusively to the pursuit of learning as to neglect all her household concerns; but it does not therefore follow that it is her capacity for learning which makes her do so, any more than it follows that a housewife who has had such proper training and instruction as are likely to make her an adept in the art of cooking, is, of necessity, unfitted for superintending the housemaid's department. It is a question of the proper disposal of time, the right arrangement of business, and a due sense of moral responsibility; and it is worthy only of a fool to say that the cultivation of the mental faculties must make a person incapable of arranging a proper division of time or a proper plan of employment; or must tend to lower the moral feeling. If it be true that a *taste* for the ordinary employments of domestic life is lessened by any devotion to other pursuits, and even this is by no means an established fact, then a correct understanding of the practical requirements of religion would be a far better preservative against such a result than an ignorance of literature and science.

It seems not only probable, but certain too, that household duties need not absorb as much time as some women devote to them, were the ideas of such women on other subjects less vague, or their capacities for understanding the subjects less limited. A little time given to the training and cultivation of the mind would materially enlighten the notions and simplify the practice of women as regards their household business. A great deal of valuable time is wasted in hunting up authorities, often themselves very much in error, or running about to get advice from friends, on some matter concerning which a woman's own reason could have set her right if she had ever been taught to use her reason. Nor is saving of time the only advantage to be hoped for: the danger of a misapplication of knowledge will be avoided. A woman, a reasoning woman,

for instance, will not readily fall into the error of bidding her cook boil the fish slowly, because she has been told that meat ought to be boiled slowly; nor, if she has devoted her reason a little to the study of natural science, will she be likely to order her fishmonger to send her lobsters in October, because dressed lobster is a nice supper dish. It is a fact that, with exceedingly few exceptions, the very best housewives among the middle classes in London do not know at what particular season any sort of fish is fit for the table, nor could judge whether it is in good condition or not before being cooked. They are completely at the mercy of their tradespeople in this and other matters; while in the preparation of the food daily served up, they are equally at the mercy of ignorant pretenders to the art of cookery. In truth, a great deal of what is dignified by the name of housewifery is merely a fidgety attention to the most trivial details of household business, instead of a comprehensive knowledge of principles, and a rational method of carrying them into practice. Owing to this error of not including training as well as teaching in the education of women, they are as lamentably deficient in that very branch of knowledge which it is supposed to be the chief duty of their lives to understand as they are in any other. If there be any among those whose opinions are worth having, who still object to the cultivation of the female mind, in the belief that it would unfit women for their domestic duties, they would do well to inquire whether those duties are always efficiently performed by women whose minds are uncultivated. The opinion of society in general certainly goes rather to the contrary. There is an almost universal complaint of the ignorance and neglect of women as regards their domestic duties; and no one pretends to say that this arises from the profoundness of their learning or the extent of their accomplishments.

The fact is, that the prevailing system on which women are educated, neither serves to help them in becoming accomplished or learned, nor is calculated to supply them with taste or ability for the occupations of domestic life. During the whole time of a girl's pupilage she is scarcely permitted to know much less to take a part in, any of the concerns of the household of which she is a member. It is not only possible, but probable, that the fact of a young lady having made her way to the kitchen or housekeeper's room, in order to satisfy her curiosity regarding the manufacture of a pudding or the concoction of a tureen of soup, would lead to her expulsion from any one of those "establishments" for "imparting" instruction at high pressure which swarm over this land. Yet if the ladies who conduct them, or the parents who send their young daughters to them, proceeded on the principles of common sense, every pupil would be obliged to learn something of the work which she expects to be called on to perform when she commences housekeeping. Can either parents or teachers say for what good reason a woman is to be kept in ignorance of all household concerns during the earlier years of her life; or on what reasonable conviction she is expected to be capable of performing them afterwards? If the former are disposed to believe that either a higher mental training or more extensive information would unfit her for them, surely they cannot also believe that a too early initiation into them would have the same effect. And if the latter will reject mental cultivation and hold by "routine" and "cramming," one might imagine they could have no objection to introduce another subject into their programme. Their system forbids them to raise any plea of unsuitability or overwork. If some of the young ladies who learn all "the accomplishments" and all "the solid branches" are likely to need none of them, but were not therefore spared the trouble of acquiring them, surely they cannot cavil at teaching housewifery to some of those who may be, by their rank or wealth, exempted from the necessity of practising it.

With the hope that the little I have been able to say may suggest to here and there a one the suspicion, at least, that the present routine of a young lady's education may be far from perfect, I lay down my pen, and beg to subscribe myself, as before,

Yours, truly obliged,

A. P.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER IV.

FERRARI THE ELDER.

THE day after the performance of the "Barber of Seville" Stanislas Ferrari called at the general's hotel, and was informed that he was not at home. He did not leave a card, nor did he even tell the porter his name.

He returned again in the afternoon, and this time did send up his card. The waiter who took charge of

it was uncertain, at first, whether the general was at home or not. On returning, however, he was quite certain that the general was out.

"And this solely because I am named Ferrari!" reflected Stanislas, as he walked away.

As Stanislas had concluded, the Gontchalins were at the hotel. "If that gentleman calls again," the general had said to the waiter who brought him Ferrari's card, "remember that I have no wish to see him."

"You are very severe, papa," remonstrated Nathalie, as soon as the waiter had left the room, "and he was so polite to us; and really rendered us a great service on two occasions."

"The services of a Ferrari are dangerous," said the general, "and I would rather be without them. Besides, the Ferraris are not received. I would not have been seen with that young man at the opera on any account if I had known who he was. He should have told us his name."

"But, papa, you did not ask him. When you did ask him he told you. He made no secret of his name."

"When a man is named Ferrari he should warn decent people beforehand, otherwise he passes, when he is found out, for what he is—for a Ferrari."

"What did this Colonel Ferrari do, then, that was so very dreadful? I am sure he was not worse than that horrid man, Boutkovitch."

"Boutkovitch," said the general, "is an animal, an insect—whatever you please. He is a necessary evil."

"Monsieur le Chevalier Boutkovitch," announced the waiter at this moment, bringing in a card.

"Tell Monsieur Boutkovitch to wait," answered the general.

"Chevalier?" said Nathalie. "What is he chevalier of?"

"Some very low order indeed, I should think. This Boutkovitch, you see, is in an anomalous situation. One may receive him or not receive him as a visitor. But he is in an official position; he is more or less under my orders, and I must accept him as an acquaintance to a certain extent."

"I cannot endure him," said Nathalie.

"You shall not see him," replied the general. "I will ring the bell for lunch, and the rascal shall wait until we have finished."

"You have not told me who Colonel Ferrari was, after all," persisted Nathalie, when her father had rung the bell.

"He was a foreign adventurer," answered her father, "ready to do anything that would procure him advancement and money. He caused my brother and two of my cousins to be exiled. He injured every family of importance in Russia; and much good he got by it after all! As to his doings in Poland, I don't quite know what they were. But a traitor is always a traitor."

"What did he do in Russia?"

"Well, he had been an officer in the Neapolitan army, from which he was—no doubt very properly—dismissed; and came to Russia as a music-master shortly before the death of the Emperor Alexander, of blessed memory. He was engaged by some family in which there was an only daughter. Instead of doing his duty and teaching her music, he made love to the young lady, and succeeded in gaining her affections. That would do very well, perhaps, in a romance; but the father, who was a nobleman and a great landed proprietor, did not like it."

"That also would do in a romance."

"Perhaps it would. However, this scoundrel Ferrari persuaded his pupil to marry him secretly. So at least it was said. At all events, there was a solemn engagement between them; and the difficulty then was how to get the consent of the father. If

Ferrari could have got a commission in the Russian army, if he could have procured letters of nobility by any means, the father's consent might have been obtained. But it was certain that he would not allow his daughter to marry her music-master!"

"Ferrari was a man of some determination. He did what scarcely any one does—what no man of education had ever thought of doing in our country. He enlisted as a private soldier, calculating that his very great superiority over all his comrades would certainly cause him to be remarked, and that his chiefs would not allow him to remain long in the ranks."

"He passed two years in the ranks, however, eating black bread, doing menial work, and putting up with all the privations to which a Russian soldier is condemned. His young wife in the meanwhile received several offers of marriage, and to her father's great vexation would not listen to any of them. One suitor, it was said, he absolutely commanded her to marry; and a terrible scene took place between the father and daughter on her refusing to do so."

"Ferrari was also in a dreadful position. He had enlisted for five-and-twenty years, and had no chance of getting his freedom. On the other hand, there seemed to be equally little chance of his being made an officer. I dare say he was no better soldier, probably not so good a one, as his comrades from among the peasantry. No one cared for his superior acquirements, which, moreover, he had but few opportunities of displaying. He might, no doubt, have given lessons in music to some of the officers; but that was not his object. He wanted to become an officer himself."

"I am sure he was very much to be pitied," said Nathalie. "I don't think he behaved badly at all. I think he behaved very nobly."

"Wait till you hear the end," continued the general. "One day Ferrari was doing duty as sentinel at the Military School. He saw that something unusual was going on. The officers and cadets seemed very much excited. As they passed in and out he heard them talking, some in French, some in German, two or three in English, but none in Russian, of something apparently of great importance that was to take place the next day. Some wished to fix it for the next day, others wanted to postpone it. That was all Ferrari could make out."

"But what was it?" asked Nathalie.

"You will hear directly. As soon as Ferrari was relieved from duty, and had marched home to the barracks, he set out again, hurried to the Military School, and passing the sentinel, who thought he was the bearer of a message, walked straight on until he came to a room which he had noticed was the place of rendezvous for those officers and cadets who seemed to have so much to say to one another, and who said it all in foreign languages. He stood outside the door for a few moments, and listened."

"What are you doing there?" cried a young lieutenant, who suddenly started out from a room on the other side of the passage. "What are you doing there, blockhead?"

"The door of the room where the officers held their meetings was at the same time thrown open."

"I found this fellow standing outside your door, listening, colonel," said the lieutenant.

"What have you to say, scoundrel?" cried the colonel. "Such impertinence was never heard of. What are you doing? What is your duty here?"

"The duty I owe to the emperor!" answered Ferrari.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I not only listened, but heard."

"Heard, fool? Heard what?"

"J'ai tout entendu! Ich habe alles gehört. I speak German as well as French; I am an Italian by birth, and I lived some time in England. I know all your languages. I was doing sentry duty here an hour ago, and I heard quite enough then to guess what was going on. Now I am certain."

"Come in here," said the colonel, in French.

"Why?" answered Ferrari, in the same language. "I have only to shout to the sentinel, who is in my regiment, that you wish to kill the emperor, to make him give the alarm. In less than five minutes you would all be massacred by your own soldiers."

"What nonsense," said the colonel. "Is that in the least to the point? I thought you were a man of intelligence; and a man of intelligence, having somehow strayed into the ranks of the Russian army, cannot certainly refuse to listen to his officers when they wish to take him into their confidence."

"I am perfectly willing to hear all you have to say," replied Ferrari.

"Well, to make a long story short, Ferrari proved that he knew something of the conspiracy that was going on, and made the conspirators believe that he knew a great deal more than he really did."

"Ah! that was bad," interrupted Nathalie.

"That was nothing to what he did afterwards," continued the general. "The officers naturally would not trust their most important secrets to a man whom they had found listening outside a door. Ferrari tried to persuade them that he was a great liberal; that he fully sympathised with them in all their views and objects, and so on; but while they enrolled him as a member of their society, and endeavoured to make use of him for the purpose of gaining the non-commissioned officers to their side, they still kept him at a distance. He was annoyed by the reserve with which they treated him; and at last decided to try whether he could not gain more by divulging the conspiracy than by aiding the conspirators. One morning he went down to the emperor's palace at Peterhoff, waited at the gates until Alexander came out, and at the risk of being severely punished, spoke to him.

"I entreat your imperial majesty," he said, in Italian, 'to listen to a faithful soldier, whose only wish is to save your imperial majesty's life.' The emperor was much astonished at being addressed in Italian by a private soldier, and was equally struck by the substance of his speech. He told Ferrari in his own language to follow him, and went hurriedly back to his private cabinet. After an interview which lasted some time the treacherous Italian was sent back to St. Petersburg in a close carriage, accompanied by a member of the household, who had instructions to take him to the office of the minister of police. Then, after being subjected to a severe questioning, he was ordered to go back to the Military School, continue his relations with the officers, and report day by day the progress of the conspiracy.

"This was not what Ferrari had bargained for. He had expected to receive promotion and honourable reward; instead of which he got nothing but a present of money and the doubtful honour of being employed as a spy.

"On making his appearance at the Military School,

he found that he had been seen coming out of the minister's office. He was accused of treachery, and one of the officers, in his indignation, drew a pistol and fired it at Ferrari's head.

"My brother, who was present, told me that Ferrari showed great presence of mind. The pistol flashed in the pan. Ferrari went up to the officer who had attempted his life, and without trying to disarm him, and without touching him, asked him coolly whether he was in his senses? He declared to him and to all present, that if he had gone to the office of the minister of the police, it was because he had been taken there. He gave what appeared to be a very frank account of his examination, and ended by saying, what was the exact truth; that being already known to be in the habit of meeting officers to whom suspicion attached, he had been ordered to continue to meet them, and afterwards to communicate to the police whatever he learned from them. He showed with much ingenuity that the position which he had been absolutely forced to accept in connexion with the police might be turned to excellent account. He would be obliged to tell something; but he vowed that nothing should be extorted from him which could throw any real light on the proceedings of the secret society.

"The officers, all young, impulsive men, were ashamed of the hasty manner in which they had prejudged Ferrari, and now went to the other extreme, and believed every word he told them. The officer, however, who had fired the pistol at him—he was one of the leaders, and was ultimately executed with four others—still mistrusted him. 'It was enough for him,' he said, 'that Ferrari had once been caught listening at a keyhole; and he maintained that his conduct from the beginning had been all of a piece. If Ferrari was willing to deceive the minister he would be equally ready to deceive them; and the minister,' he said, 'would make it worth his while to do so.'

"The rest of the story, Natasha, belongs to history. The Emperor Alexander died, and was succeeded by the Emperor Nicholas. Ferrari disappeared. The officers understood by various signs that their plot was discovered, and hastened the outbreak, of which Nicholas's accession to the throne in place of his elder brother Constantine was made the pretext. The cry of 'Constantine and Constitution' was raised; and several regiments, in which the soldiers had been made to believe that 'Constitution' was the name of Constantine's wife, took part in the revolt. The Emperor Nicholas appeared in person to quell the rising, and to explain away the misunderstanding; and order was restored. Then five of the ringleaders in the conspiracy were hanged, and many hundreds, including members of nearly every family of importance in Russia, were sent into exile. My brother and two of my cousins were among the number."

"And this horrible man?" inquired Nathalie.

"Ferrari? Oh, he had a commission given to him, decorations of all kinds, an estate, and a large sum of money. He claimed his wife, and the father had the satisfaction of reflecting that the daughter whom he would have refused to Ferrari, the poor music-master, could not be refused to Ferrari, the successful spy. I believe the poor woman had a large dowry; and every one concluded that it was for the dowry and nothing else that the Italian, in the first instance, had wished to marry her."

"What a dreadful story!"

"Yes; and you now understand why the name of Ferrari is not very popular in Russia. What Ferrari did in Poland I cannot tell you. But I know that he served in one of the Polish regiments—more as a spy than as a soldier, I believe—and that he lived in Warsaw for many years, and that he married his second wife there. The Poles accuse him of having treated them much as he treated the Russians. I do not know what he did, and I cannot say that I particularly care. After pretending to be on the Polish side until the insurrection of 1830 actually broke out, I believe that at the last moment he betrayed the plans of the insurgents. That it served the Poles right I do not deny, but it does not make your Colonel Ferrari any the better. Oh, no! he was a bad man, and I detest every one connected with him."

Nathalie remained silent. "And the son?" she inquired, at last.

"Of the son," answered the father, "you know at least as much as I do. He may be a very estimable person, but his name is Ferrari. He can make no career in Russia except the one in which his father distinguished himself."

"But that is no doubt the reason why he will not live in Russia. You remember he said at the Exhibition that he had no intention of going back there?"

"That reason, or some other. But really, Nathalie, you seem to have been very attentive to what he said."

"Poor young man! He is in such an unfortunate position."

"The position his own father made for him."

The waiter now made his appearance once more, and said that M. Boutkovitch presented his compliments, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to the general that he should do himself the honour to call on him at some other time.

"Oh! I had forgotten all about him," answered General Gontchalin. "Let him come up."

"I will go to my room, then," said Nathalie.

"Do, by all means," replied the general. "I don't know what the fellow wants; but he shan't keep me long in any case."

Nathalie went away and Boutkovitch came in, smiling. Boutkovitch always smiled when he was in presence of his superiors, unless they were actually engaged in bullying him; and he smiled more strongly than usual now, because, having been kept waiting some considerable time, he was afraid he might look annoyed.

CHAPTER V.

BOUTKOVITCH AT WORK.

"WELL, Boutkovitch, you dog, what have you to say for yourself?" asked General Gontchalin.

"I have to say," replied Boutkovitch—who, instead of taking offence at the term of endearment applied to him, looked much as a French grenadier might have done on having his ear pulled by Napoleon—"that London is a remarkable city."

"That I already know," answered Gontchalin. "Is that all you have to tell me?"

"They talk of their freedom!" continued Boutkovitch, "but what a use they make of it! Why, London is nothing but a nest of conspirators!"

"Details!" said the general, stretching himself out on the sofa, as if fatigued by Boutkovitch's eloquence. "I want details," he repeated, drawing out and preparing to light a cigarette.

"Oh, general! allow me," exclaimed Boutkovitch. He wished to hold the match.

"Thank you. I can do it myself," said Gontchalin, motioning Boutkovitch to keep where he was.

"Men of high position," continued Boutkovitch, "men who have enjoyed the emperor's favour, and received decorations, are here associating with professed liberals, revolutionists, and all the basest of mankind."

Gontchalin, without taking his cigarette out of his mouth, made a sign of impatience to Boutkovitch. He cared nothing for Boutkovitch's reflections, but there are some men who will communicate to other men what other men don't want to hear. Boutkovitch was one of them.

"You would be really astonished if you knew what was going on," persisted Boutkovitch. "Not to speak at present of the Russians, I was present last night, after leaving the opera, at a meeting of Poles. Some of the most distinguished of the Polish nobles were there."

"The Poles are all nobles," interrupted the general.

"As you are kind enough to say, they are all nobles, and I may add that they all deserve to be hanged. They are endeavouring now to unite with the revolutionists of Russia."

"The Poles in London," said Gontchalin, "are nearly all refugees, and we have no hold upon them. Your particular duty is to look after the Russians. Who are the men you speak of that occupy high positions, and have received favours from the emperor, and who are now plotting against him?"

"I have some of their names here," answered Boutkovitch. He produced a paper on which a number of names were written.

The general ran his eye hastily down the list. "Three officers; a couple of professors; a landed proprietor—he has not much land, I should think. Or if he has it is mortgaged beyond its value; a civil functionary; two journalists—ah! they are a bad set, the journalists; an artist; artist in what, I wonder? Artist in conspiracy, I suppose. Ah, well. There are at least two names here that I should not have expected to find."

"Only two, general? That is very few."

"No, that is a great many. I thought I knew them all. And what have you to say about these men?"

"That they go day after day to the house of Siegfried, where plots of all kinds and against all governments are hatched."

"Siegfried is indeed a European revolutionist. He has earned his name. You are quite sure of Krasnievitch, the professor?"

"Certain. I spoke to him there myself this very morning."

"And Captain Bagdanoff, of the engineers?"

"He was not there this morning, but he was the night before last."

General Gontchalin put marks to both these names.

"What is Major Schaflarik, by birth?"

"I do not quite know. His father was either a Pole or a Bohemian, but he calls himself a Russian. He is a red republican of the worst kind."

"I am aware of that. But he is only a talker. Well, then, it is quite certain that all these men go to Siegfried's."

"As to that, I am willing to swear to you, general."

"It is not at all necessary. You say you have seen every one of them there, do you?"

"Yes."

"That is enough."

General Gontchalin put into his pocket the list of men proscribed by his spy.

"Do you go to Siegfried's often?"

"From time to time."

"And do many Poles go there?"

"Nearly as many Poles as Russians. Major Scharfrik may almost pass for a Pole. A number of Jankowski's friends go there, and Jankowski himself is there every day. By the way, he knows that young man who was in the box with you last night."

"What! Ferrari?"

"Yes."

"I was just going to ask you about him. What does Jankowski say of him?"

"Jankowski, your excellency, is such a liar, that one can scarcely believe a word he utters."

"But what does he say?"

"Well, he said last night at the Polish club that Ferrari was not at all a bad person. But then he has illusions on all sorts of subjects; and if it suits him, or pleases him to do so, does not object in the least to tell a falsehood."

"Oh! he says Ferrari is not at all a bad person, does he? That means, I suppose, that he sympathizes with the Poles?"

"He is the son of Colonel Ferrari by the second wife, who was a Pole."

"Yes; and Polish mothers have Polish children. The young Ferrari, too, must have been brought up at Warsaw. His father remained there for many years after the insurrection of 1830."

"He was born a conspirator," said Boutkovitch, "and on both sides. And I dare say," he added, "his education has been worthy of his birth."

"And yet you can tell me nothing about him! A man named Ferrari in London, known to the revolutionists—known to every one, I should think, who once hears the name—and you can't tell me why he came, where he came from, what he is doing, what he means to do, or anything about him! I can't make out how you employ your time. You learn nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"Pardon me, your excellency. The list of names. I have really not been idle."

"Names that I already knew."

"Forgive me, general. There were two in particular which I had the honour of submitting to you."

"Scoundrel! you dare to answer me!" exclaimed Gontchalin.

Boutkovitch remained silent; and then, seeing that the general was not enraged beyond all bounds, put on a sickly smile of submission and apology.

"I do not know what you do with yourself," said General Gontchalin, in a semi-pacified tone. "You spend your time in taverns, I believe, instead of going into society."

"Oh, general!" protested Boutkovitch.

"Yet," continued Gontchalin, "you have received the necessary introductions."

"And really I have profited by them," said the spy. "I know every friend of Poland. They are not so numerous as they used to be; but such as they are, I know them all, and visit them, and am asked to their houses, and help them to get up their little lotteries and their fancy fairs. And I have made the acquaintance of the great Siegfried. He hates intro-

ductions, and if I had brought him one, he probably would not have received me. So I called upon him, and said plainly that my name was Boutkovitch, and that one of my objects in coming to England was to pay him a visit; and I can assure you we are very good friends indeed. I share his ideas on the subject of the peasantry, and he is good enough to say that I am one of the few men who understand him. No, general, I have not been idle, I can assure you. Besides, I have even found out one or two facts—little ones, but facts all the same—about this Ferrari."

"Why did you not say so before?"

"Well, you—you scarcely allow me, general. Besides, I have not discovered anything very essential about his present position. It is only his past life that has been related to me—related to me by Jankowski, his intimate friend. It is a stupid story. He was at a gymnasium somewhere in the kingdom of Poland. It appears that the Ferraris are more detested in Poland than even in Russia—for which reason young Ferrari, if he had any sense, would be on the Russian side. Instead of that the stupid fellow takes part with the Poles. Well, it seems that when he was at school some one spoke about his father, called him a traitor, and other pretty names, and so offended the son, that he went away, and could not be prevailed upon to return. He was sent to another gymnasium. There it was the same thing over again, only worse. He was asked how the son of Colonel Ferrari dared to show himself among the sons of brave men who had suffered for their country; and a great deal more in the same style. He left the second gymnasium."

"Poor fellow," said the general, "it was hard for him!"

"No doubt," replied the spy, "but whose fault was it?"

"I said it was hard for him!" cried the general, in an angry tone.

"I beg your pardon, general, if my observation had in any way the appearance of a contradiction. I assure you it was not intentional," pleaded Boutkovitch.

"Well, what is he doing in London? for that is all that concerns you, and that is the very thing you know nothing about?"

"That, your excellency, I shall soon discover. His friend Jankowski thinks of taking him to Siegfried's, and there he will no doubt speak."

"Speak! They do nothing but speak!" exclaimed Gontchalin.

"They will act before long, general."

"Then I shall know what to do. I shall be a little more in my element than I am now," said Gontchalin, as if speaking to himself.

"I trust Natalia Ivanovna is well," said Boutkovitch, finding that the general had finished talking politics.

Boutkovitch called what he had been doing "talking politics," and considered himself, vaguely, "a political man."

"My daughter is in the enjoyment of excellent health," answered the general.

Then, after a moment's hesitation, Boutkovitch said, "I believe I am allowed the privilege of drawing upon you, general. Could you let me have a hundred pounds?"

"What have you done with the money you received last month through the embassy?" asked Gontchalin.

"It was all spent, your excellency; honestly spent, every farthing of it. I lent fifty pounds to the landlord of the house where the Poles hold their meetings."

"Lent?"

"Well, I shall never get it back. But if I had offered it to him as a present he might have thought I wanted to bribe him. As it is, he merely considers himself my debtor. But he feels much obliged to me, and is entirely at my service. Had it not been for me his furniture would have been sold."

"And the Poles would have had to find another place of meeting?"

"Exactly."

"But you had two hundred pounds, did you not?"

"Certainly, general; and I rendered a full account of it to the first secretary. Everything was as it ought to be. There was not one item to object to. Donations to the Literary Society of the Friends of Poland; dinners offered to and accepted by enthusiastic partisans of the Polish cause; subscriptions and donations to various English charities; loans to Russian, Polish, Italian, and Hungarian refugees. I lent from a shilling to half a sovereign a-piece, according to their importance and ferocity, to at least a hundred of them; and would you believe it, general, I only received five shillings back, and that was from a man who wanted to borrow ten the next day!"

"But they will want funds if they are really bent on action. They must be mad to think of getting up an insurrection without a farthing of money."

"Ah, general! it is precisely because they have no money, and because they hope to steal some, that they get up such things at all; their first step will be to rob the treasury. As for supporting an insurrection, their idea is that an insurrection should support itself."

"Here is your hundred pounds," said Gontchalín. He took a blank cheque out of his pocket-book, filled it up for the sum mentioned, and handed it to Boutkovitch. He then rose from his seat, and the spy, seeing that he was expected to go, went.

CHAPTER VI.

FERRARI THE YOUNGER.

WHILE the general was listening to the more or less important revelations made to him by Boutkovitch, Nathalie, in the next room, had been reading a letter which had been given to her by her maid, which had been given to the maid by the waiter in attendance upon the Gontchalíns, which had been given to the waiter by Stanislas Ferrari, together with necessary instructions and an equally necessary half crown. The instructions had been faithfully acted up to, and the letter, in less than five minutes after Ferrari had left the hotel, was in Nathalie's hands.

"Natalia Ivanovna!" it began, "I take the liberty of writing to you because I shall not have the opportunity again of speaking to you, and because I cannot bear to think that at this moment you despise me. And for what? Because I am unfortunate enough to bear the name of Ferrari. If you knew what my life has been since childhood you would perhaps think that I have already been sufficiently punished for the acts committed by my father. Of the nature of those acts I was ignorant when, ten years ago, I entered a gymnasium at Warsaw. I had even been taught that my father had rendered important services to his sovereign, both in Russia and in Poland. What these services were I now know only too well.

"I was about to say, though I scarcely can venture to hope that it will interest you much, that after I had been a few weeks at the gymnasium, a boy, whom I had offended, called me 'a Ferrari,' an insult which I did not understand at the time, but which I was soon made to understand only too well. It was a cowardly attack, for it left me utterly unable to reply to it. Nevertheless, every one in the school took part with the boy who had insulted me. The presence of 'a Ferrari' was odious even to these children. My father wished to complain to the head-master, but I begged him not to do so. I could fancy I heard the master saying, 'But he is a Ferrari after all; his companions only tell him the truth.'

"By bearing the reproaches heaped upon me as patiently as I could, I endeavoured to prove that I at least was not proud of my name. More than that I could not do without insulting my father.

"One day a boy with whom I had had a slight dispute called me a spy. I told him that I was no more a spy than he or any other boy in the school.

"Well, if you are not a spy yourself, your father was," he replied. I struck him. We fought, and the end of it was, that my father was privately advised by the head-master to take me away from the school.

"I need not say that I was by no means sorry to leave, and for two years I led a comparatively happy life. I continued my studies at home with a private tutor, and though I had no society I did not regret it. I was at least free from taunts.

"At the end of two years I was sent to the university of Kieff—which, as you probably know, is attended by Russians and Poles in about equal numbers. There—though, to tell you the truth, I have never, with some remarkable exceptions, liked the Russians—I thought that my only chance of being left in peace lay in associating with them, and avoiding altogether the society of the Poles. But I soon discovered that my name was equally hateful to the Russians—you, as a Russian, will not need to be told why. After spending one miserable year at the university, I left it, as I had left the gymnasium, and returned to Warsaw. As my quarrel at Kieff had been with a Russian, and as it had led to a regular conflict, in which he was wounded, I was better received in Warsaw than I had expected. I made a few friends among my poor mother's relations. But it was evident, all the same, that they were ashamed of me; and when my mother died, now six years ago, I resolved to leave Warsaw altogether.

"I have no more to say except to entreat you once more to pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you, and to endeavour, if you should ever by chance think of me at all, not to think of me with contempt."

Perhaps if Nathalie had felt quite sure that an answer would reach Ferrari without the possibility of its falling into any one else's hands, she would have committed the impropriety of sending him one word of consolation. As it was, she read the letter with much sympathy, carefully observed the address, read the letter again, and then, that no one else might ever see it, threw it into the fire.

As for Stanislas, as soon as he had delivered his letter into the hands of the waiter, he went to call on his friend Jankowski, who had promised to take him that day to the house of Siegfried, the revolutionist.

(To be continued.)

LUNATIC LIFE AND LITERATURE.

HOW DO LUNATICS PASS THEIR LIVES?

HAD such an inquiry been put some years ago, the reply would have been a sad one indeed. We must have answered, had we answered at all, that lunatics lived and died the victims of the grossest cruelty and neglect. We must have described them as confined in dark and cheerless chambers, without furniture; as lying in beds of rotting straw, with but a filthy rug or a torn blanket for a covering; or shut up in cells and dungeons, debarred from the visits of their relatives and the consolations of the ministers of religion. We must have added that numbers were often chained together, and that, as a general rule, they were chained to their wretched beds at night. We must have confessed, in short, that the fear of violence on the part of the insane was punished by actual violence and iron restraint on the part of their protectors. We are not saying that this treatment sprang from the hardness of heartedness of those who exercised it; it was the result of their ignorance of physiological science, and of the marvellous efficacy of kindness and gentleness, even upon those who are insensible to the motives from which they arise. They regarded punishment as the infallible antidote to violence of all kinds, and in the blind faith of its efficacy they administered it to the irresponsible lunatic, in the vain expectation of torturing him back to reason.

From this grand error, and from the pernicious system of treatment to which it gave rise, we are now happily freed. If cases of cruelty occur, they are found to originate, not in public or in private asylums, but with the relatives of the unfortunate lunatic, who, weary of his care and disgusted with his helplessness, lose at length all natural affection, and abandon the object of their dislike to neglect or something worse. This is an unwelcome disclosure to make, but nothing can be more certain than its truth, and it may be accounted for by various considerations, none of which, however, are very creditable to our common nature. For this reason, as well as for many others, the most desirable place for the lunatic is the well-ordered modern asylum, whether public or private (licensed) it matters little, where he will be under constant medical superintendence and inspection, and reap the benefit of those ameliorating and restorative measures which have sprung out of a system of management based on the law of kindness.

The manifestations of lunacy are probably as various as the causes which produce it; and on investigating the cases of patients in a populous asylum, we are astounded by the multiform phases which the disease of lunacy exhibits. One shall be found plunged in profound melancholy, and shrinking timidly from observation in the agonies of nervous apprehension. A second shall have drunk himself mad with spirituous liquors, and is waiting but the reaction which will follow a period of enforced abstinence, when he will be restored to reason and return to his avocations. A third is a well-educated gentlemanly man, of refined manners when in his right mind, but whose lunacy takes the form of vagrancy and vagabondage. He has left his home, dressed himself in the vilest rags and tatters, has wandered about the country day and night, sleeping under hedges, in barns, in jails, in work-houses, and begging and pilfering his way like the vilest mendicant. At one time he has been seen selling matches, at another vagabondizing at fairs, until at last he has been kindly kidnapped by his pursuers, and put under gentle surveillance until the paroxysm shall have abated, when he will return to family and friends, and the enjoyment of his comfortable position in society. Yonder gentle, amiable-looking girl, who sits there sewing, has a mania for killing

and slaying: she has actually committed one murder, if not two, and has repeatedly attempted suicide; you may see on her neck the scars of two desperate endeavours at self-destruction. She is constantly on the watch to inveigle somebody more feeble than herself into a corner, where, if the opportunity were afforded her, she would do her worst to strangle them. That jaunty-looking fellow yonder alternates for ever between fits of morose and drivelling imbecility and accessions of vivacity and humour. In the one case he will stand maundering over the fire the whole of the day; in the other he will walk briskly about, sustaining an animated and witty conversation with himself; or he will dance vigorously to a marching tune, which he hums as he goes along, and will for hours together play such merry antics as to set everybody laughing at his vagaries, but takes no note himself of the merriment he occasions. That pompous-looking gentleman, with his hand thrust into his breast-pocket, and the other arm akimbo, imagines himself a Baring or a Rothschild, and is immensely proud of his riches. He is, however, equally generous, and if you complain to him of want of money, will immediately pull out his pocket-book, and unfolding a rouleau of documents, present you with a cheque for a thousand or two—or ten thousand or two, it doesn't matter—upon the Bank of Benevolence, incorporated by royal charter. All you have to do to put an end to your poverty is to find out the bank that will cash it. The pride of another takes a different form: he imagines himself a supernatural being, endowed with supernatural power. Now he sails aloft above the clouds as men do in dreams; now he is a submarine navigator, exploring the depths of the ocean. More than that, he is sometimes an apostle with a sacred message to mankind; or he is the "coming man," come at last to heal the strifes and dissensions of the human race and regenerate the world.

The whims which lunatics take into their heads and doggedly adhere to are not less various than the wild imaginations by which they are carried away. One is a rhyming madman, talking perpetually in pitiful doggerel, and half choking himself because he won't take breath till he has found a rhyme. Another jabbars incessantly, with a pedantic air, what he supposes is a foreign language, though neither he nor any one else can understand a word of it. A third is suddenly seized by a dumb fit, and you can't get him to open his mouth, save for the purpose of eating or drinking, for three months together, though he can talk as volubly as a parrot when the fit is not on him. A fourth is under a constant impulse to be doing mischief, and gives great trouble by the fertility of his invention, which leads him to the perpetration of pranks which none but a madman would conceive. A fifth has taken a vow against washing, and won't wash or be washed, do what you will; while a sixth insists upon abandoning his comfortable bed and passing his nights on the bare floor. Of oddities of this kind there is literally no end in the conduct of the insane; and one can imagine the patient kindness that is needed to prevent them from being the source of misery to themselves or others.

Again, numbers of lunatics indulge in literary pursuits; and it has been remarked that men, who in their sane moments never troubled themselves with the idea of writing for the amusement or information of others, have written largely in lunatic asylums, and, what is more, have written with propriety and vigour. In the Royal Lunatic Asylum in Edinburgh, a monthly journal is published, under the title of the "Morning-side Mirror," of which the printers, the editor, and the contributors are lunatics. The publication is spirited and amusing, and contains articles from correspondents in the principal lunatic asylums in Great Britain: it is, in fact, the organ of the lunatic interest. The

contributions, whether in verse or prose, are wanting neither in logic nor fancy, and are sometimes characteristically sarcastic. We must quote some of them, and may as well commence with a paragraph from a review of an *imaginary* work, entitled "The Multiplication-Table: a blank verse poem, in twelve cantos, translated from the Spanish of Don Cay, by Lord Walker:"

"We congratulate the public," says the reviewer, "upon this acquisition to the literature of the age. It has long been a desideratum, and we hail its advent with enthusiasm. To the noble translator we owe a deep debt of gratitude for this work. No man within the circle of our acquaintance was better fitted by nature for so important an undertaking. The amount of talent and learning he has brought to bear on this abstruse subject is perfectly wonderful. There is a strength of feeling, a depth of research, a power of thought, a facility of expression, in parts of this magnificent poem, that we look for in vain elsewhere. We venture to say—and we put our foot boldly on the assertion—that, in the whole circle of English literature, there is nothing that can compete, either in profundity of view, or in solidity of reasoning, with the following passage, which occurs in Canto the Fifth:—

Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five,
Five times eight are forty."

The reader will see that the satire of this lies in the stringing together of those hackneyed phrases of commendation in which reviewers are too apt to indulge. Another contributor, who seems to have been contemplating suicide from the lunatic's point of view, indites the following, which he calls

A POETICAL CONSOLER.

I know it is wrong, too,
But I'm bent on the notion—
I'll throw myself into
The deep briny ocean,
Where mud-eels and cat-fish
On my body shall riot,
And flounders and flat-fish
Select me for diet.
There soundly I'll slumber
Beneath the rough billow,
While crabs without number
Will crawl o'er my pillow.

We quote the following stanza, in a very different strain, from a pleasing lyric, written when the author was recovering from an attack of hypochondria:—

The heart thy kindness wooed from grief,
Is henceforth all thy own;
The flowers I call and lays I string
Shall be for thee alone.
If, with the coronal I weave,
Thorns haply should combine,
The thorns, my love, shall be for me,
The flowers shall all be thine!

Which, if it be madness, has a very pretty method with it. The following lyric, which is by no means lacking in humour, will be recognized by our Scottish readers as an imitation of a familiar old ballad:—

THE TIME O' LAMMAS TIDE.

'Twas about the time o' Lammas tide,
In the month of August it fell,
That a man was brought to Morningside,
Wha could na tak' care o' hissel'.
Oh, the barrin' o' the door!
Weel, weel, weel!
The barrin' o' that big door, weel!
"Noo, tell me," says he, "is this a rich place,
"Or tell me if it is a poor?"
But a' that they did was to laugh in his face,
And to steek and to bar the door!
Oh, the barrin' o' the door! &c.

"It is a place that'll mak' ye to think,
"What ye dinna seem noo to ken,
"When ye ought to tak' a drap o' gude drink,
"And when ye ought to refrain."
Oh, the barrin' o' the door! &c.

There is more of it to the same tune. But we must now abandon the literary department, and turn to some of the means adopted, under the modern system of management, with a view to accelerate the cure of the patient where a cure is possible.

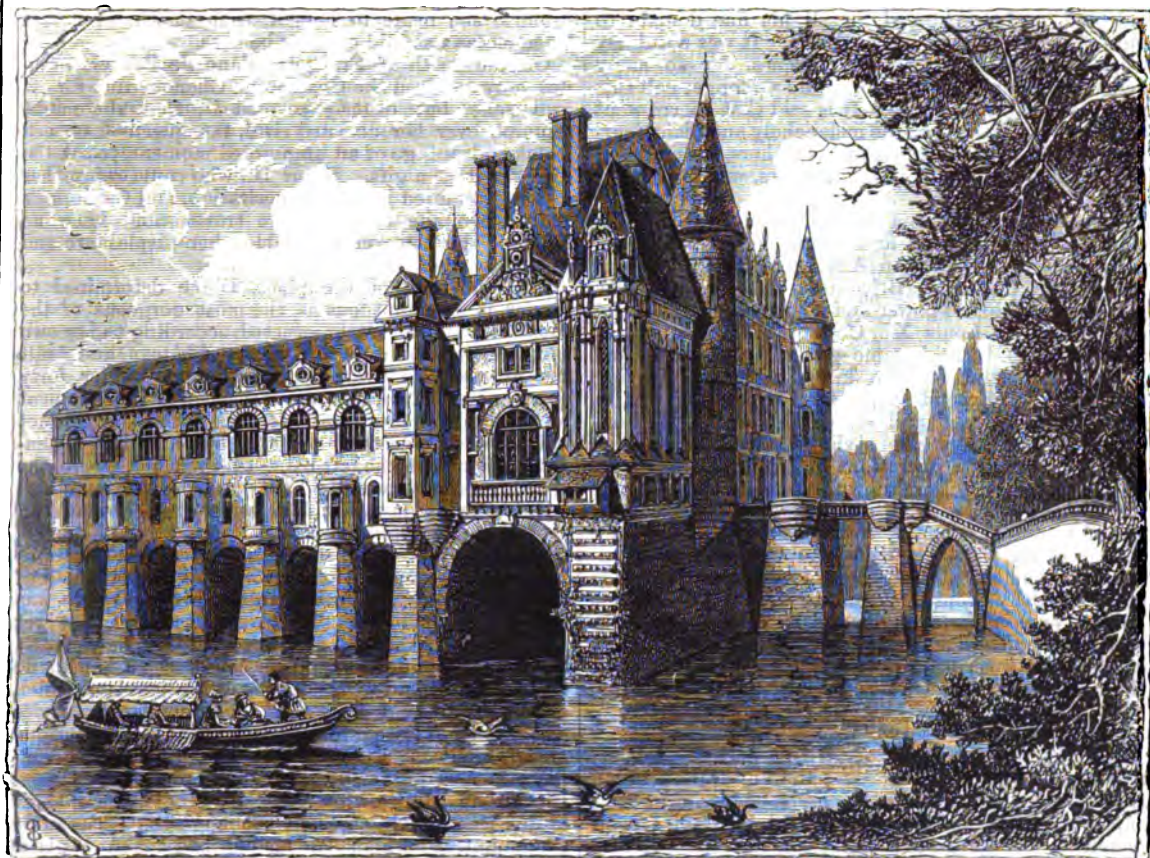
The first and most effective means is labour, which in the case of the lunatic signifies rather interesting occupation, which shall afford him agreeable distraction for his thoughts, than hard work. In county asylums this constitutes the principal part of the treatment—from four to five-sixths of the inmates being usually employed at some branch of industry or other. Men are at work in gardening, farming, and in workshops, where many handicrafts are carried on; and the women in washing, ironing, and household work. Although the labour is imperative on those fitted for it, the effect is found, in the vast majority of instances, to be highly beneficial and conducive to recovery. Moping monomaniacs and violent madmen have by it been restored to the use of their faculties and to society; and instances can be referred to of persons confined for ten, and even twenty years, who, having passed their time in a state of listless apathy and idleness, had come to be considered incurable, and yet, on reverting to the forms of regular industry, had regained their intelligence and health. This fact is now so well known that we need not dwell on it, or recite individual cases.

Another grand means is recreation. To a lunatic shut out of the world, labour is itself a recreation, and in most private asylums it is regarded in this light, the patients working as much as they choose, and no more. But where employment is regular, other recreations are enjoyed with more zest, and on that account, care being taken that they are not of too exciting a nature, they are found all the more beneficial. Music is one great resource. In most asylums a band of musicians may be selected from the lunatics themselves, wanting only a leader and one or two attendants to organize them and train them to play together. Concerts, therefore, form a chief part of the winter entertainments; and to them may be added dancing—to which, as an exercise for promoting lunatic digestion (whatever we may think of it as an amusement for people in their senses), we have not the slightest objection—and rural excursions and picnic parties. It is pleasing also to know that religious consolation can be imparted, and that the shattered feelings of many a poor lunatic have been soothed by the great story of love revealed in the gospel.

From the above brief glance we may gather some materials for an answer to our question, but not, alas! for a complete answer. There is another and a darker side to the picture, upon which we have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell. Lunacy is not a jest nor a trifle—nor under any form is it a thing to be lightly judged of, much less to be laughed at. As poor Cowper said, so touchingly—

'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy and a dream of woes.

It is, on the contrary, a profound calamity, often worse than death itself, entailing horrors and miseries of which the sane have not the most distant conception. It is painful to know, that in spite of all that science has discovered and kindness can achieve, there are numbers to whom recovery is hopeless—whose deliverance can be looked for but from the grave. Ah! who shall tell the priceless blessing of the *mens sana in corpore sano*?



THE CHÂTEAU OF CHENONCEAUX.

CHENONCEAUX.

Bâti si magnifiquement,
Il est debout comme un géant ;
Dedans le lit de la rivière,
C'est à-dire dessus un pont
Qui porte cent toises de long.—*Clement Marot.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the apparently narrow limits of renaissance architecture, there is not a château of the florid and attractive period of François I. that has not its own distinctive character and aspect.

Chenonceaux is altogether peculiar. Instead of towering on a lofty eminence, and relying on the height of its steep approaches as one of its principal defences, it reposes in a valley, reared upon the singular foundation of a bridge. Chenonceaux is one of the most fairy-like relics of past times, and its whole aspect is so replete with the grace, elegance, and richness of the luxurious period of the Valois kings, that we regard it only as a summer's-day palace or a royal bower, and forget its sterner origin. Chenonceaux was, nevertheless, once a fortress; this halcyon nest, floating as it were upon reeds and water-lilies, and shaded by alder trees, had its donjon and its buttressed walls, its posterns and its drawbridges. Its moat was the flowing river, and its defence the green meadows on the bank, which could—all smiling as they seemed—be laid under water at the first approach of danger. It required the taste of a Diane de Poitiers and the gold of Henri II.'s treasury to transform it into the enchanting spot we now behold.

Of its early history we have few details, but in 1272 it was, we are told, a modest mansion, and belonged to

the Marques family, an Auvergnois race of ancient name, rich and well connected, for they even claimed some remote relationship to the blood royal. They were, moreover, powerful, and capable of supporting a considerable number of men-at-arms, and had distinguished themselves in the field.

During the reign of the unfortunate Charles VI. Jean de Marques had taken part with the Duke of Burgundy against the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII. He was faithless to his sovereign, and treacherously concealed the English troops in the donjon to keep watch; but this act of felony had its reward. The English were beaten by the Maréchal de Laval Bois-Dauphin in the meadows of Saint George, between Montrichard and Bléré; the fortifications of Chenonceaux were razed, the woods were cut down *à hauteur d'infamie*, and the châtelain, declared a traitor and a rebel, was condemned to prison, where he ended his dishonoured days.

Chenonceaux, however, was not confiscated; it was given to Jean II. de Marques, son of the preceding, on his rendering faith and homage to the king, on the 12th May, 1431. This seigneur repaired his father's crime by fighting valiantly against the English, and was rewarded by a permission to build up once more the walls of his château. Pierre de la Marques succeeded him, and being of a turbulent disposition bid fair to walk in the steps of his grandsire. Louis XI., however, was now on the throne, and he was not a man to be trifled with nor a king it was safe to offend; so Pierre curbed his temper and adhered so strictly to the line of duty that he gave the monarch no chance of a quarrel with him. Unfortunately for him, he was

extravagant in his tastes and an indifferent man of business; the consequence was that he became heavily indebted, and was forced to sell his fine domain to meet the demands of his creditors. It was a sad day when the ancient family de Marques, for so many generations lords of the soil, could no longer call this princely habitation theirs. It is said that Pierre went out and wept bitterly at the melancholy and dishonouring thought that the house of his fathers, the cradle of his children, the tomb of his ancestors, was to pass for ever into other hands.

Thomas Bohier, Baron de S. Cyergue, was the purchaser of the "châtel and seigneurie" of Chenonceaux. He also was of an Auvergnal family, and was married to Catherine Briçonnet, an alliance which greatly added to his power and influence. From being chamberlain to Louis XI., Charles VIII., Louis XII., and François I., he became general of finances and lieutenant-general for the king in Milan. Having determined to expend some of his superfluous wealth on the enlargement and embellishment of Chenonceaux, and to adopt the style of architecture then in vogue, he began operations in 1515, with the help of what architect is unknown, reserving very little of the ancient edifice. Neither taste nor expense were spared to render it one of the most costly and exquisite edifices of the day. The time occupied in this elaboration of ornament at last began to weary the patience of the wealthy proprietor, and he was wont to lament he had ever undertaken it, and to express his fears that he should never see the end of his labours. He caused to be inscribed in various parts of the building the following expressive line:—

S'il vient à point, m'en souviendra.

Nevertheless, the result of all this patience, labour, and cost became the theme and the admiration of all the country round, when in the midst of his interesting supervision Thomas Bohier received the king's commands to betake himself to Milan, and his building operations were of necessity left to the care of Catherine Briçonnet, his wife. In the midst of his distant preoccupations, however, he did not forget his smiling home in the valley of the Cher, and obtained from François I., in 1517, letters patent authorizing him to build a bridge across that river; but this project he did not live to accomplish. Thomas Bohier had seen the last of his native land and of his beautiful palace on the bridge; he died at Milan on the 14th March, 1524, and his body was embalmed and sent home to be interred at S. Saturnin, in a chapel enriched with gold and azure, which, a few brief years later, his faithful Catherine was to share with him.

After the death of Thomas Bohier, whispers went abroad that one of the hastening causes of his death had been, as Theodora Hook would have said, "something wrong in the chest." When the treasury was opened and the accounts were audited, a woful deficiency of public money was detected, whereas the wealth accumulated by Thomas Bohier had attained fabulous proportions. A bed of justice declared him guilty of malversation of funds, and condemned Antoine Bohier, his son, to restore to the state a considerable sum. This sentence threatened ruin to the family, but matters having stood over until 1583, François I. agreed to accept in lieu of the prescribed amount the château and domain of Chenonceaux, which thus became royal property. It was taken possession of on the king's behalf by the Connétable Anne de Montmorency and Philibert Babon de la Bourdaisière.

François I. made frequent visits to Chenonceaux, and took with him his daughter-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, who from the moment she saw it cast her longing eyes upon this enchanting residence.

When Catherine de Medicis set her heart upon any

object there was very little doubt as to her ultimately gaining it; and we shall see how she fulfilled the promise she made to herself, that at whatever cost Chenonceaux should one day be hers.

On the death of François, Diane de Poitiers—who not only admired the Château de Chenonceaux for its own sake, but eagerly coveted it, that she might triumph over her detested rival, the queen—hastened to take advantage of an unguarded moment, to ask the king for it as a gift. Henri II., who could refuse her nothing, granted it without hesitation, and Catherine's rage, when she heard of the transaction, knew no bounds; she however dissembled her displeasure and bided her time.

Once mistress of the place, Diane determined to render it as sumptuous as the most gorgeous of the royal palaces. She reconstructed, according to her own taste, the southern façade of the Château, and built the nine arches projected by Thomas Bohier forty years before. This was an inconceivable improvement to the building, for she covered it with a gallery, not only in itself a tasteful addition, but affording a communication with the left bank of the Cher, where the pleasure grounds were laid out with the greatest taste and luxury, in lawns and flower-borders, bowers and groves, grottoes and fountains.

In the midst of all these improvements a strong hand arrested Diane's exultation; the sudden death of the king destroyed Diane's future, and his grave was that of all her hopes. The royal corpse was not yet cold, when Catherine, unable to contain herself any longer, sent to demand possession of the Château de Chenonceaux, and with it of the crown jewels of which Diane had possessed herself. The quondam favourite was now powerless to contend with the imperious queen, who was determined to make her feel how complete was her fall. She yielded up her trophies almost without resistance, although Catherine made a show of justice by giving her in exchange the Château de Chaumont, to which she herself had taken a great dislike. Diane never occupied it, but retired to Anet, where she died six years after, at the age of sixty-six. Chaumont was left to her eldest daughter, Mdle. de Bouillon.

As soon as Catherine saw herself mistress of this coveted abode, she began by devising all the improvements and additions by which she could possibly embellish it. She constructed an entirely new wing, intended for the accommodation of the court; and she added two long galleries, in which she could give hunting banquets by torchlight, and indulge in other festivities then in vogue. She sent to Italy for statues to embellish the halls and chambers, and for medallions of the choicest marbles. And here the Florentine princess held her court; here she received the most distinguished persons of the day, and among them the poet Tasso, who arrived in France in the suite of Cardinal d'Este. Mary Stuart, too, the infant bride of sixteen, whose beautiful little head had to sustain the burthen of two crowns, passed part of her brief married life, which may be said to have ended with its honeymoon, in this favoured retreat. Like a rainbow, bright and lovely, a creature made of smiles and tears, she appeared within the sunny gardens of Chenonceaux. A moment more, and she was gone—gone thence and gone for ever from her beautiful France, the land of her innocent childhood and of hopes destined never to be realized.

We seemed almost to feel her presence when they took us into a large oak-pannelled chamber, furnished in the purest renaissance taste, and told us it was just as she had left it. There stood the elaborate cabinets and chairs, and the carved bedstead, hung with rich crimson satin damask, in which she slept; there was the polished floor she trod, the very glass—the first Venetian glass ever brought to France—which reflected

her face—how real that seemed! the toilet table before which she sat, and the walls that echoed her words, her prayers, perhaps, even then, her sighs!

Catherine de Medicis was at Chenonceaux when the Duc d'Anjou, afterwards king of Poland, and finally Henri III., returned victorious from the battle of Montcontour. The joy she experienced at this event was so great that she exclaimed, "Henceforward let Chenonceaux be known only as *Bonnes-nouvelles*." This idea, however, was not adopted, and Chenonceaux retained its original name. In 1577, when Henri III. returned from Poland to ascend the throne of France, Catherine de Medicis gave a grand banquet at Chenonceaux to celebrate the occurrence. The details of these festivities, as related in the "*Journal du Regne de Henri III.*," are impressively suggestive of the morality at the Court. This entertainment is said to have cost more than 100,000 livres, which sum was raised under the name of a loan, from among the wealthiest of the king's servants, who very soon reimbursed themselves with interest, out of the pockets of the people—such was the license of the times.

On the death of Catherine, at Blois, in 1589, Chenonceaux became, by her bequest, the property of Louise de Vaudemont, the neglected but faithful wife and widow of Henri III. She had been residing here alone for six months, when, after a futile endeavour to conceal from her the fatal truth, news was brought her of the assassination of her royal husband by Jacques Clément, in the same year. Louise survived till 1601, and passed her widowhood here, the rooms she occupied being hung with black velvet. Over the mantelpiece still remain inscribed these words: "*Sævi monumenta doloris*."

The queen, whose whole life was now spent in works of charity, clothed in weeds of white, was venerated by all the country round, and known as "*La Reine Blanche*."

With the "*White Queen*" disappeared the regal prestige of Chenonceaux. It now passed into the hands of Françoise de Merceur, wife of César Duc de Vendôme, natural son of Henri IV., by Gabrielle d'Estrées, then into the family of Bourbon-Condé. In 1793 it was sold to Claude du Pin, and Madame du Pin, being distinguished by her literary tastes, established what we may almost term a "*salon bleu*" within the old historic walls. The palace now belongs to M. le Comte René de Villeneuve, her grandson, but is regarded as an historical monument, and has been restored at the expense of the country. It is a remarkable fact, that owing to the universal respect in which M^{de} du Pin was held, Chenonceaux was spared all violence at the time of the Revolution; it is therefore one of the few, if not the only royal edifice which has, save for the ravages of time, come down to us uninjured.

MAXIMILIAN.

THE glories of the age of chivalry, the legends of the Cid, and of the paladins who fought with Charlemagne, seem to come back to us as we read the story of the Emperor Maximilian. The tidings of his death, and the melancholy end of his heroic enterprise sent a thrill of horror through Europe, that will be remembered long after the country of his adoption has been swept from among the nations of the earth, and merged in the American Republic. No man ever crossed the Atlantic on a nobler mission. He went to carry to a disordered and degraded country the message of peace and of good government, and to confer upon the Mexicans the blessings of European civilisation. He left an enviable and honoured position in his native land. He abandoned home and friends. He went on an errand of difficulty and danger with the enthusiasm

of a crusader of old days. True to the traditions of his illustrious race, he remained at his post when a weaker man would have deserted it. And it is impossible to view his career without admiration of his chivalrous heroism, without sorrow for the untimely fate which brought it to so disastrous a termination.

Mexico for many years has been the scene of a series of insurrections. Between 1821 and 1862 there were no fewer than forty-six revolutions, and the reins of government were assumed by seventy-six presidents. No party has ever been for long dominant in the state; and the unhappy country has been in a condition of anarchy and disorder for which there is scarcely a parallel in ancient or modern history. The mixed Creole race has constantly been in rebellion against the Spaniards, who are for the most part the owners of the soil; and assuredly no nation in the world was more in need of an energetic ruler, who would utilise for its good the immense resources of the country, and restrain the perpetually recurring internecine warfare.

The Emperor Napoleon was the man who originated the idea of a Mexican empire, which, contenting the Mexicans themselves, would be acknowledged by the European powers. He had nearly disposed of the troublesome Italian question, he was the foremost man in Europe, and it seemed a grand and appropriate design, to result in honour and glory to France, and in infinita good to the hybrid and quarrelsome race who were not able to govern themselves. It was possible that America might not like a European potentate interfering with affairs in the western hemisphere, but just at this particular juncture America was sufficiently occupied with a terrible war. The French imperial army invaded Mexico under Marshal Bazaine; and when the last ruffian-president, Juarez, had fled to Washington; when there was no one to represent the "*liberal*" or republican cause but a handful of skulking guerillas, or half-caste filibusters; when, in short, the ground was cleared for the experiment, the emperor looked around him, like his uncle of old, for a king.

It was necessary that the chosen man should be one whom not only Mexico but Europe would respect; some one superior to the wretched series of presidents with which that country had been cursed. And the emperor chose wisely in selecting the Grand-duke Maximilian of Austria for the post. As viceroy of Milan, before the victory of Magenta expelled him from that city; as the active organiser of the Austrian navy; as a prince beloved by all for his generous and heroic nature; he seemed indeed the appropriate instrument for reviving, under propitious auspices, the sway of the House of Hapsburg in New Spain. A deputation of the most influential men in Mexico waited upon him at his palace of Miramar on the 3rd of October, 1863, and made him a formal offer of the imperial throne. He accepted it with no unwise haste. He took counsel with his father-in-law, the late king of the Belgians, the sagest monarch in Europe; he consulted his friends of the House of Hapsburg; and he consulted his wife, the lovely and high-souled Princess Charlotte of Belgium. Many delicate negotiations had to take place with European powers, and it was not till the spring of 1864 that Maximilian finally accepted the throne. He sailed with his consort not long afterwards from Trieste, in an Austrian frigate, the *Novara*; and arriving at Vera Cruz on the 24th of May, they entered the capital amid manifestations of the greatest enthusiasm on the 12th of June.

Six months had scarcely come and gone when Maximilian became aware of the utter rottenness of Mexican society. He endeavoured to educate it, to infuse into it something of commercial enterprise; to give tone

to its system, and self respect to its leaders; but in vain. No sooner had he conciliated one party than he drew down upon himself the hatred of another; and although he prosecuted internal reforms with vigour, and laboured hard at his administrative post, he felt that he was making but little progress.

He might nevertheless have prospered, and have brought the Mexicans to see the great advantages of good government, had not the fall of Richmond and the collapse of the Southern Confederation given the Americans the opportunity, which the cabinet at Washington had long desired, of putting such pressure upon the French emperor as would induce him to withdraw his army. The American government, desirous of popular applause, and having no sympathy with any form of government that was not republican, had all along favoured the miscreant Juarez, and acknowledged him as the rightful ruler of Mexico, even when he was skulking in the mountains, and the accredited representative from the cabinet of Washington had to return with the information that he could not be found. It was hinted that if the French army was not withdrawn from Mexico the occupation of that country would be made a *casus belli*; and from a war with America France could have very little to gain. It was a sore trial for the French emperor. He was much disposed to resent the insolent menaces of the American government, and he felt himself bound in honour to uphold Maximilian; but at length he gave way, and the fiat went forth that the French army was to be withdrawn from Mexico, and Maximilian left to his own resources, if he could not be persuaded to retreat with it.

And then occurred one of the most affecting incidents in this sad and romantic page of history. The Empress Charlotte, who had all along ably seconded her husband, now resolved to visit Europe, and endeavour to win from the emperor a continuance of his support. Little did she think when she parted from her beloved husband that they would never meet again in this world, or what a tragic fate was in store for her gallant Maximilian. Her petition to the emperor was fruitless, and in her despair she sought the aid of the pope, who, with the best will in the world, was powerless to aid her. Disappointment deepened into despair, and finally into dementia. She was taken, with faint hope of recovery, to Miramar, while her husband, whose position had by this time become well nigh desperate, entrenched himself at Orizaba. Although the French army was withdrawn, he still clung to the country of his adoption; and since many noble Mexicans had trusted in him, he would not betray that trust; but true to the traditions of his illustrious race, he would sacrifice all save honour.

We may pass over the time that intervened between the withdrawal of the French army, when the awful tidings of his wife's calamity came to add to his misfortunes, and the fatal day when he was betrayed. His troops were deserting him on all sides, and with five hundred Austrians, the remnant of the army that had served under his faithful General Medjia, he betook himself to Queretaro, where he made a final stand.

In a short time they were reduced to such extremities, that their only remaining chance was a vigorous sortie; and had Maximilian's plan been carried out, there is little doubt but that they would have succeeded in breaking through the enemy's lines, and effecting a passage to the sea coast. But here treachery was at work. A certain Colonel Lopez, whose name will be for ever infamous, who had been a trusted friend of the emperor, for a bribe of 10,000*l.* betrayed his master, and led the besiegers into the citadel, which instantly capitulated. Nor was this all. Marquez, whom the emperor had despatched to the city of Mexico at the head of a brigade of cavalry, for the purpose of

collecting troops, shamefully betrayed his trust; and by the use of forged credentials assumed the powers of a dictator in Mexico, instead of returning to his master. By assuring the Austrian troops who were with him that the capture of the emperor was only an invention of the Liberals, although he had received official reports of the fact about four days after it occurred, he caused them to prolong their resistance to Juarez, and by thus further provoking the rage of the enemy, contributed with other circumstances to seal the fate of Maximilian.*

And now came the closing scene of the tragedy—the terrible finale to an expedition inaugurated with such high hopes and joyous expectations. It is believed that Maximilian might have escaped at the last moment, but when he knew that his faithful generals, Medjia, Miramon, and others, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, he resolved to share their fate. A court-martial was held in the theatre, which was brilliantly illuminated; but of that mockery of a trial, where there was a palpable predetermination to condemn the accused, it is unnecessary to speak. The emperor and his two generals above-mentioned were put on their trial together, and the court consisted chiefly of boys under twenty years of age.

On the morning of the 19th of May, Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, and Generals Miramon and Medjia, were, at the command of Juarez, led out to be shot. They were taken in a coach, and when near the place of execution the emperor descended, and walked firmly to the place of death.

There was grandeur on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye;
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.

He gave an ounce of gold to each of the soldiers appointed as executioners, and after embracing his generals he came forward, and in sight of a dreadful death, he spoke these heroic words:—"Mexicans—persons of my class and origin are marked by God either for the happiness of nations, or to die as martyrs in their cause. Called by a portion of you, I came for the good of the country. Ambition I had none. I came, actuated by the best wishes for the future of my adopted country. Mexicans, may my blood be the last spilt, and may it regenerate this wretched country." And then the royal martyr stood up to die.

We need not tell here how the soldiers did their work in a bungling manner; how the bullets, as it were, slew him by inches; but at last the hideous deed was consummated.

The part which the American government played in the collapse of the Mexican empire will always be remembered to its dishonour. Had it not from the first offered a sinister and selfish opposition to an enterprise noble in itself, and conducive to the regeneration of an utterly effete republic, Maximilian might now have been reigning prosperously over Mexico.

So ends the saddest page of contemporary history. A noble and lovely lady deprived of her reason, a gallant gentleman foully slain; their only sin a desire for the welfare of an ungrateful nation. Saddest of all stories this generation will have to tell to another is that which relates how bravely the archduke started, how nobly he fell; and in recounting the sorrows of the House of Hapsburg, greatest of all will be the murder of the high-souled and chivalrous Maximilian, the martyr-emperor of Mexico.

* During the sixty-seven days the siege lasted no food entered the city, containing over 200,000 inhabitants. Necessaries of life, therefore, rose to a fabulous price, bread being from 10*s.* to 12*s.* per lb., meat of lean milch cows 4*s.* per lb., horse flesh from 2*d.* to 1*s.* Indian corn or maize, which is sometimes sold for 8*s.* a *carg*, of 300 lbs., was 30*f.*; lean fowls 8*s.* each, eggs three for 2*s.*





A. 112583

105

LULLABY.

FROM AN ORIGINAL NOVEL, BY

C. W. COPE, R.A.

A SOUTH AMERICAN SHEPHERD.



IN our last number we gave some particulars concerning sheep-shearing in Buenos Ayres, with an engraving, from a drawing made on the spot, of the busy scene in an estancia where as many as 20,000 sheep are sheared in one season. Some additional facts are subjoined, not less interesting.

A shepherd's hut or house in Buenos Ayres is called a *puesto*; the shepherd is a *puestero*, who is generally paid by an allotment of one third of the wool and one third the increase, besides being allowed as much mutton as he can consume. The only hope of success for an emigrant is to get an engagement on these terms; for, if the owner of a small capital, he would almost certainly lose it and be ruined if he purchased a part of a flock, which some have imagined to be the high road to fortune. It is an uphill struggle on the plan of "thirds," the writer having been told by steady industrious men, well qualified for their business, that after a battle of eight or nine years they were in worse circumstances than when they first arrived in the country.

Puestos, like *estancias*, are of various sizes. Some are merely rude huts containing a single room, furnished with one or more *ox skulls*, facetiously called "ivory chairs," and a hide for a bed; whilst others are comfortable cottages, furnished in much the same manner as the houses of small farmers or labourers in England.

Shepherds (on thirds) are generally unmarried and live alone. Their dogs are their only companions. Some of them do not hear the sound of a human voice for weeks. I have been told by more than one, that when they first took possession of their hermitages every day seemed as long as a month; but that after a time they got accustomed to solitude and did not dislike it. It seems an unnatural life, however, and I

fancy the feelings must become so far petrified. Yet many of them are kind-hearted fellows, and the stranger is always sure of a hospitable welcome at a *puesto*. On his arrival the shepherd kindles a fire (of fat and sheep-dung), roasts or stews mutton, prepares tea or maté, produces a bottle of *cané*, and takes every pains, which appears to him a pleasure, to make his guest comfortable. On rare occasions the *puestero* gives a party (*sub rosa*), and fellow-shepherds ride for leagues, after their sheep are in the corrals, to spend the night in mirth and sociality. Roast fowls by the dozen, mutton galore, biscuits and tea, are provided for the bodily needs, and gin and *cané* help to drive away dull care. The spirits, so long depressed, rise in an inverse proportion on that very account. Songs are sung, jests are cracked, and in due time the mirth and fun grow fast and furious. The party disperses about cock-crow, each member trusting to the sagacity of his horse to find the way home.

Herding sheep is all done in Buenos Ayres either on horseback or on the top of the chimney. The shepherd, whilst busied with his household affairs, his quinta or garden, occasionally mounts the ladder leading to the chimney-top, from which he obtains a wider prospect of the camp, and his practised eye can distinguish his flock amongst a jungle of thistles when it is invisible to others. He can also guess very accurately what his sheep intend to do—whether they mean to remain on their *querencia*, or proper pasturage, or are inclined to wander into forbidden ground. He requires to keep a sharp look-out, lest they meet and mix with another flock, an accident that sometimes happens, and which occasions a great deal of trouble, as the separation can only be effected by catching and lifting out of the corral every individual member of one of the flocks. Every shepherd owns two or three horses, and one is always kept saddled and tied up, that he may be able to gallop to his flock at any moment. In *pampas*—the tremendous gales, often laden with dust, that sweep across the pampas—the shepherd is obliged to be doubly vigilant and to keep with his flock, as the sheep run at full gallop before the hurricane, and are often entirely lost. A little before noon in summer sheep arrange themselves into curiously regular masses, and sleep for several hours. It is then the shepherd, if so inclined, may also take his *siesta*.

SLUMBER.

WITHOUT owning to any weak sentimentalism, we are of the Ettrick shepherd's opinion, that earth affords no lovelier sight than that of a babe at rest on its mother's bosom. The coloured print, from an original painting by C. W. Cope, which we present to the reader with our present monthly part, only differs in one particular from the word-picture in "Colin and Kate." Instead of the rustic beauty at the cottage door, the model chosen by Mr. Cope is a lady, and all the accessories speak of refinement. She has sung the babe to sleep to the finished music of Mendelssohn or Kücken, but there is the same touch of nature, which makes the whole world kin, in both. The baby boy is "doing no mischief, but only dreaming of it." For, as Byron writes—

His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out, although in slumber.

And the mother!—is *she* not dreaming, too, a sweet day-dream of the years to come, running somewhat in this wise?—

My little child, what wilt thou choose?
Now let me look at thee and ponder.
What gladness, from the gladnesses,
Futurity is spreading under
Thy gladsome sight. . . .

May be she pictures her child's perfect happiness in a life which is only "half labour, half repose;" or, as she parts the hair from his beautiful forehead, ambitious thoughts are awakened, and she thinks it not unlikely that her little one hereafter may think it fitter—

To be eloquent and wise,
One upon whose lips the air
Turns to solemn verities,
For men to breathe anew, and win
A deeper-seated life within.

Or she fancies him a philosopher—a poet—why not? Is there anything too good—too great, which she is not capable of wishing for her darling boy, and which, in her heart of hearts, she thinks he will not live to deserve and achieve? Thus she dreams of a golden future for him, and when this is all settled to her satisfaction, the woman's nature rises superior to all, and claims its due, as she looks upon his present helplessness. What is it she then says, the day-dream still continuing? Ambitious thoughts and wild fancies have been busy—

But O, my babe! thy lids are laid
Close, fast upon thy cheek,—
And not a dream of power and sheen
Can make a passage up between!
Thy heart is of thy mother's made,
Thy looks are very meek!
And it will be their chosen place
To rest on some beloved face,
As these on thine—and let the noise
Of the whole world go on, nor drown
The tender silence of thy joys.

That is it, after all: perfect rest in perfect love. What more can the mother desire for the child? It is to this that all her musings come at last, as she sings—

All is still in sweetest rest,
Be thy sleep serenely blest!
Winds are moaning o'er the wild,
Lullaby, sleep on my child!
Close each little drowsy eye,
Let them like two roselets lie;
And when purple morn shall glow,
Still as roselets freshly blow.

Lullaby, sleep on my child!

While those buds the mother tends,
And with kisses o'er them bends;
She ne'er heeds the spring-time near,
Spring and summer wait her here,
Lullaby, sleep on my child!

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

IX.

OF ARTIFICIAL SWARMING.—These papers would be incomplete without a few remarks on the subject of "artificial swarming," or, as it should more correctly be called, "*the formation of swarms by artificial means.*" Hitherto I have presumed that your bees are allowed to swarm in the natural manner, and at the bees' pleasure,—and there is no doubt that an apiary may be very profitably managed in most seasons on that principle. And nature here is most attractive in her mode of operation. What can be more interesting in its way than the sight of a swarm of bees in the air, or when congregating round their queen on the drooping bough of a tree? And yet art may improve upon nature in this as in some other respects. For sometimes weeks will pass—not seldom a whole summer (as in my own case, in this year of grace 1867)—without a single swarm issuing from a dozen hives, even though the bees may have been

hanging out idly in great masses—like beard and moustache, around the mouth of the hives—which to those who are anxious to increase their stock of bees is a great disappointment. At other times after the swarm has settled—not seldom after it has been hived—the still greater disappointment awaits the owner of seeing his bees desert in a body and being lost to him, when he thought them safe in his possession, owing to their having previously selected a home which they preferred. Now much of this delay and disappointment will be avoided if only we can compel the bees to swarm at our own time, and before they have chosen their future dwelling. I proceed therefore to give instructions for the formation of swarms in the simplest and safest way—omitting to notice various methods which have been tried by myself and others with more or less success, but which require the practised hand of an experienced bee-master. At this method I have already hinted (page 559) when supposing the case of a queen being found in a cap or super which had been taken off a hive with a view to plunder. This not unfrequently happens during the months of May and June (when alone it is safe to make artificial swarms), and occasion may be taken from it in the surest of all ways to make a swarm, and with the least possible trouble. In this case proceed as follows:—First remove the parent hive or box temporarily to some little distance, substituting for it an empty hive with a flat top. Upon this empty hive (which must have a good-sized hole in its top board) place the full cap or super containing the queen and brood-comb. Let this be done in the busiest part of a warm sunny day, when the bees are mostly abroad. At first there will be some confusion, but in a short time all will go well. Here you have a swarm with little or no trouble. It will be a fine one, too, because most of the old bees will find their way to their accustomed locality from the parent hive, and finding their queen and young brood, they will remain. Attention, however, must be paid to the parent hive, or it will become so greatly reduced in population by this treatment, as to run great risk of perishing altogether; the more so as a new queen will have to be reared in it, and several weeks must pass without any addition to the strength of the hive. You must therefore contrive to supply the place of the missing bees. This is easily done, some hours later or the next fine day, by a second shifting of hives. Look out another strong stock and remove it, queen and all, to another place in your apiary at some distance off, and substitute for it the old half-deserted hive.* This will restore the balance of population at once; for in this instance, the queen being moved off along with the second stock, she will be sure to retain about her a large number of bees, while at the same time many will join the depopulated hive (now located in their old place) and assist in rearing the young queen and attending to the brood, which otherwise would perish in considerable quantity. It will thus be seen that on this plan one swarm is made out of two stocks.

This then is the one only safe, easy, and "profitable" method of forming swarms artificially, which I can venture to recommend to cottagers and novices in bee-keeping. A little practice of course is required, and some courage and perseverance to ensure success. It is not, however, dependent on intercepting the queen-mother in a cap or super. At any time a swarm may be made on this principle. Only if the queen is not caught in a super, it will be necessary to drive the bees out of the hive together with their queen in the manner described at page 559, and to put the driven bees in a new hive in the place where their old hive stood; then proceed, in the manner detailed above, to part the old hive, when emptied of its inhabitants, in place of some other strong stock, removing the latter to a new stand at some distance. In ordinary seasons, if desirable, the operation may be repeated a month later, care being taken never to make swarms out of weak hives, and never later than Midsummer.

P. V. M. F.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Here let me observe that it will be found very useful to have your bees divided into two or more apiaries, some twenty or thirty yards at least distant from each other.

CHILDREN'S GAMES—continued from page 576.

THE FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND BUTTERFLIES.

Some of the children form a ring, join hands, kneel on one knee, and bend down their heads; these are the flowers, sleeping. The rest are birds or butterflies: they kneel on one knee in the ring, the birds covering one arm over their faces; this position is kept during the first verse, at the second the flowers jump

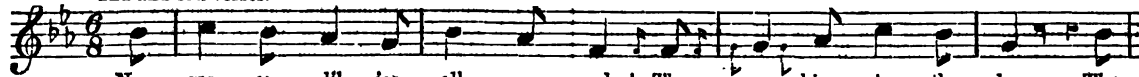
up and dance round. At "Rise little" they stop and raise their arms, the birds and butterflies jump up, and passing out of the ring flutter about the room. At the third verse the flowers dance round again, and at "Let us all" all the children pair off and dance round the room.



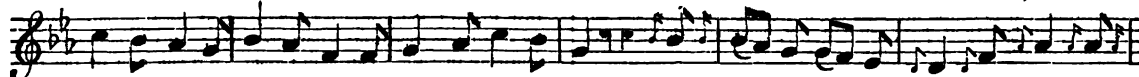
All the world is fast a - sleep, Hush'd in slum - ber calm and deep ;



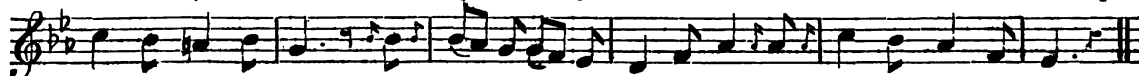
Flow - ers, birds, and but - ter - flies, Wait - ing for the sun to rise.
2nd and 3rd verses.



Now ros - es, lil - ies, all, a - wake! The sun shines o'er the lea, The



breeze comes all your bells to shake, So dance right mer - ri - ly! Rise lit - tle birds and but - ter - flies, Up,



up, and leave your nest, Fly quick to see the sun a - rise, And sport with all the rest.

Now all are up, the birdies sing

With a chirrup, twee twee, twee twee!

The butterflies come fluttering

Round all the flowers they see.

Let us all dance together

This sunshiny weather, Tra-la-la, la la, la la!

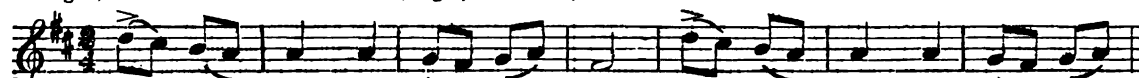
Until merry as we

All the world shall be, Tra-la-la, la la, la la!

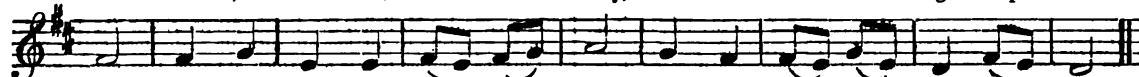
THE WINDMILL.

Four children form a cross, representing the sails of a windmill, by joining their right hands in the middle. At the first verse they move round to the left, at the end of it they leave go with their right hands, join their left, and move round to the right; third verse as the first. Four, eight, or twelve

children may form one windmill, by making each sail of one, two, or three. In the latter cases, at the end of each verse the centre ones turn to the outside, and the outside to the centre. The two opposite wings must be kept in a straight line.



Wind - mill, wind - mill, tell me why, You are turn - ing up so



high; You are whirl - ing round so fast, Are you not too tir'd to last?

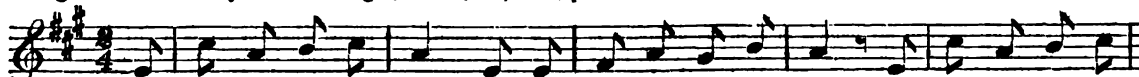
I am whirling, whirling round,
That the corn-seeds may be ground;
'Tis the wind so wild and free
Turns me, turns me, as you see.

Blow, wind, blow, with might and main,
Turn the windmill round again.
Outside, sails are whirling round,
Inside, corn is being ground.

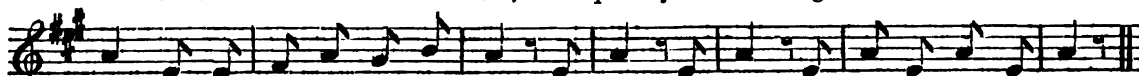
THE WATERMILL.

The children stand in a ring, taking hold of hands. As they sing they move round, stamping gently in time to the music; during the first verse they turn to the right, second, left, third,

right. At "Clip-clap" they stop, clap hands and stamp louder, but always in time to the music.



The wa - ter - mill has no sail, But quick - ly it can go. The wa - ter turns the



wheel round, It makes a sound just so, Clip clap, clip clap, clip clap, clip clap, clip clap!

The miller and his children
Are powdered white with meal;
And well they love to hearken
To th' sound of waterwheel.

Clip, clap, &c.

Thus, all day long the wheel goes,
Until the corn is ground;
It turns, and foams, and splashes,
And always makes this sound.

Clip, clap, &c.



J. S. [ST. ANDREW'S MISSION, GRAVESEND] writes: "I believe Theophilus to be correct in his statement that 'Penny Readings' are falling off. However, we have found this plan succeed. 1st. By the kindness of some ladies and amateurs we divided the 'Readings,' and had a song or music between each short piece read. 2nd. We divided the room longitudinally up the centre, so that the sixpenny seats and penny seats were fairly apportioned, the poor thus being put on an equality with their richer neighbours. The 'Readings' were crowded, paid their expenses, and left a considerable surplus for our Mission."

ALFRED.—The *banshee* is a supposed supernatural being, whose cry is said to be heard when a member of the O'Neil family is about to die. A short account of the tradition will be found in Mr. and Mrs. Carter Hall's book on Ireland.

LETITIA.—Nothing has been done for the still surviving daughters of the poet Robert Bloomfield. Will you favour us with your address?

ENQUIRER.—Genealogical inquiries are always troublesome, and too often unsatisfactory at last; we will try, however, what we can do next month.

BALLYDAVID.—We cannot undertake to give medical advice, and much less to account for sufferings which would perhaps task the ability of a skilled physician.

JOHN HAMMOND and STULTUS ask questions in which we cannot think our readers in general would feel any interest, and which should be asked of tradesmen who supply the articles.

X. X.—Probably Mrs. Barnard, at the office of the Female Employment Society, would be able to furnish the information you require concerning Female Benefit Clubs.

DAVID WILLIAMS.—The coloured plates are not sold separately at present. All acts of parliament are printed, and can be obtained by ordering through your bookseller.

EDWARD.—A book of instruction in shorthand can be got from the publisher, Mr. Pitman, Paternoster Row, London.

EMIGRANT.—Write for the information you require to the offices of the Emigration Board, 8, Park Street, Westminster.

VERITAS objects to the manner in which we have treated his former communication respecting Richard Foley (see correspondence, p. 624), and after some preliminary observations examines our argument as follows:—"The Saxon king entered the camp of a usurping race in his own kingdom, in order to acquire a knowledge of their secrets, so that he might be the better able to lay his plans to drive the enemy from his dominions, and free his subjects from the yoke of a conquering despot. The scheming peer went to a foreign land, whence we imported an article which Swedish ingenuity had been able to produce in a manner superior to the English, and by the basest hypocrisy possessed himself of secrets which ultimately proved of the greatest pecuniary advantage to the schemer himself and at what a fearful expense to those who had befriended him, whose ruined homes and blighted prospects were a shameful memento of their spoiler's ingratitude (1). The incongruity of the analogy is even more glaring in the case of the 'Pall Mall Casual,' whose name will always awaken emotions of pleasure in the heart of every true philanthropist. For what purpose did he assume a false appearance? Every one knows that it was in order to be an eyewitness of the abuses which he thought had corrupted the administration of the poor laws, and by publishing the narrative to show the necessity of correcting those abuses. You overlook, in my humble opinion, the difference in the results which followed the respective adventures of R. Foley and the 'casual.' While the principal object of the 'casual' was to effect an improvement by his deceit, and to procure additional comfort for that portion of wretched humanity amongst whom such deceit was practised, R. Foley sought and succeeded in cheapening an article of commerce, by depriving (what I still call) a part of our great brotherhood—even those whose very secrets he had stolen—of the well-deserved reward of their ingenuity. The 'casual' gained nothing (2) but a fame which needs no royal patent to perpetuate; while R. Foley enriched himself and gained a title, which, like some others blazoned in the columns of the 'peerage,' (3) was obtained by the sacrifice of honour and right. The deed which procured him such distinction will be repudiated

when national honours shall be awarded for deeds of moral heroism, and not for actions approved of merely because they promote the narrow views of a selfish political economy. You say 'the question involves an inquiry into the original proprietorship of an idea;' but you fail to investigate that inquiry which I should have thought worthy of being placed before such of your readers who, like myself, may be ignorant of its manifold bearings (4). How is it that the law protects a man's patented invention, which is but the visible form of an original idea (5)? It seems to me that an original idea ought only to become public property in the event of its being likely to prove of universal good, as for instance, the art of printing. Had this art been monopolized by one family for merely pecuniary purposes, and could I have foreseen the mighty service it would render to the cause of liberty and civilization, I should have deemed no deed dishonourable by which I could have put the public (not myself alone) in possession of the secrets by which such beneficial results could be achieved (6). In conclusion (says Veritas) I beg to reiterate that I cannot perceive any legitimate comparison between such examples as you have mentioned and the case of a man who uses foul means to acquire a knowledge of trade secrets, whether belonging to individuals or communities, which, unlike new discoveries, only enrich some by impoverishing others, and can only therefore be compared to fraudulent gambling transactions" (7).

[No doubt the essential right or wrong of an action as viewed by the eye of Omniscience lies in the motive, but (1) it is proved that Richard Foley was not influenced, at least in some degree, by a desire to benefit his fellow creatures? (2) Is our correspondent sure that the "Pall Mall Casual" was not paid by the proprietors of that journal for what he did, and has he gained nothing by his reputation since? (3) This, at any rate, is altogether beside the question. (4) At a convenient time it might be useful to write such an essay, but it is by no means incumbent on us to do so in consequence of having expressed an opinion: we may have neither the necessary qualifications nor the inclination to enter upon such a question in detail. (5) The policy of doing so has been questioned by scientific men of high standing. (6) This admission is altogether in our favour, only "Veritas" would claim the right to decide for himself as to the justice of the occasion, and not allow the same right to Richard Foley. (7) There is no "new discovery" that would not be a "trade secret" if interested tradesmen could have their way. Certainly a line should be drawn somewhere, but the question is *where*, and by *whom*? The law of patents itself limits the right even of a known inventor.—Ed.]

FRANÇOIS.—Previous to the Dutch taking possession of Ceylon, cinnamon grew entirely in its wild state, and it was even believed by Europeans as well as natives that in that state alone it was to be found in perfection. The avaricious exactions of the Dutch at last induced the King of Kandy to employ every means to prevent the growth and propagation of cinnamon, which constituted at that period the wealth of the island. During the first years of Dutch jurisdiction cinnamon was alone attended to; and Ceylon was profitable, or the reverse, according to the amount of cinnamon it produced. M. Falke, the Dutch governor, was the first who more especially busied himself with its cultivation, in the year 1664, by planting trees in his garden, at Grond Pass, near Colombo, where he raised a plantation of several thousand, which yielded cinnamon of the best quality, and employed the same care and labour to extend the cinnamon gardens around Colombo.

PATIENCE.—A lady, writing under this signature, having read the letter of Tabitha Hopeful, and having for many years considered the subject of domestic servants, wishes to ask Tabitha if she does not think that children of the lower class intended for household service ought to learn domestic work, the same as boys and girls are taught a trade previous to undertaking one? It is her opinion that girls ought to be taught to do properly whatever they undertake; whereas they are often sent out in the world as general servants at the age of seventeen or eighteen, and are expected to do everything by instinct, consequently they do nothing as they ought. No matter what the age of a girl thus thrown upon her resources, she is sure to have the one common fault of heedlessness. . . . Wages make no difference: they all object to being told what is right, and directly they are spoken to give notice to leave. Many ladies are willing to teach, but few girls are willing to learn; in fact, never having been taught obedience, they resent instruction as an interference with their sacred rights. It may seem to many unkind to say so, yet it is true, that there were better servants in the days when there was less education. Not that our correspondent objects to education, but let it be such as will better fit every one to do the duty they undertake. In a word, unless there be some more suitable institution for training girls of the class who become domestic servants, Patience has no hope that any very considerable improvement will take place among them.

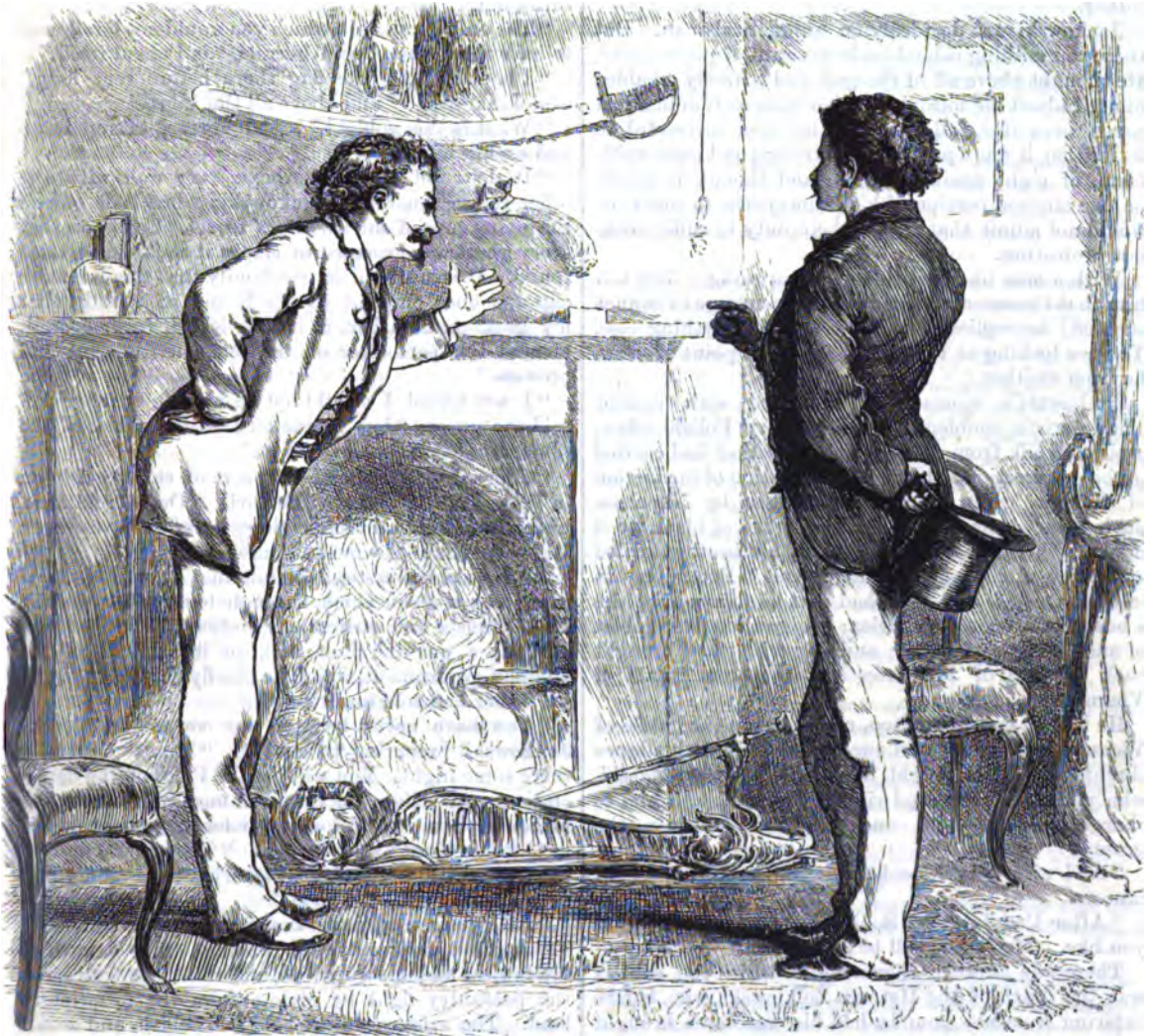
THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER VII.

LEON JANKOWSKI.

JANKOWSKI was the type of the poetical revolutionist; aspiring and more or less ambitious, but full of the spirit of self-sacrifice, careless of material things, and ready to credit all the men of his own party with the same noble qualities that he himself possessed. He was the son of a refugee, and knew Poland only

by imagination. He had studied it in the pages of the Polish poets, and believed all his countrymen to be heroes and all his countrywomen saints. Every insurgent who perished, either on the scaffold or on the field of battle, was, in Jankowski's eyes, a martyr, whose blood was destined to fertilize the land, from which fresh martyrs, martyrs innumerable, would spring, until at last the cause for which so many had suffered would triumph. Regarding Poland as a land

of angels, it was only natural that he should look upon the Russian regiments quartered there as legions of devils sent to torment them for the sins which even Poles, at some period of their history, must be supposed to have committed.

He was a pale, clear-complexioned, light-haired, blue-eyed young man; lively, as even a Polish prisoner will be except when actually under torture, but more inclined to pensiveness than the great majority of his countrymen. He was deeply religious, believed, like Mićkiewicz, that the prayers of Christendom, if Christendom prayed in earnest, would suffice to liberate his country; and looked upon Stanislas Ferrari with a sort of awe, but also with infinite pity, as a man who was suffering divine punishment for the sins of his father.

Jankowski was decidedly an unpractical man. But there was nothing ridiculous in his want of practicality. He thought above all of the end, and scarcely troubled himself about the means. But an insurrection in a just cause, even if it failed, was in his eyes successful, in so far that it was a protest, in a striking and memorable form, of right against might; and though it might be the allotted portion of his countrymen to suffer, he would not admit that it was their duty to suffer without protesting.

With a man like that there is no arguing. You tell him that the enterprise he is about to engage in cannot succeed; he replies that it cannot do anything else. You are looking at the matter from one point of view, he from another.

Jankowski's rooms were decorated with various characteristic emblems; an hereditary Polish sabre; a piece of silk from a flag which his father had carried in the insurrection of 1830; the decoration of the Legion of Honour, given to his grandfather by Napoleon during the campaign of 1812; a cross of black wood inlaid with Siberian stones, which his brother (exiled at the age of sixteen, for cutting out "Poland is not lost!" on a desk at school) had sent him from Irkutsk; a bust of the poet Mićkiewicz; a gigantic silver goblet of ancient Polish fashion; and a Turkish pistol brought back by one of his ancestors from the battle of Vienna.

He had an engraving, too, representing the battle of Vienna, in which the said ancestor is seen, with a lance three times his own height, taking orders from Sobieski, who points to the grand vizier's tent, and tells him to charge to that point and plant his lance in the ground.

"And after that?" asks the impetuous officer of lancers.

"After that," replies Sobieski, "you will do what you like. The battle will be at an end."

There was another engraving, of which the subject was the death of the Hetman Zolkiewski, who, before expiring from his wounds, had his war-horse brought to his bedside, threw his arms round the faithful animal's neck, and embraced it.

Of course, too, there was a portrait of Kosciuszko.

Stanislas Ferrari had met Jankowski in the library of the British Museum—that great resort of students, book-makers, and men without sitting-rooms. They had dined together, too, at various restaurants, each paying for his own dinner, after the unsociable manner of those who can neither afford to give nor to accept favours. But this was the first time that Ferrari had

entered Jankowski's apartments. He came there by appointment, and for the express purpose, it will be remembered, of accompanying Jankowski to the house of Siegfried the revolutionist.

Paul was much interested by the various Polish objects which adorned the walls of his friend's room.

"They are my household gods," said Jankowski. "I brought them here from Paris, and before I went to Paris I had them with me at Metz. I take them with me everywhere."

Leon Jankowski had been a pupil at the military school of Metz, where a certain number of Poles are admitted by special favour, and where he had pursued his studies with the direct object of qualifying himself to serve his country in the first insurrection that might break out.

"The only country in which you would not be allowed to have them, then," said Ferrari, "is Poland itself."

"I hope to take the flag there before very long," said Jankowski; "and above all the sabre."

"What is this goblet?" asked Ferrari, taking it up and examining it.

"It does not accord, perhaps, very well with the other relics," answered Jankowski; "but it is one of the loving cups of our ancestors' feasts. You know that every guest was expected to empty it as it was passed round. It is a legend in our family that this immense cup was once emptied so neatly and so rapidly, that my great-grandfather, to whom it belonged, complimented the performer of the feat on his skill and prowess."

"I was afraid I should not be able to manage it," said the guest; "but I practised with a goblet of the same size just before I came in."

"There is very little of that sort of thing going on in Poland now," observed Ferrari. "Our forefathers, under those sensual Saxon kings, seem to have drunk their own share of wine and ours also."

Jankowski had noticed before that Ferrari spoke of himself as a Pole, which, through his mother, and by his birthplace and earliest associations, he in fact was. He was a genuine Pole, too, in his hatred of the Russian government, which he chiefly detested because his father had sold himself to it.

"You have never been to our *cenaculum*?" said Jankowski, preparing to go out. "I must take you, there some night. You will see the Poles of the democratic party. They are very well-meaning fellows, but rather hot-headed and fond of violent measures."

"I know them," said Ferrari. "They would destroy the good with the bad, as the aristocrats would preserve the bad with the good."

"Ah! you are cynical," exclaimed Jankowski.

"No; but I have lived in Poland. The democrats are lawless and unscrupulous, and think they can make the peasantry fight by giving them the proprietors' land. The aristocrats are cold and selfish, and would rather remain the slaves of Russia than surrender even a portion of their estates. The end of it will be that the peasantry will not fight at all, or certainly not on our side."

"Diogenes Ferrari!" exclaimed Jankowski. "All Poland will rise like one man!"

"We shall see," replied Ferrari. "Yes, I shall," he added, observing that Jankowski seemed rather astonished. "I am tired of doing nothing; tired of my name; and a little bit tired of my life."

"That is not exactly the spirit in which you should

lay it down," said Jankowski; "but your resolution is a good one all the same, and I congratulate you on having adopted it." He shook Ferrari warmly by the hand, and the two friends walked out together in the direction of Chelsea, where the great revolutionist, Siegfried, lived.

Jankowski did not mind engaging in a little attempt to subvert the power of the Russian empire, but he had not the least idea of walking from Soho Square to Chelsea. Still less did he think of going to his destination in one of those "hearsees for the living," as the author of "George Geith" calls omnibuses. He hailed a "hansom," a style of equipage, which if not positively aristocratic, is at least not ignoble, and is moreover very convenient, and in twenty minutes the two young men found themselves at Siegfried's door.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIEGFRIED, THE REVOLUTIONIST.

"Is Mr. Siegfried at home?" asked Jankowski.

"Come in, sir, please," said the servant, "he is expecting you."

The man showed Jankowski and Ferrari into a room on the ground floor, which was full of newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, addresses, and other literary mis- siles.

This, in fact, was Siegfried's revolutionary arsenal. In one corner of the room Ferrari saw a pile of neatly-folded journals—copies of a paper published by Siegfried in the Russian and French languages, under the title of "The Tongue." On the table was a pamphlet (in French) on "The Organization of Humanity," and a number of little oblong packets of an address called "Man and the Soil," in which the question whether man was made for the soil or the soil for man, was debated and decided, emphatically and epigrammatically, in favour of man. This address was in the Russian language, and was intended for transmission to Russia and circulation among Russians of all classes.

In another corner of the room was a quantity of sardine boxes, placed side by side, and one above another, like bricks, and forming a well-built metal tower which reached nearly to the ceiling.

In a third corner were some hundreds of cigar boxes; and cigar boxes and sardine boxes were also arranged along the shelves of a large bookcase.

A cigar box containing cigars was open on the table, and Siegfried as he came in took out a handful and offered them to Jankowski and Ferrari. "This is the friend you were speaking to me of?" he said to Jankowski. "I am glad to see you," he added, addressing Ferrari, and shaking him by the hand. "You were looking at my stores, and wondering whether I was going to set up as a grocer or a tobacconist, were you not?"

Ferrari confessed that he could not quite understand the sardines and the cigars.

"There are not quite so many sardines and cigars in the boxes as you might imagine," said Siegfried. "You have not told him?" he said to Jankowski.

"No," answered Jankowski; "we had only just arrived when you came in."

"I will show you," said Siegfried. "It is a good joke. He took one of the cigar boxes from the pile in the corner, raised the lid, and showed Ferrari that it was full of "Tongues."

"My agent," he said, "will pay three roubles a box

duty for this collection of "The Tongue," which will pass through the custom-house at St. Petersburg as so much manufactured tobacco."

"Is there no danger of their being opened?" asked Ferrari.

"Not much; the custom-house will be glad to get its three roubles a box, and perhaps the clerk will receive a few roubles for himself on condition of passing them quickly. The sardine boxes were the safest; no one thought of searching a sardine box. But unfortunately they are now looked upon with suspicion in Russia."

"Ever since Dourakoff's breakfast," remarked Jankowski.

"General Dourakoff," said Siegfried, "was in command at Kieff. He gave a choice entertainment to a dozen of the principal officials and dignitaries of the town on the occasion of the emperor's name's day, and superintended the preparations for it himself. At the last moment he found that he had forgotten the *hors d'œuvre*. He sent his servant—a Cossack, as obedient as a circus dog, and about as intelligent—to buy some sardines and olives, and told him to open the sardine box with a chisel, and put the contents on two plates, which he was to place at the top and bottom of the table.

"The Cossack had been taught to do as he was told without asking questions; and he accordingly opened the sardine box with a chisel, took out the contents, put them on two plates, and placed one plate at the top and the other at the bottom of the table. He was acting by direct orders of the general, and none of the waiters dared to interfere with him. The guests took their seats, and some of them stared at the Cossack's *hors d'œuvres*, and at last began to ask one another what they could be.

One thought they were poems in honour of the emperor, whose name's day they had met to celebrate. Another was of opinion that they must be bills of fare. They could not contain sweetmeats? No one would wrap up sweetmeats in printed paper!

"What have we here, general?" said the governor of the town, at last.

"I really do not know," answered Dourakoff, who was of course as much puzzled as any one.

The governor took up one of the printed papers, unfolded it, and read, "Organisation of Humanity." Dourakoff at the same time unfolded one of my addresses, and exclaimed aloud, "Man and the Soil."

"Who has dared to place these infamous things on the table?" roared Dourakoff.

In the mean while the guests at the other end had attacked the other plate, and were eagerly devouring my journal.

"Who has dared to do it?" roared Dourakoff again.

"There is a conspiracy in the town! That such a thing should happen on the emperor's name's day, above all!"

The Cossack marched up to the general, halted, saluted, and said—

"It was I, general, who bought the sardines. Your excellency deigned to order me to do so."

"Who is speaking of sardines?" replied the general. "Go away!"

The Cossack saluted and went away.

"Who placed these papers on the table?" cried Dourakoff, once more; and once more the Cossack advanced, saluted, and said—

"It was I, general."

"What did you place on the table, blockhead?" inquired Dourakoff.

"The sardines," answered the Cossack. "The sardines that your excellency deigns to hold in his hand, and which he was graciously pleased to read just now."

"Oh!" said the general, "you mean to say that these papers were in the sardine box, and that you thought they were fish?"

"I am in fault, your excellency; but I make bold to say that every kind of fish that swims in the Dnieper is familiar to me, and that I know other kinds which inhabit the Don. Your excellency deigned to order me to buy a box of sardines, and to place the contents on two plates. Your excellency has a portion of the contents before him."

"Go to the man," said the general, "who sold them to you, and bring him back with you. Let him remain in the guard-house until I am ready to question him."

When breakfast was over the general and the civil governor subjected the tradesman to an examination, with the view of discovering where his literary sardines came from.

"And did they discover your channel?" asked Ferrari.

"No," answered Siegfried; "that was impossible. But I do not know how the affair ended. I heard what took place at the breakfast from an officer who was present, and who actually sat next Dourakoff. As for the sardines, I believe they were grilled without pepper and salt; that is to say, they were thrown into the fire and burned. I dare say numbers of sardine boxes have been opened since then, and found to contain sardines and nothing else."

"We ought to publish an account of the affair in 'The Tongue,' Jankowski," he added. "What do you say?"

"I say," answered Jankowski, "that you ought to start a new paper and call it 'The Sardine,' to indicate the secret and surreptitious nature of its circulation."

"Ah," said Siegfried, "we are joking about very serious matters. When did you leave Warsaw?" he asked, turning to Ferrari.

"I left Warsaw six years ago," replied Ferrari.

"Six years ago! And where have you been since then?"

"In London."

"But how is it we never saw you?"

Ferrari said he had often wished to call, but that he had never ventured to do so, not knowing whether Siegfried might not feel the same prejudice against him that his name inspired other persons with.

"My dear friend!" said Siegfried, "you do me a great injustice if you think me capable of such a thing. Some of my countrymen—and you, too," he added, looking at Jankowski—"are most unreasonable. They wish to be free, as some one said, and they will not be just. You, Jankowski, are an aristocrat—"

"No, indeed," protested Jankowski.

"Yes you are. All you Poles are, at heart. Even the revolutionists of the extreme party dream, not of a true democracy, but of a vast democratic nobility. You can't help it. It is some fault in the blood. But, I was going to say, if we Russian democrats refuse to respect a man for his parentage, we ought also to take care, if we wish to be logical, that we do not make his parentage a ground for thinking badly of him.

Believe me, I judge of you not by your name, but by what our common friend, Jankowski, has told me about you."

"You are exceedingly kind," said Ferrari. "It is for me to prove what I am when the opportunity presents itself."

"That is well said. But never mind. Tell me what you have been doing in London?"

"I have been studying English, English literature, and English affairs."

"Very good! If you could only teach the English how to abolish proletarianism, and its natural child, pauperism, you would make England a great country."

"Their labourers are indeed very wretched."

"They are not much better cared for than serfs. The law, it is true, is open to them; and so also is the workhouse. But the proprietors themselves are well off—and agriculture flourishes as an art, and the English are convinced that their agricultural system is the finest in the whole world. So you do not know what is going on in Poland?" he added. "Have you any relations there?"

"Yes; I have some relations at Warsaw. But they never write to me."

"No, it is dangerous to write from Poland; and it is still more dangerous to write to Poland. I mean, of course, for those who receive the letters, unless you have a very good system of cipher."

"I never thought of anything of that kind," said Ferrari.

"Did you not?" exclaimed Siegfried. "Then you are very wrong. I dare say you know half a dozen systems, Jankowski?"

"I know how to ask whether a man has been arrested without saying it in so many words," answered Jankowski. "And if I am told that he is ill, or very ill, I know what that means; and if he is 'very ill indeed,' I know that he is on the point of being sent to Siberia."

"Yes; but by this time I should think the police must understand that also," replied Siegfried. "Every one uses that method. No," he said; "a letter sent from Poland should be written in cipher. A letter sent to Poland ought not to be written in cipher, lest it should compromise the person receiving it, though sometimes that risk must be run; and a letter in unintelligible cipher cannot at least do so much harm as one written in plain Russian or Polish. My correspondents sometimes write in parables; but the worst of that plan is, that if the clue to one single passage be found, the whole can be understood."

"The great difficulty," said Jankowski, "is to use the telegraph."

"Yet," answered Siegfried, "I will engage to telegraph to a correspondent at St. Petersburg, Warsaw, or wherever you please, and say to him whatever I want to say without exciting the least suspicion. I choose a man of business, send him, through a clerk, what appears to be a business telegram, and the thing passes. Commercial messages are never objected to and never delayed in transmission. Commerce is so sensitive. It is easily frightened, and once driven away never returns. 'What is the price of cotton-wool?' or 'I did not receive the iron,' may mean anything that has been previously agreed upon. No! the Russian government must destroy the telegraphs and railways which connect Russia with the west of Europe, or

resign itself to the admission of revolutionary ideas. It will not reckon with them, and yield a little, while appearing to yield a great deal, like this English government—which, whatever else may be said against it, at least understands the English people—and for that reason it will, sooner or later, be subverted. The sooner the better."

"Not in our time, however," said Ferrari.

"Do you think not?" asked Siegfried. "But it is very corrupt, very rotten, and that is only another way of saying that it is very feeble. If the Russians and the Poles only understand one another it is doomed."

"They will understand one another," said Ferrari, "like the two dogs in your Russian fable, who quarrelled as soon as they had a bone to fight for. The Russians and Poles will also have their bone of contention."

"Our object at all events must be to keep them on good terms," answered Siegfried. "Otherwise there will be no hope for either."

"Ferrari is cynical, or at least sceptical; that is his only fault," remarked Jankowski.

"No; I think not," replied Ferrari. "But I do not believe that you can overcome difficulties by shutting your eyes and refusing to look at them."

It struck Ferrari that Siegfried had been so long away from Russia, and had written and thought so much of some future and ideal Russia, that he had lost all true conception of his country as it really existed. Jankowski's Poland was the Poland of the books he had read; Siegfried's Russia the Russia of the books he had written. Siegfried, it was true, had numbers of correspondents in his own country, who visited him when they came to England, and often came to England for the express purpose of doing so. But they were all men who thought as he thought; because carried away by his eloquence they had adopted his ideas. They were men of his own creation. He saw no others, and thought his disciples much more numerous than they were. He moreover mistook for disciples by conviction those who were only disciples for the sake of fashion—for it was at that time the fashion in Russia to read and quote Siegfried. It was also the fashion to visit him at his abode in London; and Siegfried received all who came to consult him and do him homage, as a professor of the middle ages received students from distant countries who came to him to learn the truth.

Among those who had come to Siegfried to learn the truth, was Boutkovitch, who, as soon as he learned it, or any portion of it, was in the habit, as the reader is already aware, of communicating it freely to his superiors in the Russian service.

CHAPTER IX.

SIEGFRIED'S RECEPTION.

VISITORS now began to drop in at the house of the great revolutionist, who, accompanied by Jankowski and Ferrari, went into his drawing-room to receive them. Some were genuine revolutionists, men, whose shaggy beards and uncombed hair were in themselves protests against the existing order of society; while others were merely men without a profession, without an income, and with a talent for intrigue, who had become revolutionists, as men of fortune and position

in England become legitimate politicians. Most of these intriguers, whose one object in revolution was so to turn the world that they should be uppermost, were also unkempt and unshorn, and were attired in the height of the revolutionary fashion—for the revolutionists have also their fashions in dress, being in this and in many other respects quite as conventional as those whose conventions they despise.

Nearly all these political Bohemians carried wide-awakes instead of hats; doubtless because it is impossible to put on or take off a wide-awake without disarranging, that is to say, without giving a revolutionary appearance to the hair.

One man who inveighed against the clergy of all creeds and countries, and who preached himself every Thursday, was clean shaved and attired like a priest.

A few scrupulously well-dressed men seemed to be attempting the part of the revolutionary nobles in France immediately before 1789. They denied that the proprietor had any right to his land, and laughed at titles, though their own, surmounted by coronets, were engraved on their visiting cards. They wished it to be understood that they were not as other revolutionists, and that they had, at least, something to lose.

There were two or three practical historical revolutionists, who had led armies and governed cities, and acted as ministers in Italy, Hungary, and Germany, during the revolutionary period of 1848.

There was one Russian proprietor, who had given pledges to the revolution. In his enthusiasm he had abandoned his estate absolutely to his peasantry, and it was said had not benefited them by the gift. However, the remarkable thing about him was that he was penniless by his own deliberate will. He had a kind gentle manner in ordinary conversation, but the look of a fanatic when he was heated by argument.

There were two Poles who had fought together—that is to say one against the other—at the battle of Castelfidardo. One was a democrat and a red republican, the other an aristocrat and a staunch supporter of the Pope. The republican fanatic, on taking the other fanatic prisoner, had, it was said, caned him with his own hand, as a man who, by fighting on behalf of tyranny, had sullied the Polish name. This story, however, invented by the Poles of the extreme party in order to bring a member of one of the great Polish families into contempt, was a mere calumny.

Count Konradin, the aristocratic Pole, had come to Siegfried's to see whether there was any possibility of entering into relations and forming a compact with the democrats. He was first cousin to Jankowski, who introduced him to Ferrari. Ferrari found him very simple, very unpretending, and a thorough enthusiast. He had mistaken the ragged regiments of the Pope for a legion of Crusaders, and General Lamoricière for Godefroi de Bouillon. In other respects he was a very charming and intelligent young man. *Un peu trop aristocrate*, according to Siegfried, but that was all.

There was a Moldavian, who had learnt a few revolutionary phrases by heart, and was never tired of repeating them.

There were three or four Russian officers, who, accused of revolutionary propagandism, had thought it prudent to fly from Russia, and who were now completely ruined, and would have starved had not Siegfried found them work—one as a clerk, another as a teacher, another as a compositor in a printing office.

There were also some mere rogues—defaulters or

fraudulent bankrupts—who claimed to have committed political offences.

All this heterogeneous mass simmered, stewed, and boiled, as Siegfried stirred it. Every one spoke at once, and the room was full of a hoarse murmur of many voices. But while the conversation took the form of a chorus, in which no two parts seemed to harmonize, one striking solo was always being performed by Siegfried, whose ringing, resonant voice was heard above all the others.

Ferrari got into conversation with an Englishman. He was a political writer named Wigram, and belonged to a society for befriending Poland, by arming it from time to time against Russia. Ferrari found that he had a great admiration for insurrections, provided they were carried on abroad. He seemed to think that revolution was a nice thing for foreigners.

Ferrari told him, as a Pole, from Poland, that an insurrection in that country would have no chance of success, and that only a small class of Poles would join it; but Wigram proved to him that he knew nothing about it, and that too close an observer necessarily saw nothing.

"This is not much like the head-quarters of a conspirator," said Ferrari, to his friend Jankowski. "If there were more order it would be like a public meeting."

"Oh, there is no regular conspiracy—nothing organized, that is to say—going on here," answered Jankowski. "Revolutionary conversazioni are held, that is all. Siegfried's place may also be looked upon as a house of call for revolutionists. But here come some regular conspirators," he continued, as the door opened, and Boutkovitch entered with three or four friends from the Polish tavern, including the black man and the president of the association or club.

"Well Boutkovitch," said Siegfried. "I thought we should not see you to-day. Why, you have brought the whole cabinet with you. You come like a sovereign accompanied by your ministers."

"These gentlemen," answered Boutkovitch, "are ministers not of a monarchy but of a republic, or rather of a provisional government under whose auspices a republic is to be formed."

"I know that man," said Ferrari, to Jankowski.

Boutkovitch, at the same time, seeing that Ferrari recognized him, went up to him and said—

"Good morning. Have you seen the general to-day?"

When two men have a friend in common, one of them never meets the other without asking some question about the common friend.

However, in bringing forward the name of the general, Boutkovitch knew perfectly well that Ferrari had not seen him. He saw that Ferrari looked surprised, and he wanted, by surprising him still more, to do away with the cause of his surprise.

"Do you know them well?" asked Boutkovitch. "Charming girl, the daughter!"

"I never saw them before," answered Ferrari. "At least I had only seen them once, and that was yesterday morning, when I met them by chance at the Exhibition."

"Did he tell you anything about the state of affairs at St. Petersburg?" inquired Boutkovitch.

"I did not dream of asking him," said Ferrari, looking at Boutkovitch with an air of distrust.

"Of course you did not let him know that you were in the habit of coming here?"

"I never was here before."

"How strange that we should have met. We understand one another now."

Ferrari looked at Boutkovitch, as if to say that he did not understand him at all.

"I also am a Pole," said Boutkovitch. "Et ego in Polonia!" He held out his hand, which Ferrari, not liking to refuse, accepted.

"I do not like that man," he said immediately afterwards to Jankowski. "There is something crooked about him."

"On the contrary," said Jankowski, "he is exceedingly straightforward."

"I saw him yesterday evening at the opera, in the box of the Russian general I spoke to you of."

"Oh! as for that, if you are going to mistrust every one who happens to know a Russian general, you will not have much confidence in any of us. We all know Russian generals, and must continue to know them until the outbreak actually takes place."

"But he is a Russian."

"Nonsense! he is from Lithuania."

"Ask the general; only do not let him know that you met him here, and do not let him know that you have been here yourself."

"I do not visit the general," said Ferrari. "I called on him to-day, but he would not receive me."

"Boutkovitch," continued that person's defender, "knows numbers of men in the Russian service, and it is absolutely necessary that we should be kept informed as to what measures are being taken against us."

Boutkovitch put an end to this conversation by going up to Jankowski, and asking him to introduce him to his cousin, Count Konradin, who had distinguished himself on the wrong side in Italy.

Boutkovitch formed the acquaintance of about half a dozen other men, to each of whom he offered a card, receiving from each a card in return. He gave all these cards the same evening to General Gontchalin.

Jankowski presented Ferrari to the two appointed ministers of the future provisional government under whose direction the future republic was to be formed. The black man was the minister of finance, and he had so little pride about him that he borrowed half-a-crown from Jankowski to pay his cab home.

The president of the Polish club was the minister of the interior. He had declared his prejudice against all who bore the name of Ferrari the night before, and for that reason Jankowski made a point of introducing his friend to him.

"When you know them and they know you, you will find them very good fellows," said Jankowski, aside. "Rather free and easy, but well meaning men all the same."

"Where is the minister of war?" asked Ferrari.

"He has stopped at home. He has an article to write, or a poem, or something of that kind. We will pay him a visit," said Jankowski, "as we go home;" and on leaving Siegfried's the two friends called at a house in a little street near Soho Square, where they found the minister of war denouncing the Emperor of Russia in prose and verse. He was writing, not for Siegfried, but for some publisher who brought out revolutionary works merely as a commercial speculation. His contributions were to be paid for on delivery; and his wife, who did not possess the proverbial beauty of the Polish ladies, was urging him to finish them as rapidly as possible.

Jankowski asked the minister to come out for a stroll. But the minister's wife declared that until he had finished his "Ode to Liberty" he should not stir.

Jankowski assured Ferrari that the minister of war was a very excellent and able person; but Ferrari said to himself all the same, and hinted something of the kind to Jankowski, that if he had not had the misfortune to inherit the name of a spy, he should take very good care not to mix himself up with such a forlorn cause as this which his friend was so gaily and so light-heartedly adopting.

Jankowski in the mean while, however, believed seriously and religiously in the efficacy of the preparations that were being made for the liberation of his country. Before leaving Ferrari he made him promise to come that evening at 8 o'clock to the Polish club, where an assembly was to be held for the purpose of assigning positive functions to those ready to undertake them. He showed him the place of meeting, instructed him in the mystery of the three taps (one; one, two; one, two, three); and communicated to him the watchword of the night.

On hearing the progressive series of knocks, some one inside would say, "Vivat Polonia!" to which Ferrari was to reply, "In sæcula sæculorum!"

Ferrari made his appearance at the appointed hour, and having gained admittance by the means prescribed, was presented to the society by Jankowski and Count Konradin, who acted as his political and revolutionary sponsors. Jankowski had already explained to the members that Ferrari's name, instead of being against him, was very much in his favour. It was a name already tarnished, which Ferrari, with an unswerving personal reputation, was resolved to make bright.

Count Konradin, who was a great believer in the moral influence of descent, maintained the same generous view.

"I," he said, "am bound in a certain way to my ancestors. But I could do things, nevertheless, without disgracing my name, which a Ferrari, aspiring to the character of an honourable man, dare not think of doing."

Ferrari was then admitted to the doubtful advantages of membership. The rules of the society were explained to him. One of them was very simple and intelligible: that any member committing a breach of confidence of any description would be sentenced to death; and the members bound themselves individually and collectively not to impede but to aid in executing the sentence.

Ferrari, being well acquainted with Warsaw, was ordered to proceed there without delay, and to report his arrival by telegraph. The message was to be directed to a Polish bootmaker in Long Acre, who was to be informed of the price of leather. Ferrari was to assume the character of a commercial traveller in leather; and he was provided with a little vocabulary, in which the words commonly used in the leather trade were made to correspond with others that might be useful in the revolutionary trade which he was just adopting. "Leather" stood for Ferrari himself. Thus, "The leather has arrived," would mean "I have arrived." "The leather must be paid for"—"I want money."

(To be continued.)

THE HERON:

ITS HAUNTS AND HABITS.



HE stork in the heavens no longer knows an appointed time in relation to our islands, coming from its winter quarters in northern Africa to spend the summer, make its nest, and rear its young, returning to the sunny south on the approach of the inclement season. In days of old it was a tolerably regular visitor to our shores; and many parts of the fenny districts were often white with flocks of the gentle and useful creature. But food gradually became scarce, through the drainage of the marshes and their conversion into cultivated or inhabited sites. Dogs and guns also multiplied with the increase of population, and storks are shy of the company of marksmen when once they are found out; a fact at which we need not wonder, considering how easy they are to hit at a distance, owing to their size and snowy plumage. In Holland, and some other countries, long-standing traditions have been cherished that the life of this bird is to be held sacred, on account of its strong domestic instincts, and because it is also a serviceable scavenger where the folks are too lazy to keep their own thresholds clear of offal. Not so in England, whence their inhospitable reception has quite driven our former visitors away; or if one or two occasionally make their appearance, they may be viewed as wandering stragglers who have had the ill-luck to lose their way, or to be driven out of it by storms on the annual migration.

It is well known that the same causes have affected many other of our feathered friends, even of those species which permanently reside here, both by positively reducing their number and by enforcing change of scene. Among others, there is the heron, a member of the same family with the stork, once common enough over nearly the whole country, but now not known at all in several favourite haunts, of yore, and seldom to be seen anywhere except in connection with a few of the more solitary and transparent streams, or in a wide expanse of unoccupied marshland, or where heronries are taken under the protection of the owners of estates. The remnant still extant with us—for it is merely a remnant, considering the numerical strength of the tribe in bygone days—may be regarded on various accounts as a living memento of vicissitude in the race. Its present representatives are somewhat akin in their lot to the surviving members of a family once of illustrious rank, holding its head high in the world, but now reduced to decay, and inheriting fallen fortunes.

Time was when the couplet was literally true,—

And the slow heron soon shall fall,
To feed my fairest fair withal.

It was the noblest quarry of the falconer. Lords and ladies, the latter with hawk on wrist, went out to the pastime followed by a gay and merry cavalcade. The sport was commonly pursued late in the afternoon, or in the evening of a summer day, when the heron homeward bound, weary with his exertions to obtain food, or gorged to the full, fell an easy prey to the sportsman. It is curious, indeed, that this bird, like many others, is

able to vomit at will the food it has swallowed, and it never fails to resort to this device when a tussle with an enemy is inevitable.

To uphold the sport, a statute of Henry VII. prohibited the taking of herons, except by hawking or with the long-bow, on pain of a fine of six shillings and eightpence for each offence, which remained in force till the passing of the game act in the days when George IV. was king. Prior to the Reformation many dignified churchmen were so inordinately attached to field sports as to blend the flight of the goshawk and the chase of the deer with the discharge of ecclesiastical functions. Mention is made of an archdeacon of Richmond in Yorkshire, who, while on his visitation, arrived at the priory of Bridlington with twenty-one dogs and three hawks. Another in Berkshire expected the clergy of his district to find him in dogs and hawks while on visitation, till they procured a papal letter exonerating them from the obligation; and a bishop of Ely pronounced sentence of excommunication on certain persons who had stolen one of his hawks during the period of divine service.

Besides being prized for pastime by our ancestors, the heron was valued for food, and was even deemed, as the distich quoted affirms, a delicate morsel to be placed before the "fairest fair." But certainly at present none of the gentle sex, or their helpmates either, have ever had a taste of the fowl; for in no conceivable condition, roast, boiled, or baked, plain or curried, does it figure in the long list of creature comforts to which we are accustomed. In a similar manner, the peacock has lost all hold upon the palate, though both were once esteemed dainty dishes to set before kings, queens, nobles, and dames of high degree. So an old rhymist states, when describing a great baronial dinner:—

The crane, the pheasant, the peacock, and curlew,
The partridge, plover, bittern, and heroness,
Seasoned so well in liquor redolent,
That the hall is full of the pleasant scent.

In the days of our forefathers the full-grown bird was known by the name of "heronshaw," while a dwarf or young one was often called an "egret." In the time of Edward I., according to the Liber Albus, the price of a heronshaw was about sixteen pence; that of an egret eighteen pence; and these, says an annotator, were the very highest assessed prices of water-fowl in those days. But the true egret is a distant species of the family, not a native of the British islands, and of exceedingly rare occurrence as a visitor. Mention, indeed, is made of not less than one thousand "egrittas" in the bill of fare at a great feast given by George Neville, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward IV., on the occasion of his installation. But ornithological exactness was not an accomplishment of those times, and very probably the lapwing was intended, the most common bird with a crest.

The usage prevailed of solemn oaths being sworn upon the dead body of the heron, for which no reason can be assigned except the high estimation in which it was held; and in this singular fashion many a knight plighted his faith to his lady love, and engaged to protect her at the hazard of limb and life. The plumes were also worn as ornaments in the caps and helmets of barons brave and bold. They still appear as part of the costume proper to the order of the Garter, and only for the feathers does modern society seem to care for heronshaw or egret, once the delight of chivalry and the fare of kings. When the Duke of Northumberland carried the insignia of the Garter to Charles X. of France, the noble ambassador wore a heron's plume valued at several hundreds of pounds, but this costliness was owing to its peculiar hue and lustre, which rendered it almost unique. The general colour of the beautiful long plume is dark slaty blue; that

of the head is very light grey; and that of the tail deep slaty grey. Wilson, the ornithologist, tells us that in his time the feathers were in high repute as ornaments with the North American Indians, and were regularly brought for sale to the markets of New Orleans. Chardin makes a similar remark in relation to Persia.

Though it no longer resorts to many localities where it was noted by our ancestors, the heron is occasionally seen along solitary parts of the Thames and Avon, and is said to be rather common on the Essex streams, the Stour, Orwell, and Deben, towards their junction with the sea. Those who have once seen it are not likely to forget its picturesque appearance, and if they have ever attempted to handle the bird may have something more to remember than its attractive form and plumage. Its strong, sharp, six-inch, dagger-like beak can be used with fearful force and lightning-like rapidity; and the eye of a real or supposed adversary is the point to which the weapon is sure to be directed. "There seems to be some attraction in the eye," remarks a naturalist; "for a gentleman who turned a tame heron into an aviary where five owls were kept, found next day that the stranger had totally blinded four owls, and only left the fifth with a single eye. Even the game-cock can make nothing of the heron, as has been seen in a short battle that raged between those birds. The cock made his first fly very boldly, but not being used to such long-legged foes, missed his stroke. Returning to the attack, he was met by a blow which astonished him to such a degree that he declined further combat, and ever afterwards avoided so unpleasant an antagonist." The edges of the beak are slightly serrated, to give it a firmer hold upon the slippery fish when captured. In bygone days, when the bird was brought to the ground by a brace of hawks, for two were employed in the capture, the first act of the falconer was to place his foot upon the long neck, and thus guard himself against injury from the beak.

The common heron of England, *ardea cinerea*, is about three feet in length from the point of the bill to the end of the tail. The nest is built, without much care, of sticks, and lined with wool, generally in a lofty tree, or on a rock near the sea. The eggs are four or five in number, of a pale green colour. Eighty nests have been counted in a single oak, but this was a heronry protected by the owner of the land. There are from twenty to thirty such colonies in the English counties, chiefly in parks. The birds keep to the same sites from generation to generation, if not disturbed. Though thus gregarious, they always go out singly in search of food. Besides fish, the heron preys upon reptiles and the smaller mammalia.

SOLITUDE

WHY is it that men reverence the sod
Where rests the record of some hermit sage,
The memory of whose life from age to age
Has blossomed forth afresh, like Aaron's rod,
Pointing the way to Heaven which he had trod?—
Not for his life in lonely hermitage—
Not for his solitary pilgrimage—
But that he lived his life alone with God.

Alone with Him who is alone with all:
Alone with every soul in earnest prayer.
A comforter to those who truly call
On Him in sickness, sorrow, or despair.
A Christian knows not solitude, for all
The earth is God's, and He is everywhere.

C. H. W.



JOHN WILSON (FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER). BORN AT FAISLEY, 18TH MAY, 1785:
ENTERED MAG. COLL. OXON., 1803: MARRIED, 1811: ELECTED PROF. OF MORAL PHIL., EDINBURGH, 1820:
DIED, APRIL 3RD, 1854.

JOHN WILSON.

ANY of our readers who will hardly recognize the subject of our memoir as "John Wilson," will remember him by his well-known cognomen of "Christopher North." Before, however, drawing from the varied sources of his "Recreations" to depict the man, a few words may be said of that which first developed his genius for *belles-lettres*. John Wilson was a poet, and had written many poetical

pieces and some poems before the year 1812, when he published two volumes of poetry, entitled "The Isle of Palms, and other Poems." Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were wearing their laurels when he came among them; and although he never arrogated to himself the lofty position of these poets, he was well entitled to make one of that famous brotherhood.

It is said by one who knew him well, "That he was endowed beyond all the youthful poets of his day, and in some powers beyond any of his contemporaries." The tenderness and solemnity of his spirit surpasses that of Wordsworth, whose natural coldness enabled him to soar to philosophy, with which even his most simple lyrics are adorned. But Wilson moved in

paths true to the emotions of a heart that melted beneath its own strains, leaving the air pensive from the touching melancholy of his song. No one knew Nature, her moods and her laws, better than he. His pen sometimes glows with colouring quite as rich as that of Southey's; nor is his soul less reverent in communion with the outward world than that of the "great high-priest of Nature." It seems as if at all times Wilson's poetry were a religious emanation. He says himself that Nature appeared to his "imagination like a temple in a perpetual Sabbath."

In the following short ode the graceful tenderness of his muse may be seen:—

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears!
One long, deep, heavy sigh;
When o'er our eyes, half-clos'd in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly glimmering by!
And still forgotten while they go,
As on the sea-beach, wave on wave
Dissolves at once in snow.
Upon the blue and silent sky
The amber clouds one moment lie,
And like a dream are gone!
Though beautiful the moonbeams play
On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away,
We scarce believe it shone.

Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell,
 And we wish they ne'er may fade;
 They cease, and the soul is a silent cell,
 Where music never play'd.
 Dream follows dream through the long night hours,
 Each lovelier than the last;
 But ere the breath of morning flowers,
 That gorgeous world flies past.
 And many a sweet angelic cheek,
 Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
 Glides by us on this earth—
 While in a day we cannot tell,
 Where shone the face we lov'd so well,
 In sadness or in mirth.

It is to be regretted that Wilson so soon forsook poetical composition. He did not, however, when he ceased "to build the lofty rhyme," cease to be a poet. Poetry moved every spring of his heart; his "Recreations" are teeming with it; and we there learn how from his boyhood it was infused into his whole being.

Wilson has frequently been described as an unrestrained man, whose eccentricities sometimes compromised his dignity; but no one who reads his character aright can maintain that opinion. Endowed by nature with an equal share of mental and bodily excellence, he cultivated the strength of both. His works remain to speak of the former, and fame still lingers over records of the latter. Strong in arm, swift of foot, agile in limb, with golden locks and a manly form, can it be wondered that those who remember such qualities are proud to relate them? The boyhood of such a man was no common one; full of activity and a keen sense of enjoyment, its hours sped on, eyes open to, and mind taking notice of everything.

An account of certain of his pastimes are morsels of natural history worthy of a Bewick. For example:—"The other small birds of the parish began to feel their security from our shot, and sang their best unscared on hedge, bush, and tree. Perhaps, too, for sake of their own sweet strains, we spared the lyriads of Scotland, the linnet and the lark, the one in the yellow broom, the other beneath the rosy cloud—while there ever was a sevenfold red shield before robin's breast, whether flitting silent as a falling leaf, or trilling his autumnal lay on the rigging or pointed gable end of barn or byre. Now and then the large bunting, conspicuous on a top twig, and proud of his rustic psalmody, tempted his own doom; or the cunning stonechat, glancing about the old dykes, usually shot at in vain; or yellow-hammer, under the ban of the national superstition, with a drop of the devil's blood beneath his pretty crest—pretty in spite of that cruel creed; or greenfinch, too rich in plumage for his poorer song; or shilfa, the beautiful nest-builder, shivering his white-plumed wings in shade and sunshine—in joy the most rapturous, in grief the most despairing of all the creatures of the air; or redpole, balanced on the down of the thistle or flower of the bunweed on the old clovery lea; or, haply twice seen in a season, the very goldfinch himself, a radiant and gorgeous spirit brought on the breeze from afar, and worthy, if only slightly wounded, of being enclosed within a silver cage from fairyland."

From boyhood to youth he went "bathing his feet in beauty, bounding over the flowery fields and broomy braes" of his native land, which he left after a season to become acquainted with the "beautiful fields of England," and was soon "as familiar with the fair sister land, and loved her almost as well as Scotland's self."

"In life's morning march, when his spirit was young," a feat of his may be related before passing to the maturer period of his life. Quoting his own words:—"A hundred sovereigns to five against any man in England doing twenty-three feet on a dead level, with a run and a leap, on a slightly inclined plane, perhaps an inch to a yard. We have seen twenty-three feet

done in great style, and measured to a nicety, but the man* who did it (aged twenty-one, height five feet eleven inches, weight eleven stone) was admitted to be (Ireland excepted) far the best leaper of his day in England." This achievement took place, in the presence of many spectators, at a bend of the Cherwell, a tributary of the Isis, where it glides beautifully through the enamelled meads of Christ Church, the leap being taken across the stream.

Wilson was likewise a wonderful pedestrian. He says, in a spirit of playfulness, "Poet we may not be, but pedestrian we are. With Wordsworth we could not walk along imaginative heights; but if not grievously out of our reckoning, on the turnpike road we could keep pace with Captain Barclay for a short distance—say from Dundee to Aberdeen." But so numerous were his accomplishments, that the following catalogue must satisfy those curious of his deeds. Jumping, leaping, walking, running, boxing, when necessary, fighting, to say nothing of the gentle craft, angling, made up the sum of his healthful activities.

Not until Wilson had gained maturity in literature was he universally known as Christopher North. He worked in the arena of *belles-lettres* with almost unabated vigour for thirty-three years, the force of his mind being given to the support of "Blackwood's Magazine." It may be truly said "the originality of his prose created a new era in the history of periodical literature."

His large heart and generous nature always turned in genial thought to all conditions of mankind. How kindly, in his "Hour's Talk about Poetry," does he speak of the poets of the poor. Of Ebenezer Elliot he says: "The poor might well be proud, did they know it, that they have such a poet." Of Bloomfield he likewise says: "All honest English hearts must delight in those truly rural compositions of the Suffolk shoemaker." And of John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant: "He too is well entitled to praise, and his name deserves to become a household word in the dwellings of the rural poor. Surely, in an age when the smallest contribution to science is duly estimated, and useful knowledge not only held in honour, but diffused, poetry ought not to be despised; more especially when emanating from those who belong to the very condition which they seek to illustrate, and whose ambition it is to do justice to its natural enjoyments and appropriate virtues. In spite of all they have suffered and still suffer, the peasantry of England are a race that may be regarded with better feelings than pride. We look forward confidently to the time when education—already in much good, if the plans of the wisest counsellors prevail about to become altogether good—will raise at once their condition and their character."

And this time has come, as is evident by the anxious desire to give what is good and what is best to those minds that are fitted to appreciate it. Love of nature is the foundation of all noble emotions, such as love of country, of kindred, and of people. Christopher North, soliloquizing on the seasons, will afford to those lovers description fair as nature herself:—"A horse-chestnut has a grand oriental air, and like a satrap, uplifts his green banner, yellowing in the light, that shows he belongs to the line of the Prophet. Elms are most magnificent—witness Christ Church Walk—when they hang overhead in heaven, like the chancel of a cathedral. Methinks 'a dim religious light' is in that vault of branches, just vivifying to the spring; and though almost bare, tinged with the coming hue that ere long will be majestic brightness. Those old oaks seem sullen in the sunshine, and slow to put forth their power, like the spirit of the land they emblem. But they too are relaxing from their wonted sternness."

* John Wilson.

Soon will that faint green be a glorious yellow; and while the golden laden boughs stoop boldly to the storms, with which they love to dally, bounds not the heart of every Britain to the music of his national anthem—

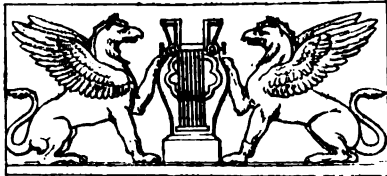
Rule Britannia,
Britannia rules the wave."

Worn out after a life of toil, Wilson was overtaken, before old age had set in, by a mortal malady. A few years of gradual decay and lessening of the great light of mental power rendered him unfit for exertion of any sort. But his latter end was peaceful, as beseeemed one who saw, long before he laid down to rest, the far-off light of those everlasting gates that will be opened to those who trust in the bright hope of Christian faith. Wilson had in his life both care and sorrow. No man who has so intensely woven his personality into his works, could be otherwise than acquainted with all those things which affect the "profoundest depths of a thinking soul." In 1837 he lost his wife, and he mourned her loss for the seventeen years he survived her. It seemed as if the memory of her never left his heart. Let his own beautiful words be fitting epitaph for so true a love:—

And you will speak together of the dead,
As of some gentle beings who have gone
To sojourn in a far-off happy land,
Which one day ye will visit.

SCHILLER.

II.—A VISIT TO HIS BIRTHPLACE.



SCHILLER's birthplace is a small house, not far from the parish church, on the eastern incline of the hill on which stands the ancient town of Marbach. Over the doorway is a tablet, indicating in a few words that in this house Gottfried Friederich Schiller first saw the light. We ring a bell, and an aged man, the custodian of the place, opens the folding doors in front and admits us into a narrow stone-paved passage. Our attention is immediately arrested by a colossal bust of the poet, which at once gives the ideal and the real at a glance, representing as it does the feeling, the intellect, the imagination, and the *mens divini* of a great genius. Turning to the left we enter a small room, and this we are assured was the birthplace of Schiller. Suspended on the wall is a manuscript genealogical roll of his ancestors on both sides of the house. One of the most attractive objects is his mother's spinning-wheel, a very graceful specimen of what for centuries has been used in Germany by thrifty housewives, who thus, assisted by their children, make ample provision for an important part of the "plenishing" and outfit of their families.

The room is wainscoted, and near to the window hang portraits of both the father and mother of Schiller. The former is represented in the stiff costume and the crisp and curled peruke of the last century. He has a chubby face with little expression: what a contrast is his wife's portrait—so marked with gentleness, tenderness, affection, and crowned by that kind of contour which the phrenologist would pronounce to be a rich and remarkable combination of comparison and ideality. It is difficult for a reflective and edu-

cated Englishman to look upon this picture without recalling the lovely face of the mother of William Cowper; and in connexion with this to remember how Schiller mourned for his dead mother with a wail almost as melancholy as that which led the bard of Olney to exclaim—

Oh, that these lips had language! life has past
With me but sadly since I saw thee last.

The chair, the table, and the looking-glass used by Schiller's father complete the furniture of the room where the poet was born.

We pass out of the apartment, and turning to the left ascend a narrow staircase, which, indeed, is in keeping with the small dimensions of the whole building. At the landing we find ourselves in what might be styled the drawing-room. It is the depository of numerous relics and pictorial representations of the poet, as well as glowing tributes to his memory both in prose and verse. A portrait of Schiller in his twenty-second year particularly arrested our attention. Here are the powdered hair, the turned-down collar revealing the long neck, ruffles, and a chocolate-coloured coat. It has great merits as a painting. It represents the poet in youthful yet manly beauty, and it is indeed so remarkable as to his physical and bodily form—vigour, health, and joyous aspect—that one has afterwards, when looking at other portraits of a later period, a feeling at once of difficulty of identification. Especially is this the case as regards the mental and imaginative features which distinguished Schiller in the full blaze of his genius and his fame.

Amongst other curiosities we are shown the three-cornered hat, semi-military, which he had worn as a student at the Government Medical School. It has been kept for years past under a glass case, in order to protect it from being rent, torn, and carried away piecemeal, especially by students. Schiller's snuff-box is also shown, with his coat of arms, of which last we were favoured with an impression in wax ere we left the building.

There is also an outline drawing of Schiller in pencil, or perhaps produced by pen and ink, skilfully used, by a loving sister. There are also several other representations of the poet, hanging around the walls, in different attitudes. In a small room or recess are library shelves, containing, not the works of the poet, but illustrating in a striking manner, even from their number, the admiration and interest which they had excited, not only in Germany but in other countries. There is, indeed, a translation of Schiller's works in French, but the rest of the volumes include memoirs, critiques, and various analytical remarks on his writings. There is also a picture in this little room illustrative of that incident in his student life, to which in our last paper we referred, when he was surprised by the stern Duke of Wurtemberg reading and declaiming portions of his "Robbers" to a rapt and admiring audience of his fellow-students.

The lover of the romantic may be interested to learn that in this little apartment there are also the first letters which passed between Lotte Von Lengefeldt and Schiller's parents, after she had become the fiancée of their gifted son. In her epistle there is a modest maidenly pleading with them to extend their love and affection to her, as a stranger entering the family.

There was also shown us here the original of what appears to have been the poet's first letter to the parents of his betrothed. He concludes with saying, "How I long to call Lotte mine own. There is no life without her."

There is also a very interesting congratulatory letter, from Schiller's mother, along with other letters addressed to him by various persons. It glows with affection and tenderness, and indicates her ardent aspirations for his happiness in married life. There is another

manuscript of interest, in connexion with his father's life. It is a *curriculum vitae*, the "Lebenslauf;" in other words, a résumé of the leading incidents of his own life and antecedents. This had been written and sent in to the government when he was about to receive an official appointment in the ducal establishment.

A large book is kept, in which are entered the names of visitors to the birthplace of Schiller. It was commenced in 1859. The first name inscribed is that of his surviving daughter, Frau Von Gleichen. Here also is the design of a bell which some years ago was sent by Schiller's admirers in Moscow. It is now suspended in the steeple of the parish church of Marbach, and is rung each year on the anniversaries of his birth and death respectively.

The name of the bell is "Concordia," so "baptized," as bells usually are on the continent, and with a couplet of the famous ballad of "The Bell:"—

In bonds of peace and concord let her peal,
Unite the loving congregation's zeal.

In Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, in the Kirchenplatz, stands the magnificent statue of Schiller by Thorwaldsen.* It was erected by his admiring fellow-countrymen. It is a full-length figure. The head is crowned with laurel, the throat is bare, and the Roman toga is thrown over a dress of the time in which the poet lived. On the pedestal are bas-reliefs, presenting suggestive figures, and illustrative of Schiller's writings.† Around the base of the statue are four flambeaux, which are lighted up on the evening of each anniversary of his decease, on which occasion an oration in honour of his memory is delivered from the steps at the base of the statue.



While it would be satisfactory to ourselves to give specimens and separate translations of several of Schiller's poems, yet, as space forbids, we present some extracts from "The Song of the Bell," and "The Diver," through a metrical translation, by Alfred Baskerville, of these two glorious effusions.‡ The value of these translations is, that they are almost the *very words* of the poet, and, moreover—as is *not* the case in Bulwer's (Lord Lytton's) translation—the rhyme and measure, with occasional exceptions, correspond to the original.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

"Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango."

Firmly bound, the mould of clay
In its dungeon-walls doth stand;
Born shall be the bell this day!
Comrades up! now be at hand!
From the brows of all
Must the sweat-drops fall,
Ere in his work the master live;
The blessing God alone can give.

* See the illustration to our former paper on Schiller, p. 569.

† The small engravings which illustrate this article represent some of these bas-reliefs.

‡ "The Poetry of Germany," translated into English verse, by Alfred Baskerville, Leipzig: Mayer, 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

To what we earnestly prepare,
Now may an earnest word be said;
When good discourse our labours share,
Then merrily the work is sped,
Let us contemplate then with zeal,
What springs from feeble strength and thought,
Contempt for him, we e'er must feel,
Who planned not what his hands have wrought.

'Tis this adorns the human race,
For this to man was reason given;
That he within his heart may trace
The works that by his hands have thriven.

Wood cut from the pine-tree take,
But well seasoned let it be;
That the flames, compressed, may break
Through the cauldron's molten sea.
Boil the copper within!
Quick, bring hither the tin!
That the bell's tough metal may
Smoothly flow in wonted way!

The future of the bell is thus anticipated:—

What in earth's deep and hidden cell,
The hand with fire's aid doth speed,
Will in the steeple's belfry dwell,
And loudly witness of our deed.
In many an ear its thrilling tale
'Twill pour, nor heed the flight of Time;
'Twill with the child of sorrow wail,
And join devotion's choral chime.

Once more the workmen are summoned to mark how there are signs that "the casting may begin;" and then the bard returns to his chosen theme of youth, love, wedlock, and its inevitable issues to both husband and wife:—

The husband must fight
The battle of life;
Must plant and create,
Watch, snare, and debate;
Must venture and stake,
His fortune to make.

He is blessed in his endeavours, and the cornucopia of abundance is his own. For—

Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,
The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift,
The store-rooms increase, and the mansion expands.

Here is a lovely picture of the mistress of the household, and many a German matron at this day nobly repeats and illustrates it. It is the glory of the German wife and mother, as it is of the English matron, that Home is the place of her chosen toils—that her heart is there:—

Within it reigns
The prudent mother;
In wisdom's ways
Her house she sways;
Instructeth the girls,
Controlleth the boys;
With diligent hands
She works and commands;
Increases the gains,
And order maintains.

With treasures the sweet-smelling wardrobe she stores,
And busily over the spinning-wheel pores;
She hoards in the bright polished presses, till full,
The snowy-white linen, the sparkling wool;
The bright and the showy to good she disposes,
And never reposes.

All is prosperity, and the husband and sire, as he gazes on the barn's abundant store, exclaims:—

Firm and strong as earth itself,
'Gainst misfortune's whelming shock,
Stands the house as on a rock.

Not so: flatter not thyself thus. In vain dost thou seek to weave an eternal bond of friendship with fate—for, alas!

Swiftly on misfortune comes!

Once more we hear the voice of the master :—

Good ! now may the cast begin,
Firm the fracture is and fair ;
But, before we run it in,
Offer up a pious prayer.

But see ! the molten metal overflows, and "rushes forth the glowing wave." And thus Schiller prepares us for another scene, at which "The Bell" rings out its tocsin of alarm. *The town is on fire !*

Woe, when bursting forth it flies,
Spreading with unbridled ire !
In the busy street arise
Mountain waves of raging fire.

This is not the daylight's flood !

Hark ! what cries
In street and square !
Surging upward, higher, higher !
Through the streets the pillared fire
Rushes with the whirlwind's ire ;
Like the blast in furnace pent
Glow the air ; now beams are rent,
Windows rattle, rafters creak,
Mothers wander, children shriek ;
And cattle low
'Mid ruins' glow.

Any one who has seen the outburst of a fire in a German town can at once recall the constant exertions of men and women formed in line from the river bank, ceaselessly passing from hand to hand the buckets of water. And thus he sees at once, how, as Schiller says :—

They run, they save, rush to and fro,
The night vies with the daylight's glow ;
As the zealous chain expands,
Through the haunts
Flies the bucket, arching o'er
Streams the jet, the torrents pour.

In vain ! for—

Waste is now the place, and dread.

But the man whose wealth has thus perished casts one look at the ruins, and blesses God that not one of his household darlings is missing.

The funeral knell is next anticipated by the voice of him who directs the casting of "The Bell." He reminds his comrades how the sower scatters the seed, and hopes for a glorious harvest. But *our Christian dead !* what of them ? why, that—

More precious seeds in earth's dark womb
We sow with sorrow's trembling hand ;
And hope that, rising from the tomb,
They'll blossom in that better land.

Hark ! the funeral bell rings out

Deep and sadly
Death's last knell.

Which one of the household has been taken ?

Yes, the wife, the well-belov'd one.
Yes, alas ! the faithful mother ;
Whom the prince of shadows chases
From her husband's fond embraces,
From his children in their bloom.

Now her faithful rule is gone,
Watchful, tender as the dove.

It is evening—the bell is cast, and till it cools let us go forth, and amid "the feathered songsters' play" hark to the sweet soft music ; and lo !—

Free from care and fear
The workman hears the vesper bell ;
Cheerful, through the forest gloom,
Wends the wanderer his steps
Back to his dear cottage home !

We may do no more than indicate the next possible

calling, so to speak, of "The Bell." In a city long peaceful and united, insurrection breaks forth, and savage wilfulness is supreme.

Then rocks the bell upon its throne,
And howls on high, rebellion calls.
Now all that's sacred men efface,
And break all bonds of pious fear.
Wake not the lion in his den,
Destructive is the tiger's jaw,
But far more terrible are men
Whom passions in their vortex draw.

At last the bell is before us perfect and complete :—

Like a golden star, behold,
Like a kernel smooth and bright,
Peels the metal from the mould.

And so comes the baptism of the bell :—

Come on ! come on !
Stand, comra 'es, round, and lend your aid
To christen now the bell we've made !
CONCORDIA her name shall be.

Let her peal unite the people in loving concord ; raised aloft, "neighbour of the thunder and the starry sphere :"—

A voice from heaven shall she be,
Like yonder host of stars so clear,
Who laud their Maker as they flee,
And lead the varied wreath-crowned year
To earnest and eternal things
Devoted be her metal tongue ;
And as she hourly, swiftly sings,
Be none of Time's great deeds unsung.

And now the cry and the summons come to the brawny workmen :—

With the power of the cable
Raise the bell from out the ground,
That to mount it may be able
Up to Heaven's realm of sound.
Pull boys, pull boys, raise !
See, she moves, she sways !
O'er our town let gladness reign,
Peace be this her first refrain !
Whate'er unto the earthborn crowd
The frown or smile of fortune bring,
The metal tongue proclaims it loud,
While far those cheering accents ring."

Then comes a brief arrest of these predictions by the sight of the first stage of the melting processes, and a call to the workmen :—

See the silver bubbles glow !
Good, the molten billows swell ;
Potash in the furnace throw,
For it speeds the casting well.
And from scoria free
Must the mixture be,
That the voice may, full and clear,
Wake the echoes of the sphere.

Next, the prophecy is resumed. We have the glad-some salute of the bell to the newborn child, and his horoscope is thus indicated :—

With festive, joyous accents rife,
It greets the well-beloved child ;
Launched on his first career of life,
In slumbers so sweet and mild ;
In Time's dark womb for him reposes
Life's thorny couch, life's bed of roses ;
A mother's love its guardian wing
Spreads o'er his golden days of spring.

The youth longs to see foreign lands, so we read :—

Now, longing for life's stormy pleasures,
Girls' merry sports the stripling spurns ;
With pilgrim's staff the world he measures,
Then home a stranger he returns.

Next come the dawn and development of love :—

Now beauteous in the bloom of youth,
A vision from celestial skies,
Her cheeks suffused with blushing truth,
Behold, the maiden meets his eyes!
A nameless longing with its spell
Enthralls his heart, he strays alone;
Tears burst from out their crystal well,
His comrades' revels hateful grown.
Then blushing, follows he her trace,
O joy! he sees the maiden trail;
To lend his love a softer grace,
He seeks sweet flowers in the vale.
O tender longing! sweetest hope!
The golden time of love's first kiss!
The eye beholds the heaven ope,
The heart, too, revelleth in bliss;
O would that youthful love had been
But clad in spring's eternal green.

Space forbids an analysis of Schiller's minor poems; but his ballad "Der Taucher," "The Diver," although more or less widely known in England, is not familiar to the vast majority. A few sentences then, as to its story, and then some verses of the poem itself, will, we trust, be acceptable.

The scene is the stern and rocky sea-shore. See that fearful Maelstrom raging and foaming, which has ere now swallowed up many a gallant ship and her living freightage. The king and his court are present, when suddenly looking around, the king demands whether there is a knight or a squire, who, if a goblet of gold is flung by the monarch's hand into the abyss, will plunge in after it, with the guerdon that if he brings it up from the deep it shall be his to keep and retain. The cup is thrown from the precipice. There is a long silence. Will no one venture the plunge? Suddenly steps forth a brave young squire. He casts aside his girdle and his mantle, "the knights all around and the ladies amazed." Yonder he stands, on the verge of that dread Charybdis. What a creative genius was that which could so describe that boiling, foaming gulf (and this, be it remembered, *without ever having seen the ocean*), as Schiller has done. We give first the German, and then Baskerville's admirable translation of the verse to which we have alluded.

Und es wallet, und stödet, und brauset, und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser mit Faur sich mengt;
Bis zum Himmel spritzet der dampfende Gischt
Und will sich nimmer erschöpfen und leeren,
Als wollte das Meer noch ein Meer gebären.

Translated,—

It seethes and it boils, and it hisses and lashes,
Like water which quenches the fire;
To heaven the steaming forth surges and plashes,
And flood upon flood rolleth maddened with ire;
And as with the boom of the far thunder clap,
The billows rush roaring from out the dark lap.

The youth makes the dread leap, disappears, and after breathless suspense he emerges, amid universal joy, and the cry "He lives!" For—

Lo! amid the dark waves of that deep-heaving womb,
What gleams so swanlike and white?
An arm and a neck peering forth from the gloom,
They stem the waves boldly, with vigour they fight.
It is he, and, O joy! he upraises his hand,
He waves the gold goblet, saluting the strand.

The awe-inspiring description given by the brave young squire of the horrid monsters which he saw far down in the depths of ocean averts not the cruel king's proposal of a second descent, and ultimately the offer of a tempting guerdon of success, the hand of the monarch's daughter:—

Then the king seized the goblet, and hurled it amain,
Down into the furious sea;
And if thou canst bring me the goblet again,
The noblest of all my brave knights shalt thou be,
And to-day shalt embrace, too, the maiden as bride,
Who pleads with soft pity for thee at my side.

Then thrilled in his breast a might wild as the storm,
And his eyes flashed forth fire around;
He sees the blush rise o'er that beautiful form,
And he sees the pale cheek as she sank on the ground.
To win the loved prize, by sweet hope hurried on,
To win it or perish—a plunge—he is gone.

Alas! his doom is sealed, he returns no more:—

The breakers were heard, as returning they broke,
Their herald, the deafening roar;
And o'er the wave bending, love casts a fond look,
And billow on billow rolled back as before.
They surge to the surface, then downwards they sweep,
Not one bears the youth on its breast from the deep!



PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

X.

AUTUMN AND WINTER MANAGEMENT.—It remains that a few words be said touching the autumn and winter management of bees, after the active business of the year is over. The usual season for the honey-harvest among cottagers ranges from the beginning of August to the end of September. On the profitable system of management advocated in these pages it may begin much earlier (as has been shown) by the removal of caps and boxes—sometimes in the month of May, very frequently in June. And it is prolonged in those favoured spots where heather abounds, giving, in fact, a second harvest denied to the lowlander. Generally speaking, the best time to plunder the main hive,* where this is found to be necessary, is about the middle of August. In my own case, as I remain content with what the bees give me in caps or top boxes, I remove the last of these from my hives towards the end of July, immediately after the last great slaughter of drones takes place. These are usually got rid of by the sagacious bees as soon as the honey-harvest begins to flag, when swarming is given up for the year. When I see this going on at *that* period of the year,† I take the hint, and deprive the bees of what I consider my lawful share of their stores. After this period the hives rarely increase in weight; more often they decrease rapidly in value, except in the vicinity of the moors. Some bee-keepers plunder their hives before they send them to the moors, trusting to the chance of their recovering themselves sufficiently to outlive the winter. As to the best mode of plunder, I refer the reader to what I wrote on this subject in the May number of this magazine.

OF FEEDING BEES.—I come now to treat of a matter of some importance—particularly at this present time: I allude to the feeding of bees. Owing to the bad season we have had in most parts of the country, I anticipate a very fatal winter to bee-keepers in general. If I mistake not, half the bees in England will perish of starvation during the approaching winter. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." If you wish to find yourself master of strong hives next spring you must at once proceed to feed up each individual stock to a sufficient weight. Nor should this be done intermittently. Feed them continuously and abundantly, one after the other, till every stock in your apiary which weighs less than 20 lbs. (exclusive of

* Observe that I do not recommend the total pillage and breaking up of hives, as a rule; but it is well to know when it may best be done.

† I say "at that period," because in bad weather drones are often killed earlier.

the hive and its appurtenances) has recovered that amount of weight. This, in fact, is a general rule of permanent obligation each succeeding year.

The best time to feed bees is between the middle of September and the end of October; but it may be done even later if the weather be mild and open. I usually feed in October, choosing the fine warm days we often have in that delightful month. As soon as the weather gets cold and ungenial I stop feeding at once, knowing well how fatal it is to multitudes of bees to tempt them to activity in cold weather. With the first frosts of November I cease feeding altogether, preferring rather to make up what is lacking in the matter of supply when warm days return in March or April. I have tried all sorts of food, and find nothing better than sugar boiled down in water till it becomes a thin syrup like honey when taken fresh from the warm hive. Coarse brown sugar is quite good enough for the purpose. Let 5 lbs. go to three pints of water, and let it be strained of its impurities. There are various ways of giving this food to the bees, but none surpasses the new mode of feeding by inverting a bottle full of the syrup over one of the holes at the top of the hive. The mouth of the bottle must be covered with a bit of lino tied round it. To steady the bottle, it is advisable to turn it up into a block of wood with a round hole right through it, fitted to receive the neck of the bottle. A very useful feeder of this kind is sold by the Messrs. Neighbour and Sons, Holborn. It was, I believe, made originally for this purpose. The block which is sold with it has a small piece of perforated zinc affixed to the under side, which prevents the bees from coming out to annoy the bee-master, and also helps to check the too rapid down-flow of the syrup. A strong hive will take down nearly 2 lbs. of it in one day in favourable weather. It must be borne in mind, however, that a good deal of this is consumed at the time by the bees, because while feeding is going on the temperature of the hive rises considerably, and the queen is tempted to lay eggs again, as in summer time. This, of course, is one of the collateral advantages of liberal feeding, that it increases the population, and so improves the prospects of the hive for another year. Nevertheless, it is advisable to feed off the bees as quickly as possible, on the ground of economy, since the faster they eat the less they will consume.

As soon as this business is over, it only remains to protect the hives carefully from damp, and to see that they are secure from damage by violent winds and other accidents. It will be advisable from time to time during the winter to inspect them, removing snow, seeing that the entrances are free, &c., &c.; but the less the bees are disturbed at this season of the year the better.

P. V. M. F.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

PNEUMATIC APPARATUS FOR THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE.—

It is well known that the pressure of the atmosphere varies with the altitude of places above the level of the sea, where it is greatest, namely, about 14½ lbs. on every square inch of surface, becoming greater below this level and proportionately less at any altitude above it. The weight or pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea is computed at nearly fifteen tons on the average sizes of the human body. So considerable a pressure on the skin, necessarily affecting the capillary or small blood-vessels of the skin, is doubtless one of the causes of the momentum of the blood; and any great or sudden variation in it must influence the balance of the circulation, giving rise to congestions, &c., especially in the brain and lungs, in those predisposed to such affections. A condensed atmosphere exercises a somewhat sedative influence on the respiration and pulse, diminishing the frequency, but at the same time generally increasing the force of both. The lungs are more fully expanded, the blood is more completely oxygenated, and the nervous and digestive organs acquire increased vigour. Accordingly, an artificially-condensed atmosphere has been applied to the treatment of pulmonary disease at Lyons, Montpellier, and some other places; but the result has not been such hitherto as would

render an imitation of the practice desirable in this country. The effect of increased pressure is to contract the blood-vessels, &c., and that of decreased pressure is, of course, the reverse causing them to "swell." As the diseases of the inhabitants of elevated mountain districts, where the air is attenuated and exerts less pressure, are usually of an inflammatory character consequently rendering such places unfit for the residence of persons suffering from organic diseases of the heart or lungs it has been thought that certain states of disease, the reverse of those alluded to, might be cured or alleviated by the application of an artificially attenuated atmosphere. This is the purpose of the machine in question, recently patented by Mr. W. E. Newton, namely, the treatment of certain disorders by the exhaustion of air over the surface of the skin of the patients. In a recent number of the "English Mechanic" some engravings are given of this curious instrument, showing the patient seated in an air-tight box, with an elastic collar fitting close round the chin and face, and the air-pump which is to effect the degree of attenuation in the air that may be deemed requisite. Thus any atmospheric pressure may be applied to the surface of the body, or any part of it, by means of supplementary contrivances.

NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.—Among the many new applications of electro-magnetism to the arts and manufactures, is that of making it instrumental in the smelting of iron. A fixed electro-magnet is placed opposite an opening in the side of the furnace containing the metal to be smelted and a current of magnetism is directed into the molten metal. The effect on the iron is said to be very remarkable, rendering it extremely tough and hard. The process is carried on with great success at one of the most important ironworks in Sheffield. We do not know whether the suggestion is worth anything, but it cannot do any harm to ask if any manufacturer has thought it expedient to test the effect of the varying atmospheric pressure as shown by the barometer, on the toughness and hardness of the metal in cooling. Possibly it will be found that the greater the pressure of the atmosphere at the time, the harder will be the metal. The quality of the metal in this respect, produced at various ironworks, might be readily compared with their altitude above the sea level. Perhaps the different densities of all metals originated with the atmospheric pressure that prevailed at their original formation, in the different epochs of the earth's geological history. [A question, however, arises here whether the greater pressure of the atmosphere would not, by preventing the escape of gas, tend to the softening of the metal.—ED.]

THE AMMONIA MACHINE.—In the Paris Exhibition there is shown a new machine which is driven by a mixture of steam and ammoniacal gas. Strong liquid ammonia is used in the boilers, and the vapour generated is said to be a mixture of at least 80 parts of ammoniacal gas and 20 parts of steam, so it may be fairly called an ammoniacal engine. The principal recommendations of ammonia as a motive power consist in the small amount of fuel required, and the short time it takes to get up the steam, so to speak. The economy in fuel is very considerable, being about one-fourth of that required to generate steam alone. This invention may, therefore, be in store for the time when, as we are ever and anon reminded, our supply of coal will begin to fail, and suggest economy in its employment.

HEAT AND LIGHT.—All space is supposed to be filled with an infinitely elastic fluid called ether, and this fluid not only stretches from star to star, but is believed to surround the moving atoms of all terrestrial and celestial bodies. The atoms in moving throw the ether into waves, the long waves being radiant heat, and most of the shorter waves radiant light. Hence there is no difference but that of wave-length between heat and light—the difference we think we see between them being principally in our nerves; and some of Professor Tyndall's best experiments have been devised to prove this fact. When the waves from the sun beat against our hands, the nerves in the hands are sensitive principally to the longest waves, and not to the short ones. When the waves from the sun beat against our eyes, the eyes have nerves which are sensitive only to the short waves, which we know as "light," but they are very in-

sensitive to the long waves. Professor Tyndall has allowed a bundle of dark rays of heat from a lens to pass into his eyes—first protecting the edges of the eyelids with a piece of cardboard, having a hole punched in the middle—and has discovered that for several seconds the eye can resist the action of intense dark heat, which, in a very short time, would make iron red hot! The sun emits far more invisible waves than visible waves, and they are the dark rays of the sun which principally melt the snows upon the mountain sides, and warm the living beings that dwell upon the earth. Professor Tyndall has discovered how to separate or to filter the dark rays from the light rays of the sun, or of the electric lamp. He employs a hollow lens of rock crystal, filled with a solution of iodine in bisulphide of carbon. In thin layers this liquid is of a beautiful violet colour, but in layers of the thickness he uses it is quite opaque. A lens of this kind, fixed in front of the electric lamp, will allow no light to pass, but the heat-waves flow through as freely as ever, and come to a focus. When brown paper is placed in this *invisible* focus of dark rays it catches fire, and iron becomes red hot! Another discovery made by Professor Tyndall is, that the vapour of water in the atmosphere of the earth imprisons and retains a large proportion of the dark heat which comes from the sun. Hence the vapour of water acts as a blanket; and were it removed from the atmosphere for a single night, everything which could be killed by cold would die before morning. Hence, doubtless, the "parching" cold of east winds, for during these the amount of vapour in the air is considerably diminished.

ARE COMETS AND METEORS IDENTICAL?—At the recent meeting of the British Association this new theory was prominently put forth by Professor A. Herschel. The November and August meteors are found to move in orbits coincident with those of well-known comets; therefore it is argued that comets and meteors are the same, or that "the meteoric particles are portions of the comet's tail, shreds of a dismembered mist, torn by the sun's disturbing action from the nucleus of the comet, and left upon its path like embers or smoke-flakes in the track of an expiring flame." All this may be very sublime, but it seems to be rather a jump at a hasty conclusion. There is nothing surprising in the alleged coincidence in the orbit of certain meteoric swarms with that of comets. Both are *erratic* bodies, and therefore it is but reasonable that their courses should be alike. But the nature of the bodies is totally different, if we may believe what we find recorded by the most eminent astronomers. Comets have been described as nothing more than a conglomeration of vapours, of very little density, so little perhaps as to be transparent—stars having been seen even through their nucleus, or most brilliant, and, apparently, solidest part. Such bodies might very possibly be incipient worlds, just passed their gaseous state, and which are to derive solidity from the participation and condensation of the matter surrounding them. But our meteors are manifestly fragmentary bodies, just as indicative of a disruption or breaking into pieces as the fragments of rocks in a quarry. They are described as being composed more or less of silica (flint), oxide of iron, magnesia, oxide of nickel, sulphur, and lime—all which are substances which Professor Tyndall would say have been *dead* long ago—just as the same substances on our earth. Moreover, that wonderful thing, *carbon*, has been detected in them. Now, the presence of carbon anywhere necessarily implies at least *vegetation*; and therefore it is quite reasonable to conclude that the meteoric fragments containing it must have formed part of an earth constituted similarly to our own, but subsequently disrupted, shattered into fragments. Our moon may be only a larger block of such a dismembered world, large enough and endowed with just sufficient velocity to become a companion to our earth in her orbit, without tumbling upon her, like so many of the smaller fragments. Such are a few of the considerations which seem to militate against this new Meteor-Cometic Theory—especially as astronomers seem to agree in considering the hundred asteroids between Mars and Jupiter as "bits of planets blown to pieces," together with the fact, common with the meteors, "that some of them appear not to be round," as other bodies in the firmament.

A. S.

STANZAS.

I STOOD by the shore of the wide-spread sea,
As slowly sank the sun,
And solemn the thoughts that came over me,
Of the day that was almost done.

The sea was stained with a crimson hue,
The waves were tipped with fire,
And anon, anon, the sea-gulls flew
In circlets high, and higher.

Silent the hour, and sweet the spell,
And—was it a dying sound—
That over the ocean wailed "farewell,"
As the darkness gathered round?

I thought of the world where no sun should sink,
No sea the earth should span,
And I turned away from the ocean's brink,
I hope, a better man.

L. I. L. L.

THE TWO KITTENS.

(An Original Fable.)

THERE were two little kittens
In a family I knew;
And their history, dear children,
May be of use to you.
When they were born, the people praised
Their colour, shape, and features;
And said,—what many say of you,
"What pretty little creatures!"

As they grew older they improved
By warmth, and care, and food;
But one grew very beautiful,
The other, very good.
The good one, searching round the house
For mice, would never tire;
The other, all the morning long,
Lay sleeping by the fire.

Now this was such a waste of time,
Neglecting thus her duty;
Her mistress soon began to think
But little of her beauty.
The servants would not feed her, and
Their anger did not bridle;
For, "Handsome is that handsome does,
"No dinner for the idle."

To see the pretty useless cat,
Their patience rather tired;
While the less handsome active puss
Was more and more admired.
His courage, cleverness, and strength,
Increased by daily action;
In short, he gave to every one
The utmost satisfaction.

At length the mistress said, that cats
Were not, like toys, to play with;
As one could do the duty well,
One must be made away with.
The servants, highly pleased at that,
The fireplace disencumber;
And down the handsome idle cat,
As being *useless lumber*.

A pretty face to look upon
Is better than a plain one;
But talents form the character,
And we must try to gain one.
We came into the world to serve
Our neighbour, friend, or brother,
By doing many duties—not
To look at one another.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER X.

A DANCING SPY.

NATHALIE spent a very pleasant time in London. She went everywhere, saw everything, and made many purchases. At a ball given at the Russian embassy she laid the foundation of invitations to several other balls. She dressed, danced, and was happy.

At the Russian ball Boutkovitch was present. He

had promised his Polish friends to get a card for it, so that he might be able to pick up as much as possible of the latest Russian news; but he was really there (as he himself might have put it) "to represent the interests of the Russian government." He came, saw, listened, and went away, pretending, after the manner of spies,—perhaps really believing—that he had heard much more than had actually reached his ears.

He spoke to Nathalie, who however, received him

very coldly, and successfully repelled the little attentions with which he ventured to assail her.

He told the general that it was absolutely necessary he should dance; that he could not spend the whole evening in the refreshment room; and that to walk about the ball-room doing nothing, and knowing next to no one, looked odd, and rendered it impossible for him to gain the confidence which he might otherwise inspire. The general spoke to the ambassador about it; and one of the secretaries introduced Boutkoff to an English young lady, who afterwards told her mamma that she had been dancing with a very distinguished person whose breast was covered with decorations. This was perfectly true.

Boutkovitch knew that Count Konradin could not avoid being present at the ball, and he tried to induce Jankowski to leave a card at the embassy, that he also might receive an invitation. Jankowski, however, refused to do anything of the kind. He even endeavoured to persuade his cousin not to go. But Konradin did not think it prudent to stop away. He and his family had large estates in Poland, and he held, that instead of assuming the attitude of a sulky revolutionist, his proper course was to put on a white cravat and appear for half an hour in the ambassador's ball-room. Jankowski called him a Jesuit; but the count did not mind that.

As Boutkovitch already knew Konradin, he could watch him, follow him about, and speak to him from time to time, without appearing very impertinent or indiscreet. Konradin did not like Boutkovitch, partly from an aristocratic prejudice, because he could not make out to what family he belonged, and partly from the natural antipathy felt for a vulgar man by a man of refinement; but he conversed with him, and for the sake of the cause in which, as he believed, they were both engaged, made strenuous efforts to show him some politeness.

Boutkovitch's chief occupation consisted in observing who were Count Konradin's most intimate acquaintances. The Russians who seemed very familiar with him were put down in Boutkovitch's list as "suspicious," the Poles as "compromised." Once, when Konradin was looking for the couple who were to dance *vis-à-vis* to him, an utterly imprudent Polish officer said to him with a smile, *Quoeme guaris!* from which Boutkovitch justly inferred that he must know something about the Polish club, and informed against him accordingly.

On the whole Boutkovitch found the ball exceedingly dull—perhaps because there were not enough spies present, so that he was left without congenial society. It amused him, however, to see Count Konradin exchanging compliments with Gontchaline and the ambassador, when both of them knew perfectly well that he was connected with a plot for raising the standard of insurrection in Poland.

Konradin danced several times with Nathalie, until at last Boutkovitch said to himself, "I really shouldn't wonder if she were in the conspiracy also. At all events she is very fond of the society of conspirators. If I found that she had anything to do with it I would inform against her directly. That I would—as soon as look at her."

Yet Nathalie was very pretty, and Boutkovitch looked at her a great deal.

After the ball Boutkovitch had to "work," as he called it, with General Gontchaline. That is to say, he

had to communicate to the general the result of his latest observations, so that they might be embodied in a report which his excellency proposed to send off by the courier who was to leave London for St. Petersburg at seven o'clock that very morning.

The Russian minister of police had already received a general account of the proceedings of the refugees and others in London, and had telegraphed for "details and more names." Accordingly a complete list of the principal persons who attended Siegfried's receptions and the meetings of the Polish Society, which Boutkovitch was now able to furnish, was really very valuable to the general, and helped him to keep up his credit as a loyal subject and a sharp observer.

The latest edition of the list included, besides the names of Count Konradin, Stanislas Ferrari, and Leon Jankowski (late student at the military school of Metz), that of the officer who had said *Quoeme guaris!* at the ball, and a few others.

It so happened that Ferrari left for Warsaw and the cabinet courier for St. Petersburg by the same train. A few hours after the arrival of the courier, secret and confidential orders were sent to all the frontier towns of Poland and Russia to arrest any and all of the persons named on Gontchaline's list who might present themselves with a view to entering Russia, or for any other purpose.

CHAPTER XI.

FERRARI IN WARSAW.

AFTER a very short time Ferrari was no longer struck by the impracticability of the meditated revolution. Breathing a revolutionary atmosphere, he grew acclimatized. He became inoculated with revolutionary ideas. Or, to put the matter quite literally, every one in the little world to which he had been admitted believed in the feasibility of the cherished scheme; and what every one around him said and repeated, and what no one thought for one moment of controverting, seemed at last incontrovertible. Finally, he found all his energies engaged in a certain affair, and did not ask himself whether it could be brought to a triumphant conclusion or not.

There is some pleasure, no doubt, in being a revolutionist, apart from the holy joy that the devout patriot must feel at the prospect of liberating his native land. A man who could never hope to be anything in the legitimate political world may become a very great personage indeed in an improvised revolutionary government. Clerks without offices get named chiefs of departments, journalists without journals, ministers. A youth, who in the legitimate political world would think himself lucky to obtain the appointment of clerk to a vice-consulate, may, in the world of revolution, aspire to the post of ambassador. Ferrari, without asking for it, had already been entrusted with an important mission by the London Revolutionary Committee.

Then what a career the revolutionary army offers! Brief, perhaps, but brilliant while it lasts. Commissions are given with generosity, promotion is rapid; and, when the functions have ceased, the title still remains. Thus Europe is full of "captains, and colonels, and knights at arms," who gained their epaulettes and spurs in skirmishes not recorded in history, and hold their commissions from governments

whose composition was never exactly known, and whose very existence is now forgotten.

I will say nothing of the baser delights in which revolutionists on horseback have been known to indulge—of the wines and cigars of aristocratic flavour and price, which too many of these suddenly temporarily enriched democrats love to consume. "The priest lives by the altar;" and why should not the revolutionary altar be supplied with the fine wines of France, Germany, and Hungary, and with the fragrant incense of Havannah? If the oppressed people have to pay for it, have they not, for centuries, paid for the luxuries of a still more luxurious nobility and court?

However, it is only when a revolution has gained a certain amount of success that its children can run riot in the manner indicated. The revolution must be set going by men of conviction, whose heart is in their work, and who, instead of self-indulgence, are prepared for self-sacrifice. Kosciuszko was as remarkable for his frugality and sobriety as for his heroic qualities; and Garibaldi has shown the same virtues in the present day. But once alive and moving, the revolution breeds parasites, and the parasites of revolution are the most offensive creatures imaginable.

Certainly the labourer, in every career, is worthy of his hire. Nevertheless Ferrari thanked heaven that his private resources enabled him to spare himself the humiliation of receiving money from the intending liberators of his country. The London agent of the Ministry of Finance had offered him drafts on Warsaw, payable to bearer at the house of one of the principal bankers, who kept the revolutionary account with perfect fidelity, and, at the same time, with the full knowledge and sanction of the Russian government; but Ferrari preferred to regard his appointment as an honorary one. All he had to do was first to tell the members of the Central Committee how affairs were going on in London, and afterwards to inform the London Committee, from time to time, of all that took place at Warsaw.

The London Committee was far from being rich; but the day before Ferrari left for Warsaw, Count Konradin had persuaded some of his English friends to contribute to the funds of what he called "a Polish charity," and had given a large sum himself. Jankowski had subscribed fifty pounds, Ferrari five-and-twenty; and Boutkovitch, who did not wish to excite suspicion by any excess of generosity, had made a modest offering of ten pounds. An English gentleman, who, during a visit to Warsaw, had been attacked and maltreated by a party of Cossacks, had given a hundred pounds; and altogether something like four hundred pounds was collected and paid into a London bank which was in correspondence with the bank at Warsaw. The receipt from the London banker (which gave credit for the sum to an imaginary person called Ladislaus Morawski) was entrusted to Ferrari to be delivered to the Minister of Finance at Warsaw; and this stood him in lieu of a regular letter of introduction, and, indeed, replaced it very advantageously.

Ferrari's instructions were to write as little as possible; to use the telegraph for really important matters; and to wait for further instructions until the arrival of Konradin at Warsaw.

It has been mentioned that "leather," in the code of telegraphic signals agreed upon, stood for Ferrari

himself. "Trade" meant "insurrection;" "money" meant simply "money;" "brother" meant "associate;" "elder brother," "minister;" "father," "chief of the government;" "arrival," "conflict;" "hide," "Russians;" "upper leather," "Poles;" and so on.

The telegrams were to be plainly suggestive, not fully explicit. Thus, "leather sent to Berlin," would mean that Ferrari had gone to Berlin, and naturally was to be seen there.

"My elder brother is ill," would mean that one of the ministers had got into trouble.

"Another arrival: upper leathers much damaged," would mean that in a fresh conflict with the Russians many Poles had been injured.

Finally, "no letters" was to signify that an armed rising had taken place; and "send advices" that every effort was to be made forthwith to support it. When it became necessary to send this telegram, Ferrari was at the same time to state at what frontier-town he would meet his London correspondents. In other words, he was to tell them that, to Posen, Cracow, or elsewhere near the frontier, "leather" had been sent.

However, Ferrari had scarcely arrived in Warsaw, when it seemed probable that his mission would be brought rapidly to a conclusion. The information carried to St. Petersburg by the government messenger, who had left London at the same time as Ferrari, was acted upon forthwith; and Ferrari would have been arrested at the Prusso-Polish frontier, had he not already passed it, and actually arrived at Warsaw when the telegram ordering his arrest was received.

His friends in London were much alarmed about him, for the London Committee knew that in all probability he would never reach Warsaw unless in custody of the Russian police.

The list of persons connected with the revolutionary organization, who were to be arrested as soon as they set foot in the dominions of Russia, had been sent to Ferrari's address in an envelope marked "Immediate and very important;" but it was not delivered until Ferrari had already started for Warsaw. His landlady hurried with the letter to Jankowski, whom Ferrari had desired to open all letters sent to him during his absence. Jankowski tore open the envelope, and saw in the inside, in a lady's handwriting, a few lines in French, of which the following is a translation:—

"M. Ferrari is begged not to endeavour to find out from whom the enclosed proceeds. His honourable discretion is relied upon."

The envelope contained a copy, in the same handwriting, of the list of names given by Boutkovitch to General Gontchalin, with this remark prefixed: "Sent to the government at St. Petersburg." At the beginning of the list Jankowski read his own name. What was far more important and far more alarming, was that Ferrari's figured there. As for Jankowski, he belonged to what may be called an insurgent family, and he had no intention of ever entering Poland except at the head of a detachment. But Ferrari was already on the road to Warsaw, and it seemed certain that he would be arrested on his arrival at the frontier.

Jankowski took the mysterious letter to his cousin, Count Konradin.

"It may be entirely a fabrication," said Jankowski; "but that is scarcely possible."

"No," answered Konradin; "bad news is generally

true. I wonder who sent the list. It is certainly genuine."

"You see what is written here," Jankowski pointed to the few lines inside the envelope.

"I see; and the writer's confidence must be respected. I should like, all the same, to know, if I could do so by one sudden guess, without making any inquiries, from whom the information really comes. But I know nothing about Ferrari's connexions in London. I will tell you one thing, however: it is most fortunate that the letter is sent to Ferrari himself; otherwise, there are many persons who would have suspected *him* of giving up the names."

"Fortunately such a supposition is now quite impossible."

"The traitor ought somehow to be discovered. It must be some one who visits, or who has visited, Siegfried. He is so imprudent! He receives every one who comes to him, under no matter what pretext!"

"But the first thing to do is to save Ferrari, if it be not already too late."

"I am afraid it is. However, we do not know when this list was sent to St. Petersburg. If it was only forwarded yesterday or the day before, Ferrari will reach Warsaw in safety. But he may be taken directly afterwards, or, worse still, he may be watched, and may draw the police upon the track of some of the principal members of the organization. You had better telegraph to him at once without waiting to consult any one."

Jankowski sent off a telegram, in the name of the bootmaker in Long Acre, to Stanislas Ferrari, 14, Street of the Capucins, Warsaw. It was as follows:—

"News received to-day makes us fear leather may be damaged. Be very careful about it. Leather much sought for. Look out for hides."

Ferrari, then, had no sooner reached Warsaw than he learned that he was in danger; that he was being "sought for;" and that he was to "look out" for the Russians.

An experienced conspirator, named Wilenski, to whom he showed and explained the telegram, told him to change both his name and his address at once, and to appear as little as possible in the streets.

"How could you dream of calling yourself by your proper name?" asked the experienced conspirator, who had as many names as Apollo, and for each one a passport in unexceptionable form. "A name, too, like yours, which is known all over Poland!"

"I preferred keeping to my own name," said Ferrari, "though I know that it is not precisely a recommendation."

"No, not even in the eyes of the government," answered Wilenski. "But do not imagine that it has any effect upon me. I am a true democrat, and do not care who your father was."

The cynical liberalism of this professed revolutionist shocked Ferrari; but he made no reply.

"I dare say you tried to persuade yourself," continued the conspirator, "that in coming to Warsaw you were acting in a perfectly legal manner. Do not deceive yourself. Men have been sent to Siberia for very much less than you had done even before you left London. You were a member of a secret association, whose object is nothing less than to revolutionize Poland. And you have come here as agent of the society, and you think no more of it than if you had

really arrived to deal in skins. What you will really have to deal in," added the conspirator, "is not skins, but bodies; and the sooner you make up your mind to that the better. But you will never be fit for anything until you have been exiled to Siberia, or, at least, have passed a year or two in a Muscovite fortress. We have all been through it, and I can tell you that there is nothing like it for finishing the education of a Pole."

Ferrari thought that he should like, if possible, to be spared the Polish grand tour; nor did he feel any wish to try the effect upon his character of confinement in a Russian prison.

"Well," he said at last, "give me a name of some kind; and you may as well give me a profession, too, while you are about it, and a passport into the bargain, if you can manage it."

"I have a passport," replied the conspirator, "for a German doctor named Wolf. He is about your age and dimensions, and you can have it if you like."

"Where is the doctor himself?"

"I don't know that he exists. I did not say that I had a doctor; I said that I had a doctor's passport."

"I understand."

"At last! The next thing will be to find you an apartment, and about that there need be no difficulty. A German doctor! It will be an honour to receive you. But the great advantage of being a physician will be this, that you will be able to make as many visits as you like without exciting suspicion. A Pole has a right to be as ill as he pleases, and even to receive as many doctor's visits as he pleases. That is one of the liberties that we still possess."

"But how are our friends in London to know that I have changed my name?"

"I suppose they can recognize your handwriting? Send a letter to them through the post as soon as you have fixed on your new abode, telling them simply and solely how and where to address you. That also you have a right to do. You must give up the leather trade when you telegraph; that is all. In future you might speak of yourself as "the patient," the Russians as "the surgeon," while continuing to use as many of the old signals as are still available. If you have anything very important to send, and you can't trust either to the telegraph or to the post, let me have it, and I will give it to a Jew who is engaged in the smuggling trade along the Prussian frontier. He is a thorough coward in the immediate presence of danger, but he will run any risk for the sake of a little extra money. He will bring artillery for us in a hay-cart when we want it. We have had quantities of muskets from him already."

A few days afterwards, Stanislas Ferrari, or "Dr. Wolf," as he now called himself, found accommodation and a hearty welcome at the house of a family to whom his mother had been well known, and who were, indeed, distantly related to her. He was on the point of posting a letter—not to Jankowski—but to Count Konradin, who, he fancied, was quite above suspicion, when a number of Siegfried's journal, "The Tongue," was put into his hand by the experienced conspirator. It contained the list of names as drawn up by Boutkovitch, and sent to Ferrari's address by Nathalie; for it was to her that Ferrari, and, indirectly, all the chief members of the Polish committee, were indebted for the warning they had received.

CHAPTER XII.

NATHALIE'S SECRET.

It happened in this way. After finishing his despatch, Gontchalin had sent Boutkovitch with it to the embassy, where it was duly given into the hands of the departing messenger. In the meanwhile, the general, fatigued by his week's campaign of sightseeing—fatigued also by his exertions at the ball, and by his subsequent literary and political labours in company with Boutkovitch—had imprudently leant back on the sofa and closed his eyes. It was natural, under the circumstances, that he should fall asleep; and he not only slept, which was a fault; but snored, which was a crime.

The bassoon-like noise waked Nathalie, who, like many other young ladies, slept but lightly after a ball. She recognized the formidable sound as peculiar to her father, and finding that it was as late as seven o'clock, got up, put on slippers and a peignoir, and went into the sitting-room to see what could have happened to him.

There he lay, stretched on the sofa, puffing and blowing with the vigour of a porpoise and the regularity of a steam-engine. The gas was still burning, and on the table before him Nathalie saw a teapot, a couple of empty teacups, the saucers of which were full of tobacco-ash, a few cigar-ends, and the stumps of innumerable cigarettes.

"How the room smells of smoke!" thought Nathalie; and Nathalie was right.

"Poor papa! How hard he has been working," she said to herself; "and he has left all his papers about. The servants might have come in to do the room and have read them. But no; they are in Russian—at least, this one is." She took up one of the folios of General Gontchalin's despatch.

"And so is this." She examined another.

"'Enclosure A,' yes, this is Russian, too. 'Persons whom it would be advisable to arrest at the first opportunity.' Oh, how dreadful! How can papa occupy himself with such things!"

The general replied only by a snore. The appearance of the fat, red-faced, more or less bloated old man, was in striking contrast with that of his charming daughter. He, heated by gas, tobacco-smoke, and night-work, seemed half exhausted, and slept gluttonously, as if to make up for lost time. She, radiant with health and beauty, had already taken repose enough, and looked as fresh as a convolvulus that has just opened to the light. If the two could have been painted as they stood, or, rather, as Nathalie stood and as her father lay, every one would have seen that the one figure said "Good morning," as plainly as the other said "Bad night."

Nathalie read once more the heading of "Enclosure A." "Persons whom it would be advisable to arrest. Nominal list."

She read on, and was surprised and shocked to find among the names those of Stanislas Ferrari and Count Konradin. Ferrari, who had been so kind and attentive to her and to her father also; and who had written her such a touching letter, of which she was sure every word was true! And Konradin, with whom she had danced twice running only the night before. Oh, it was too horrible!

Nathalie, who had come into the drawing-room for

the express purpose of waking her father, was now very careful not to carry out her original intention. She took up "Enclosure A" and hurried with it to her own room, that she might read it through without fear of being disturbed.

She had taken the paper without any precise idea as to what she should do with it; but now that she had it in her possession she could not make up her mind to replace it on her father's table until she had copied it. Ferrari had been so unhappy all his life, and now some very terrible calamity indeed might await him.

It did not occur to Nathalie that the Russian government must first catch its victim before either executing him or sending him to Siberia. Or perhaps she thought that, like Molière, it took its property wherever it found it. She remembered Ferrari's having said, the day she first saw him at the Exhibition, that he never meant to return to Russia; but he might have made this statement hastily, or with the view of misleading her father; and in any case, if the Russian government seriously wanted him, it would contrive, she fancied, somehow or other, to get him within its power.

It was fortunate for Ferrari that she looked at his position in this light, for otherwise she certainly would not have considered that there was any very pressing reason for putting him on his guard.

While she was copying the list it struck Nathalie that some of the persons named in it—certainly not Ferrari and certainly not Konradin—might really be very bad; and that perhaps they wanted to murder the emperor, or to shoot at the Grand-duke Constantine, as had lately happened at Warsaw. But even then it could do no harm to warn them that they were being watched; and who knew but that it might have the effect of making them abandon their wicked designs?

She asked herself what her Polish mother would have done, and felt sure that she would not have hesitated for a moment if she had had it in her power to save a number of her countrymen from the claws of the Russian police.

The amiable little sophist found other reasons for saving that young man in particular who had in so noble a manner changed some Russian money for her papa, and who had even advised him to put on a pair of black trousers; and if she had a right to save him, why, she asked herself, should she forget the gallant Konradin, who had been so polite to her the night before? She ended by determining to send the complete list to Ferrari. His address was in the letter that she had received from him, and which, though she had not answered it, she had not destroyed.

Nathalie's conscience troubled her very much in connexion with this affair, for it neither told her that she was doing right nor that she was doing wrong; from which she inferred that she must, on the whole, be doing wrong, for otherwise her conscience would not trouble her at all.

However, she returned to the sitting-room and put back the draft of "Enclosure A" on the table without waking her papa. After that she was afraid to wake him, lest he should suspect her of having looked over his papers—a thing she had never in her life done before.

The bassoon-like noise was now louder than ever, and the *rinforzando* of her papa's snore sounded to Nathalie like a reproach.

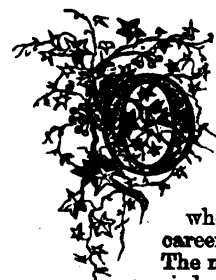
That, however, did not prevent her from putting on

her bonnet and going out to post Ferrari's letter herself. When she returned she found that her father had been awakened by the servants, and that he had locked his papers up and gone to bed.

Nathalie now took more interest than ever in Ferrari. She had protected him from such a very serious danger, that he in a certain way seemed to belong to her. But she did not claim the least right of property in any of the other men whose names figured in the list.

(To be continued.)

THE FESTIVAL OF DEATH.



ON the 16th May, 1770, a notable marriage was celebrated at Versailles. Louis the dauphin, then in his sixteenth year, led to the altar Marie Antoinette, then in her fifteenth year. These two young creatures were destined to be for nearly twenty years the king and the queen of France, when the odious and ignominious career of Louis XV. drew to a close. The marriage was preceded, was accompanied, was followed by public festivals of the most gorgeous kind. But joy was in the heart of no one, though everywhere there was the ostentation of happiness. The young queen could not be insensible to the fact that she was indeed received as a stranger in a strange land. Still, whatever Marie Antoinette felt or foreboded, she had to clothe herself with the radiance of a perpetual smile; and bitter as might be the sentiments, and gloomy the presentiments of the people, this did not hinder them from gazing with French zest at shows, designed with French taste and ingenuity.

At Versailles and at Paris there were, on the 30th May, fourteen days after the marriage, simultaneous spectacles of a dazzling and imposing order. Those at Paris had a terrible ending. While fireworks were startling heaven and earth with their fantastic blaze, a sudden panic seized the multitude, and there was a wild and headlong rush from the scene. Three hundred persons were killed, twelve hundred wounded in the mad confusion.

It was not the superstitious alone who drew from this tragical event the most sinister auguries. The odour of blood was in the air, and the stain of blood was on the ground, and the dread of impending woe darted through the soul of France. Little as actors or spectators suspected it, the first act of the revolutionary drama had really begun. In truth, the first act of every historical drama always ends before the world dreams that the drama has commenced; fate thus mocking, as she often mocks, the blindness of mankind.

The guillotine rose and vanished; its most memorable victim being Queen Marie Antoinette. A Corsican of genius had become the modern Alexander. In the spring of 1810, just forty years after the catastrophe at Paris, he was at the summit of his power. Having exhausted the possible, he, in his Titanic pride and fierce audacity, was now attempting the impossible; and, first Leipsic, and then Waterloo, were to reveal the result. But all as yet seemed strong as adamant, and the modern Alexander marched from victory to victory. On the 7th January, 1810, Napoleon's first matrimonial union had been declared null; his second marriage was celebrated with extraordinary pomp on the 1st April, at St. Cloud, and on the following day at Paris. But the cardinals of the Roman court, detained for the moment in France, refused, all but a

few, to countenance by their presence the new nuptial benediction, believing that Napoleon, in repudiating Josephine, had been guilty both of an ecclesiastical and a moral offence. The representatives of the church, in taking this dignified attitude, were probably less influenced by a noble sense of duty than by worldly craft. But the people saw chiefly, in the conduct of the cardinals, fidelity to a generous woman who had been cruelly forsaken. And for whom had Josephine been rejected? For a royal daughter of Austria; yet one not environed and irradiated, like Marie Antoinette, by any atoning enchantments. Marie Louise was a supremely insipid and uninteresting creature, without heart, though not without sensuality. Napoleon fell; he went into exile; he died. In a few years Napoleon II. followed to the grave Napoleon I. The wife, the mother, felt no sorrow, shed no tears, held out no soothing, no succouring hand to the living, did not mourn for the dead. It was fortunate for Napoleon, when imprisoned on a lonely rock in the Atlantic Ocean, that he did not know what a worthless woman he had exalted to the grandest of thrones; did not know that she had taken, with indecent haste, the one-eyed Count Neipperg as her paramour.

At the time of Napoleon's marriage to the vulgar, awkward Marie Louise, and for some time afterwards, Paris swarmed with Austrians, who, while paying Napoleon abundant homage with the lip, were secretly active in nourishing and spreading the spirit of disaffection. The mansion of the Austrian ambassador, Prince Charles Schwarzenberg, was the centre of a colossal conspiracy. Napoleon had few real friends, and Prince Schwarzenberg and his countrymen did their utmost to turn the lukewarm friends into traitors. Such machinations could not well be hidden from Napoleon; but partly he despised them, and partly, with all his statecraft and experience in deception, he allowed himself to be ensnared and deluded.

Between the battle of Wagram and Napoleon's second marriage nearly nine months had intervened. Unless Napoleon had been inordinately, incurably infatuated, how could he have failed to see that every Austrian soul panted for revenge, and viewed the marriage as the last and the most flagrant in a long series of humiliations?

In honour alike of the new matrimonial and the new political alliance, a grand ball was given on the 1st July, 1810, by the Austrian ambassador. For this ball the most extensive and expensive preparations were made. The ambassador occupied a large mansion, the so-called Hôtel de Montesson. But for a festival on the vastest imaginable scale, the mansion was deemed too small, and, to furnish additional room, the adjoining mansion was hired for the occasion. Communicating with the two mansions, an enormous wooden building was erected in the garden. This massive structure was to form the dancing-hall. Hosts of carpenters and decorators toiled night and day; the darkness brought no pause, and the furious heat of noon brought no rest. As an external covering, the roof and the side walls had waxcloth. Inside, magnificent hangings, huge mirrors, countless coloured lamps, vied in adding to the picturesque diversity. The columns, which bore a species of gallery, and severed it from the principal space, were prodigally robed in the costliest stuffs, and between column and column, muslin and gauze and garlands of flowers fluttered and intertwined. In the air floated crystal chandeliers, not flashing in solitary grandeur, but wedded to all the surrounding ornaments by silver-wrought and gold-wrought ribands and draperies. At the end of the hall—the remotest from the main entrance, and most immediately communicating with the mansion—on a slightly raised platform, which was covered with gold-wrought cloth, were two thrones.

From these thrones the whole spectacle could be witnessed in all its movements and details. The gallery aforesaid was adorned in the same style as the hall itself, and had means of communication both with the mansion and the garden. Opposite the gallery, and at half the height of the hall, was a stage destined for the musicians, and approached only by an outside staircase. The front of the building, and of course the main entrance, faced the garden. A flight of broad, commodious steps conducted to this main entrance—a splendid and spacious portal, seeming, by its amplitude, to invite the crowds that were about to stream through it.

The stolid Austrians—not daring openly to show their antipathy to Napoleon—disgraced a festival professedly dedicated to harmony and reconciliation by an act of the pettiest resentment. It was determined that some appropriate words should be placed over the main entrance; but in German, not in French. Mighty triumph, and memorable retaliation! For the defeat at Wagram, how could there be a heavier retributive blow than the glare of a dozen big gaudy German words in the very metropolis of France? There could have been no inpropriety in German words over the portal as well as French; but the employment of German words, to the exclusion of French, was an insult to France and to its emperor. The inventive Austrian genius, after much toil and trouble, produced a superscription, of which this is the literal rendering:—"Heroic force gleams in concord with the charm of soft beauty. Hail! Hail! the Golden Age has come back to us."

Everything was at last ready, and the fateful day arrived. German money—aided by French ingenuity—had achieved marvels at which all men professed to be astonished. Numerous as were the ordinary domestics of the Austrian ambassador, they were found to be too few; and hundreds of additional servants were employed, some of whom were put in the French Imperial livery.

To the Austrians the ball afforded an opportunity of showing a superiority of which they were not a little proud: their uniforms were far costlier and more beautiful than the most brilliant of the French uniforms. It is something to eclipse, even in dress, the man who has just thrashed you.

As the evening drew on the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard took possession of the various posts which, partly for the sake of security, but more for the sake of display, had to be occupied. The grenadiers, however, perhaps felt that though they were mainly to be but portions of a pageant, there might be earnest work for them before the night was over.

Ere the sun set every light in the ambassador's mansion, in the dancing-hall, and in the garden was blazing its brightest, as if eager to augment and to share in the rarest revelry.

In readiness to receive the guests, the ambassador's countrymen grouped themselves, in their showy uniforms, at the portal. The ladies, as they descended from their carriages, were presented with bouquets, and conducted with becoming gallantry and grace to their seats in the dancing-hall. Lords and ladies of high degree, and kings and queens were conspicuous in the rapidly gathering throng. But the lords and the ladies, the kings and the queens, were viewed merely as the heralds of the two most illustrious guests.

A word of command swiftly passed along the line of troops; there was the clang of arms; there was the roll of drums; there was the wild and thrilling swell of martial music. These, but more the hush and awe of the multitudes within and without, announced that the emperor and the empress were drawing near. Their state carriage and a numerous suite swept onward between the ranks of troops. At the portal the families Schwarzenberg and Metternich welcomed the emperor

and the empress. The ambassador delivered a short address, and the highborn ladies offered the choicest and freshest flowers, which Napoleon accepted and presented to his young wife. He then, accompanied by the ambassador, led her into the hall. Behind and around crowds pressed on the steps of Napoleon, with a fervour in which there was doubtless more of servility or curiosity than of genuine loyalty and admiration. One of the guests was Varnhagen Von Ense, an officer in the Austrian service at the time. It is mainly from the description he has written of the ball that we have compiled our own account. He confesses that he was irresistibly struck and fascinated by the beauty of Napoleon's features; but the hardness of the emperor's manner, the harshness of his mien, effectually destroyed the first favourable impression. As the emperor strode along bursts of noisy music saluted him, as if he were marching to a battle. Having reached the halting point, the emperor, with sharp and rapid glance, surveyed the scene, and murmured a few broken, hurried words to the persons near him. Refreshments were presented, but he refused them.

The emperor and the empress having been invited by the ambassador to a stroll through the garden, they, preceded by the ambassador, retraced their steps to the portal, and, followed by the whole assembly, passed out into the open air. Alleys and groves sparkled with lamps, and here a choir of singers, there a band of musicians poured forth melodies, so that the stroll was converted into a triumphal march. But ingenious allusive inscriptions, elaborate allegorical figures, incessant theatrical surprises, varied, softened, and enriched the display, and gently and gracefully reminded the warrior of warriors that, if war has its glory, peace has its holidays.

Not many miles from Vienna is the village of Laxenburg. The castle of Laxenburg was long the rival of Schönbrunn as the summer residence of the Austrian rulers; but less on account of its size and splendour, than by reason of the noble park, formed of seventeen islands, round which the waters of the Schwechat flow. Here the empress, Marie Louise, had spent the sweetest hours of her childhood.

At a spot in the garden of the Hôtel de Montesson, where the grass was the greenest and the air the freshest, seats had been placed for the emperor and the empress, and a few other persons of the loftiest rank. Witchery on witchery! What was it the empress beheld when hark was called, and the seats were occupied? Before her—ingenious creation of the Paris decorators—rose Castle Laxenburg, the home of her early days. To complete and intensify the illusion, dancers in Austrian attire came trooping forth from behind the trees and the bushes. As they performed the national Austrian dances and a clever pantomime, they seemed to be youths and maidens just arrived from the Tyrolean mountains. Yet the only journey the performers had taken was that from the opera house to the Hôtel de Montesson. War and peace played the principal parts in the pantomime. Of war, the horrors and the cruelties were veiled, and only what was honourable, renowned, and gladdening was exhibited. Of peace, all the most opulent blessings were portrayed.

Perhaps this striking spectacle impressed no one less than the listless, apathetic woman for whom it was mainly intended. When the opera dancers—the seeming Tyrolese—had made their parting salutation, a new object arrested the attention. What meant that loud, violent, repeated whip cracking, blended with the rattle of a horse's hoofs? A courier had arrived. With the promptitude of his profession, and with a total disregard of conventionalities, the courier, grimy and grim, clove headlong a path through the glittering mob to the seat of the emperor, to whom, with profuse seal, he handed despatches. In their excitement, those

standing by cried that good news must have come from Spain. They were letters from Vienna which had really been delivered by the courier, as the emperor informed his attendants with a smile. One of the letters was to the empress from her father. This little interlude had been arranged beforehand—the emperor being in the secret—and the guests entered into the affair with much undissembled emotion.

They had not leisure, however, to dwell on it, for their glance was arrested by the swift, bold, and miraculous flash of fireworks. Nothing could be finer—not even one of the emperor's own victories. But immediately it was perceived that the spectacle was rather too fine. With the artificial gleams real flames, fierce and wild, began to mingle. A scaffolding was in full blaze. But firemen were at hand, and the menacing flames were with little difficulty mastered. How powerless and how baffled were the firemen immediately to be when wrestling with a kindred disaster! Doubtless some of the guests were old enough to remember that it was the accidental burning of a scaffold at the fireworks forty years before which had spread panic and death, and which had clothed gay and godless Paris with mourning.

The fireworks over, the conflagration quenched, the alarm calmed, the emperor and the empress rose and slowly returned to the great hall; and slowly along, in the same direction, like a huge machine, obeying an outward rather than an inward impulse, moved, briskly French or ponderously German, the rank and the fashion of Paris. It was now, for the first time, that the large and luminous German letters above the portal attracted the emperor's notice. At the foreign words with their barbarous aspect he started, and when their meaning was interpreted to him he smiled a bitter smile. The witty comments of the French courtiers and officers on the German text were not flattering to German politeness. As the emperor and empress re-entered the hall a martial clangour saluted them anew. They seated themselves again on the thrones, and this was the signal for the dancing to begin. Midnight was now near; the most splendid part of the festival was finished, only the ball proper and the banquet remaining. But these promised a prolongation of the pleasure to the morning. Prince Esterhazy, with the Queen of Naples, and Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, with the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, opened the ball. This Princess Pauline was the wife of the Prince Joseph Schwarzenberg, the Austrian ambassador's elder brother.

An ecossaise was danced after the quadrilles. During the ecossaise the emperor and the empress rose, and, he going in one direction and she in another, they sauntered along the ranks of the guests, chatting with some persons and receiving the salutations of others who had just arrived. The empress soon returned to her seat, but the emperor lingered at the other end of the hall. He was talking to the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, who had presented her daughter to him, when, behind the columns of the gallery, the flame of one of the lamps was driven by a current of air toward a gauze hanging which it set on fire. There was a bright blaze, but it immediately vanished, and along with it the alarm which it had excited. One flickering gleam, which menaced farther mischief, the Count Von Bentheim crushed out with his hat; and Count Dumanoir, chamberlain of the emperor, tore down some of the gauze hangings in which the enemy still lurked. As spark after spark died under his feet the peril seemed over. Meanwhile, almost unperceived, the flames were travelling upwards, and seizing the lighter draperies, and streamers, and garlands. As the flames crossed each other, and blended on the roof, the guests felt as if some invisible demon were weaving a web of fire. Soon the crackling of the doomed roof was almost the only sound heard; for the music was

hushed, and the musicians had fled in terror and disorder. The wind had risen to a gale, and, rushing in through the same passage by which the musicians rushed out, it stirred to tenfold fury the destroyer. Like the music, the dancing had ceased. Anxious and bewildered, the guests appeared not to know whether they should yield to fear and run away, or obey etiquette and remain. Interest in the grand spectacle and curiosity about the result contended with a terror which the cheek confessed but which the lip disavowed.

Having been a witness of the disaster from the outset, Napoleon could watch its progress with a certain logical fridity, even if he had not been trained to be calm in the presence of destruction. He had taken his post beside the empress, as well to protect her as to observe the onrush of the conflagration. But many of his faithful ones, suspecting treachery, formed impetuously and indignantly a guard round him, and drew their swords to shield him from all harm; though it was improbable enough that the Austrian ambassador would burn a ball-room in order that the dagger of the assassin might have the freer play. As if in scorn of such unworthy suspicions, the Austrian ambassador kept close to the side of the emperor; and when it rapidly became manifest that the fire was beyond control, he fervently besought Napoleon to withdraw without a moment's delay. Making no reply, Napoleon took the arm of the empress, and with measured steps, as if hurry would have been a sign of cowardice, he followed the ambassador to the garden portal, entreating the guests, as on the right and the left they made way for him, to be composed and orderly. Vain words! No longer restrained by the emperor's glance, the well-bred assembly was converted into a tumultuous rabble, and struggling, scrambling, pushing, and with wild cries of terror or of anger, the chaos of human beings dashed at the portal, almost before the shadow of earth's foremost man had ceased to darken it.

With the best intentions, but perhaps with defective wisdom, considering the character of the man for whom the service was meant, the ambassador ordered the imperial carriages to leave the court of the mansion, thus escaping the peril and the perplexity reigning there, and to go round to a quiet street which communicated with the garden. By this plan the emperor was to pass through a small gate, get unobserved into his carriage, and drive off undisturbed. All risk to him from secret enemies, from assassins, would hereby be avoided, and the perfect good faith of the ambassador be vindicated. As soon, however, as Napoleon perceived that he was not going in the direction of the court of the mansion, he stood still, and asked the attendants whither they were leading him. When the arrangement made by the ambassador was explained to him he strongly disapproved of it, and cried, "No, no; I must leave by the main entrance." He turned at once round, and the carriages, which had already been brought near to the small garden gate in the retired street, were sent back to the main entrance, there to wait for him. There was a serious loss of time from this trifling affair, in which if the ambassador was not altogether discreet, the emperor was decidedly perverse, unless he really believed, even without questioning the ambassador's honour, that the small garden gate was simply a trap. The statement in the "Moniteur," that it was through the small garden gate that Napoleon passed to his carriage, was, it is unnecessary to say, erroneous. That some French officers cried, before Napoleon left the dancing-hall, "O my God! The emperor! the emperor is not saved!" proved the excess of their zeal, and the zeal may have been most commendable. But the emperor and the empress were not in any danger.

(To be concluded in our next.)



THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

LAZARUS IN LONDON.

THE remarks of an ex-gaol chaplain on vagrants and vagrancy (p. 651) were of general application, and we hope will not be without their effect in discouraging the mischievous practice of indiscriminate almsgiving. Something, however, may be advantageously added concerning the vagrants of the metropolis.

The statistics of London mendicity have always been on a scale commensurate with the other characteristics—both material and social—of the great metropolis. It has been said—and the remark is often quoted—that one half of London does not know how the other half lives; but few can imagine the resources, the positive income formerly enjoyed by the beggars of London. Most persons have an idea that there is a “system” in vagrancy—that begging is a trade like every other; and yet how few of us can keep our hands out of our pockets at the sight of a cripple crouching beside the railing—a wretched mother with a sickly infant in her arms—a shivering child telling of starvation at home, and running behind us screaming the tale of woe! What matters it if some of the most benevolent and truly charitable men have set their faces against this sort of display—that an archbishop, truly venerable in every way, has declared that he never gave a penny to a street beggar—that a most worthy alderman some years ago tried all he could to “put down” the thing; as he said—thereby bringing down upon himself a storm of obloquy which would have been too

severe even in a matter far less problematical? In spite of all warning, in spite of individual facts constantly brought before them, the London public overflows with charity; the milk of human kindness gushes out for ever. And this, in spite of the well-known fact that the waste of money bestowed on worthless vagrants is a direct encouragement to idleness and vice; and that a forbearance to give relief to beggars in the streets would have a tendency to lessen the evil so generally complained of.

But whilst recognizing the great fact of the public benevolence and charity, it may at least be doing good service if we reproduce a few facts, which have been over and over again verified, in the matter of London pauperism, demonstrating most emphatically that, for the most part, the modern Lazarus need not long for the remnants of the rich man's table. Parliamentary committees have sat on this everlasting topic, and the facts elicited must be classed with the most curious social phenomena. In the year 1815, when the population could scarcely be half what it is at present, “the number of beggars floating upon this town was 6000, and they begged a shilling a day; that is, 300*l.* taken out of the pocket of the public daily”—which amounted to 109,500*l.* per annum.

Thanks to the Mendicity Society, the vigilance of the police, and the readiness of the magistrates to convict on informations, the number of street beggars is now kept within bounds; but it is still commensurate with our increased population, and cannot be

less than 18,000. Now, even if we put the sum obtained by each London beggar at only sixpence per day, the sum taken out of the pocket of the public daily cannot be less than 450*l.*, or 164,250*l.* per annum.

We fear that the above estimate is far too low, if, as appears by the report of the Poor Law Board, that during the last two years 103,000 persons have been receiving relief.

It must be admitted, however, that times are altered, and beggars are less favoured than heretofore if we are to believe the statements which we find recorded in the reports of parliamentary committees. A beggar was wont to boast that he could "earn" five shillings a day with ease, for he could go through sixty streets, and it was a poor street that would not bring him a penny. Some admitted they made six shillings a day; others eight shillings, and sometimes more. A negro beggar "retired" to the West Indies with a fortune, it was supposed, of 1500*l.* Some beggars stated that it was a bad day that did not yield them eight shillings—ten or twelve shillings being a good one. A blind man who was led by his dog, which held his hat for the money, declared that it was a bad day when he could not make thirty shillings. In some instances sums of money, from fifteen to thirty shillings, and even bank-notes, have been found upon beggars when taken into custody. No wonder that they said they could get more by begging than by work.

There was a system among the London beggars. They frequented regular public-houses. There were two such in St. Giles's, whose chief support depended on this class. The number that frequented those houses at various times was computed to be from two hundred to three hundred. They were divided into companies, and each company was subdivided into "walks," each company having its particular walks. If any walk was considered beneficial, the whole company took it by turns, each person keeping it from half an hour to three or four hours. Their receipts, at a moderate calculation, could not be less than from three to five shillings a day each person, frequently more.

They did not spend less at night than half-a-crown, and generally paid sixpence for their bed. They had a kind of committee to organize the walks to be frequented by each person, and they generally appropriated the best "walks" to the senior beggars in rotation. The above-mentioned places of resort were named respectively, "The Beggar's Opera," and "The Robin Hood." At these public-houses they assembled after the business of the day was over, and spent their evening in a very riotous manner. The food given to them by benevolent persons was thrown away or given to the dogs, and they regaled themselves on the best that "money could procure." From these houses they have been conveyed to their lodgings in hackney coaches, when so intoxicated that they could not walk home—just like too many gentlemen of those times.

In the morning they issued from their comfortable quarters, branching off five or six together, one one way, another another. Invariably, before they got to any distance, they went into a public-house, and if one of them had saved something from the wreck of his fortune over night (and it was rare but one at least of them did), he treated his companions with a pint of gin; and so they set to work, trusting to the day for raising the contributions necessary for their subsistence in the evening.

Some of the landlords whose houses they frequented realized large fortunes, and retired from business; but it must have been a troublesome occupation, for it was found necessary to chain the knives and forks to the tables, and other articles to the walls. The beggars were locked in at night, lest they should carry anything away, and were let out in the morning all at once.

The various characters under which street begging

was carried on are not less interesting than the general success of the "industry," which seems to have accumulated a sort of fund among them, out of which those who happened to be unsuccessful were relieved.

The beggars of London resorted to a variety of means to excite the compassion of the passers-by. No doubt many of them had personal defects, but in very many cases these were counterfeited, and to such an extent that the practice was known actually to entail the loss of the use of a limb. They changed their dresses repeatedly, and knew how to tear them in such a manner as to "lacerate the feelings" of the most hard-hearted among men. Several subsisted by writing letters, one woman especially, who was actually in receipt of a guinea a week, and had 200*l.* in the funds. Letters have been written by the same beggar in five or six different hands. But the most telling mode of exciting sympathy was, and is, the use of *infants and children*—now adopted, we find, by some of the Italian organ-grinders. This must be very heavy work, considering the weight of the instrument alone, but no doubt it pays. One woman, however, has adopted a wheelbarrow, in which she trundles her organ and an infant.

The use of children by beggars is a very old practice. In a statute of 1st Edward VI. c. 3, it is recited that "divers women and men go on begging, wayfaring, of which some be impotent and be lame, and some able enough to labour, which do carry children about with them, some of four or five years of age, or younger or older, which, brought up in idleness, might be so rooted in it, that hardly they be brought after to good thrift and labour." There is a similar recital in the 3rd and 4th Edward VI. c. 16. There was one beggar who collected four or five children from different parents of the poorer class of people, giving them sixpence or more per day: they were pinched to make them cry. Parents used to beat their children if they did not carry home the sum required, and doubtless they do so now. Some children let out by the day carried to their parents 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, as the price paid by the persons who hired them: of course their gains must have been much more. A little boy and girl earned 8*s.* a day. The mother of two such children, on being asked by a clergyman why she did not send the children to his school, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir, these children earn 8*s.* a day for me!" A blind child, hired to excite charity, earned from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per day. Twins, of course, were in demand: thus beggar women have been seen for years with twins that never grew older.

There was one old woman who kept a night school, not for the purpose of instructing children to spell and read, but for the sole purpose of teaching them the street language, that is, to scold; this was for females particularly. One female child would act the part of "Mother Barlow," and the other "Mother Oummins;" these were the fictitious names they gave. The old woman instructed the children in all the manoeuvres of scolding and clapping their hands together, and uttering the infamous expressions commonly heard in the streets. This led to the most disgraceful scenes. When these children met in the same walk, either by arrangement or by accident, the next day they were prepared to defend their "rights," and to excite a mob.

It is impossible for any humane person to shut his eyes to the dreadful evil of exposing children, especially females, to the temptations of the streets. In the great majority of instances these poor girls must be doomed to the worst of social conditions. That this practice of sending out children exists to the greatest extent at the present time is but too evident, seeming to baffle all the efforts of the benevolent to check it.

The beats or walks of beggars were like situations,

claimed and occupied as though by "patent." These were sometimes sold for a pound or two.

Begging, like other pursuits, is apt to become a passion. We have heard of a beggar, who, having realized a good income and set up a comfortable establishment, nevertheless could not resist the temptation; and so, putting off his decent apparel, and donning his beggar's garb, he plied his old avocation during certain hours of the day.

But, as we said, things are altered now. If the beggar's occupation be not gone, the Mendicity Society and the police have made it less profitable to its general votaries. We say its general votaries, for there is a class of beggars which still realize the same, or nearly the same, revenue as the ancient beggars—we mean the Italian organ-grinders.

In this industry there is the same system as of old. The metropolis is divided into beats or walks, and each morning the grinders may be seen issuing in file from the depôts of their *padroni*, or masters, some of whom have risen in the world into something like opulence. Even at a penny per street, these men cannot get less than three shillings per day each; and we meet them in every street of the metropolis, and all over the country, from Land's End to John o' Groat's House, though we have reason to believe that organ-grinding does not pick up many halfpence among the Scotch. Organ-grinding cannot cost the country less than 200,000*l.* per annum. Indeed, we do not see how a much smaller sum could support the institution. There must be many thousand pounds of capital invested in the purchase of the organs alone, the interest for which must come from the British public, together with sufficient to support the grinders and their families.

Why these beggars should enjoy an immunity denied to our countrymen we know not. In addition to the organ nuisance, they have now adopted, as before stated, the old dodge of carrying about infants, in order to play upon the feelings of the public as well as upon their ears—and both most detestably. The poor Englishwoman selling fruit or matches is an object of suspicion, and liable to interruption by the police; but the organ-grinder is free to molest an entire street and neighbourhood, and is rewarded with a comfortable livelihood for himself and a handsome income for his *padrone*! Such is Lazarus in London.

THE GHOST STORY WHICH CAME TRUE.

FIRST EPISODE.

IN WHICH THE GHOST IS TALKED OF.

Although the clock was only striking three as we drove away from Ballauling station, the sun was already sinking, and the cold northern air had become so keen that I heartily wished our journey at an end; though I must own I rather dreaded arriving at our place of destination, as the prospect lay before me of being there received by strangers, the parents of my friend and schoolfellow, Fanny Carrick. It was two years since Fanny and I had parted in

the hall of Miss Kramwell's "establishment for young ladies," at St. John's Wood, and we had never met in the interval. After several invitations from Mrs. Carrick, my mother had, at length, consented to my spending a month in Scotland with my old school-fellow.

Why the unpropitious month of December should have been chosen for my visit I cannot tell. During the cold journey from London I wished it had been deferred till June; but I repented of the wish before my stay was at an end, if not the very moment I saw Fanny standing on the platform of the little station at Ballauling, smiling me a welcome before I had time to let down the window or step out of the train.

"Is it a long drive to your house?" I asked, when we were packed in the carriage, I with my feet resting on a comfortable foot-warmer Fanny had had the kind thought to bring for me, and my person enveloped in wraps—Fanny sitting upright, disdainful of cold.

"Eight miles," she replied, in answer to my question. "John will take an hour and a quarter to drive home. I thought you would find an open carriage too cold, or Snowball can do it in fifty-five minutes, counting the hills and the bridge."

"Counting the bridge?"

"Oh! a tiresome floating bridge across the Tay. We shall be on it directly."

As Fanny spoke, the horses slackened their speed, and the hollow sound of their hoofs, as they stepped on the wooden bridge, was heard. As the "guide man" who has the management of the clever contrivance was pleased to float us over the river without waiting for more passengers, as he is sometimes wont to do, we were soon off at a gallop again.

"This is Lagierait Inn," said Fanny, pointing to a neat-looking house to our left, "where the Aberfeldy coach stops. I must tell you something about the country as we pass through it, though you must come here another time and investigate at your leisure. The beauty of our Scotch scenery quite rewards one for the trouble of looking at it."

I thought so indeed, when, after driving a few miles along the banks of the Tay, the snowy peaks of the Grampian mountains, towering up to the sunlit clouds, burst upon our view. We were not allowed to enjoy the sight long, however, for soon the carriage took a turn to the right, and then another, and nearer hills shut out the more distant mountains from our gaze.

The scenery through which we now passed was as wild and romantic, if not as grand and imposing, as the land of Schehallion and Ben Lawers.

Here lay "crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly;" giant rocks overhung the road, threatening the traveller with destruction; sturdy pine-trees stood lone and solitary, making one wonder how they took root or lived on the rocky heights. I was in a trance of wonder and delight, realizing, for the first time in my life, Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of Highland scenery, repeating the lines he might have written for the very picture we had just seen, or the ravine through which we were passing—

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each dainty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting gleam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid.

* * *
The rocky summits split and rent,
Form turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret—

when Fanny roused me with, "We have reached the first lodge now. It is called the Weem lodge, because it is nearer that place than any other. We are only half a mile from the house now. I hope you are not very tired."

I replied in the negative, and asked if we were now in Mr. Carrick's grounds?

"What are my father's in the eye of the law, but my

mother's by inheritance. She was an only daughter, and heiress to her mother's estates—the old place has descended to an only daughter for three generations. The charm is broken now, though—I stand no chance with six brothers." As Fanny ceased speaking the carriage took a turn to the left, and in a few minutes another in the same direction. "Now we are in the long avenue," Fanny observed. "It extends from the house to what we call the terrace—a dry walk on the boundary of the wood. The avenue is more than a quarter of a mile long; you cannot judge of its length now, for you see we have entered it near the middle. There are some curious old legends about the avenue and the terrace, but I must tell you them another time, for we shall be at the house directly."

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat went my heart on hearing this, for, as I said before, I rather dreaded meeting Mr. and Mrs. Carrick. To dissipate my nervousness I peered out of the carriage window to try to look down the avenue, but by this time the sun had ceased to give his light to our half of the world, and nothing was to be seen of the avenue save the dim outline of the trees as we passed them; so the only consolation I gained by my sudden curiosity was a bump against the side of the carriage as it stopped before the hall door of Castle, which flattened my bonnet, and made me feel very foolish and uncomfortable. I have often wondered why one does have that peculiar sensation of *mauvaise honte* upon the occasion of any such slight accident; but as this speculation has nothing to do with the tale I have in hand, I will pursue it no further. We had driven up to the hall door, which we found already open, and quite blocked up with Fanny's younger brothers and sisters, who were waiting to receive us.

"Where is mamma?" cried Fanny, springing from the carriage.

"Here I am, dear. Have you brought your friend?" As these words were uttered, the speaker, a sweet, gentle-looking lady, appeared in the hall, motioning to the children to make way for her.

Fanny led me up to her, and the next moment all my shyness and nervousness had vanished—I even forgot the dilapidated shape of my bonnet—at her kind greeting.

"Fanny will take you to your room," she said, presently. "Do not hurry to come down to dinner; I have ordered it not to be sent in till I ring. You may like to rest a little after your long journey."

I thanked my considerate hostess and followed Fanny upstairs. "This is your room," she said, as she threw open the door of a large, comfortable chamber, which glowed with the cheerful light of a wood fire. "It is a front room," Fanny continued. "I wish it were nearer mine; but mine is quite the other side of the house. You shall take a peep at my sanctum sanctorum to-morrow. Now I will leave you, as, according to mamma's suggestion, you may like to rest after your journey."

"Oh! I am not in the least tired," I exclaimed. "I shall be ready to go downstairs in less than a quarter of an hour."

"If you really will, I will knock at your door and show you the way to the dining-room when you are ready."

Fanny was as good as her word, and in about half an hour we were seated at dinner in the spacious dining-hall of Castle. I found afterwards it was the custom of the family to dine in the middle of the day, and that they had postponed dinner that evening out of politeness to me.

All the children dined with us, and a goodly party we consequently made—eleven in all, including Mr. and Mrs. Carrick. Two sons older than Fanny, who was about nineteen at the time of which I am writing; Caroline, a pretty girl of about fifteen; four little

ones, Fanny, and myself. The eldest son, Alexander, was away from home that evening, and two others were at school.

Dinner ended, we went into the drawing-room, where Mr. Carrick and the "boys," as the elder brothers of the Carrick family were commonly called, soon joined us.

Then followed music and games till the time came for the little ones to say good-night, which was announced by the arrival of tea, a meal they made of bread and milk in the nursery.

Tea is generally a sign for conversation in Scotch society, as, I believe, in most other friendly communities.

It certainly was this evening. Stories were told by the "boys," listened to by their father, and smiled at by their mother; and different subjects discussed, till at length the long avenue was touched upon, whereat I reminded Fanny of her promise to tell me the traditions respecting it.

"You had better not hear them to-night, Miss Lynn," said Charlie, the youngest of the "boys."

"Nonsense!" cried Fanny. "Don't believe him, Bessie, but get him to tell you the story. He knows chapter and verse of it."

"Ah!" returned Charlie, heaving a feigned sigh, and assuming a look of dismal horror. "You mustn't ask for it to-night. It would spoil my night's rest—it would indeed—and yours too, Miss Lynn."

"I can answer for its doing mine no harm," I said. "Please go on."

"At your bidding I obey, Miss Lynn, fearless of consequences," returned Charlie, shaking his head. "But a cup of tea first, Fan, to strengthen me for the task."

Charlie drank his tea and then began.

"Be prepared, O my audience, to hear a tale of truth and terror, the very remembrance of which harrows me with fear and wonder." Tradition says, or at least—

Old books of lore
In times of yore—

say that it says, that every Hallowmas and New-Year's Eve, 'when churchyards yawn, and graves'—you know the rest, Miss Lynn—well, at that very particular and terrible period of time which no philosopher has been able to determine whether it be night or day—at that particular and terrible time, I say, two shadowy spectres of two unfortunate lovers are to be seen walking on the terrace at the end of the avenue. They are only to be seen at the end of the avenue, but they may be heard tramping up and down, to the melancholy sound of the clanking of chains, the whole length of it, even in front of the house, if one has ears sharp enough."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Is not that enough, Miss Lynn?"

"I thought there was something real," I replied.

"I see you are incredulous," returned Charlie.

"But, Charlie," put in Fanny, "you have left out the best part of the whole tradition. The people here say that if any one is brave enough to venture to the terrace at twelve o'clock on Allhallow's Eve, she will there see her future husband. Do they not mamma?"

"I believe they do," replied Mrs. Carrick. "But this idea is taken from a real occurrence in the times of the wars between the Orangemen and the Jacobites. At that time a daughter of the owner of this castle was beloved by a certain noble follower of Prince William of Orange. As her father, for political reasons, forbade the marriage, she used to meet her lover in the long avenue. He lost his life in the battle of the Boyne, and his ladylove died some years after, of grief, it was said. Hence the origin of the legend. But I think you are wrong in allowing the charm to

exist but *one* night in the year. When I was young the future husband was at the trysting-place *every* night."

"But, mamma, you don't believe it is true, do you?" asked Fanny, with an earnestness at which I could not help smiling.

"Dear child," returned Mrs. Carrick, "I think the idea is so foolish that it scarcely ought to be spoken of."

When the clock struck ten Mrs. Carrick insisted on my retiring to my room. She said I needed rest, which I truly did. So after I had wished her good-night, Fanny accompanied me upstairs. Leaving the drawing-room by a side door, we went up a staircase different from that we had ascended on my arrival. This caused us to pass Fanny's room, which she pointed out to me.

"Suppose we make an excursion to the end of the avenue one night," said Fanny, as she placed the candle on my toilet-table. "But you know we must go alone, Bessie."

"We will go if you like—but not to-night. I'm so sleepy." The fact was that now the excitement of the journey was passing off, I felt the fatigue it had been to me, and was thoroughly exhausted.

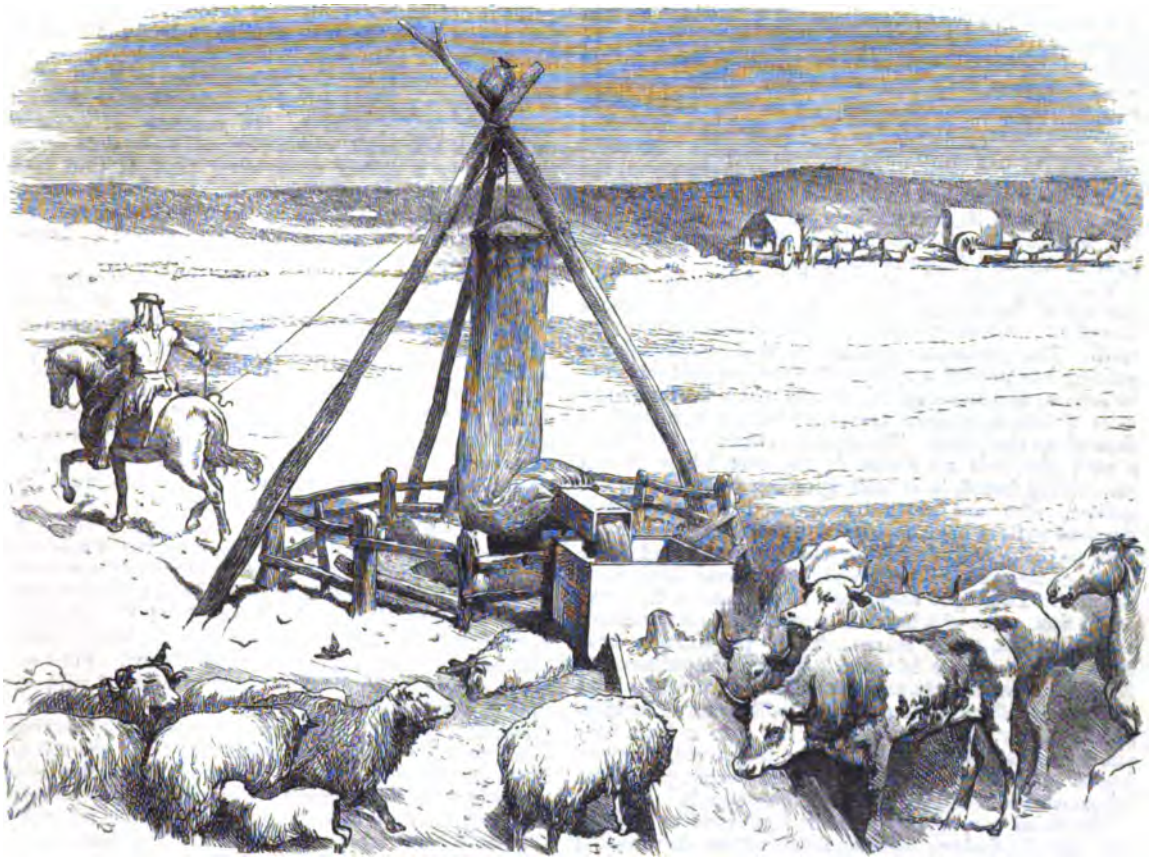
"Of course, not to-night. Poor child! How tired you look! Can I help you in any way?"

"No, thanks. Good-night."

"Good-night. 'Schlafe wohl und träume sus,' as the old Fraulein used to say at Miss Kramwell's."

Having given me this benediction, Fanny left the room, and I was soon in bed and asleep.

(To be concluded in our next.)



CURIOUS PUMP.

DRAWING WATER IN BUENOS AYRES.

IN addition to the "Sketches of Shepherd Life in Buenos Ayres" (pp. 665, 685), we are able to present our readers with an engraving of the very curious field-pump used in that country. In ordinary seasons, in some districts at least, abundance of water is obtained from streams and lagunas all the year round for the various domestic animals; but during such droughts as that which occurred in 1865-66, it is necessary to raise the water to the surface. This is done by simple but ingenious machines, which, so far as the writer is aware, are peculiar to that country. The principal one is the *manga*, or sleeve—a long, canvas bag, like a

windsail, one end of which is kept open by an iron ring, and connected with a rope which passes over a pulley above, while the other terminates in a wooden pipe as shown in the engraving. By slackening the rope the upper end of the bag is let down into the well, and as the horse then draws it up the water is easily lifted, and is discharged through the wooden pipe at the other end of the bag into a trough. Mangas made of iron are also used, but not so extensively. Then there is the *valde sin fondu*, or bottomless bucket, by which a horse and rider can raise water from a well, the bucket emptying itself when it attains a certain height. Large buckets of the common sort are also used: these are raised by a horse, but emptied by an additional hand.

NOTES UPON PENS.

THE early history of that most useful and most important instrument, the pen, is involved in much mystery, and when the changes from style to reed, and from reed to quill took place, is very uncertain. To an instrument of such common use and of such importance in civilized nations, a large amount of interest naturally attaches, which gives a satisfactory reason for the exertions that have been made, at various periods, to establish an accurate history of pens. Critical inquiry and examination is the characteristic of an enlightened age, and in modern times few things escape searching inquiry. When such is the case it cannot be expected that the pen—than which there is no weapon more formidable, no piece of mechanism more simple, no possession now more indispensable—should pass unnoticed.

The stylus or style was the first pen, or, more correctly, it was the first instrument with which certain characters called letters were described. Paper, of which further mention may be made at some future time, was then unknown, and waxen tablets were the only writing materials commonly in use. The style, generally made of ivory, was in size and in appearance like what in culinary language is called a "skewer." With one end, tapered gradually to a sharp point, the letters were scratched on the wax; the other end, which was quite smooth, was used as an eraser, by restoring the level surface of the tablet. Such were the first rude substitutes for pens and paper.

The next step was the use of the papyrus leaf instead of the waxen tablets. A writing fluid became therefore necessary, and the style succumbed to the reed. The particular species of reed employed for writing has proved a matter of constant contention to botanists; and although it is known where the best reeds were obtained, modern travellers have not materially cleared up the point. The species seems to have been a rare one; but no doubt in the east, where it was principally found, it is still growing and used by the natives, who are naturally opposed to innovation. Ancient writers have spoken of a fen near the Persian Gulf as being remarkable for the excellence and abundance of its reeds, which were highly valued throughout the east. In height they were seldom more than five or six feet, were of a hard thick material, and partially covered with small leaves. Their preparation took time, though simple in itself. They were gathered in March or thereabouts, and covered for six months with manure, which gave them a bright polish and a blackish-yellow colour. They were then cut into a form very similar to that of modern quills: they were, however, harder and less pliant, and made writing a more laborious task than it is with the goose-quill.

The third step, or the change from reed to quill, is less easy to follow; and the frequent use, in works of the period, of the same Latin term for reed and quill, increases the difficulty. Some writers assert that the Romans, at a very early date, employed goose-quills, and quote from various Roman authors in support of their views. In writings of the third century quills appear to be mentioned; but it is not until the commencement of the seventh that they can be said with certainty to have been in use. Isidore, a Spanish ecclesiastic of that date, speaks of them, and Aldhelm, the eminent Saxon prelate and scholar, wrote a short poem upon a pen. Alcuin, another eminent Saxon, who wrote poetical inscriptions for every part of his monastery, makes mention of the quill in his inscription for the writing study. Mabillon, the learned French ecclesiastic, saw a copy of the Gospels written in the ninth century, to which was prefixed a picture of the Evangelists holding quills in their hands. Notwithstanding the superiority of goose-quills, and the ease with which they could be obtained, reeds were

not for a long time generally discarded. The Roman court retained their use for several centuries; and in France quills were not employed, to any great extent, before the ninth century.

The best kind of quill is that of the goose; other kinds, the quill of the crow, the swan, or of the turkey, are not uncommon: the first named is used chiefly for pen-and-ink sketches, and the two last for very fine writing; but for all common purposes the goose-quill is preferable. Each goose can be made with care to supply twenty pens a year, five quills only in each wing being serviceable, of which, according to their position, the second and third are the best. The enormous number of geese deprived of their feathers may be estimated from the fact that upwards of 27,000,000 quills are annually imported from Russia in addition to the home supply. One English firm is known to cut about 6,000,000 yearly, and, despite the invention and perfection of metal pens, the use of quills is not undeservedly very extensive. Quills when first taken from the bird require to be freed from the membranous skin with which they are covered, and from the vascular membrane contained in them. This is done by a process called quill-dressing, or, from its inventors, quill-dutching. It consists in covering them with hot sand, which removes these defects, and gives them a colour resembling that of thin horn. They are, however, sometimes immersed in a solution of nitric acid, which makes them yellower, and also hardens them, an effect likewise produced by immersion in boiling alum-water. Thus prepared, the quills, partially divested of their barbs, are delivered over to the pen-cutter, and they are quickly cut into the requisite form, a work needing some little ingenuity, for the slightest flaw in its cutting will render a quill useless. A skilful cutter can cut about eight hundred quills a day. Quill pens, however, are apt to become too soft for use, and their nibs rapidly wear down and split asunder, so that new pens or frequent mending is necessary. To remedy these defects metal nibs were affixed to quills, but the work was laborious and difficult, and the cost commensurate.

A pen wholly of metal was first devised about the commencement of the present century, but it was some time before the numerous attempts made were at all successful. The great desideratum was a pen comparatively indestructible, and possessed of the necessary flexibility for writing. To obtain this, many metals and many precious stones were employed. Pens were made of gold with diamond or ruby nibs, of gold with nibs of a non-corrosive alloy, of silver, of palladium, of glass, &c., but with little or no success, their costliness alone proving an effectual barrier to their general use. Steel pens were at length invented, and, after much persevering labour, have been carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection, and are but little inferior to the pen formed from a goose-quill. The manufacture of steel pens is both complicated and uninteresting: it would be as difficult clearly to explain it as to make its description at all entertaining to the general reader. Before a piece of steel is made into a writing-pen it has to go through fourteen processes, involving much mechanical and manual labour. Birmingham is the chief seat of the manufacture of steel pens, and they are imported thence to all foreign countries, America included. But New York possesses the monopoly of good gold pens, the superiority of which is generally admitted. The method of their manufacture was originated in this country by an American resident, who sold it to his countrymen; but they have since greatly improved upon it, and their exertions, though at first made to little effect, are now well rewarded. At Birmingham, where there are several large manufacturing factories, 120 tons of steel are annually used, from which upwards of 200,000,000 pens are made. No doubt in the present year these figures are considerably

higher, but they will serve for an approximation. Pens are made of various ingenious shapes; the nibs of some form the busts of eminent personages; others are made to contain their own ink, thus possessing the great advantage of pen and ink portably combined. Double quill nibs—that is with a point at each end—are also to be met with, which thus unite the soft flexibility of the quill with the cheapness of the steel pen.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

XI.—BOORISHNESS.

HE who is either ignorant of or regardless of good manners is called a boor. And a boor originally meant a rustic, a clown, a clodhopper; so that boorishness would mean the state or condition or habits of a rustic. Persons also who live in towns have always been supposed (in many cases without much ground) to have better manners than those who live in the country; so that one always expects more polish, skill, and cunning from a town thief than from a country one. Nevertheless, there are boors enough and to spare to be found even in the largest towns. The best instance of a boor in all his native simplicity was perhaps that little country boy who sat once upon a time about noon upon a gate, and ate bread and fat bacon with a pocket-knife. A lady, wishing to pass by that way, came up to him, and said, with a smile and manner intended to coax him into good behaviour, "You are going to get down and open the gate for me, my little lad, I'm sure;" and the little boor replied, "Thou be'est a loiar, cos I bain't." It is not often one meets with so pure a specimen, for even the roughest cub has usually been licked into some sort of human and humane shape by the time it is old enough to sit alone upon a gate and eat bread and fat bacon with a pocket-knife. Still we must all of us, at some time or other, either in town or country (and probably in both), have come across a young or a middle-aged, or even an old boor. And he is to be found in every condition of life, from the ploughboy to the duke, and even to the king; for there have been many kings (besides Frederick the Great of Prussia) who not only on certain occasions, but generally behaved like boors. Such an one is our friend Rudesby.

Rudesby, if anybody were to take a leaf out of his book so far as to ask him bluntly why he makes himself such a beast, might say that he is a child of nature, and merely does what is natural. And there are people who will find an excuse for many things, especially for the faults of children, saying, "Oh! it was so natural," and will praise men, women, and children for being "natural." But it is hardly necessary to point out that discretion must be exercised in doing what is "natural;" for many unseemly things are as natural to a boor as those seemly things which enthusiastic lovers of nature applaud. Nature is intended to receive cultivation; and in the process of cultivation pruning is as necessary as anything else. Supposing you were in want of money, or bread, or any other article, what could be more natural than to practise a sort of "self-help" and "help yourself" from the handiest store? Yet such conduct would be found by your neighbours highly inconvenient, to say the least of it, and might bring you into close relations with police-men and magistrates and other ruthless demons, who do not care a jot how natural anything may be which is against the law. If, then, Rudesby can only say for himself that he is a child of nature, his apology is good for nothing. And Rudesby, as you know, is a man of the following sort. He either knows what is right or he doesn't; in the former case he is pitiable, in the latter, hateful if not contemptible. Rudesby either cannot or will not salute people properly in the street. When he meets a friend, or an acquaintance,

or an inferior, or a superior, it is quite as well worth while to watch him as to watch the wild beasts at the Zoological Gardens. Sometimes (from ignorance and consequent shyness) he will get red in the face, swing his head about from side to side, fix his eyes upon the ground, as if he were looking for a hole to run into, or upon the sky, as if he were suddenly struck with the appearance of the heavens, and did not feel sure whether there were a fire or a balloon; sometimes (from wilful disregard of manners) he will turn away from a friend, he will seem not to see an acquaintance, he will not return the salute of an inferior, and he will greet a superior (and even a lady) with a short nod. He will walk in anywhere with muddy boots, and though "please use the mat" may stare him in the face, he will read it attentively and decline to do so. He will enter by the door marked "out," and go out by the door marked "in." Wherever he is he keeps his hat on, until somebody knocks it off for him, or gives him some other strong hint that he has it on the wrong place: and he always talks, however subdued the voices of other persons may be, as if he were in a gale of wind.

You would rather not dine in company with Rudesby; for if you sit near him the least he will do will be to kick your shins. If anything strikes him as laughable or noticeable, he will poke his elbow into your ribs to attract your attention, without looking first to see whether you happen to be drinking at that particular moment; and as for himself, he will eat and drink and laugh and talk and choke all at once. Nor will he deny himself the gratification of any noises which may conduce to his comfort or show his appreciation. Rudesby may occasionally forget to walk upon his wrong side in the street; but he will never walk upon his right side except from forgetfulness; he will seldom miss an opportunity of treading upon somebody's toes, and he will do anything rather than apologise; he will carry his stick or umbrella in the position most dangerous to the eyes and faces of others; and if there be a chance of pushing, elbowing, and crushing, he will avail himself of it. If you have any personal peculiarity, he will not hesitate to make remarks upon it. You need not tell a man that you "never saw anybody with such a red nose," or "looking so awfully bad," when neither he nor anybody else asked for your opinion. Yet Rudesby will do that. You may meet Rudesby in company where a very fat man is present; and Rudesby, after staring at the fat man for several minutes, will, even if he be an utter stranger, call out to him, "I should think you weigh a good many stone, sir."

Some men are boorish in their intercourse with the world, yet gentle and considerate in their own homes. Lord Townsend, for example, was almost brutal to men in general, yet he was a kind husband and an indulgent master. It may have been that he was too proud to lay himself open to the suspicion of desiring to gain popularity by courtesy; yet even from this point of view his boorishness betrayed a serious defect of character, as no man can have a right to gratify his pride at the expense of the feelings and interests of others. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that true manliness demands for its perfection the truest courtesy; although it must be admitted, on the other hand, that courtesy and good humour too often accompany looseness of conduct and servility of temper. The distinction is that courtesy in this case becomes obsequiousness.

It may surprise many to learn that the most striking example of courtesy, as opposed to boorishness, is to be found in Milton's portraiture of the "Muckle deil—"

SATAN, *bowing low,*
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave.—*Par. Lost*, end of b. iii.

USEFUL ADVICE.

[WE have much pleasure in giving our readers the benefit of the following letter, addressed by a lady whom we will call Aunt Dora, to her nieces Lily and Rose Hawthorne—so let us call them at least for the romance of the thing. We should never have the moral courage ourselves to lecture "sweet seventeen;" and if Aunt Dora had been in the least ill-tempered, her letter would have gone into the waste-paper basket. It is the combination of good humour and good sense in her letter that has proved irresistible, in spite of the unkind cut at middle-aged bachelors, which might have justified us in a very different course. However, this is what she says:—]

MY DEAR LILY AND ROSE,—Having once upon a time been young myself, and—would you believe it?—as full of life and frolic as you are; and having, since that charming period, gained much practical experience, I propose making you the recipient of (what I consider) very useful information. I propose beginning with what very nearly concerns your sex and age, namely, the preservation of your youthful attractions. Your sex and age, did I say? quite a mistake; for I firmly believe, that from the days of Adam and Eve, both men and women, old and young, have, with some rare exceptions, run a neck-and-neck race in the art of self-adornment. For who does not remember having seen a procession of bottles, jars, and gallipots, with flaming labels, redolent of attar of roses on the toilet of some revered old bachelor uncle or friend, whose well-burnished but scant chevelure bore ample testimony to his unwearied efforts to increase the crop? Be this spoken in all tenderness and charity: we would not sneer at the harmless vanity, but merely state it as a fact.

Now, if our venerable relative thus carefully cultivates his locks—scant though in truth they be—surely a woman, and a young one, has reason to do it; for anything unpleasant or neglected in her appearance may materially affect her well-being through life—*n'est ce pas?* And we know for a certainty that even ugliness in the other sex is oftentimes rather fraught with advantages than not, if one may judge from the fact that "the plainest men obtain the handsomest wives."

And now we come to the plain practical question—What is best to preserve the bloom of the complexion? To which I reply, unhesitatingly—*Cold water*, the purer, the colder, the softer the better. Many young ladies—I trust you are *not* of the number—are afflicted with the fancy that water in any shape is bad for the complexion; and so, between their native sense of cleanliness, and their great anxiety to preserve the beauty of their skins, they are sorely puzzled; and I have, yes, I have, seen the triumphs of the latter notion—in a very slight but palpable enamel of not quite invisible—*dirt*—*laugh!* Now, my fair nieces, no beauty can be maintained for any length of time without health; and I leave you to your natural shrewd sense to determine whether dirt, in any shape, can be either healthy or attractive.

No woman on record ever preserved her bloom longer than the famous, or infamous, Diane de Poitiers; and the chief secret of it was—a copious and thorough ablution in cold water night and morning all through the year, with friction afterwards. Nothing, I repeat, is better, either for the skin, the eyes, or the general health, than a good wash in cold water after the fatigues of the day. In bitterly cold weather the icy coldness may be taken off, but warm water is a mistake, especially in cold weather.

If the skin be dry, and inclined to chap in cold or windy weather, it is very easy to apply a little cold cream, well rubbed into the skin after the nightly washing; or if those unsightly things, pimples, should appear under the skin, I know of no more efficacious remedy than a little eau de Cologne and water to bathe them, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the spirit to a wineglass of water. But *à propos* of pimples: they depend much on the general health; and the young lady who maintains a simple and regular diet, takes regular exercise, keeps regular hours, and totally eschews *tight lacing*, is seldom or never afflicted thereby.

I don't know whether girls are wiser now-a-days, but it is a puzzle how some ever live through the natural term of their girlhood, and even sometimes bloom out into the stout matrons they do. Only fancy the Misses Dashington. They had a notion that a pale, sickly languor was *the thing*; and how do you think they tried to acquire this peculiar charm? Why, by drinking vinegar, and chewing raw rice! Of course they became pale, hollow-eyed, and miserably thin. This possibly was the end they had in view; but I hardly imagine that they desired to look sallow, shrivelled, and prematurely old, which was, however, the natural result at last.

Then, again, how many girls fall victims to tight lacing. Little do they think, poor silly little things, that veiny hands, red noses, and blotchy faces are the unmistakable consequences. Oh, how dearly is such folly paid for! And then after all, who can admire a waist like a wasp? it is only a deformity, like the tottering tiny feet of a Chinese beauty.

Well, I dare say you're tired of all my preaching; but I can't help fancying that if you were to hear the remarks made by some whom you would desire to please, you would certainly not go such a roundabout way to work. I have somewhat to say about a few other things; but I think I may as well reserve them for another time. Meanwhile I remain,

Your affectionate aunt,

DORA.

SCOTCH MARMALADE.

DUNDEE is famous for three things—canvas, carpets, and confectionery, and among the last, the celebrated orange marmalade, which enjoys a world-wide celebrity. The manufacture began only about the beginning of the present century, and was merely intended to supply the local and district demand. Gradually, however, the area of its sale extended, not only throughout Scotland, but into England and Ireland, until now, when it may be said that the whole British Isles, a considerable portion of the Continent, and even our most distant colonies, are supplied with this savoury and wholesome sweetmeat. To give an idea of the extent of this trade, we may state that the quantity of marmalade made in Dundee at the present time amounts to above 1000 tons annually, for the production of which more than three thousand chests of the finest bitter oranges are used. These are imported from Seville in Spain, as it has been found that the oranges grown in and around that city possess a peculiar and agreeable aroma, which renders them better adapted for the purpose than those of any other district, either in Spain or Italy.

No less than four hundred persons are directly employed in the Dundee confectionery works; and it may be added that occupation is furnished to many more in connection with it. For example, one of the Newcastle potteries is to a large extent employed in turning out the well-known printed jars for marmalade. Of these there are about one and a-half millions required every year, costing upwards of 6500*l*.

The marmalade season—that is, the period during which all that is required of this preserve for the year's supply must be made—usually continues about four months—from the beginning of December to the end of March.

The word marmalade is supposed to be derived from the name of an Indian fruit, not unlike an orange, called the *Egle Marmelos* or Indian Bael, from which at one period a similar conserve seems to have been made.

Besides marmalade, the manufacture of confections is also carried on very extensively at Dundee, and embraces an immense variety of lozenges, comfits, candied peels, &c. In most of the processes connected with the production of these, carefully-constructed steam machinery is now successfully employed, and the result is a degree of finish, quality, and cheapness which hand labour could never have secured. The quantity of sugar, chiefly refined, used for the confections, marmalade, and preserves made in Dundee it would be difficult to estimate, but it probably amounts to 2000 tons annually.

Whatever doubts there may be as to the wholesomeness of confectionery in general, it seems that the working among fruit and sugar by the men employed is not injurious to health, but the reverse, especially when care is taken that the temperature in the workrooms is duly equalised, and cleanliness and ventilation constantly attended to.

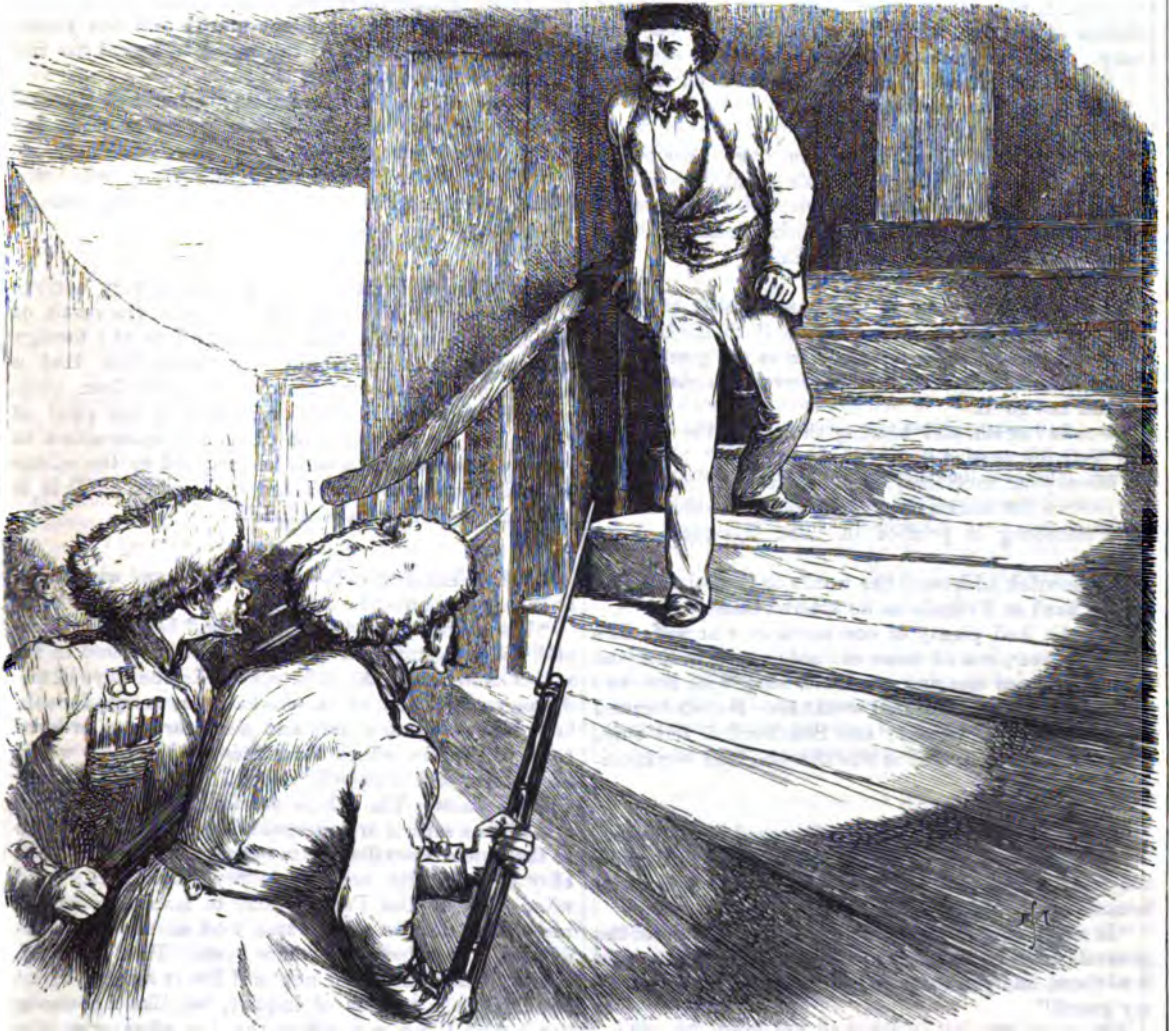
THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER XIII.

"THE TONGUE."

JANKOWSKI and Konradin decided between themselves, that though the conditions imposed by the sender of the mysterious letter bound them to make no attempt to discover its authorship, yet that there was no reason why the greatest publicity should not be given to it. They accordingly took a copy of it with-

out delay to Siegfried, who a few days afterwards printed the list in a special number of his journal, published for the express purpose of making it known.

When Boutkovitch heard of the list's having been sent to Ferrari's address, and of Jankowski's having opened the letter which enclosed it, he asked to be allowed to see the original manuscript. Jankowski, however, as Ferrari's representative, refused to show it. The writer, in rendering an important service to Ferrari,

had placed implicit confidence in him, and this confidence, Jankowski maintained, must be respected.

Boutkovitch said that this was mere childishness, and offered to lay a wager that if the original manuscript were shown to him he would discover from whom it came by the handwriting.

"Our great object," answered Jankowski, "ought to be, not to discover the friend who in all confidence has sent us the list; but the enemy, the spy, the traitor, who by some shameful breach of confidence has been able to draw it up."

"You can only find out the latter through the former," argued Boutkovitch.

"I can tell you one thing about it," said Count Konradin. "I know the handwriting of General Gontchalin, who is supposed to be over here on some mission of inquiry, and of every member of the embassy. It at least does not come from any of them."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Boutkovitch.

"Nor from the messenger."

"That also is not likely."

"However," continued Konradin, "we have really no right to inquire into the affair at all. Even as a matter of prudence we ought not to do so. We ought not to render it impossible that such communications should ever be addressed to us again."

Boutkovitch, as soon as the new number of "The Tongue" was printed, hurried with it to the hotel in Jermyn Street. He ascertained from the porter that General Gontchalin was at home, but not his daughter, and did not go in.

He called again, and hearing that both the general and Nathalie were at home, went upstairs.

"Here, your excellency, is a nice thing," he began. "A certain list drawn up for official communication to St. Petersburg is printed in 'The Tongue' of to-day."

Boutkovitch addressed the words to Gontchalin, but looked hard at Nathalie as he uttered them.

Nathalie had plenty of command over herself. She was, moreover, one of those enviable young ladies who turn pale from dancing; and blushing, with her, was at least not a constitutional weakness. But she turned red now, very red indeed; and Boutkovitch felt sure, from her agitation, that it was she who had communicated the list.

"You lie! You are a lunatic!" roared Gontchalin.

"Read, general, read," said Boutkovitch, showing him the printed paper, and still looking at Nathalie, who became more confused than ever.

"It was you, Boutkovitch, who did it!" exclaimed the general, when he had glanced at the list. "You sold it to them, and you come and tell me of it to put me off my guard."

"Your excellency is pleased to be annoyed. Otherwise your excellency would not say such things," observed Boutkovitch, meekly.

"Then some of those accursed waiters must have stolen it while I slept," said the general. "Waiters are spies in every country in the world."

The waiters of the hotel were summoned one after the other; but of course not one of them knew anything about the general's list of names. Then the general looked over his papers, and found that he had still the original draft.

"This paper cannot have been copied here," said the

general. "A copy must have been taken from the list in your possession. It is your fault, and you must bear the whole responsibility. You are surrounded by spies. You live in a street out of Leicester Square, while you draw money from the government for a lodging at the West End; and this is the result."

"You deceive yourself, general," protested Boutkovitch, "but I will not take the liberty of contradicting you. I have another piece of news," he continued. "Ferrari, as we thought, turns out to be one of the most active of the conspirators. He is now on his way to Warsaw."

"Then he, for one, will be arrested," said the general.

Nathalie, who, after her fit of blushing had turned pale, now became paler than ever. Boutkovitch stared at her with a firm, confident stare; and the young girl, not feeling at all in the mood to resent his impertinence, got up and left the room.

"What will they say in Russia!" exclaimed General Gontchalin, with a look of dismay, as soon as his daughter had gone.

"What, indeed!" replied Boutkovitch, who was afraid to communicate his well-founded suspicions to his chief.

The *Chargé de Mission* now held a very serious conference with his disreputable attaché, the result of which was that a telegram was sent off to the foreign minister at St. Petersburg, informing him that a serious breach of confidence must have been committed either in his office or in that of the chief of the police, for that the list of names transmitted to him by messenger had been telegraphed to the editor of a Russian paper published in London. "This is certain," the telegram concluded.

Boutkovitch despatched the telegram and went home in a very despondent condition.

"The service cannot be carried on," he said to himself, "if a certain surveillance is not exercised in families as well as in the outer world. In the days of the Emperor Nicholas, of imperishable memory, I could have had that young lady and her dear papa ordered back to Russia, where Mademoiselle Nathalie would have been well whipped. Now, I dare not even say what I know. The whole service, too, is underpaid, and when a service is underpaid, it must necessarily go to the deuce. They dispute my charges for broughams; they even grudge me the money for a hack; and when I go to the Park I have to lean against the rails like a clerk in a government office. As for subordinates, I may find them where I can. Then my chief, confound him, treats me not as if I were a secret agent attached to a mission of inquiry, but like a common spy. Ah! I can remember the day when even the ordinary spy, at two roubles a-day, was in an enviable position. He dressed in the latest fashion, he dined at the best tables d'hôte in St. Petersburg, and ordered his red wine and his white wine and his bottle of champagne, like a gentleman. He was not only allowed, but was expected to do it; and, of course, charged it all in his expenses. At present, the poor fellows dress like commercial travellers, lounge about the corridors of the theatres and hotels, and think themselves fortunate to be able, now and then, to get a glass of vodka."

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

LITTLE had poor Nathalie thought of the commotion that would be caused by her sending Boutkovitch's list to Ferrari.

On finding that it had been forwarded to "The Tongue," and actually published in that journal, she had felt much annoyed and even hurt. Ferrari, she said to herself, had not respected the confidence placed in him. He had, perhaps, made no endeavour to discover who had sent him the list; but he ought to have concealed the fact of his having received it. At least, he could have warned Count Konradin and the others privately. But to have sent the document for publication to a journal! To have caused a scandal, from which both she and her father might suffer! This was unpardonable.

It was in one sense, then, a relief to her to hear that Ferrari had gone to Warsaw. The letter must have been opened in his absence, she concluded. Indeed, it was obvious that he would not have started for Warsaw if he had known that, on his arrival at the Polish frontier, he would be arrested. On the whole, she preferred that his personal safety rather than his honour should be in question; but she was very much alarmed about him, nevertheless. If she could only find out on what day he had left London, she would be able to calculate whether he would have had time to reach Warsaw before orders to arrest him could have been received there. But how could this first point be ascertained?

Ferrari seemed destined to occupy her mind perpetually. She said to herself, that if, instead of sending him the list by post, she had forwarded it by a messenger, she might have prevented his going to Warsaw at all. Now, if anything happened to him there, she would consider that she was in some measure responsible for it.

As soon as she found that Boutkovitch had gone she went back to her father, to see whether he would say anything about Ferrari's position. She found Count Konradin with him, laughing over the list of names, and declaring himself very much amused at the notion of his name being included in it.

"The idea of my being mixed up with them is good!" he said to Gontchalin. "Why, the first thing they would do, if they succeeded in their projects, would be to divide my estates among the peasantry."

"Where do you think the list came from?" asked the general.

"I cannot tell you," replied the count. "For all I know to the contrary, it may be a forgery. It is, perhaps, what the English call 'a hoax.' At all events, judging from the presence of my own name in it, I should say that it is not remarkable for correctness. The worst of it is, that the mere fact of publishing a man's name in such a list, genuine or not, does him harm. It makes him a marked man, and places him under the surveillance of the police, whether the superior authorities desire it or not."

"Not in your case, count," said the general.

"Not in my case," replied Konradin, "for I flatter myself that I am above suspicion; but there is scarcely one of the others who will not suffer from it. No one is so anxious as I am to find out the author of the list; and, if I could only discover him, I would make

a very serious complaint against him. The government sends out spies; they are obliged to report something, and they make their accusations quite at random, merely because they may seem to be earning their money. As it is, I must make a representation on the subject. To whom ought I to address it, general?"

"To the chief of the police at St. Petersburg, I should think," replied Gontchalin. "Or perhaps the best thing would be to write to his secretary."

"Will you tell me his name, please, and his private address?" asked the count.

"Certainly," replied the general, who had given up Konradin's name merely in the way of business, and had no ill-will towards him whatever. "Write it down, Nathalie, that the count may not forget it."

Konradin said there was no danger of his forgetting it, but that he should feel much obliged, all the same, if Mademoiselle Nathalie would give him the address in writing. Nathalie did so without hesitation, and Count Konradin saw at a glance that it was Gontchalin's daughter who had posted the list of names to Ferrari.

"Ferrari has a very useful as well as a very charming acquaintance," he reflected. "But I should now like to know who gave the list to Gontchalin, and that will not be so easy to find out." It struck him, however, that Boutkovitch, who pretended to get so much information from the general, in all probability carried to him, intentionally or unintentionally, quite as much as he fetched away.

On his way home from the Gontchalins he paid a visit to Boutkovitch, and told him he was quite satisfied that the list of names had at one time been in possession of the general. He accused Boutkovitch, not of wilful treachery, but of indiscretion, and pointed out to him that Konradin, Stanislas Ferrari, and Boutkovitch, were the only three men in London who were acquainted both with General Gontchalin and with Siegfried. Konradin knew that he himself had contributed nothing to the list, and he maintained that its authorship rested either with Boutkovitch or with Ferrari.

Boutkovitch repelled the charge most vigorously, and a serious dispute took place, which ended by Konradin challenging him to appear the next evening before the revolutionary committee, that the affair of the list might be fully investigated.

Boutkovitch, however, did not think it worth while to keep the appointment. He considered that his game in England was played out—for the reputation of a spy is as delicate as that of a woman; he has only to be suspected to be ruined. He accordingly asked the general to grant him permission to start forthwith for St. Petersburg; and this the general did the more readily, inasmuch as his mission in London was also at an end.

The government, pleased with Gontchalin's activity in the matter of the communicated list, had telegraphed to him to quit London, and to proceed at once to Wilkovo, a town in the kingdom of Poland, of which he had been appointed governor.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PROSCRIPTION.

WHEN the number of Siegfried's journal, containing the list of persons to be arrested, became circulated among a certain section of the society of Warsaw, a

very general desire was felt by the initiated to hear what Ferrari had to say on the subject. Ferrari, who had just arrived from London, must surely know something about it. The number of visits that Dr. Wolf now received was most remarkable. The first physicians in Warsaw were not so much consulted; and Ferrari began at last to fear that his renown would attract the attention of the government. If the emperor's lieutenant at Warsaw had fallen seriously ill, and "Dr. Wolf" had been sent for to attend him, the consequences might indeed have been very serious—especially if this new mock-doctor had consented to prescribe for the patient.

Ferrari, to all inquiries, could only reply that he knew nothing whatever about the list. He imagined, however, like every one else who knew of it only through "The Tongue," that it had been telegraphed to London in cypher by some government official who was in league with the revolutionary party. This supposition was very gratifying to the revolutionists, and made them believe that they had secret friends in high places, who at the critical moment would render them powerful assistance.

On his first arrival at Warsaw Ferrari had felt that his ideas were still far from being in tune with those of the thorough-going revolutionists. After a time, however, what had happened to him in London happened to him again here. He became influenced by the persons and things around him, and went up gradually to the Warsaw pitch of enthusiasm. He had heard in London of outrages and massacres which his friends in Warsaw had actually seen. Some of them had even suffered in person from the attacks of the Russian soldiers, and had wounds to show which were as eloquent as their own narratives.

He observed unmistakable signs of a coming storm, of which the black clothes worn by all the female population of Warsaw were but the external manifestation. The men were forbidden to wear mourning, and those who, in spite of the very positive orders on the subject, persisted in not assuming bright colours, were punished by fine and imprisonment for their obstinate affectation of sadness. This determination of the Russians to bully their Polish subjects into liveliness and gaiety, besides being odiously tyrannical, struck Ferrari as eminently absurd.

He was not in the humour for amusement of any description, and the rest of the inhabitants of Warsaw seemed to be in the same frame of mind; for all the theatres, concert-rooms, and similar places of public entertainment were closed, and had not been open for the last two years. This abstention from all pleasures had a material as well as a moral effect in promoting the object of the revolutionists. Not only did the population turn their attention exclusively to solemn things, they also saved the money which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been spent on dress and on public and private entertainments; and this money all found its way into the insurrectionary exchequer.

Although all possible care had been taken to prevent a too sudden explosion of the revolutionary forces, the outbreak was at last precipitated by the action of the Russians. "Dr. Wolf" was at this time in strict concealment. The fact was, he had paid and received so many visits from political patients, that at last—as he had feared would be the case before long—continued impunity made him reckless—the Russians *did* want

to see what sort of a physician he was. A Polish official sent him warning that he was about to receive a domiciliary visit, and Ferrari no sooner found that there was a clear prospect of his being subjected to a medico-political examination, than he very wisely absented himself.

In his new difficulty he had again recourse to Wilenski, the experienced conspirator, who at once agreed to conceal him in his own house. When Ferrari thanked him for running this risk, the experienced conspirator replied, with his usual politeness, that he was already so much compromised, that to compromise him any farther was impossible. He added that Ferrari need not be under *much* apprehension, and showed him a passage leading to another set of apartments, from which he could, if necessary, make his escape into the street by a back door. The conspirator's family consisted of himself; a son who was in Siberia; another son, who had been a student at the university of St. Petersburg, and who was now confined in the St. Petersburg fortress; a third, who was an emigrant living in Paris; a fourth, named Thaddeus, who was now in Warsaw with his father, and who had been slightly wounded in one of the recent massacres; and a daughter named Thecla, who followed her father everywhere, and kept house for him.

Ferrari met some nice people at Wilenski's, who, when they quite understood that Ferrari, so far from following in the footsteps of his father, had adopted quite an opposite course, treated him kindly, and instructed him in all the principles of revolutionism, which, unlike despotism, still waits its Machiavelli.

Ferrari soon saw that these men were quite as unscrupulous as the despots to whom they were opposed, and that there was no means they would not employ to gain their end. They were of that malignant type of revolutionist which the Russian government breeds to such perfection, and which is found in Russia proper more abundantly even than in Poland.

The revolutionists of London, with all the ferocity of their talk, had seemed to Ferrari what Count Konradin once called them—"political Bohemians." The most remarkable thing about them was their heedlessness—which scarcely even amounted to recklessness; for they incurred no very considerable danger, except perhaps that of dying from starvation.

The revolutionists of Warsaw, however, not only preached assassination, but practised it. They proscribed and destroyed those whom they considered dangerous to them or to their schemes as readily as an Italian prince of the middle ages would have done, and justified their acts by the same arguments. Some members of this particular band of desperadoes were Poles who had served in the Russian army, where the government had fancied they would acquire ideas of order and discipline; but where, as a matter of fact, their hatred of everything Russian had only become intensified.

Many of these ultra-revolutionists applied the arguments which they had learned to use against the Russian government against regular government everywhere. The ruling power seemed to them in all countries a sort of "king of the castle," whom it should be the business of the "dirty rascals" constituting the people to overturn. Some dozen of these men wished to bring about an appeal to arms as soon as possible—fearing that if it were not made soon it might never be made at all; and Ferrari was told, on

the 27th of January, that he would probably have to send his long-meditated telegram to London—"No advices; send letters"—on the following day.

Late, however, on the evening of the 27th, while Ferrari was sitting and conversing with the conspirator, his son Thaddeus, and his daughter Thecla, a heavy tramp—the sound of which was well known to all the Wilenski family—was heard on the staircase.

"They have come to arrest you," whispered the conspirator. "Hurry out at the other entrance; I will meet you in an hour, under the porch of the cathedral."

Ferrari took up his cap, rushed downstairs to the door at the back, and nearly fell upon the bayonets of a guard of soldiers, who rendered all egress impossible on this side.

"Go back!" cried the sergeant. "No one passes here!"

"Where am I to go?" asked Ferrari. "I do not live here. I was just going home."

"You cannot pass," persisted the sergeant.

Ferrari slipped a five-rouble note into the sergeant's hand, and repeated that he wanted to go home.

The sergeant kept the money but also maintained the blockade. He did not arrest Ferrari, however. All he did was to tell him once more, and this time very peremptorily, to go back. "My positive orders," he said, "are to let no one come out."

"I am caught in a trap," said Ferrari to himself. But it seemed to him that the best thing to do was, in the first place to withdraw from the danger which immediately faced him. Indeed, as to this point the attitude of the sergeant left him no option. Accordingly Ferrari retired into the interior of the house.

On the first floor, whence he had just come down, he heard a great disturbance going on. The conspirator was calling out on one side, the officer in command on the other, while a favourite little poodle of Wilenski's (named "Jan" in honour of Sobieski) kept up a continual barking.

"Where is he?" asked the officer.

"I do not know," answered the conspirator.

"You *must* know," said the officer.

"But I do not," replied the conspirator.

"His name is on my list, and I must take him," repeated the officer.

"Then find him," the conspirator responded; "but you will not be able to do so for he is not in the house."

In the corridor where Ferrari was now standing was a large cupboard for linen. Hearing the soldiers come downstairs he got into it, and held the door to, scarcely hoping, however, that they would not stop to search for him.

"Shall I break into this cupboard?" inquired a soldier.

"Certainly, if you cannot open it without," answered the officer. But the officer, at the same moment, took hold of the handle and opened it easily enough.

"Vous!" he exclaimed, when he saw Ferrari. "Que diable donc faites vous ici?"

"I might well ask you the same question," replied Ferrari, also in the French language. "Considering where it was that I first saw you, your present position is stranger even than mine."

The Russian officer was one of those whom Ferrari had met in London at the house of Siegfried the Revolutionist.

"Ah," he said, "it is all very well to talk folly; to act it is a different thing. But my soldiers are looking astonished. We must speak Russian. And come out of that cupboard; we are not looking for you. Where," he asked, in the Russian language, "is the youth, Wilenski? It is he that we are seeking."

"Wilenski is perfectly harmless," said Ferrari. "He is a studious young man, and does not occupy himself with politics at all."

"That is not the question," answered the officer. "He is marked down as a recruit and I must take him."

Ferrari then understood that the forced recruitment—the arbitrary conscription or "proscription"—with which the revolutionary party in Warsaw had long been threatened, was at last being executed. The Russians were seizing all the young men whom, from their associations and general habits of life, they suspected of active participation in the preparations for the meditated insurrection. At night they felt sure of catching most of them at home; and this plan of taking the birds in the nest was carried out with great success. Effectual resistance was impossible, and between ten in the evening and two the next morning some two thousand young men were arrested, and carried off to be enrolled in the Russian army.

Here and there the victims designed beforehand struggled uselessly against their fate. But the surprise was so complete, the number of the Russians were so overpowering, and the unarmed Poles were so entirely defenceless, that in the great majority of cases the unhappy conscripts suffered themselves to be led away with the tranquillity of utter despondency.

The officer of liberal opinions who, at the last moment, had found it imprudent, and even ridiculous, to give up a regular profession for the sake of what might after all turn out to be a mere chimera, would now gladly have left Wilenski's house, and permitted the young Wilenski to remain at liberty. But his own men would not allow him to desist from the search that had been commenced. They looked upon the Poles as a nation of hopeless rebels, who, after having been forgiven again and again by a merciful Czar, still at every fresh opportunity rose in insurrection against their benefactor; and they were greatly irritated, moreover, by the incessant sneers and provocations to which they had had patiently to submit for the last two years in the streets of Warsaw—though it is true they had been allowed to reply to them from time to time by a volley of musketry.

They had been warned, moreover, by their superior officers not to allow themselves to be deceived by the soft phrases of disloyal subalterns; and nothing would have appeared to them so suspicious as a command *not* to continue a search for a Pole whose capture had been ordered, and who had wickedly presumed to conceal himself.

The officer was ashamed to continue the work of kidnapping in presence of Ferrari; but a corporal called out to him that the fugitive was no doubt concealed somewhere in the drawing-room, and asked permission to return there and look for him again. This was a request which it was utterly impossible to refuse.

"Follow me," said the officer. "If he is there we will find him."

"Shall I bring this one with me?" inquired the corporal, pointing to Ferrari.

"No," answered the officer. "It is the young Wilenski that we are to arrest. Leave that man alone."

In the drawing-room, the experienced conspirator, his daughter Thecla, and another young lady were seated. Ferrari, who, not to appear afraid before the Russian soldiers, had returned with them to the drawing-room, could not, at first, make out who the other young lady was. After a time, however, he understood that it was Adam Wilenski dressed in woman's clothes.

Adam held the little dog on his lap, partly to keep it quiet, partly that he might have something to occupy him.

"Look where you please," said the old Wilenski. "You will not find him because he is not here. I told you so before and I repeat it now."

"But we must take someone, captain," said the inappeasable corporal. "Shall I seize the old man?"

"You had better obey your orders," observed old Wilenski. "Lieutenant, are you hunting men like game, and will one man suit you as well as another, or have you really orders to arrest my son?"

"Your son's name is on the recruiting list," answered the officer. "I did not put it there, but I am bound to take him. Therefore deliver him up at once."

"He is not here."

"Then where is he?"

"He may be anywhere. You will not find him here."

"Downstairs! To the next house!" cried out the officer.

The ten or twelve men who were in the room began to grumble.

"We had better take one of them, or both," said the corporal. "It is only necessary to look into their face to see what they are."

"Downstairs! do you hear?" roared the officer, at the same time putting his hand on his revolver.

"I hear," replied the corporal, sullenly. The soldiers still murmured, but seeing that the lieutenant was in earnest, shouldered their arms and followed him downstairs.

"My darling brother, I was so frightened," cried Thecla, throwing her arms round Adam's neck and kissing him as soon as the soldiers had gone. "I made sure that you were lost."

"Not yet," replied Adam; "but it was a narrow escape. If all women dressed as quickly as I did to-night there would be much less grumbling on the part of husbands."

"No," said Thecla, who, like her brother, had already recovered her natural liveliness; "they would grumble at something else, that would be the only difference. But what became of you, Signor Ferrari, or Dr. Wolf, or whatever your name is for the moment?"

"Oh! I got into a cupboard," answered Ferrari.

"And after that?"

"After that I got out again. It was no good my remaining when they had once discovered me."

"But why didn't they take you away?"

"I suppose they did not think me worth having. I was not on their list. I am on some other list, it appears; and they observe a certain method in their injustice and tyranny."

"We have all had a very narrow escape, I can tell you that," observed the experienced conspirator. "I thought the soldiers would have massacred us. The officer is not a bad man, but he is weak, and has no

authority over them. If the slightest thing had happened—if one of them had trodden on a lucifer and it had exploded—it would have been sufficient to make them rush upon us."

"So the recruitment is really being effected," said Ferrari.

"Yes, it is indeed," answered Wilenski. "They have been beforehand with us. If my advice had been taken the general rising would have taken place a week ago. As it is we shall be deprived of some thousands of our best men. Fortunately a meeting is already fixed for to-morrow morning, in the convent of the Ursulines. You don't know our private entrance, but I will take you with me: I think you will find the time has now come for sending off the last of your telegrams to London."

(To be continued.)

THE FESTIVAL OF DEATH.

(Concluded from page 712.)



FROM the nature of the structure, and of its ornaments, the flames spread with prodigious rapidity. Laths, boards, spars, beams, dried by many days of summer heat, blazed like gunpowder, and soon came crashing down, dashing the chandeliers into the general roar and annihilation; while the draperies were as tow, and appeared to perish almost ere they were touched by the fiery fingers. Clouds of smoke and showers of sparks showed that the flames still found abundant food, and from the depths of the vast furnace rose that voice of havoc which is more terrible to the ear than is the sight of it to the eye.

Not many were they in the garden who could watch the conflagration as mere spectators. All, or nearly all, were tortured by anxiety for loved ones, whom they had last seen in the whirl of the dance, but whom they might never more see. Dimmed was the lustre of rank; aside were impatiently thrust the proudest worldly distinctions; there was the equality of a common dread and a common woe. With loud weeping and the gaze of despair, husbands sought their wives, mothers their daughters, every one what was dearest on earth. The politest became the rudest: in the hunger of their affection and the self-absorption of their misery they ran madly from group to group, glared in each face and hurried on, careless whether those whom they pushed out of their way were nobles or kings. And when the lost one was found a shriek of joy rent the air, and blended with the clamours of hopeless wretchedness and with the thunder of the flaming hurricane. There were other sounds—the passionate cry for help, and the moans of the wounded, perchance of the dying. At the portal, and on the steps of the portal, how immense, how ineffable, were the horror, the anguish, and the dismay! Crowds behind trampled on crowds before; nearer and nearer howled the raging monster, with red, ravenous jaws; huge blazing beams fell on the convingled, struggling, writhing heap of human beings. Finally the steps broke down under the weight, and the groans of the beholders responded to the wail of the victims. What succour could be given brave and generous hands gave. The Queen of Naples was saved by the Grand Duke of Warzburg, the Queen of Westphalia by her husband and Count Metternich. Dr. Koreff, with the help of French and Austrian officers, snatched from the awful tumult at the portal the Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin, who was seriously burned, and in a state of unconsciousness.

Some Samaritans poured water on the smoking garments of the hapless prince; other Samaritans of a different order cut off the diamond buttons from his coat, in their love, no doubt, of the fine arts, and of themselves.

From the nature of their attire, especially on such an occasion as a ball, women were of course much more liable to danger than men, and met in greater number the most horrible of dooms.

In the garden the tumult augmented, assuming a more picturesque character. All the servants, all the workmen flocked to the spot, and plunged, with heedless and familiar steps, into the very heart of the gilded throng. After their performances the opera dancers had been eating and drinking, with exceeding merriment, when they were frightened away by the first voice of alarm. Quitting the half-finished repast, they repaired anew to the garden, and their gaudy costumes and painted faces seemed, even more than the magnificent dresses of highborn women and the dazzling uniforms of highborn men, to contrast with desolation and death.

In all tragedies there are leading personages. The leading personage in the *Hôtel de Montesson* tragedy, on the 1st of July, 1810, was Prince Joseph Schwarzenberg. His daughter, though severely wounded, was saved, and with passionate gratitude and affection he took her in his arms. The beloved daughter had been rescued; but where was the beloved wife? Near the mother, in the hall, the daughter had been standing, when a burning beam fell between them: the daughter saw the mother no more. Prince Joseph Schwarzenberg himself had been talking to the empress. At the first whisper of danger he gazed towards the ranks of the dancers, ranks at once broken by the swiftly-spreading panic. Of the guests thus scared and scattered, one appealed to his sympathy with looks more eloquent than words—the wife of the viceroy, Prince Eugene Beauharnais. Prince Joseph showed her a side door, through which she and the viceroy escaped. Spite of the flames and the smoke, Prince Joseph, rushing hither and thither, persisted in his search for his wife, but he found her not. To avoid certain death, he bounded down the steps into the garden, though it was his wife's safety, not his own, which was uppermost in his thoughts. About the princess he eagerly questioned every one. Some said they had seen her; others went farther, and assured him that she was in the garden at that very moment. "There she is," cried a voice. Prince Joseph hastened to the spot. Alas! it was not she, but a lady who greatly resembled the princess in appearance. He returned to the dancing-hall, but found the steps broken down under the weight of a multitude, from whose pangs and whose shrieks he shudderingly shrunk. It was now that, veiled and wrapped, and borne by tender hands, his daughter was brought to him; though doubtless it was not till some hours afterwards, and when the worst was known that could be known, that he learned from her lips how her mother had disappeared. While thrilled by emotion and piety, of which, and the incident exciting them, we have already by anticipation spoken, another familiar form was carried by—his brother the ambassador's wife. All the ornaments had fallen from her head, but she did not seem to have suffered so much from peril as from terror. A low wail, feeble as that of a child, next arrested his attention. He gazed; alas! the fire, as if boastfully, revealed with only too much distinctness the evil deeds it had done. Was this figure, so scorched and scarred, and with the golden diadem burned deep into the forehead, his wife? No; it was the Princess Von Der Leyen. The Swedish officer who had snatched this unfortunate princess from the dancing hall informed Prince Joseph that he had seen a form, beautiful, wonderful, terrible, half angel half spectre,

wandering in the midst of the flames. Who could that angel, that spectre be, but the Princess Pauline? Delirious, with the strength alike of despair and hope, Prince Joseph hurled himself on the broken burning steps, as if love had the omnipotence of religion, and could work far grander miracles; and as if, daring and defiant and aided by heaven, he could, unhurt himself, sweep the flames aside and bear the unhurt woman to the garden, all the guests rejoicing and congratulating. Delusion, sweet but foolish delusion, which the hot touch of fire, the murderer, the mocker, speedily dispelled!

Up to the point at which our narrative has arrived not quite a quarter of an hour had elapsed. In a few seconds more the conflagration was so violent as to keep the very boldest of the spectators at a distance of at least ten paces. No eye, however keen, could pierce into the abyss of flame; and as all around the confusion prevailed which never fails to accompany such catastrophes, we see the whole rashness of the statements of certain French newspapers and French authors. Along with other erroneous assertions, the "Moniteur" averred that after the fire began the Princess Pauline was seen conversing in the garden with the King of Westphalia, Prince Borghese, and Count Regnaud. The Prefect of the Imperial Palace wrote Memoirs, in which he gives a somewhat melodramatic account of a woman, young, beautiful, and of the most elegant form, who, as she darted through the flames, uttered lamentable cries, the cries of a mother. He dwells with rhetorical magniloquence on what he calls the desolating apparition. But such pictures are creations of the imagination alone. No one saw the princess outside of the hall, and already saved; no one saw her return to it. Indeed, almost immediately after the fire commenced, egress and ingress by the grand portal were equally impossible.

Yet though the Princess Pauline had neither been seen leaving nor re-entering the grand portal, it did not follow that she had perished. In the earliest whirl and rush of the crowd she might have been dragged forth in a state of unconsciousness; and, still unconscious, she might be lying in some part of the garden. Or she might, escaping by a side door, have fainted in one of the passages or taken refuge in one of the neighbouring mansions. Her friends determined to hope on and to search on, and Prince Joseph himself, sought, questioned, urged, promised, though rather from fervent affection than from cheerful expectation.

The dancing hall and everything appertaining thereto being so combustible, this palace of pleasure was instantaneously a wreck, a mere wilderness of charred beams and smoking embers. But there was a new danger. Defying the most strenuous endeavours of the firemen, the flames seized the *Hôtel de Montesson* itself. This was no sooner perceived by the Austrians than they energetically and valiantly strove to save the mansion, carrying water, bearing forth furniture, and manifesting an activity and a devotedness of which no hirelings could have been capable. Sword and plumed hat and brilliant uniform were all thrown on the ground, and, lithe and strong, the officers hurried to the arduous labour as to a combat. For the most part the strangers had withdrawn, and, instead of guests, about a thousand soldiers of the Imperial Guard occupied the garden and the court. This deepened the contrast with the joyous scene, the reckless revelry which had saluted the first stars of that midsummer night.

How was that contrast intensified when the mysterious Man of Destiny himself reappeared. Napoleon had accompanied the empress as far as the Elysian Fields, on her way back to Saint Cloud. He then, with a single adjutant, straightway returned. The sight of the well-known grey overcoat brought solemnity and silence; all the more that Napoleon's advent

was wholly unexpected. He at once commanded all strangers to withdraw, and himself directed the further arrangements for subduing the fire; at the same time, without pause or pity, making stern inquisition into the conduct of the officials. Thus inspired, Napoleon's highest military and civil officers rivalled the Austrians in the zeal and alacrity with which they endeavoured to save the *Hôtel de Montesson* from the awful doom of the dancing-hall, and to find the princess dead or alive. But trace of her there was none; faintest murmur of a trace there was none. Prince Joseph, though so exhausted that he was ready to sink to the ground, dragged himself from spot to spot, as if determined to struggle the more he despaired. His friends strove to calm him, to cheer him, to persuade him to leave the theatre of so much woe. But enthralled by his colossal anguish, he appeared not to comprehend what they meant, not even indeed to hear. Roughly, yet cordially, the emperor endeavoured to console: the emperor was unheeded.

Some feeble and fitful gleams excepted, the fire having been vanquished, Napoleon retired, less able to bear inaction than excess of action. But the grenadiers of the guard were left to watch and protect. The magnificent banquet was placed before them which had been intended for monarchs and nobles, for happy and beautiful dancers. Soldiers are not the most sensitive of mortals, and the grenadiers of the guard devoured the rich food and drank the rich wines, in lighthearted oblivion of the recent calamity.

Fatigue, excitement, the rapid rush of the most various emotions, made the Austrians discover that they could do nothing wiser than follow the example of the grenadiers. They sat down therefore at the tables, to partake, like the soldiers, of the bountiful repast. But, unlike the soldiers, they were comfortless and dispirited; felt as if they were lonely exiles, were assailed by doubt, and fear, and depression, and broke a moody silence only to indulge in mournful conjectures. A storm, which had for hours been gathering in the midsummer sky, now burst. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and deluges of rain drowned the dying glow of the conflagration.

The storm had spent the fiercest of its anger, when, through the sombre and shattered clouds some streaks of the coming dawn, tender and timid, pierced. Many of the guests, German and French, if guests they could now be called, started to their feet, to recal by the light of day the events of the night, which floated before them like a ghastly dream. Small groups wandered in the garden, or visited the ruins of the dancing-hall—ruins, a mere blackness and blankness, with here and there pools of miry water. Fragments of chandeliers, bent or broken swords, bracelets and other ornaments, now scarcely distinguishable,—these and similar things gave a sort of melancholy relief to the spectacle. Varnhagen Von Ense was standing near Count Hulin and Dr. Gall, when he saw the countenance of the former assume an expression of pain and horror, and he heard him say, "Come hither, Dr. Gall, here is a human body." Well might Dr. Gall and Varnhagen Von Ense shudder at these words; well might their bosoms heave; well might their every nerve be shaken. The three beholders tried to realise in silence the frightful discovery, as if a whisper, however small, could have injured and insulted the dead. In a kind of hollow, lay, blackened and shrunk, and half covered with beams and ashes, what it was difficult, with the help even of the most vivid imagination, to regard as a human frame. One of the breasts, reposing in the miry water, had not been touched by the flames; its whiteness contrasted hideously with the marred and mummified look of the rest of the corpse. All the three beholders were accustomed to sights of blood and devastation, yet they all involuntarily turned their eyes away. But

Gall, bolder than the two soldiers, descended into the hollow, and he seemed at once persuaded that here verily rested all that was mortal of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg. Two rings and a necklace that were found on the body were taken to the Austrian ambassador, who was walking not far off in the garden with some of his friends. He put an end to all doubt, if doubt were still allowable. The necklace bore the names of the Princess Pauline's eight children, one of these being the boy Felix, destined to reach distinction as a statesman forty years after. A ninth, an unborn child, perished with the princess. Confronted by the hard, immovable, tragical certainty, the courage of all sank; every head was bowed in sadness; tears gushed from every eye. Simultaneous with this unrestrained emotion was the final crash of the thunderstorm. As the cruel growls seemed to mock human vanity, so the hush that followed seemed to express compassion for human wretchedness.

Much delicacy was needed to convey the tidings to Prince Joseph Schwarzenberg, as well as to make the needful arrangements in reference to the corpse. The place and the circumstances suggested the consoling conjecture that the princess had not been burned alive. Either out off from the main outlet, or wishing to avoid the pressure and confusion there, she had probably tried to enter the mansion by one of the smaller passages, had fallen, had been suffocated by the smoke, had then become the prey of the flames, falling afterwards, when the floor gave way, into the hollow.

Who, of those who had been actors in the tragedy of the night, or spectators thereof, or half actors or half spectators, could now think of sleep? The more they were tortured and overwhelmed by what they had been forced to suffer and to do, the more they had to rouse themselves to the realities of a new day.

Terror and curiosity had thrown the whole of Paris into uneasiness and commotion. As the morning advanced the terror diminished, but the curiosity increased. By the glare in the sky the fire had speedily announced itself. A plot against the life of the emperor; a grand and general conspiracy; all conceivable misdeeds and misfortunes formed the dread and the discourse of the metropolis. The belief was universal, or nearly so, that the fire was not accidental; that the enemies, external and internal, had designed a bold stroke to get rid of the emperor, of his family, and of his devoted adherents. The trustworthy reports, confident testimonies contradicting this notion, were ridiculed or despised. Even when, on the third day, an elaborate account of the disaster was published in the "*Moniteur*," the minds of the Parisians were not calmed. But the persistent and harmonious evidence of so many honourable witnesses, and the contempt Napoleon himself showed for the foolish rumours and unfounded suspicions, gained, after a while, a victory for the truth, both in France and in foreign lands.

Though doubt as to the real origin and character of the calamity was effaced, even from the most suspicious and malignant souls, as completely as if it had never been, yet a baleful and unconquerable gloom survived. Men instinctively recalled what had befallen forty years before, at the marriage of the French dauphin and the archduchess, Marie Antoinette. The two catastrophes were too much alike not to be regarded as preludes and portents of similar evils and miseries. Those who loved France best were loudest in their prophecies of affliction and of shame. Speedily were the predictions fulfilled. Spain struck one overpowering blow, Russia another, Germany another. Austria deserted Napoleon when, by generosity and faithfulness, she might have turned the tide in his favour. Napoleon's most signal blunder, not his worst crime, was his marriage to the poor thing called an Austrian princess. All his crimes were not punished, but the blunder was crushingly avenged.



HOW AMYAS THREW HIS SWORD INTO THE SEA.—*Westward Ho!* Vol. III.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, NOVELIST.

AMONG the writers of fiction to whom the working men of this generation owe a debt of gratitude, we reckon Charles Kingsley chief. It was he who first made the English working man known, as Scott made Scotchmen known, in all the living reality of national character. "Alton Locke," published in 1850, was to many what the author meant it to be—a revelation of a manner of thinking and feeling which had been but obscurely known hitherto, or if known, utterly unheeded by the cultivated classes of society. It is true the "Corn-Law Rhymers" had found a voice for human woe, and appealed out of the depths to his brother man's sense of justice and pity. Attention had been called to the miserable shifts of the poor by the sketches of Henry Mayhew. The philanthropic movement, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) may be considered the representative, had commenced in earnest. Tom Hood had moved all hearts in his "Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs." Carlyle had painted with the epic grandeur of a Dante the Tophet pit of "The French Revolution," and the sufferings and horrors of a state of society in which the devil had fairly broken loose. All this had been done, but no hand had limned for us the intelligent English artisan, occupied with the problems of religion and society, forced upon him by the one paramount problem of his own well-being, and doing battle with man's most terrible foes, seen and unseen, in the character of a blind Samson Agonistes or "unaccredited hero." This was first done by Mr. Kingsley in "Alton Locke," chartist tailor and poet, and lineal progenitor of the sturdily-honest "Felix Holt." Much and well as Mr. Kingsley has written since, it may be questioned if he has produced another work—all things considered—equal to it.

Our present object is not to write a critical notice of Mr. Kingsley, but simply to account for the picture on the preceding page. The author of "Alton Locke" is not only a brave thinker and speaker: no modern novelist has surpassed him in the portrayal of heroic incident. Feeling no doubt that many who read these pages would be pleased to see one of his fine word-paintings reproduced by our artist, we selected the incident in "Westward Ho!" where Sir Amyas Leigh is struck blind by lightning at the instant of his anticipated triumph, in preference to any occurrence in the famous chartist novel, for obvious reasons. Scenes of popular commotion and brutal violence have been too familiar of late years, and the more pathetic passages of "Alton Locke," such as that of Mackaye's deathbed, or the garret scene in St. Giles's, seemed less distinctively characteristic of Mr. Kingsley's powers. Then, again, no illustration of his creative touch would be adequate if the sea were left out of the picture. Even "Alton Locke," a tale of London life mainly, has a flavour of salt water, where the ballad of the Oneshire sands and the drowned girl is introduced. One of the finest things in "Two Years Ago" is the description of the wreck; and the classical poem of "Andromeda" is altogether like a sea-breeze, bringing such music as this:—

Violet, Asphodel, ivy, and vine-leaves, roses and lilies,
Coral and sea-fan, and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.

Then who does not remember "The Three Fishers," the little book entitled "Glaucus," and numerous other evidences of Mr. Kingsley's affectionate remembrance of the Devon shore and his loving regard for old Neptune?

"Westward Ho!" is a tale of heroism two hundred years since, as "Two Years Ago" is a tale of heroism in our own time. We need not describe the plot, but it takes in the attempted invasion of England by the

Spanish Armada. Sir Amyas has singled out for vengeance one of the enemy's ships commanded by Don Guzman de Sozo, and has chased him through the Channel in the driving storm for sixteen days or more. All this is vividly described. The squall blows fiercer every moment, and sometimes the "grey whirlwind" hides the enemy from view. Suddenly, having tried to hull, and "caught a buffet," the *Sta. Catharina* is seen "staggering away with canvas split and flying," at the distance of two musket-shots.

"On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up, and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes.

"Yeo ran forward to the gangway, and sprang back again, with a face white and wild—

"Land sight a-head! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!"

"Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

"She swung round. The masts bent like whips; crack went the fore-sail, like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard; in front of her, and above her, a huge dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds; and at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam.

"What is it, Morte? Hartland?"

"It might be anything for thirty miles.

"Landy!" said Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers! Hard a-port yet, and get her close-hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

"Yes, look at the Spaniard!"

"On their left hand, as they breached to, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock, some two hundred feet in height. Then a hundred yards of roaring breaker upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter, like a huge black fang, was waiting for its prey; and between the Shutter and the land the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm.

"He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to breach-to. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm; he struggled a moment, half hid in foam; fell away again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! Sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas. "But he will not!"

"Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself. And then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

"An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long ear-piercing wail to every saint in heaven rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep head-long down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to her keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, 'to lose my right, my right! when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

"A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast, and sail, and rock, and Salvation Yeo as he stood just in front of Amyas, the tiller in his hand. All red-hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the black, black night."

It would be difficult to conceive a situation more vividly dramatic. The last flash struck Sir Amyas blind at the instant of his blasphemous reproach of the Almighty, and this is the moment of intense interest which our artist has seized upon—with what success we leave the reader to judge.

HOME MEMORIES OF THE POETS.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

THE story of the life of Dean Swift is one of the most remarkable in literary biography. It is full of strange incidents and of extraordinary contradictions. His character alternately attracts and repels. Sometimes he was almost brutal even to his best friends, and sometimes he showed a tenderness of feeling and a nobility of soul which are irresistibly attractive. Sometimes his habits were those of a miser, and at other times he was lavishly generous; his language and conduct were often repulsively coarse, and yet he obtained the affection of pure-minded and well-educated women. If he was a warm friend, he was also what Dr. Johnson called a good hater; if on one occasion he was servile and cringing, on another he was daringly presumptuous. He was the most conspicuous literary man of his age, yet although intensely ambitious, he cared little for literary fame. He was the most conspicuous of politicians, and may be said at one time to have ruled the country; and yet he obtained no preferment beyond an Irish deanery, and was comparatively a poor man. He was the patriot of Ireland, and expended his energy ungrudgingly in her service, and yet he termed Ireland a "scoundrel island," and regarded his residence there as banishment.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, and died in 1745. Much of his life is inseparably connected with the political history of the age, and much of it is chiefly of value to literary students; but it contains also many incidents which are of universal interest, and to a few of these we invite the attention of our readers.

Swift, as we have said, was born in Dublin. His nurse was a native of Whitehaven, and so strong was her affection for the infant, that on being recalled home by the death of a relative, she stole away the boy, and kept him in England for three years. Mrs. Swift, who was a widow, and very poor, appears to have submitted with a good grace to this misfortune. At the age of six Jonathan was taken back to Ireland to be educated, first at Kilkenny and afterwards at the university. Meanwhile his mother had returned to her native country, and when in 1688 Ireland was distracted by civil broils, Swift crossed over to England, and travelled on foot to his mother's residence in Leicestershire. She was not in circumstances to help her son, but the wife of Sir William Temple was a relative of Mrs. Swift. Through her interest the young man was received into the great statesman's house, as reader and amanuensis, on a salary of 20*l.* per annum. There he remained for two years, studying with unwearied assiduity until interrupted by ill-health. This, according to his own account, was brought on by a surfeit of fruit. Writing many years afterwards to a lady, he says, "About two hours before you were born (1690) I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read—and there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together."

Sir William Temple lived at Moor Park, and in this retirement he was visited by King William, to whom he introduced his young secretary. The king offered

him a troop of horse, and showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion.

It was about this time that he first wrote verses, which he forwarded to Dryden for his critical opinion. The answer he received from "glorious John," to whom he was related, was not gratifying. "Cousin Swift," he exclaimed, "you will never be a poet"—a prediction which he neither forgot nor forgave. It was an honest opinion, and one which Jonathan should have heard without wincing, as he had no mercy for the vanity of other men. It happened once that Swift received some poems from a would-be poet, who requested his opinion of them. On returning the manuscript, he informed the author that he had gone through it with care, and struck out at least half the faults. "The poor bard, impatient to profit by Swift's remarks, stopped under a gateway on his road homeward, and opening the packet, discovered to his infinite mortification that the Dean had carefully blotted out every second line in his poem."

Swift, after staying some time at Moor Park, had a quarrel with his master, and went over to Ireland to obtain holy orders. He was appointed Prebend of Kilroot, with an income of 100*l.* per annum, but did not long retain the position. The loss of society, and the want of interest in his holy office rendered him restless and dissatisfied; and there is a pretty story told of his resignation in favour of a poor curate, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," and the father of eight children. Swift declared that the moment in which he gave the presentation to this astonished and grateful clergyman was the happiest in his life.

He returned to Moor Park, where Sir William Temple received him with joy, there to remain until the death of that statesman in 1699. This period affected the whole current of his future history. How little did Swift anticipate the future; how little did Esther Johnson surmise the bitter grief in store for her when they met for the first time at Moor Park. Swift was then nearly thirty, Stella little more than fifteen. He was tall, and well-made in person, with eyes "azure as the heavens," an aquiline nose, black and bushy eyebrows, and a stern and haughty countenance. Stella was very beautiful, "pale and pensive, with hair black as a raven." At Moor Park she was half ward, half dependant, and Swift became her tutor. At this time he was engaged to a Miss Julia Waryng, whom he called Varina; and the manner in which he afterwards broke the engagement, showed that he could be not only dishonourable but impertinent. For Esther Johnson he soon evinced an ardent friendship, which was returned with the warmth of a young and affectionate girl. Nor was this a mere passing fancy; for to him she willingly sacrificed the whole happiness of her life, and died at last a victim to his heartless conduct.

King William promised Swift the first prebend that should be vacant at Canterbury or Westminster, but forgot the promise; and after some misadventures he was compelled to be satisfied with the lot of an Irish clergyman. A man with Swift's genius could not remain in obscurity. He wrote pamphlets and lampoons, he took a leading part in the politics of the day, and the publication of the "Tale of a Tub," a wild and wicked book, while it raised his reputation as a man of wit, prevented his promotion in the church. He made frequent visits at this time to London, and gained the acquaintance of the chief literary men of the day; and on his return to Laracor the society of Stella alleviated his solitude. Miss Johnson, since the death of Sir William Temple, had become independent, and Swift affected to regard himself as her guardian. At his request she resided near the parsonage, with an elderly companion; but never saw Swift except in the presence of a third person. His affection for her appears to have been great, yet his conduct was cold

and cruel. It seems as if the faithful, devoted love of this beautiful girl gratified his vanity without touching his heart; but Sir Walter Scott thinks that he was restrained from marriage by prudential considerations. "In the pride of talent and of wisdom," he writes, "he endeavoured to frame a new path to happiness; and the consequences have rendered him a warning, where the various virtues with which he was endowed ought to have made him a pattern."

During his frequent visits to London, Swift became acquainted with the family of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, whose daughter Esther the poet has celebrated under the name of Vanessa. She, too, a girl of considerable culture and ardent imagination, conceived an attachment to Swift, which there can be no doubt he had encouraged by his conduct. He offered her devoted friendship, but the girl's heart had been won, and she craved love in return. This was not to be, and Vanessa ultimately died of a broken heart; happier in this respect than Stella, who lived on for many years, fascinated when in Swift's presence, and despondent when he was absent; but unable to free herself from the spell he had cast around her.

Swift was a very voluminous writer, and among his humorous pieces is one entitled "Predictions for the year 1708," by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. Foremost among these predictions is the death of John Partridge, which was to take place upon the 29th of March. This Partridge was accustomed to publish a yearly almanac of predictions, and was of course an impudent impostor. As such, Swift considered him fair game. "My first prediction," he says, "is but a trifle; yet I will mention it to show how ignorant these sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns. It relates to Partridge, the almanac maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time."

No sooner had the day passed than an account appeared of the accomplishment of the prediction, with a complete narrative of the soothsayer's illness and death, "in a letter to a person of honour." Bickerstaff's almanac and the letter we have mentioned spread far and wide, and Partridge found it difficult apparently to persuade people of his existence; for in his next almanac he states that, "blessed be God he is still living, and in health, and all were knaves who reported otherwise." At length in an evil hour he submitted his case to a Doctor Yalden, who loved a joke, and heightened the mirth of the town by a humorous account of Partridge's sufferings, supposed to have been written by himself. He describes the visits he received from the undertaker and the sexton; how people would taunt him, when he walked in the streets, for not having paid his funeral expenses; and how his wife is almost distracted from being called Widow Partridge, and "is cited once a term into the court, to take out letters of administration." "The very reader of our parish," he says, "a good, sober, discreet person, has two or three times sent for me to come and be buried decently; or if I have been interred in any other parish, to produce my certificate, as the Act requires." Sir Walter Scott relates, that by an odd coincidence, the Company of Stationers obtained, in 1709, an injunction against any almanac published under the name of John Partridge, as if the poor man had been dead in sad earnest.

As Dean of St. Patrick's, Swift's economical habits excited both mirth and annoyance among the clergy and gentry who visited him. It is said that when some ladies of rank dined at the deanery, he would allow them a shilling each to provide their own entertainment; and the following odd story is told of a visit paid to him by the poets Pope and Gay. It is Pope who tells the tale.

"One evening Gay and I went to see him. On our coming in, 'Heyday, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great lords you are so fond of, to come hither, to see a poor dean?' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them!' 'Ay, any one that did not know so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose?' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'Supped already, that's impossible! why it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange; but if you had not supped I must have got something for you. Let me see, what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well—two shillings; tarts a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket.' 'No; we had rather talk with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine—two shillings. Two and two is four, and one is five: just two and sixpence a-piece. There Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save by you, I am determined.' In spite of everything we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

Swift, as we have said, was the patriot of Ireland, and his popularity was at one time unbounded. To explain how he won the affection of the people, would be to relate the history of Ireland while he was Dean of St. Patrick's, and this our space will not allow. But it is interesting to learn, and the statement is made by Sir Walter Scott, that "while Swift was able to go abroad, a thousand popular benedictions attended his steps; and if he visited a town where he was not usually resident, his reception resembled that of a sovereign prince. The slightest idea of personal danger to the Dean, for by that title he was generally distinguished, aroused a whole district in his defence; and when, on one occasion, Walpole meditated his arrest, his proposal was checked by a prudent friend, who inquired if he could spare ten thousand soldiers to guard the messenger who should execute so perilous a commission."

When Swift was in England he frequently resided at Twickenham with his friend Pope, whom he assisted in his literary labours. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., lived then at Leicester House; and there the Princess Caroline assembled round her the literary men of the age. On one of Swift's visits to England the Princess expressed her desire to see him, but her command was repeated nine times before it was obeyed. "When presented to her, he said (in allusion to the savage lately caught in Hanover) he understood her royal highness loved oddities; and that having lately seen a wild boy from Germany, she was now desirous to see a wild dean from Ireland."

Men of great intellectual power are sometimes prone to indulge in what may seem like childish recreations. Montaigne the essayist amused himself with a cat; Dr. Samuel Clarke was fond of leaping over chairs and tables; Pitt and Wilberforce would pursue each other round the mansion at Hayes; and Swift, we are told, "used to chase the Grattans and other accommodating friends through the large apartments of the deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with his whip in his hand, till he had accomplished his usual quantity of exercise."

The last years of the Dean's life were marked by irritability and depression, which terminated, as he had always feared, in mental imbecility. Nearly thirty years before his death, while walking one day with Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," he suddenly stopped, and gazed earnestly at an elm tree which was decayed at the summit. "I shall be like that tree," he said; "I shall die at the top." It was probably in anticipation of his own fate, that he built

and endowed a lunatic asylum. For three years the great man—who by the sheer force of his intellect had once virtually ruled the country, who had browbeaten prime ministers, and raised to distinction more than forty families by a word from his lips—was in a state of complete idiocy. During the whole of that time he spoke only once or twice, and died without any return of reason, in the autumn of 1745.

THE GHOST STORY WHICH CAME TRUE.

SECOND EPISODE.

IN WHICH THE GHOST APPEARS.

I HAD been asleep about two hours when I suddenly awoke. I knew directly that I had been disturbed by some noise, for I could recall no dream, and I knew that I should not have awoke from the sound sleep into which I had fallen, without cause.

Moreover, instead of gradually coming to my senses in a drowsy interval, as one generally does, I was, to use a familiar expression, wide awake, with my senses more on the alert and my nerves more acute than usual. The fire had burned so low that the room was almost in darkness. "It must have been a log of wood falling out of the grate, that woke me," I thought; and shutting my eyes, I determined to go to sleep again. But I had no sooner taken this resolution, than I was startled by hearing the sound of footsteps under my window. As I listened, Charlie's story of the ghosts rushed into my mind.

However incredulous one may be, certain sounds and sights have a strange effect on one sometimes.

These footsteps, which were evidently caused by more than one pair of feet, and exactly corresponded with the "tramp" Charlie had described, terrified me; and for some moments I lay in a cold perspiration, unable to move. I argued with myself, and soothed myself with assurances that it was only the gardener or gamekeepers, and at last summoned courage to put forth my hand to light a candle. That done, I sat up and listened attentively.

The originators of the "tramp" had stopped in front of my window, and were holding a conversation; such I persisted in calling it, though their language sounded to me like nothing short of unearthly groans and hisses.

Who could these wanderers be?

I determined to discover, and with that intent stepped out of bed and went up to the window. As I did so, the conversation ceased, and the footsteps were again heard, though now they were retreating. I felt that if I would see these nocturnal visitors no time was to be lost; so, extinguishing my candle, and, at the same time taking care to have a match ready to relight it, I drew aside the blind and peered into the darkness without. Not quite darkness, however; for as I pressed my forehead against the window-pane, a light flashed before my eyes, and revealed two tall, gaunt figures, dressed in tightly-fitting black garments, just as they were about to enter the long avenue. They looked terribly tall and ghastly in the pale light of the moon, which now shone brightly, and made the long avenue look longer than ever, the old trees appear grotesque and gigantic, and chilled me to my very heart.

I should have dropped the window-blind, and taken refuge under the bed-clothes, if I could have done so; but the scene before me was too fascinating. I watched on. The light which had surprised me when I put out my candle, accompanied the figures; they, in fact, carried it; but as they were going from me,

it did not serve to show me more than the outline of their forms.

After proceeding some yards they suddenly stopped, and began to perform what seemed to me to be a very dance of death. One spectre held the light, which he moved about rapidly near the ground, whilst the other followed his companion's example in performing all kinds of antics; sometimes bowing to the ground; sometimes assuming an upright position; sometimes moving rapidly towards a tree to examine its roots; sometimes walking slowly to and fro, with his body bent double and his head nearly touching the ground.

At length both the figures stood still, and, after performing the ceremony of holding the light between them—to work some mysterious charm, I thought—advanced slowly towards the house. They came nearer and nearer. I saw no more; but dropping the blind, I struck the match I held in my trembling hands, lighted my candle, and tottered towards the door of my room. Had a legion of hobgoblin fiends been at my heels, I could not have been more terrified. I literally gasped for breath, and trembled so that I could scarcely hold my candle. Yet I durst not walk fast, for fear of the light going out and leaving me in horrible darkness. I was on my way to Fanny's room, and had reached the turning in the passage leading to it, which was near the front staircase, at the bottom of which was the hall door. Here I paused. What did I hear? From below, outside the front, came the sound of clanking of chains. It seemed as though they were being struck against the very door itself. Then I distinctly heard a key grating rustily in the lock. In another moment the figures, fantastic or real, would have forced an entrance, and might ascend to where I was. Regardless of my candle, I flew to Fanny's room, and fell fainting at her door.

THIRD EPISODE.

IN WHICH THE GHOST STORY COMES TRUE.

"What made her faint, do you think, Dr. Macdonald?" I heard Fanny ask the question, and became aware that I was lying on a soft couch. I opened my eyes. They rested on a face I had never seen before; one that I thought the most beautiful it were possible to imagine. I thought so then; I think so now; I shall think so to the end of my life. It was lowered near mine, watching me, as it has so often done since. The delicately-formed lips were slightly pressed together; the clear blue eyes shone like orbs of light in their earnest gaze; the dark auburn hair hung in confusion over the fair and open brow.

"Where am I?" I asked. The words caused a bright expression to come over the face that bent over me; they caused the lips to part, and the eyes to sparkle in an answering smile. "Where am I?"

"Here, in my room," returned Fanny. "Do you feel better, dear?"

"Yes. But, oh! Fanny, come nearer. What was it? When did I see those dreadful creatures? Tell me what it all means, Fanny."

"What creatures? What do you mean? What made you faint, Bessie?"

"Oh! I remember it all now. The ghosts your brother spoke of—I saw them. They woke me up, walking up and down, and then I saw them in the avenue, and as I was coming to you I heard them rattling their chains. Oh, Fanny!" I shuddered to think of it, but Fanny burst into a merry laugh.

"You dear, silly little thing! Why Alec had been to spend the evening at a neighbour's, and was returning home with Dr. Macdonald, whom he brought here for the night, to save his going twenty miles to his own house. They must have been the ghosts you saw."

"We are very tangible ones, at any rate," said Dr. Macdonald.

"Was it really you?" I asked, unbelievably.

"It really was."

"But why were you dancing?"

"Dancing! I only remember walking home most sedately and properly."

"The figures I saw were dancing—at least they were bowing and performing all sorts of queer antics up and down the avenue. They went back to do so after they had first been to the front door."

"Oh!" said Dr. Macdonald, laughing as heartily as Fanny had done. "When we first came to the door we found we had dropped the key, and therefore returned to find it, which we did after a considerable hunt in the avenue. This accounts for our dance!"

I hid my face for very shame that I should have been so foolish as to allow my imagination to become so excited.

"I'm very sorry to have caused such a disturbance," I said, humbly.

Dr. Macdonald smiled, and walked to the door.

"It is we who ought to apologise, Miss Lynn. Come in, Alec," he said, "and help me ask pardon for the fright we have caused Miss Lynn. I am glad it is nothing worse. I could not make it out at all at first."

"I'm not going to admit Alec," interrupted Fanny. "It is too late to-night; besides, Miss Lynn might prefer being introduced in rather fuller toilet. So, good-night. Alec, Miss Lynn will take her revenge to-morrow. Good-night, Dr. Macdonald. You, too, will have to answer for spoiling our beauty sleep, unless your kindness in looking after the principal sufferer prevent it."

"I trust the sufferer's generosity will, and that she will sleep well the rest of the night. Good-night, Miss Carrick. Good-night, Miss Lynn."

My visit to — Castle at length drew to a close, and the evening before my departure arrived.

I dreaded to think of the morrow; for I knew that in leaving Scotland I should be leaving what I cared for most in the world. I should be leaving him who had become my very life. I dared not own this, and yet I knew it to be true. I had seen Duncan Macdonald first on the night of my arrival; I had met him since at skating-parties, at evening parties, in walks and in rides. I had learnt to admire, esteem, reverence him—to love him. And what more than that was possible?

Now the last evening was come, and the dream was over. So thought I.

We had been out riding all the afternoon, and on our return we retired to our respective rooms to make the necessary alteration in our dress before tea. Mine accomplished, I went down into the drawing-room. One person only was there. He came forward to greet me as I entered.

"Good evening, Miss Lynn."

"Good evening, Dr. Macdonald. I did not know you were expected this evening," I stammered.

"Did you think I should let you go without saying good-bye?" he said, gently. "Perhaps I ought to have come earlier; but I hope I am not too late now. I am come to ask if you will allow me to escort you to London to-morrow—I am going there."

What a joyous light seemed to burst upon me. Then the dream was not over yet—not just yet.

"This is rather a sudden determination, is it not?" I said.

"I have thought of it for some time," replied Dr. Macdonald. "But I did not make up my mind till to-day—in fact, I have not yet. It depends on you—whether you will let me go. I want to see your father and mother, Bessie, if you will let me—if you will—"

What need to add more? He asked me to be his wife, and—now we are married.

It is a mystery to me how it was none of the

children or elders of the Carrick family came into the drawing-room that evening. They did not; for when, after having heard the gong twice sounded, we went into the tea-room, we found them all seated round the table, ready to greet Duncan and me with smiles which I am sure contained a heartier welcome than was warranted by outward circumstances.

Thus the ghost story came true, in that I first saw my husband at the end of the long avenue.

If it was not at the terrace end it was at the other; and if I did not go to see him, he came to see me, which I think by far the better plan.

FRANC MARI.

FREDA'S FORTUNE.

A FAIRY TALE.

LITTLE Freda lived with her mother, who had been the wife of a charcoal-burner, in the middle of a great forest. It was a tiny little hut, that she and her mother were glad to call home, and yet it was none the less dear to them on that account. For they had lived there for many happy years when Freda's father was alive, and many memories of him lingered about the place.

Freda's mother was very poor. Her father the charcoal-burner had not earned much money, and when he died they had nothing left to live upon except what her mother made by needlework, and what Freda received for running errands into the neighbouring town for the farmers who lived near them. Freda herself did not complain very much of their poverty. She did not mind running about with bare feet, and knew nothing of fashionable clothing; but with her mother it was different. She was often heard to bewail her hard fate in being so poor, though she only desired to be able to get bread for herself and Freda, with some meat on feast days; and she had to work very hard to do this, sitting up often far into the night at her sewing. Freda was asleep at such times, and hardly knew how hard her mother worked. Had she known it I think she would have tried some plan by which they might get a little more money, sooner than she did. What her plan was you shall hear presently; but at the time my story begins Freda and her mother were sitting at the door of their cottage one fine morning in autumn, the former sewing, and Freda sitting near her on the threshold, watching the red leaves that floated down in the keen air from the great trees around them.

"You have to work very hard, mother," she said, looking at the nimble fingers which worked so unremittently.

"I don't mind hard work, Freda," said her mother. "if I can only make enough for us both to live upon. But I do not get such good prices for my work as I used to do, and it makes it very difficult to earn enough to keep us."

"Does it?" said Freda, opening her eyes very wide. "I wish I could help you more, mother."

"I am sure you would if you could, my child, but you see there is not much work for little girls to do. You will be able to do more for me when you are older."

"Yes," said Freda. "I wish I could grow older quicker, mother."

"You must not wish that, Freda, though I am glad you want to help me." And so saying, her mother went on with her work, as though the talk had interrupted her.

Freda sat and wondered how she could help her mother. It seemed a sad thing that she had to work so hard, when a great many people in the world had nothing to do but to play. But then she remembered that her mother had often told her that work was a

blessed and a sacred thing, no matter how trivial the kind of work, if you always did your best, and worked with your whole heart. Freda always tried to do her best, she thought, when she went on her errands, for after all it seemed not only the right thing to do, but the easiest. Work that you really give your whole mind to, is always the soonest done.

Freda pondered how she could help her mother all the evening, and as twilight came on she heard tiny voices beside her. Two field mice had strayed into the forest, and were holding a conversation. Freda listened, and heard that they were talking about her.

"How strange it is that Freda doesn't get help for her mother, who has to work so hard," said one. "We could tell her where to go and get it."

"Yes," said the other, "of course we could. Bright silver and gold pieces have often been got there; it is really a pity that Freda doesn't go."

Freda heard these words but she did not know who was speaking. Presently, however, the mice came out from under some broad leaves, and came close to her. She then saw who it had been, and cried out, "O my dear mice! I heard you talking; do tell me where to go to get the silver and gold pieces to help my mother with."

And the mice told her, for she had often been kind to them, and given them bread and milk when there was very little food to be got in the forest. They told her a wonderful story—so wonderful, indeed, that she hardly believed at first that it would come true, but you will see that it all did in the end. They told her to go beyond the forest, to the foot of the great mountain that rose just outside it. Then to go a little way up the mountain, to where two brooks divided, and where there was a beautiful plot of green grass, with the trees that hung over the streams to shelter it, and the running water beside it to keep it green all the year round. There, they said, on a moonlight night she would see the fairies dancing, and if she could watch till the morning, when they were just going away, and ask the last fairy that remained for a piece of silver, telling him what it was for, he would give it her.

Freda was delighted to hear this, and that very night, as there was the harvest moon, she determined to go to the mountain, and watch for the fairy gift. Her mother laughed at her, but did not prevent her going, as everybody knew Freda, and no one would harm her.

It was bright moonlight when she set out, and while in the open spaces of the forest the moonbeams shone bright as silver, in the shade of the great trees it was all the more dark from the contrast. As Freda walked along a robin came out of his bed, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the robin said, "Here is a red feather from my breast, that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him, and went on.

Further on a great black spider came out of a hole, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the spider said, "Here is some silk that I have spun, that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him, and went on.

Further on a squirrel came running down a branch to her, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the squirrel said, "Here is half a nutshell that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him, and went on.

When she got to the end of the wood she was almost frightened, for the great mountain looked so tall and

grand, standing proudly up in the moonlight, with its head lost in the clouds. But as she drew nearer she saw the two streams, one on each side of her, shining like rivulets of gold, and she knew she was getting near the fairy ring, and went on boldly.

It was rather hard work climbing the mountain, it was so covered with bracken and bushes of furze, but the moon gave plenty of light, so that Freda could see the big stones and other obstacles in the way, and struggled bravely on. As she drew nearer to where the brook divided she heard the sound of beautiful music, which seemed to keep tune with the chiming of the waters. And when she gained the level spot where was the fairy ring, what a wonderful sight it was!

There were the fairies dancing madly in the moonlight, round and round, in and out, capering first on one side and then on the other, whirling about like teetotums, and then leaping up into the air like Jack-in-the-boxes, till Freda grew almost dizzy as she looked at them. They were not all dressed alike. Some wore pale green tunics, others dresses of red and blue, and some had robes of fur; hardly two of them were dressed alike, although they seemed very much alike in the faces, and Freda thought that perhaps they dressed differently in order to distinguish each other.

On a hillock raised a little above the grass sat a very handsome fairy, with a crown on his head, and a lovely fairy lady beside him, also wearing a crown. These were the king and queen of the fairies in that part of the country; perhaps, even, they were the king and queen of all the fairies, but Freda did not find out that. As she watched them she wondered which fairy would be the last to leave the ring, and be the one to whom she would have to make her request. She had not long to wait, for as she watched she heard in the distance a cock crowing in some farm-yard, and at the first sound all the fairies began to trip away and disappear.

And at last there was only one left, and just as he was about to hop away Freda ran up to him and said, "Please, Mr. Fairy, my mother is very poor, and works very hard. Will you give her some money?"

The fairy was a funny old-fashioned looking little fellow in a red jerkin, and he looked at her stily and said, "When mortals come to ask such favours of us, they generally bring us some present. What have you brought me for myself?"

Then Freda was glad she had met the robin in the forest, and said, "Here is a beautiful red feather for your cap."

The fairy thanked her, and seemed very pleased. But he said, "What have you brought me for my wife?" And Freda remembered the spider's gift, and said, "See this beautiful silk; it will make your wife a dress." And the fairy took it and was very much delighted.

But he said again, "What have you brought me for my baby?"

Then Freda took the half nutshell that the squirrel had given her, and said, "I have brought your baby a cradle."

And the fairy said, "You have given me beautiful presents, and now I will give you something in return. Here is a broad piece of silver, that will buy all your mother will want for a whole week. I will give you one every week like this, but it must be upon these conditions. First, you must always do the marketing yourself for your mother, that she may not be troubled about it; and secondly, you must always spend some of the money on other people who are as poor as yourselves. You must always do some good with it, or I shall give you no more. You will find a broad silver piece on this stone every Saturday night, but whenever you apply the money to please yourself instead of doing good to others, you will find it there no more."

And then the fairy put the money on the stone and

vanished, and Freda went home very much delighted to her mother, who was astonished at all she had seen, and very grateful to the fairy for being so kind to them.

They spent the money on food and clothing, and Freda was very careful to do the marketing for her mother, and always to bestow some of the money upon people in the city who were poorer than themselves. Indeed, the fairy's money made them quite rich, and Freda's mother had not to work nearly so hard at her sewing, nor was Freda obliged to go so many errands into the town, except when she went to buy provisions and other things for themselves.

Regularly every Saturday Freda went up to the fairy ring, and took the broad silver piece from the stone on which the fairy had laid the first one. It was curious, however, that she never saw the fairy again. There was sometimes a curious light on the grass, and Freda used to fancy that on moonlight nights she could hear the elfin music again. But I think that it was only fancy, and that she mistook the rippling of the stream, mingling with the wind in the branches, for the music; for you see if she had really heard the music I think she would have been certain to see the fairies, and she never saw them again.

They lived very happily on the fairy gold for a long time, Freda doing exactly what the fairy had told her; till one day, when she was marketing in the city, she happened to stop opposite a great shop where there were all manner of beautiful dresses and bright-coloured ribbons. Freda had often seen the shop before, and admired the things in it, but to-day they seemed more beautiful than ever, and she saw one rose-coloured ribbon in the window that she felt she would give anything to possess.

She stood for a long time, when she ought to have gone away at once, and not stayed near the temptation. She knew she had no right to buy it just to gratify herself, for the money in her pocket was fairy money, and was not given her for such a purpose. But the rose-coloured ribbon looked so bright and pretty, that at last she went in and bought it. She put it on round her neck, and then went home through the wood.

She had got the ribbon, but she was not happy. In the first place there was a poor sick girl in the town to whom she should have taken a little wine, and now that she had spent the money she could not do it. And then as she went through the wood she met a rough-looking man, who stopped her and took hold of the ribbon, and asked her if she had stolen it. Little girls who lived in the forest, he said, did not wear such gay ribbons, and could not afford to buy them; she could not have come by it by fair means. And Freda wept bitterly, for she had never been called a thief before; and as she went on the ribbon seemed to be like a lump of lead round her neck, so heavy was it, and so hateful.

When she got home she had to tell her mother all she had done, and her mother was very grieved that she had preferred to please herself, and give way to her pride, instead of doing good to others. And worst of all, when she walked up to the mountain that night, there was no broad silver piece on the stone, nor on any night after that, although she often went to see, thinking that the fairy would have forgiven her.

There was no more fairy money for Freda, and her mother had to work hard at needlework again. But as Freda grew older she grew able to help her mother a great deal, and they were able to do without the fairy's help; while Freda never forgot the lesson it had taught her.

That lesson was to do good to others rather than to please ourselves, and it is a lesson I hope we shall all learn, though we may not be able, like Freda, to learn it from the fairies.

SQUARE WORDS.

(Continued from page 592.)

LIKE many other games, slightly intellectual, this one is not without its amusing little surprises. For example, it gives an opportunity of performing a feat which has been pronounced by the greatest mathematicians to be impossible. A glance at the examples given under O will show how to square the (word) CIRCLE. When the game is played amongst persons on whom a small joke does not produce a lowering effect, amusement may be created by intentional misspelling, or by putting together the names of persons and suggestive epithets.

A.

AUNT.	ADAM:	APPLE:
UTAH:	DOLE:	PLEAT:
NASO:	ALPS:	PERTH:
THOU,	MESS.	LATHE:
		ETHER.

Explanation.—UTAH, the notorious Mormon settlement in the United States. NASO, name rendered famous by P. Ovidius Naso, the Roman poet. PLEAT, old form of PLAIT: "Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty" (*Shakespeare*).

B.

BOOK:	BAAL:	BAAL:
OMRI:	AGRA:	AGUE:
ORES:	ARMS:	AUNT:
KISS.	LASS.	LETS.

C.

CAMP:	CIRCLE:	CAMEL:
ALOE:	ITALIA:	ANYTE:
MOON:	RATIOS:	MYTHS:
PENT.	CLIENT:	ETHEL:
	LIONNE:	LES LY.
	EASTER.	

Expl.—PENT, shut up: "The son of Clarence I have pent up close" (*Shaksp.*). ITALIA, Latin or Italian for Italy. RATIOS, plural of RATIO. LIONNE, French for lioness. ANYTE, the name of a Greek poetess who flourished about B.C. 700. MYTHS, stories.

D.

DRAM:	DUCAT:
ROME:	UTICA:
AMOS:	CIVIS:
MESS.	ACIDS:
	TASSO.

Expl.—DUCAT, a coin of several European countries. UTICA, the city where Cato committed suicide: "Pent up in Utica" (*Addison*). CIVIS, a Latin word familiar to all in the phrase, *Civis Romanus sum*. TASSO, the famous Italian poet.

E.

ETON:	EVE:	EVANS:
TOME:	VIE:	VENAL:
OMER:	EEL.	ANNIE:
NERO.	NAIVE:	SLEEP.

Expl.—OMER, a Hebrew measure. NAIVE, a French word, almost naturalised amongst us, and signifying pretty much the same as unaffected.

F.

FACT:	FATHER:	FRANCE:
AGUE:	ATHENE:	REMORA:
CURL:	THIRDS:	AMICUS:
TELL.	HERMIT:	NOCUIT:
	ENDIVE:	CRUISE:
	RESTED.	EASTER.

Expl.—ATHENE, or ATHENA, the name of a goddess in the Greek mythology. ENDIVE, the name of a plant. REMORA, a small fish found in the Mediterranean and other seas. AMICUS, Latin, a friend. NOCUIT, a Latin verb. Our correspondent, "Lucy," will see that we have complied with her request, and squared the word "France." We should like to see the new games to which she alludes.

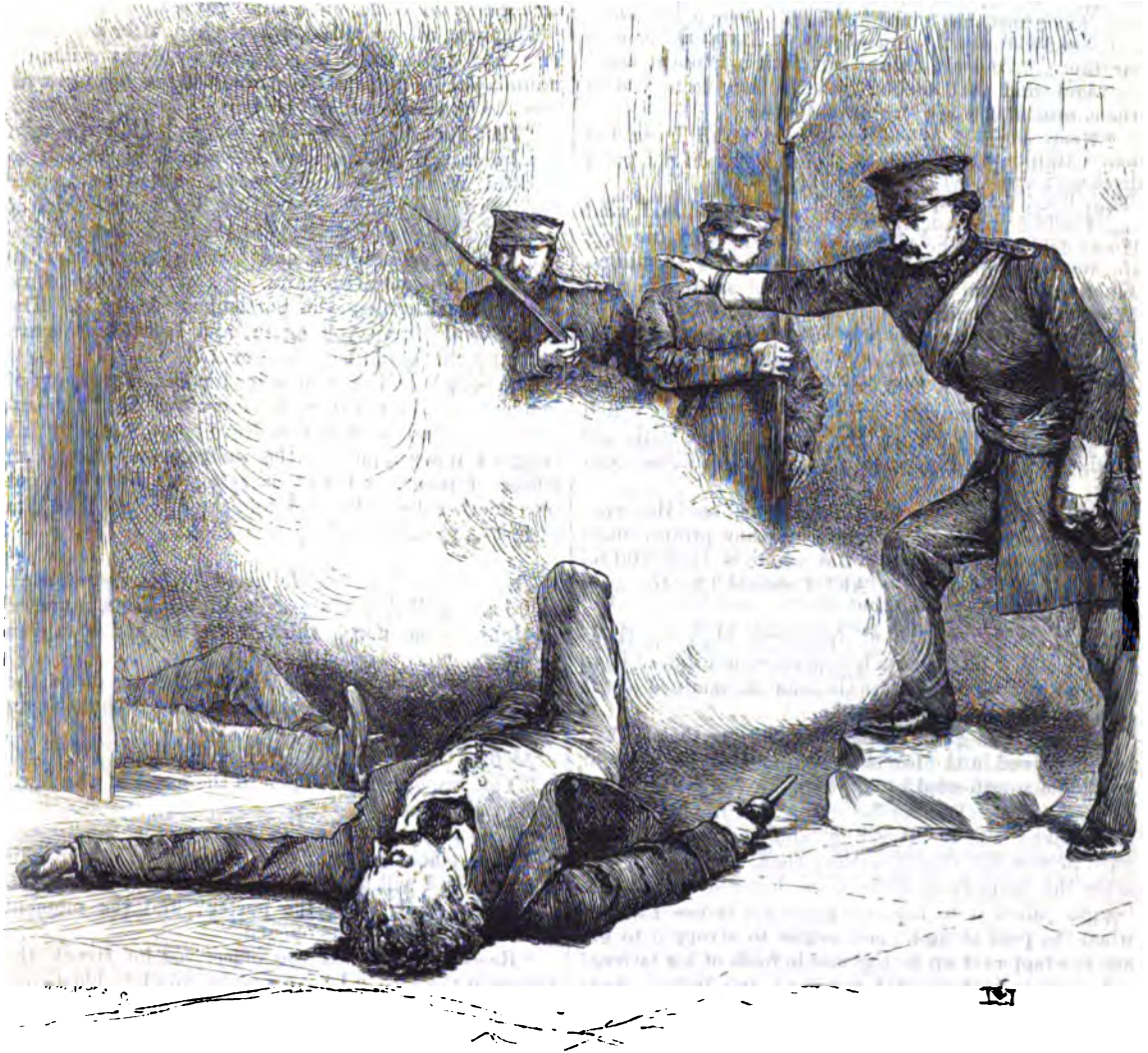
THE

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER XVI.

AFFAIR OF THE ICE-HOUSE.

EARLY the next morning a paper was served on Wilenski bearing the stamp and seal of the revolutionary government. It summoned him to appear at the place of meeting already fixed upon at nine instead of eleven o'clock. It was delivered into Wilenski's own hands; but it bore no name either of

place or of person, and would have compromised no one if it had miscarried.

"So the recruitment has taken place, Kuba," said Wilenski to the messenger. "And they call us the party of action! It is the Russians who have acted while we were only thinking about it. Come in and tell us what has happened this morning. I was just going out. Is there much excitement in the town?"

"An immense deal," answered the messenger "and

two spies have been executed, one on the boulevards the other in the street of the Cracow suburb."

"Did the poor fellows escape the police?"

"Certainly. The second one stabbed his criminal in presence of at least a hundred persons; but of course no one interfered."

"I should think not, if they were Poles!"

Ferrari had become quite accustomed to hear assassins spoken of with pity, sympathy, and almost with respect. Accordingly he was not at all astonished by the above conversation, which, to a person newly arrived in Warsaw, might have appeared strange.

"Come," said Wilenski to Ferrari after a few more remarks had been exchanged; "let us go to the convent. We have not much time to lose."

"When shall you be back, father?" asked Thecla.

"Not until late in the afternoon," replied the conspirator. "At least I think not; but it is uncertain."

"And what am I to do? Shall I hear from you in the course of the day?" inquired Adam.

"Keep yourself in readiness, that is all I can tell you," replied the experienced one. "We do not know what may take place, nor how soon."

Wilenski kissed Thecla, embraced Adam, and went off, accompanied by Ferrari, and followed by his dog, in the direction of the convent of the Ursulines. Kuba had been sent on before to announce that Wilenski was coming.

Wilenski did not take the same direction as Kuba. After walking some distance he entered a private house, and passed out at a back-entrance into a garden. At the end of the garden there was an ice-house, which communicated by an underground passage with one of the rooms on the basement of the Ursulines' convent.

"I fancied some one was following us," said the experienced conspirator to Ferrari, as they groped their way along the passage. "But where is Jan? Did he not come out with us? Ah! I should like to catch any one following us here."

The passage was about four feet high by three broad; and a duel in such a place would indeed have been an awkward affair for the least determined of the combatants.

Wilenski was quite right in imagining that he had been followed, and also in believing that he had not left home unattended by his dog. A beggar to whom he had given alms as he came out of his house had walked slowly after him, and had watched him until he saw him turn a corner; then, as the little dog, after the manner of little dogs, loitered behind, the beggar called it to him, caught it up, caressed it, and when the poor thing at last began to struggle to get away, wrapped it up in the ample folds of his tattered old cloak, so that it could not howl, and, indeed, could scarcely breathe.

The beggar continued to keep Wilenski and Ferrari in sight until they entered the house with the garden. Then he made a sign to a commissionaire who, hitherto, had remained quite in the background. The commissionaire came forward, listened to the directions given to him by the beggar, and hurried on to the house which Wilenski had just entered. He knocked at the door, and, on the porter opening it, asked for the first name which occurred to him.

The house was an immense one. It was several stories high, and each story held a whole colony of lodgers.

"What floor, and what number?" asked the porter.

"I do not know," answered the commissionaire.

"If you don't know the number of his apartment how do you expect to find him? Tell me the gentleman's number, and I will tell you where he lives; that is to say if he does live here, which is not at all certain. But why don't you look on the board?"

The porter, querulous and talkative like all porters, pointed to a large black board, on which some hundred different names were chalked. The commissionaire went up to the board as if to look for the name of the man he was not looking for, and in doing so cast his eyes round the place, and made a rapid reconnaissance.

"Two staircases, at least two entrances, one in front and one at the back, and a large garden."

That was all he could report, when, after searching in vain for the name of a person who was evidently unfindable, he returned to communicate his observations to his employer, the beggar.

"That isn't much," said the beggar; "but the men can be caught all the same. There is no animal so faithful as the dog, and I reckon above all on the fidelity of this poodle. Take this line to the chief of the seventh police district," he added, scribbling a few words in his pocket-book, and tearing out the leaf to give to the commissionaire. "You need not come back yourself unless you particularly desire it. The porter would know you again, and before to-morrow morning you would be a dead man."

The beggar had sent an order for half a company of gendarmes to be ready in five minutes. In the meanwhile he hired a droschky, drove home, threw off his beggar's apparel, put on the undress uniform of an officer of police, and, still carrying the little dog, got into another droschky, and told the driver to take him as fast as possible to the police office.

The officer of police, followed by his detachment, and bearing Wilenski's poodle in his arms, marched straight to the house which Wilenski had been seen to enter.

At about twenty yards' distance he put down the dog, which ran to the door, and, finding it shut, began to whine.

At first the porter refused to open.

"You are ordered to open in the name of the law," cried the officer.

"Who orders me?"

"I, an officer commanding gendarmes. Open this moment, or I will fire through the door."

"One second," said the porter; and the moment afterward the door was opened.

"Rascal!" exclaimed the officer, as he struck the porter in the face, "I have a great mind to blow your brains out with my revolver. Say one word and I will shoot you."

The porter did not accept the polite invitation, and accordingly was not shot.

"Now, you confounded poodle, show us where your master is!"

This the innocent animal was already proceeding to do. It ran up one staircase, down another, and stood barking in front of a door which led to the garden.

"Open that door!" said the officer.

"I have not the key," answered the porter.

"I shall break the door to pieces and your head also if it is not opened this moment."

"One second," begged the porter, "while I fetch the key." He ran for it, attended by a gendarme, in whose special custody he had now been placed, and in half a minute returned with it in his hand.

When the door was opened the unhappy poodle sprang into the garden and made direct for the ice-house. The officer, followed by the gendarmes, ran after it, but on entering the ice-house could find no trace of the dog. It had, in fact, disappeared from the face of the earth, and was at that moment in the subterranean passage making its way towards the convent of the Ursulines.

"Where is the dog? Where in the name of the fiend is the accursed poodle?" cried the officer.

"Your excellency saw him just as much as I did," replied the porter.

"Where is the dog? I am not going to be made a fool of in this manner," repeated the officer; but no dog was to be found.

"It can't be under the ice," said the officer; "but there is really no knowing."

The porter was told to clear all the ice out of the ice-house; and the end of it was that neither Wilenski nor Ferrari nor the poodle were found, but that the secret passage was discovered.

"I shall get a decoration for this," said the officer to himself; "of that there can be no doubt, and perhaps promotion; and it would not be astonishing if they were to give me a sum of money by way of gratuity. This comes of acting in chief, which a superior man like myself should always do. If that brute Gontchalin were here—pompos old idiot!—I should have to send in my report through him, and he would claim all the credit for it. Thank you, your excellency! Let honour be given where honour is due. This certainly promises to be a very brilliant affair!"

"The poodle has decidedly gone into that hole," remarked one of the gendarmes at this moment.

"Yes, blockhead, and you shall go there after it," replied the officer. "But, no! you would do no good; you would catch no one; you would be caught yourself, and the alarm would be given."

He thought of sending on the porter at the point of the bayonet, after handcuffing him and tying a chain to his leg to prevent his going too fast. But this also seemed impracticable; for however many gendarmes he might send after him it would be easy for the conspirators to kill them one by one as they came out at the other end. Perhaps, too, the porter really knew nothing about the subterranean passage. That, however, he reflected, could be ascertained in the proper manner.

With a view to the future settlement of the point, he ordered a corporal to take four gendarmes and march the porter off forthwith to the police station; whence, in due order of proceeding, he was sent to the fortress to await his examination.

In the meanwhile the ice was replaced in the ice-house and the ice-house surrounded by gendarmes. Three gendarmes were posted in the ice-house itself, just above the entrance to the passage, so that they could see but not be seen by any one issuing from its mouth. The officer, with a revolver in his hand, stood behind the three gendarmes, whose orders were not to fire, but to make every effort to capture all who came out of the passage, and to capture them alive. Dead prisoners cannot be made to tell tales; but torture

is sometimes found to have that effect upon live ones.

The gendarmes waited and waited until it began to grow dark, and until they began to say to one another, that though the dog had apparently run into the hole, it was not at all certain that any men had done so. At last it became a joke among them that fifty gendarmes were waiting, and had now been waiting seven hours, with loaded muskets, in order to catch one poodle, who had run away from them and refused to come back.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFFAIR OF THE ICE-HOUSE (*continued*).

THESE seven hours had been employed by Wilenski and the other members of the revolutionary committee in disputing, in upbraiding one another for what had passed, and in endeavouring to concert some general plan of action for the future. Wilenski, one or two students, and a few Polish officers who had served in the Russian army, were for beginning the insurrection forthwith. Others thought that now the recruitment had actually taken place, there was no immediate necessity for an appeal to arms, and that it ought to be deferred until the military preparations were more complete.

Wilenski maintained that if such a flagrant injustice, such a monstrous provocation as the arbitrary conscription were left without a response, the nation would lose all self-respect. It was a blow, he declared, which demanded a blow in return. If it were submitted to in patience, then there was no humiliation, no degradation which they might not expect, and which, indeed, they would not deserve.

"But if we fail—and we cannot succeed unless we obtain assistance from abroad—the whole country will be ruined," argued a member of the moderate party.

"It will be ruined in a moral sense if we do nothing," replied Wilenski. "As for the insurrection failing, a dozen insurrections may fail, but the thirteenth will succeed. As for being helped from abroad, we have always been promised help from abroad, and the help has never come. It is no use waiting for *that*. Nevertheless, you who do count on foreign assistance, tell me whether anything could enlist the sympathy of foreigners on our behalf more surely than the cruel, cowardly act that has just been perpetrated in the dead of the night by the Russian government? If that does not move them, be sure that they will remain deaf to all cries that can ever reach them from unhappy Poland."

Just then the whining of a dog was heard outside. Ferrari opened the door, and Jan made his appearance.

"Poor little Jan!" said Wilenski, taking the poodle up in his arms; "so you did find us after all."

"By the treaty of Vienna," began an old gentleman, who of course belonged to the moderate party, and who had attended the meeting with the best and most conciliatory intentions.

"Please don't mention the treaty of Vienna," said Wilenski. "Whenever our country has been partitioned the partition has always been formally consecrated by a treaty. There is one clause in the treaty of Vienna, or in that portion of it relating to Poland, by which the punishment of exile is specially forbidden. I spent sixteen years of my life in Siberia, and I have three relations there, and twenty intimate friends, at this moment."

"I was only going to observe," said the old gentleman, "that certain rights are promised to us by the treaty of Vienna, which rights we have never fully enjoyed, and which are now altogether denied. If we appeal to the cabinets of Europe it is on this ground, and this ground only, that we must base our representations."

"In matters of this kind," said an officer, "one cabinet always supports another. They may appear to differ on some points, but at bottom they are opposed to revolution wherever it may show itself."

"Yet France helped the Italians, France and England helped the Belgians, all Europe helped the Greeks," remarked one of the students.

"However that may have been," said Wilenski, "the first thing we have to do is to help ourselves; and if we mean to do it at all it must be at once, and certainly not later than next week. We must send off two men to Paris; our friend here (pointing to Ferrari) will find means to telegraph to London; and by this day week all Polish officers abroad who wish to be at the frontier will have had time to get there."

The old gentleman and his friend, the other member of the moderate party, again urged prudence; until at last they were charged with want of patriotism.

"If the recruitment had been effected on a greater scale, and all over the country at the same time," said Wilenski, "the insurrection instead of being difficult would have been impossible. There are plenty of aristocrats in Warsaw friends of the conquerors rather than of the conquered, who would not have regretted such a result."

"Do you mean that for me?" asked the younger of the two moderate men hastily.

"Or for me?" inquired the old gentleman, flaming up at the same time.

"What should you say," continued the younger of the two moderates, "if I were to accuse you of desiring the ruin of your country merely that you may play the part of an insurgent chief for a few weeks?"

"I should say that you lied!" cried Wilenski, who had now lost all self-control.

The moderate man rushed towards him as if to give him a blow, but was held back by the old gentleman and by one of the officers.

Ferrari and the student who had spoken about Italy and Belgium endeavoured at the same time to appease Wilenski.

"My friends," said the old gentleman, "whether it be right or not that we should at this moment try our force against the Russians, it certainly is most unbecoming that our patriots should quarrel among themselves. Thaddeus," he continued, addressing his moderate friend, "you should apologize to Pan Wilenski instantly."

"What! for being called a liar by him?"

"For thoughtlessly, and without any serious intention, imputing utterly unworthy motives to him."

"I said, count," explained Wilenski, "that I would call any man a liar who dared to accuse me of speculating in the misfortunes of my country. It would be impossible to reject so shameful a charge with too much indignation."

"I did not mean that, on my honour, Pan Wilenski," said the young man addressed as Thaddeus, who was related to the count. "I beg your pardon; forgive me. I spoke without thinking what I was saying."

"No one is more convinced than I am of the abso-

lute necessity of securing a perfect understanding and co-operation between our two great political parties," replied Wilenski. "I should ask you for your hand on patriotic grounds, but I do so on personal grounds also. I am very sorry to have offended you, Pan Thaddeus."

Several officers who had served, some in the Russian, some in the Prussian, some in the Austrian army; one or two Garibaldian chiefs; a few revolutionists of that *annus mirabilis* of revolution, 1848, were now consulted as to the immediate practicability of the insurrection in a purely military point of view.

The soldiers were all in favour of fighting; and, in conformity with their recommendation, the general rising was fixed for that day week—or rather for the eve of that day week, being exactly seven days and nights from the night of the recruitment.

Wilenski asked permission to command one of the bands intended to operate near Warsaw, and was appointed to do so. One of the iron-masters of the capital promised to take the whole of his workmen, numbering some hundreds, into the field, and was nominated their chief. But most of the commanders of detachments were officers who had either been trained in regular armies, or who had seen active service in hard-fought insurrectionary campaigns.

It was settled that no rising should be attempted in the capital; but already a number of the younger inhabitants, dreading a continuation of the forced recruitment, had taken refuge in the woods around Warsaw; and Wilenski determined to give them some sort of organization without a day's delay.

At last the conclave broke up, but not until the prior of the convent had blessed the enterprise in which its members were about to engage.

Two of the three of the most innocent-looking of the conspirators, and a few strangers to Warsaw, who could not possibly be known to the police, left the convent in the usual way.

Others, who had reason to suppose themselves deep in the police books, and who had no taste for excursions into the bowels of the earth when it was not absolutely necessary to make them, waited until it was dark, and then climbed the wall of the convent garden into a field, which communicated with one of the outer boulevards.

Wilenski was in a hurry to get home at once. He knew how anxious his children would be until his return. So taking up Jan in his arms—he was determined this time that the little thing should not be lost—he entered the passage, sent Jan on before, and with bent back and doubled-up knees groped his way after him. Ferrari followed Wilenski, and an officer called "Eugène" followed Ferrari.

At the other end of the passage stood the three gendarmes and the officer of the police, still watching to see when the ice which they had loosely replaced at and about the mouth would be disturbed.

"It moves!" whispered one of the gendarmes, in a less noble tone than that in which Galileo may be supposed to have said *e pur si muove!*

The head of the little poodle, itself as white as snow, was seen as he struggled to push on one side the lumps of ice which partially blocked up the passage.

"Seize the little beast and wring its neck. It will bark when it sees us," whispered the officer of police.

The quickest of the three gendarmes executed the

order, and wrung the neck of poor little Jan as readily—indeed, much more readily—than he would have blown his nose.

Wilenski's little favourite uttered one cry and was dead; but that one cry was heard by its master.

"Jan! Jan! what is the matter? Stefan, are you there?" he called out, as he hurried on towards the mouth of the passage.

"He calls for Stefan," observed the police officer to himself. "I must remember that."

"Now then," he said, in a hoarse whisper to the gendarmes, "down upon him. Use your bayonets if necessary, but do not on any account shoot him."

Wilenski has been spoken of emphatically as a conspirator of experience. He was not the man, then, to lose his presence of mind, and—for instance—to fire at an enemy merely because he had been provoked by him. He understood the art of reserving his fire, and saw that a shot aimed at one of the gendarmes who now stood ready to seize him would be worse than wasted.

The first thing he thought of was not how to save himself, but how to save his associates and the secret of the subterranean passage to the monastery, where the few papers relating to the organization of the insurrectionary movement were kept. He turned his head round, and called out in French, "Back, Stanislas! back, Eugène! retreat and burn the bridge!"

"I shall stay," said Ferrari. "We are discovered. I will share your fate."

"Back, madman! Pull him back, Eugène! He will ruin everything."

Eugène was not a conspirator of experience, but he was a conspirator of natural genius, and understood that nothing was so absurd as to be heroic at the wrong time.

"Do you think I am on a bed of roses?" he said reproachfully to Ferrari, after he had forced him to turn round and follow him on his way back to the monastery. "Do I not feel the pain of remaining quietly here, while poor Wilenski, at twenty yards' distance, is in the hands of those savages?"

Wilenski, however, was not yet in the hands of the savages. He tried to get up a parley with his captors before resigning himself finally into their power.

"Come out, and let your accomplices come out too," cried the police officer.

"Then call off your men; I don't want to be shot like a rabbit in a warren."

"Come out, or you will be pricked with the bayonet."

"Call your men off, and I will be out in a moment."

"I make no terms with rebels," said the police officer in a tone of great magnificence.

"Seize him," he called out at last; "and, if he tries to escape, bayonet him."

"No; I will give myself up," said Wilenski, seeing clearly that he had now nothing else to do.

Thereupon he crawled out, stood up, stretched himself, and, looking hard at the police officer, said to him: "I saw you before this morning, and I shall know you now whatever disguise you put on."

"You threaten me! The criminal, on being arrested, used threats and menaces. I shall remember that at your examination."

"You will remember it afterwards as well," said Wilenski who calculated that Ferrari, and the officer

called Eugène, had now had time to proceed a considerable distance on their retreat, and for his own part was beginning to lose his temper. Unfortunately, too, his eyes fell on the carcass of poor little Jan.

"You are looking at your dog—your faithful dog, who betrayed you?"

"It is only dogs, and sons of dogs like you, who betray men," replied Wilenski.

"Let us pacify him, captain," cried several of the gendarmes. "It is a sin to let him speak as he does."

"Where are your accomplices?" demanded the police officer.

"My friends are where you will never find them," answered Wilenski.

"Go in after them and bring them out!" said the police officer.

Wilenski replied only with a look of contempt.

"Drive him in with the bayonet," he cried, addressing one of the gendarmes. "You will be followed by a sufficient force."

Wilenski drew a revolver and presented it at the man. "Come one step nearer and I fire," he said. The man continued to approach, and Wilenski shot him through the head.

The two other gendarmes now fired at the same time at Wilenski, who fell mortally wounded.

He opened his mouth, closed it, murmured, "Poor Thecla!" and died.

The thirty or forty gendarmes who had remained outside now came crowding into the ice-house. The officer was in a tremendous rage.

"What a couple of bungling blockheads you are!" he exclaimed. "Why the deuce did you kill him? What do you mean by it? I will have you put under arrest; I will have you flogged! One of the chief robbers in the revolutionary government! I would have forced him to tell everything. I would have skinned him alive rather than that he should have remained silent. And now!"

The police officer looked at the scarcely dead body of poor Wilenski, and shed a tear. It was probably the first time that he had felt moved in the presence of death. "O my promotion!" he said to himself. "But for those accursed shots I might have been a colonel, and have won the order of St. George. At present I shall scarcely get made a major, and shall have to put up with the cross of St. Anne."

It was now useless to think of pursuing Ferrari. The gendarmes would pretend that they were unable to make their way along the passage, and it was probable that the conspirators had already discovered some means of rendering it impracticable.

In fact, that very evening, Eugène, Ferrari, and a few others made an expedition along the passage, taking with them some half-dozen small barrels of tar, one of which they deposited at only a few yards' distance from the entrance opening into the ice-house. The others, connected by tarred ropes, were laid down at intervals of a few yards; and finally they were all set light to at once by means of a train of gunpowder, which Eugène fired from a point about half way through the passage.

To this point a sufficient number of stones were carried to form a solid barricade, quite strong enough to resist any attack except a very serious one made on engineering principles.

Indeed, as soon as Boutkovitch—for he it was who had commanded the little expedition against the Revolutionary Committee—had sent in his report of “the affair of the ice-house,” as, to give it additional interest, he chose to call it, a party of sappers were ordered to explore the mysterious passage. But on reaching the ice-house, and finding that a volcanic kind of smoke, and all sorts of pestiferous fumes were issuing from its mouth, they made profane suppositions as to the origin of the fire which was evidently burning within.

A fire-engine was sent for, and some tons of water were thrown into the passage. This extinguished the fire up to a certain point where a slight turning commenced; but the damp was, if anything, worse than the dry smoke, and the mouth of the passage was more than ever like the crater of a volcano.

The officer in charge of the sappers was passionately fond of his profession, and finding it quite impossible to enter the passage, proposed, by a system of his own invention, to blow it up so many yards at a time. But this would have involved the destruction of a number of very fine houses, and the idea, excellent as it was, had to be abandoned.

All that could be done for the present was to block up the entrance hermetically. Some days afterwards the passage, still reeking with smoke and stench, was explored, the half-way barrier destroyed, and the convent reached. But the room on the basement to which the passage led did not seem to have been used for years; nor did it appear to have any connection with the rest of the building.

The conspirators had no doubt held meetings there, but whether with or without the consent of the convent authorities could not be determined. At least nothing could be proved on the subject.

The house porter, arrested in connection with “the affair of the ice-house,” was examined in presence of Boutkovitch himself; but nothing could be made of him. Stefan was one of those obstinate criminals who will admit nothing. Boutkovitch spoke very civilly to him; visited him in his cell; gave him tea and cigars; explained to him that nothing he said now could do the least harm to Wilenski, inasmuch as Wilenski was dead; and swore to him that, before dying, he had confessed everything.

Then, as this had no effect, he changed his tack. He had the unhappy Stefan violently beaten; visited and questioned him again; caused him to be beaten again, and this time within an inch of his life; paid him another visit to see whether he had repented; and finally, when his bruised and lacerated back had been reduced to a condition of pulp, was obliged—lest, like Wilenski, he should sink into the position of being unable to answer any questions at all—to send him to the hospital, where we will leave the poor fellow to his sorrows and his sores.

As for Ferrari, his chief business, after lighting the pitch-fires in the subterranean passage, was to forward his long-meditated telegram to London.

Eugène had an innocent, or at least an unsuspected, cousin named Kalyeko, who played the part of sender; and the message was addressed, not to the bootmaker of Long Acre, who for telegraphic purposes was now a lost man, but to the landlady of the house where he had lodged in London, with a request that she would

communicate it instantly to his friend Leon—“Jan-kowski” understood.

The telegram was as follows:—“From Kalyeko, Warsaw, to Mary Andrews, 8, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, London. No advices. Send letters. Leather will be at Oracow in three days. Show this immediately to Mr. Leon.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXPECTATION.

In the mean while the son and daughter at 41 Street of the Capucins had spent the afternoon and evening in the most painful state of anxiety.

Artillery was constantly passing through the streets. All the squares and public places were occupied by infantry. Lancers and Hussars trotted past; and Cossacks and Circassians whipped their way not only along the road, but also along the footpath, driving harmless, or at least, for the time being, inoffensive pedestrians, before them like cattle. Low, brutal tyranny was more rampant in Warsaw than ever. Tyranny visible and conspicuous to the naked eye; tyranny, moreover, that, in the most literal sense, could be felt.

Five, six, seven o'clock struck, and still the children had no news of their father.

“When will he come!” exclaimed Thecla, despondently.

“Shall I go and look for him?” said Adam. “But he ordered me to wait. He will be vexed if he comes home and finds that I am not here.”

“No; do not leave me,” answered Thecla. “But it is alarming to think how long he has been absent. What o'clock is it now? Something is striking. Is it eight?”

“No, my dear sister, it is nine.”

Thecla burst into tears.

“Calm yourself, Thecla; he will be here directly. And you have nothing ready for him; how hungry he will be! I am quite sure he has eaten nothing all the time he has been away.”

“How forgetful of me! I have nothing prepared. He will be quite exhausted; I must get out some wine. A glass of Bordeaux will do him good. Poor papa! how he does exert himself; and then he goes for hours without touching anything. There he is!—no!—yes! I am sure that is our dog. That is Jan's bark, is it not, Adam?”

“I hear a dog barking, but it is not Jan. How it does moan!”

“It is fearful. What can have happened to it? I cannot bear to hear it. O father! father! why do you not come?”

She threw herself on to the sofa, and buried her face in her hands. Adam went to her and endeavoured to console her.

“What o'clock is that?” she asked, some time afterwards. “It is eleven. He must have left Warsaw. But he would not have gone into the country without sending us word. No, he would never do such a thing. If anything could make me angry with him it would be that.”

“You frighten yourself without cause, Thecla,” said her brother. “If father is a little late you always fancy that he has been arrested, and is going to be sent to Siberia again.”

“You also are agitated, Adam, or you would not be so pale.”

"I am agitated on your account, Thecla."

"Ah!" said Thecla, "it is striking eleven, and he has been out since half-past eight this morning. At twelve, if he has not come home, I shall go out and look for him."

Twelve o'clock struck. Thecla, now in a state of fever, went for her bonnet.

"Thecla," said her brother, "do not think of going out. It would be the maddest thing in the world. No one must know that at this late hour he is not at home. Ah! there is a ring at the bell."

"At last!" exclaimed Thecla, joyfully; "and I have forgotten to make his tea. How stupid I am!"

"Stop where you are," said Adam. "Let me go by myself. It is no doubt father; but in Warsaw who can be certain of anything?"

He went downstairs, and half a minute afterwards returned like a ghost. He went up to his sister, threw his arms round her neck, and clasped her head to his breast.

"I know all, my poor Adam," sobbed Thecla. "He has been arrested and sent to Siberia again, and you—you think I am not strong enough to bear the news."

"Worse than Siberia, my darling," answered Adam.

"Worse than Siberia!" exclaimed Thecla, with a look of horror. "Ah! then he is dead!"

Adam thought Thecla would have fallen into a fit; but she displayed great courage. She felt that her brother also had his burden of grief to bear, and resolved, as far as it was in her power, to do nothing that could increase it.

After a few minutes Thecla said, with comparative calmness, "It was they who killed him. He knew that some day he would die that death."

Adam then showed her a paper which had been brought to him by a gendarme, and on which it was laconically set forth that the body of Sigismund Wilenski, killed in the act of resisting the lawful authorities, was lying at the station of the seventh police district, and that its interment was ordered for the next day at twelve.

At this moment a tap was heard at the door of the room in which they were sitting.

"It is the gendarme," said Adam. "I forgot he was still here."

The gendarme wanted a trifle for something to drink.

Adam gave it him, shut the door, and for the rest of the night thought only of consoling his sister, who, on her side, thought only of consoling her brother.

(To be continued.)

SECRETS IN CIPHERS.

SOME few years ago one could not take up a "Times" newspaper many consecutive days without encountering, at the head of the third column, a paragraph or two of greater or less length, which were not only unintelligible to ordinary eyes, but utterly unpronounceable by mortal tongue. Some of them read for instance thus: *byqzftvda rmfp nlymf*, and so on, through eight or ten lines of the small print. Others avoided or renounced the letters of the alphabet altogether, and were couched only in such other typographical signs as the printer has at his command, and piqued our curiosity with such displays as $\dagger * - \$ ' \ddagger || \ddagger ; 8 \times$,

also to an indefinite length: and again a third class of them dealt only in figures, proclaiming their secret to the expectant correspondent in such terms as 52385 4796 13854637.

A glance at the mode in which these ciphers are sometimes constructed may not be uninteresting. The simplest form is that in which the letter preceding or following it in the alphabet is used instead of that intended to be read. Thus, in the latter case, the words "come to-morrow" would be represented by "*dpmf wpmwpw*." We give this, however, only as an illustration, as no person advertising in the public prints would be silly enough to resort to a puzzle known to almost every schoolboy. The difficulty is but slightly increased when the alphabet is reversed, when *s* represents *a*, *y* stands for *b*, and so on; but when an arbitrary exchange is made of the several letters, it will take a decipherer much more time to get possession of the key. But even in that case, success, with perseverance, is certain. The first step towards discovery consists in guessing at certain short words and rejecting the suppositions which prove to be false. The words of our language consisting of two or three letters only are not very numerous, and however disguised, will not long remain undiscovered. Success with one word renders the solution of the next easier, and the inquirer has rarely to plod through more than a couple of lines before the entire riddle becomes patent. The difficulty is not enhanced a whit by the substitution of arbitrary characters instead of letters.

The following is a list of the characters sometimes used, and they are evidently selected because they are to be found among the types of the printer. We will place them in the order in which they may be supposed to stand, to represent the entire alphabet, thus: *1a + b 8c *d ae - f § g ; h ¶ i ak || l 5 m ¶ n 2o & p . q ¶ r ¶ s × t : u + v w . x (y = z*. A communication in this character looks very difficult, but the difficulty is more apparent than real. The following short sentence, for instance, seems inexplicable—(2.¶ *a+×¶)¶|||+a&1†*×252¶¶2). If the reader tries to get at the sense of it, without referring to the key, he will probably fail, unless he have been well used to such experiments; but an old hand at deciphering would pause but a short time over it before he had mastered its signification. He would go to work in this way: passing the first two words of four and five letters, he would note that the third and fourth were composed of four and two; the third has the two last letters alike, and he would not be long in discovering, by reference to the context, and comparison with other terminations, that these final letters are double *l*. But what are the other two letters? Is it the word *tell*, *fall*, *all*, *bell*, or *will*? How is he to find out? He examines the other words, and sees that one of them, having eight letters, ends with the same that begins the third; further, he observes that one of its letters is repeated once, and another of them twice. There are very few words that will answer to this description: he tries a few, and soon hits upon the word "to-morrow," which gives *w* for its own final letter and the initial of the third. The third is therefore either *will* or *well*, and he settles that the fourth is *be*. Recurring now to the first word, he finds that of its four letters he has deciphered two, *o* and *r*, and he feels pretty sure that the whole word is *your*. The sentence now reads to him, "Your—will be—to-morrow." We need not follow the process by which he fills up the blanks, and arrives at the information that the unknown correspondent's *debts* will be *paid*, and the unfortunate man may emerge from his hiding-place and return to his disconsolate family.

Ciphers comprised wholly of figures present a greater difficulty, but a difficulty which is quite as sure to be surmounted in the end by a persevering investigator. The puzzle seems unfathomable at

first sight, from the fact that there are but ten figures to represent the entire alphabet of twenty-six letters. This formidable obstacle is however easily got over. In constructing a figured cipher, the alphabet is first cut down by the rejection of useless letters, and the figures are doubled, or nearly so, in number, by using one of them as a prefix only. For instance, the alphabet, in its simplest figured form, might stand thus: 2a 3b 4c 5d 6e 7f 8g 9i 0l 12m 13n 14o 15p 16r 17s and s 18t 19u 10w; the letter c would be used instead of k, and the sign ' would serve for the h. Written in this character, poor Richard's homely maxim, "Haste makes waste," would stand thus: 217186 1224617 10217186. It may be conceived that even in this, the simplest form, the deciphering of a document of which the key was not known would be a work of sufficient labour; but that labour is infinitely increased when the figures, instead of standing seriatim in the key, are irregularly mixed, and the prefix is perhaps doubled or trebled. But precautions still more ingenious and complex are sometimes taken to prevent discovery. Thus, in figured ciphers it may happen that the prefix may be made to occupy certain situations indicating to the initiated that the word in which it occurs is a word of no signification, but mere nonsense; or it may indicate that such word carries a negative before it, and is to be understood in an opposite sense.

It seems odd to assert that all these ingenious devices stand open to discovery; but nothing is more certain than the fact that it is impossible for any man to devise a riddle of this kind, which another, with leisure and opportunity at his command, shall not be able to solve. So well is this fact known and recognized among those interested politically in secret communication, that the use of ciphers, obviously such, began to fall into disrepute even more than a century ago. It was found that, however complex the literal puzzles contrived, men were to be found, who, having made the art of deciphering their study, were always ready and able to translate them into intelligible language. It was this conviction, probably, which gave rise to a new class of ciphers, not obviously such, but to all appearance letters of courtesy or ordinary business, which, even if they fell into the hands of open or concealed enemies, conveyed no information, and if they were not forwarded to their destination, were at least cast aside or destroyed as worthless. These letters were variously contrived. In some, the first period was a key to all that followed. Thus, if the missive began, "Since the tenth of last month I have not received a line from you," the correspondent would understand that as the first word contained five letters, the fifth word in the following paragraph would be the first of the real communication; the second word containing three letters pointed to the eighth word as the next to be read; the third, containing five, pointed to the thirteenth, and so on. The construction of such letters as these must have been a work of considerable study and ingenuity, as it was necessary to make them read intelligibly, and to convey some surface information independent of their secret contents; and if this were done in a clumsy manner, and the missive fell into hostile hands, suspicion would be excited, and perhaps its real purport be discovered.

After the expulsion, or rather flight of James II. from his kingdom, the Jacobites, who plotted day and night to bring about his return, racked their brains incessantly in contriving the means of secret communication. They resorted to sympathetic inks, by the use of which the real writing remained invisible, while a complex cipher, written between the lines in black ink, but which had really no signification, was made use of to perplex the decipherers. It was a device of this description that was made use of by Mary of Modena, in behalf of James, in 1690, when she des-

patched her treasonable papers sewn up in the buttons of her two spies, Fuller and Crone. Fuller, a traitor to the Jacobites, carried his letters at once to William at Kensington. Ostensibly they contained nothing of importance; but on the application of a testing liquid, words of the gravest import became legible. Crone was sought out and arrested, was tried and condemned to death, and only saved his life by a confession which inculpated the guilty parties.

Another device of the Jacobites was that of writing in parables. This was playing the game of treason at a cheap rate; because, though the purport of such letters might be easily guessed, the crime of the writer remained incapable of legal proof. Macaulay, in his "History," gives some samples of this kind of correspondence. One of the letters, couched in the "cant of the law," ran thus: "There is hope that Mr. Jackson will soon recover his estate. The new landlord is a hard man, and has set the freeholders against him. A little matter would redeem the whole property. The opinions of the best counsel were in Mr. Jackson's favour. All that was necessary was that he should himself appear in Westminster Hall. The final hearing ought to be before the close of Easter Term." The real signification of this is too obvious to escape recognition by the simplest reader; but yet it is not actionable in law. Mr. Jackson of course is James II.; his estate is the kingdom; the new landlord is William; the freeholders are the men of property and so on—the whole being an invitation to James to make a descent on the coast with a French army ("a little matter") before the end of Easter.

Another device of that time was one which conferred the signification of a missive to certain letters only, and which could only be discovered by the person who had the key. Thus, if it was required to inform a prisoner that his accomplice, on being tried in court, had not betrayed him, it might be done by the following lines, inserted as the second or third paragraph, according to agreement beforehand.

"I have but time for a few words. Rejoicing that you are so well treated, I hope to hear that you are better. Can you not write soon? even a word will be welcome to your poor wife. So soon as I hear from you I shall communicate with your friends. If Sarah comes to London, I may accompany her to see you. This is not certain, and may not take place. I know little news, though much is stirring; but I live much secluded. If Harry were here, he, I warrant, would know all. Venn came last night and desired to be remembered to you; if good wishes could set you free you would soon be at liberty."

The secret information contained in the above paragraph is far more secure from discovery than anything written in cipher. The governor of the gaol, who had read it, would in most cases unhesitatingly pass it to his prisoner without suspicion; but the prisoner, who knew the key, would also in a few minutes know, by simply reading and putting together every third letter after a stop, that his accomplice Jones said nothing on his trial that could implicate him—a piece of information which the governor of the gaol would, in a case of treason, be the last person to impart.

To what extent ciphers are used by spies, plotters, traitors, warriors, and diplomatists we are in no condition to affirm—our experience lying out of the walk of diplomacy of all kinds. We shall close our notice of this curious subject with a puzzle which was inscribed over the tables of the decalogue in a country church, and is said to have remained undiscovered for two hundred years, and which any reader, who feels that he can conscientiously expend time on such an object, may solve at his leisure. It runs thus:

Prsvryprftcmnvrkphsprecptsta.



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

DUKE WILLIAM.

We crossed the blue channel with keels all a row,
 With pennoncelles flying, and broadsword and bow;
 We saw fade behind us the fields of fair France,
 While a new sun was gleaming on corslet and lance:
 Though the Normandy maidens for lovers might sigh,
 We sailed with Duke William to conquer or die!
 We landed at Pevensey, far on the lea
 Our Northmen came trooping in crowds from the sea;
 And our ships back again o'er the waters we drave,
 That no hope for the dastard might come from the wave;
 And we marched where the Saxons, both freemen and churl,
 Were gathered for battle with Harold the Earl.
 We knelt us at vespers, and litanies said,
 And chanted the mass for the souls of the dead,
 While the wind bore the shout of the Saxon along,
 As he feasted, unshriven, with wassail and song.
 Wot ye well there were blows dealt ere night came again,
 And the awful Valkyria made choice of the slain.
 The morn broke in splendours of crimson and gold,
 As bright as our banners before it unrolled;
 The son of Earl Godwin came gallantly down,
 With many a Saxon who fought for his crown.
 Then straight to the saddle Duke William he sprang
 With one leap, and his voice over Senlac outrang.

"Dex aide! now my men let your axes strike true,
 "And carve out a path for the sons of old Rou:
 "The broad lands of England are yours ere the night,
 "And the gain of a kingdom shall guerdon the fight;
 "When the blood of the Saxon runs red on the sod,
 "Neath the gonfalon blessed by the vicar of God!"

Then onward to battle, the lust of the strife
 In our veins thrilling strong, through the red wine of life;
 While we sang with the minstrel the heart-stirring strain,
 The song of our Roland and great Charlemagne;
 And the sound of the onset was deep as the roar
 Of the Maelstrom that thunders on Norrway shore.

The blazon of Gournay was dark on the field,
 And silver the saltire on Nevil's proud shield;
 The lion of Talbot drank deeply of blood,
 As he pressed where the Saxons most stubbornly stood;
 And high o'er the rest, 'mid the waves of the war,
 The cross of Duke William was blazing afar.

If the Normans were faithful, the Saxons were strong,
 The wind of the battle went roaring along;
 And our foes bent before it, as leaves on the blast
 Are scattered and spent, yet the trunk bideth fast;
 Even so stood Earl Harold.—The arrow was sped,
 And that night upon Senlac we counted the dead.

We camped on the battle-plain hard by the place
Where Harold had fallen, the last of his race.
Where we planted the standard a fair abbey stands,
And the curfew rings out o'er the wide forest lands;
So we paid mother church. And there holy men sing,
"Praise to God who made Normandy's William our
king."

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN,

CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

A FEW weeks ago a party of empty-headed young Englishmen, described as Oxford students, found themselves at Dinan in Brittany, where they committed an outrage which brought one of their number before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. The statue of the Constable du Guesclin, the brave enemy of English rule in France, was made the object of an unseemly jest, for his share in which the individual who had the misfortune to be caught was properly condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment. The culprit did not seem to know that Du Guesclin is revered in France, especially in Brittany, as one of the greatest of national heroes; and we have no doubt there are many, even among educated people, equally uninformed in French history. We insert for their benefit the following sketch of Bertrand du Guesclin, confining ourselves chiefly to his youthful days.

To any person who looks upon the map of France, the province of Bretagne, or Brittany, will appear at once as in a manner divided and isolated from the remainder of the French kingdom, surrounded as it is on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth by a range of hills. In its maritime and mountainous aspect it bears no slight resemblance to our own dukedom of Cornwall; and so much alike are the inhabitants in appearance and manners, even in language, that a common origin and a common ancestry is accorded to both. The Welsh, the Cornishmen, and the Bretons are descendants of the ancient Cymry, who peopled England ere its conquest by the Romans, and who at the time of that invasion fled for safety to such remote districts as, by their inaccessible nature and contiguity to the sea, promised a safe and a lasting refuge.

And such indeed the three countries named did prove; since fourteen hundred years after the Roman conquest found their inhabitants a distinct people, who in manners, customs, and speech, differed in all respects from their neighbours and supposed compatriots.

The Welsh had yielded their nationality to the conquering arms of Edward III., and called his eldest son their prince; the Cornishmen had long ceased to demand an independent government, although they still retained many privileges of their own; but Bretagne, although paying a nominal fealty to France, possessed an almost independent sovereignty, which was at the time of which we now write hotly contested by the ill-fated Charles of Blois and Jean de Montfort, a protégé of the English king.

In the midst of much strife, therefore, and trouble, our hero was born. His father, the Sieur Robert du Guesclin, had married a Norman lady, Jeanne de Malemains, celebrated for her beauty, although her history would not imply that the qualities of her heart and temper equalled those of her person. Ten children were born to them, four sons and six daughters, the eldest, Bertrand, being named after his godfather, Sir Bertrand de St. Pern. But long before this event, and soon after her marriage, the Lady du Guesclin had a strange dream, which according to the opinion of that age was deemed a vision of the future, and which was certainly most singularly fulfilled. In this dream she seemed in possession of a box containing

the likenesses of herself and husband, and composed of three diamonds, three emeralds, three pearls, and one large rough pebble, the latter however being so unsightly and so ugly that she desired to have it removed. But the workman urged her not only to allow it to remain, but if possible to bestow more care upon it than on any of the others. This she seemed to do, and after a time, when she had herself rubbed it much, this despised stone became the most splendid diamond she had ever seen.

Jeanne du Guesclin was a beautiful woman, proud and vain of her beauty; it was a bitter blow therefore to her when her eldest son proved plain almost to repulsiveness.

Bertrand was low in stature, with shoulders far too large to be proportioned to the short and crooked body, which was only redeemed by its immense strength and muscular development. His head was what we should now term bullet-shaped; his nose retroussé; his skin dark as that of the founder of his family, *Glav Hakim*, the Moor; his eyes were green, a colour, which however admired by the Spaniards, is but little esteemed by other nations. Add to this long arms, and awkward, though well-shaped feet and hands, and surely a more ungainly hero, and a more unprepossessing child cannot well be imagined.

Young Bertrand, too, was always in mischief and in trouble; children of his own age feared his strong hand and overbearing manner, while his instructors, male and female alike, despaired of imparting to him any knowledge, useful or ornamental. At seven years old he had established a lawless independence, and roamed over his father's estate of Motte Brun, followed by all the barefooted peasant lads, with whom the young lord fought with fists and sticks, or headed in assaults upon the neighbouring orchards.

Sir Robert was rarely at home, for the war engrossed his whole time and thoughts; and his wife strangely neglected or mismanaged her eldest son, contenting herself with the daily exclamation that "he was a changeling elf, and no offspring of hers;" and desiring that he might be drowned in the castle moat, or in some similar spot, so that the handsome Olivier, his next brother, might reign in his stead.

What wonder if under such influences the boy grew more and more intractable, until one day, rushing in upon the well-ordered dinner, he commanded the younger children to give place to him, threatening them with the heavy hand which was but too well accustomed to such contests. His brothers and sisters shrunk away, and then he helped himself to the meat, and spilled the wine, in so rude a manner, that his enraged mother ordered him to quit the room, and declared that she would have him beaten until the blood came; and when, in starting up, Bertrand upset the table and all its belongings, the frantic woman called herself the "unhappy parent of a clown and a cowherd, a disgrace to the name and line of Du Guesclin."

But this unseemly quarrel was suddenly ended by the appearance of a pious and learned nun, the daughter of a Jewish physician, who, notwithstanding her vows—not then so strict as they subsequently became—continued to practise the art of healing, in which she was much skilled. This lady was highly esteemed and held in great honour, and the mistress of the castle hastened to restore the hall into something like order for the reception of her guest.

The nun's quick eye soon fell upon the torn, dirty, ragged, and ugly child, who lay in sullen silence upon the floor; and she spoke to him in so gentle and tender manner, that Bertrand in his surprise fancied that she must be mocking him, and threatened to strike her. Nothing disconcerted, the kindly woman talked to him more and more tenderly, until softened at last, the child met her advances with such animation and

delight, as almost transfigured the ugly and repulsive face, and so charmed and astonished the nun, that she declared that nothing but want of faith in his own powers would prevent his becoming the greatest man of his time.

This prophecy excited nothing but amusement and scorn in the minds of the bystanders—the seneschal especially jeered at the prediction, and at the grave attention which had settled upon his young master's face. "This child," said he, "is the most unruly and misbehaved boy in the world. Little hope of such as he."

These remarks, joined to the coarse garments and sun-burnt visage of the lad himself, induced the lady to believe him some outcast child, living on the charity of the house. What therefore was her surprise when her hostess, with bitter grief, stated that he was her own and eldest son, who in consequence of his wildness, disobedience, and ferocity, was daily expected to bring dishonour and shame upon himself and his family.

"Not so," replied the nun. "Be not weary of this child. He will yet be the first man in France, and the glory of the kingdom."

New feelings, those of hope and affection, now sprang up in Bertrand's heart; and his devotion and attention to his new friend, while she remained at the castle, were comical in their rough gallantry, but inexpressibly mournful in their meaning, when we reflect upon the wretched and lonely life which this noble child must have led, ere he could have been so grateful for a single kind word.

His mother watched the change, and heard his polite speeches with outspoken wonder; saying she could never be sufficiently grateful to her visitor for the change which she had wrought in her apparently hopeless son. Bertrand sharply replied: "Mother, fruit which ripens not, is good for nothing: that which ripens slowly, is always good." Whereupon, more and more astonished, the Lady du Guesclin related her never-forgotten dream of the jewels.

The nun immediately seized upon it as a confirmation of her own opinions, and a presage of Bertrand's future greatness; declaring, that while his three brothers resembled the diamonds, and his six sisters the emeralds and pearls, he himself was, without doubt, the rough pebble which should in the end eclipse them all.

In consequence of this prophecy and confident assurance, Bertrand received for the future a little better treatment at home, was considered as the heir, and was not so persistently neglected by his parents as had hitherto been the case.

But although the nun's words had turned the boy's ardent feelings into a better direction, they were powerless to change his nature; and his activity being allowed no suitable outlet, he was continually breaking free from restraint, and joining the peasants in their rough sports and wrestling-matches, where, at the expense of many a sound thrashing and much home anger, he greatly increased his powers of endurance, fortitude, and courage.

Being on one occasion reproved by his kind friend the nun for his choice of companions and of weapons, he answered—

"Holy dame, I would not act thus, did I possess either lance or horse; but my father will give me none."

"Come to my cell when you are cured," said the nun—for the lad was all battered and bleeding from a recent contest—"and see what heaven will provide."

And when, as may be expected, he eagerly responded to this invitation, she gave him money to purchase a lance and a pony, which for a time afforded him full employment and amusement.

But the warlike spirit could not long be restrained within such moderate limits; and Bertrand, who was now fourteen years old, and strong as an ox, was

found so much more than a match for any of the villagers, that complaints rained in upon Sir Robert from parents whose sons had been beaten, maimed, or otherwise disfigured in their combats with the young heir.

Du Guesclin raged and swore; first imposed a fine upon all such combatants as ventured to encounter his son; and then, finding this law of no avail, at last locked up the turbulent youth in his own room.

Here Bertrand remained for four months, with what weariness and heart-sickness we may well imagine. In vain he strove to induce his jailor (one of the female servants) to release him. The woman refused; and after having formed a thousand unsuccessful plans, he at last seized and bound her as she was bringing in his dinner, and taking the keys from her trembling hand, left her a prisoner in his stead; while with the joyfulness of recovered liberty, he rushed through the castle and the court-yard into the fields, where he found a cart-horse, upon which, without saddle or bridle, he rode off at once to the house of an aunt who lived at Rennes. This good lady received her wild nephew with distress of mind and many reproaches; but her husband, a brave old soldier, who had long thought the lad mismanaged, and hardly treated at home, gave him a hearty welcome, exclaiming—

"There is here no lack of good wine and meat; thou shalt share them as long as they hold out."

Added to which, he gave Bertrand what the lad prized much more—many an hour's training in the varied knowledge befitting a warrior and a knight.

Brittany, like Cornwall, was then greatly celebrated for its wrestling matches—another great distinction between that and the surrounding provinces, for the true Frenchman has never any taste for this noble science.

When Bertrand had been at Rennes about three months, one of these matches was announced, and he was of course anxious to attend it. Equally, of course, his aunt objected; and, as it was Sunday, she insisted upon his accompanying her to the parish church.

Very few of the Latin prayers could Bertrand at any time understand; but upon that particular morning he made no effort to fix his mind upon his devotions, and when his aunt's head was bowed and her face covered, the wild boy crept from her side and from the church, and hurried to the ring.

He was recognized, and entreated, nothing loath, to join in the fray, secrecy being of course enjoined and promised. The brawny champion of the lists, who had that day vanquished a dozen antagonists, naturally enough despised his boyish opponent. Bertrand, however, like a true hero, overthrew this mighty wrestler, and gained, though he dared not accept it, the prize of the conflict—a cap and feathers. This victory was, however, won at a heavy cost; for in the final throw the boy injured his knee so seriously, that he became at once insensible, and continued so ill from the effect, that he was forced to keep his bed for some days.

Of course the escapade now became known, and his bad qualities were bemoaned, and he himself well scolded; and, we will hope, also pitied and comforted.

During this illness his uncle made peace for him at home; and upon his recovery, the young eagle, for such was his cognizance and such his nature, rode back—not this time upon a cart-horse—to Motte Brun, where a somewhat more amiable reception awaited him, his own improved manners showing that his kind relatives' instructions had not been thrown away; since ugly and uncouth as he still was, and must always remain, some of the roughness of the pebble was already beginning to wear off, and the dazzling brightness of the hidden jewel to appear.

(To be concluded in our next.)



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AMERICAN POETS.

I.—SIGOURNEY—COKE—LONGFELLOW—POE.

THE literature of a great people does not always make equal progress with their political and social civilisation, for it is necessarily of slow growth, and has great difficulties to overcome. This is especially the case when a nation has been formed, like the United States of America, from the colonists of an old empire, and has much to do in the way of self-government and new organisation. And yet the Americans have made rapid progress in literature, owing in part to the traditions of the mother country, but chiefly to that wonderful and untiring energy for which their national life is distinguished. They have made conspicuous progress, too, in poetry, and that because the poetical literature of a people in songs and ballads is always their earliest literary effort, and their aspirations are cast in that form in preference to prose.

The ballad literature of America, produced during the Indian, French, and Revolutionary wars, is highly interesting, with some distinctively national features; and some of the earliest settlers seem to have been endowed with the gift of song. But we shall pass over the writers of the early period of American life, and come to the poets of more recent times; not only because they are more worthy of attention on account of their intrinsic merits but because they are more

particularly typical of life and thought on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mrs. Sigourney, born in the latter part of the last century, may be taken as a typical American poet, as her muse dwelt especially on national subjects, and she was essentially a cultivated and accomplished New England lady. Previous to her marriage with Mr. Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, she had published a selection from her writings, in prose and verse, which was well received, and led to much literary work on various periodicals. One of the most voluminous of American authors, she has published from forty to fifty different volumes; and although her prose writings are marked by thought and some elegance of style, her shorter poems are those by which she has obtained the most extended reputation. Her "Indian Names" is a fair specimen of her style and choice of subject.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forest where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.
'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,

Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On queen Virginia's breast.

* * *
Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass—
A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the *soul's* blood may not cry.
From that far land to him?

Some of this authoress's sacred poems are very beautiful. "Her Genius," says Professor Wilson, "was inspired by Faith." And seeing that patriotism was another source of her inspiration, it will be confessed that her poetic feeling was drawn from noble influences.

Besides Mrs. Sigourney, many American authors have written hymns and sacred poems that will bear comparison with any productions of the kind. There is an Epiphany hymn by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

Lord, when thou didst come from Heaven,
Edom sought thee from afar,
With her golden incense given,
By the leading of a star;
Westward then from Eden guiding,
Was the light of Bethlehem shed;
Like the pillar'd blaze abiding
O'er the wandering Hebrew's head.

* * *
Westward, where from giant fountains,
Oregon comes down in floods,
Westward to Missouri's mountains,
Or to wild Iowa's woods:
Where the broad Arkansas goeth,
Winding o'er savannahs wide;
Where, beyond old Huron, floweth
Many a strong eternal tide.

* * *
Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God.
Westward—till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild-wood arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.

The minor minstrels of America need no notice here; they are as numerous as minor German poets: but we must now come to the best-known and most popular American poet, both in this country and his own, Professor Longfellow. Few poets have a wider reputation, and Longfellow is famous not only as a poet, but as a teacher and man of letters. As it is our wish to present specimens and biographies of those poets whose names and writings are not so familiar to English ears as they deserve to be, we shall only briefly mention some points in Longfellow's biography, his writings being so widely known as to need little comment here. Born in Portland, Maine, in 1807—and educated at Bowdoin College—at the early age of twenty-eight, H. W. Longfellow became professor of languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College, and travelled for a year in Europe to qualify himself fully for the office. The whole of his life has been devoted to the duties of his professorship and to literary work; and he has published many volumes both of poetry and prose. His "Golden Legend" is perhaps his finest effort in poetry, and "Hyperion" in prose. All his writings show him to be a man of great culture and refinement, and yet he can hardly be said to be a poet of the highest order. Such poems, however, as "My Lost Youth" and "Sandalphon," and some parts of his longer poems, will always secure

for his name a place of honour in the roll of American poets.

We may recall to the reader's mind the passage about the sea from the "Golden Legend."

It is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity,
Fading and darkening in the distance!
Silent, majestic, and slow,
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world,
Haunt the dim confines of existence!
But ah! how few can comprehend
Their signals, or to what good end
From land to land they come and go!
Upon a sea more vast and dark
The spirits of the dead embark,
All voyaging to unknown coasts.
We wave our farewells from the shore,
And they depart and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

A man of a very different stamp comes next to Longfellow, an author of far finer and more brilliant powers.

Edgar Allan Poe, the most thoroughly and spontaneously original poetic genius that America ever produced, came of a good family in Maryland, and was born in Baltimore, in January, 1811. His grandfather had served in the Revolution, and been a friend of Lafayette. On the death of his parents, at an early age, he was adopted by a Mr. Allan, a rich Virginian merchant, and taken with him in 1816 to England, where he was sent to school for four or five years. When eleven years old he returned home, and entered at Charlottesville University, which, however, he left somewhat under a cloud, and afterwards wandered for a year in Europe, of which time, however, he never would give any account. On again returning home he quarrelled with his benefactor, Mr. Allan, who had entered him as a cadet at West Point, and was, owing to his own shameful misconduct, compelled to fight the battle of life by himself. In 1829 he published his first volume of verse in Baltimore; and it was certainly a remarkable book, the greater part of it written when he was about nineteen. From that time until his death he devoted himself entirely to literature, publishing several volumes both of prose and verse. His prose stories are remarkable for great ingenuity of plot and circumstance, and for their sombre and morbid characteristics; and they, as well as his poems, have achieved a wide popularity in this country. Poe's life was undoubtedly wild and intemperate, and in the most curious contrast to the exquisite refinement of his poetry. His genius, as Mr. Hannay has finely said, is "like the eyes of a southern girl, at once dark and luminous." Here is a specimen of this wild young gentleman's powers, who, after plunging in debauchery could write a poem like this.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nixean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
The Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

There is nothing more exquisite or more perfectly finished in the language.

The erratic poet had a guardian angel in his wife, who was his cousin, a Miss Virginia Clemm, and, as one of his biographers writes, when they married she was "as poor as himself." She nursed him through many illnesses caused by excess, and her death was a terrible blow to him. How he lamented her the reader may learn from his poem, "Annabel Lee."

A sad-mannered and peculiarly fastidious gentleman, Poe's tastes were strangely at variance with his intemperate life. But we must not judge so brilliant a genius too hardly. To quote Mr. Hannay again, "the spiritual part of this man, of which a specimen remains with us, was highly beautiful, and allied to the perennial beauty. Let solid excellence of the epitaph remember that perhaps all its parlour virtues are not worth one hour of Coleridge's remorse." The wonderful music and beauty of his greatest poem, "The Raven," is familiar to every one; let us hear how he caught the sound of bells and imprisoned it in his verse. Here is one stanza.

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells,

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night,

While the stars that over sprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight.

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Poe, as we shall see, died very sadly; and there is a curious resemblance between his life and those of James Clarence Mangan, the Irish, and Camões, the Portuguese, poet. In all three, great and peculiar genius was associated with habits and impulses that, although apparently fatal to all intellectual activity, had no power to stop their poetical productiveness, until the time when, with many

Deeds as well undone,

Death came tacitly, and took them where

They never see the sun.

In 1849 we find him engaged in lecturing, after having conducted and contributed to various periodicals, and about to marry again a highly-cultivated New England lady. At Baltimore, on his way to be married, he fell a victim to one of his fits of intemperance, was perfectly insane with drink, and died on Sunday morning, October 7th, 1849, in a hospital, at the age of thirty-eight.

So passed away the most finely-gifted poet that America ever produced. Let us be thankful for the perfect flowers of his poetry, although they reared their heads above a melancholy and wasted life.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH DICKENS.

EVER so many years ago, I lived in a little town thousands of miles from England, upon a beautiful bay; a bay which was unlike any other I have ever seen. It came into the land with such a graceful sweep, it was always so happy, springing, dashing, singing soft sea melodies, and catching every gleam of sunshine on its white-crested waves that was possible. I was a child then, and it was my greatest delight to be taken by my nurse on the wharf, to watch the water and the pretty white-sailed boats floating over it. My nurse was a

great favourite with the sailors and fishermen; she was a comely-looking negro woman, carrying her black head very high, and thinking "no small things" of herself. She had ever a saucy reply ready, or a good-natured word, and she would willingly lend a helping hand in matters of need. She would stand for hours, holding me fast by the hand, laughing and talking away, quite unmindful of the little child whose hand she grasped so tightly. Sometimes the sailors would stoop down and speak to me, or would good-naturedly give me a wonderful shell, picked up on some foreign shore, or a juicy orange fresh from Cuba that day; but they frightened me with their great dark eyes and rough ways, and I would shrink behind my black fortress, and be very shy and still; so after a while they would leave me to myself, and I would gaze into the water in my dreamy, imaginative way, and be quite happy. The mermaids were a great source of wonder to me; I felt so sorry for them living always in the cold water, and having no feet, too! Then I would glance with mingled pride and thankfulness at two little feet in very bright red shoes. I used to feel quite sure that some day one of the mermaids would come out and speak to me, but none ever did. It was very pretty to see the white houses on the opposite shore, gleaming out from the green trees, looking so cool and fairy-like; and when the red sun went down into the blue water a great dread and awe would come over me—I fairly frightened me at its mysterious disappearance, but I was too timid, too fanciful, to ask any of the thousand questions about it that tortured my little brain.

It was very pleasant, too, to walk home in the quiet twilight, for it was such a romantic street that terminated in the wharf on which I stood to look at the water. The lower part of this street was a market-place, with curious old red and brown-roofed houses, very irregular and very picturesque, while the upper part was the most fashionable portion of the town. The houses were of gleaming white wood or of dark grey granite. On either hand of the market-place were fruit-shops, with such luscious fruit—golden oranges; bananas, long, graceful, and yellow; white grapes from other lands, dark purple and brown ones from our own vineyards, looking so graceful and tempting in their green leaves; figs, blue, green, and brown; water-melons, cut so as to show their pink meat with the shiny black seeds falling out; peaches, beautiful to look at but better still to eat; pine-apples with their oriental aroma—all these, and more, in such profusion, that I could but wonder whatever would become of them all.

At the corners of the streets the old Creole French-women would be sitting in their brilliant cotton dresses, their spotless aprons, and their handkerchiefs of many colours wound in a most mysterious, yet very picturesque way around their heads. When they saw me go past, in my little white dress and red shoes, with my wondering eyes taking everything in, they would scream out in their bad *patois*, "He! he; donc ma petite, ne veux tu pas acheter un pâté douce ou de la candie?" They would produce from their little ovens beside them a roasted sweet potato, or out of a basket a long plat of molasses candy, pulled until it became a creamy white. This latter article would prove too much for me, and I would take my picayune from my pocket, where it had lain in readiness all the afternoon, and ask timidly, "Mammy, I want to buy a picayune's worth of candy; may I?" But mammy would draw herself up to her Juno height, and say, "Taint no business ob white folks like you to buy candy out ob de street; I make you some by and by when we gits home." And she would sweep by the old women, for whom she had the greatest contempt; and with a sigh I would drop my picayune back again into my pocket. At this the old vendeuse, who had been

expecting my money, would say, with a shrug of her fat shoulders, to her neighbour: "Ei dono, c'est une n gresse surtout qui va par l ,"—a cutting bit of sarcasm of which happily my mammy was ignorant.

It was almost like a fairy tale, as I look back upon it now, those long walks home down that beautiful street, with the perfume of the blossoms from the China-berry tree, the mangolia, and the locust mingled, the slender, bending locust, whose delicate sweeping leaves would kiss my forehead as the wind blew them towards me. Through the open windows the music of sweet young voices and the low notes of a guitar would float; or the soft rich melody of some familiar air brought dreamily into birth by the soft touch on the piano of some hidden fair one.

Now this was in early spring, but when summer came, new joys, new delights came with it for me. The city would be too hot and dusty, the waters of the bay too glaring for my little eyes to rest on, so my mother would take me into the country to visit my grandmother. It was a funny little house in which grandmother lived; it had been built nearly a hundred years ago of logs of wood. Now it was quite covered with eglantine, woodbine, and honeysuckle, and no one could guess whether it was stone or wood. It was small, with only six rooms, but as my grandmother lived all alone, it was large enough for her. The great attraction of my summer home to me was the flower garden. There was never such a wonderful old place, so curiously laid out; beds of all shapes, round, heart-shaped, diamond-shaped, square, oval, in fact, the figures in Euclid were not more varied. I was constantly coming upon some new corner, just when I had arrived at the conclusion that there was nothing more to be discovered. I never got tired of being in this dear old garden. I was always out in time to see the "morning glories" in their full beauty; the purple ones so dim and shadowy; the blue, pure and heavenly; the rich dark crimson full of a passionate beauty that I could not understand; the white, that I loved so dearly, with great streaks of golden light down the centre of each petal, which I firmly believed to be rays of the sun; all these I would gather dripping with dew, and play with them till they died. It was only when the mimosa tree closed its green leafy eyes, and left only its pink flowers to guard the parent trunk through the night, and the evening dew fell fast and heavenly, that I could be persuaded to leave my beautiful playground. When I had been undressed, and said "Good night," I was, as a great favour, if I had been good all day, put into a bed in my grandmother's room, the room in which she and my mother sat when alone in the evening. It was in this great old-fashioned four-poster, with its white curtains trimmed with little white balls, which would nod backwards and forwards in the wind, that I made my first acquaintance with Dickens. My grandmother had not passed through seventy-five summers unscathed, and her eyes were so weak that she dared not use them at night; so during those long summer evenings my mother would sit in a low chair by my grandmother, and read aloud to her. It was a very pretty picture, the old lady in her black satin dress, her white handkerchief crossed over her neck, equalled only in its snowy whiteness by her cap, sitting up very stiffly in her great arm-chair, with her feeble shrivelled hands folded in her lap, and the young mother just in the beautiful summer of her womanhood, her fair face so lovely and pure, her golden hair pushed half carelessly back from her forehead with one white hand, while with the other she turned the pages of her book. And the wind moaned softly and sadly through the pine trees ere it came in through the open window, bringing with it the perfume of the jessamine and wild rose. "David Copperfield" was the first book I listened to as my mother read. She thought me asleep long ago, behind my white curtains; but no, I

was following little David in his journey through life, and night after night as I listened, this story, a great deal of which I could not understand, grew to be dearer to me than my peeps at the sea, than my pleasant walks home through the twilight, dearer even than the curious old garden in which I played the livelong day. I kept my secret until "little Blossom" faded away—until the "child-wife" died, and then I sobbed aloud. My mother, rising in fear, came to me, took me lovingly in her arms, and asked tenderly, "My darling, what is the matter?" But I could only sob, "Oh, mother! I am so sorry that little Blossom's dead." It was long before she could understand that while she thought me asleep I had been eagerly listening, and longer still ere she could comfort me. After that no objection was made to my listening; so night after night I lay there watching through my thin white curtain the beautiful face of the reader, and listening not only to the story but to the sweet voice that filled the room with its music. Somehow, I always associated my mother with "little Blossom," though I felt her to have the grand noble soul of Agnes; there was a pathetic sweetness, a clinging trustfulness in Dora that the reader had too, and, alas! like the "child-wife," she faded so soon, so very soon. And that was what the wind tried to tell me as it moaned through the pine trees ere it came in through the window.

Is it any wonder that I love Dickens now?—that I feel as if he were an old, an affectionate friend, in whom I could surely trust? Is it any wonder that whenever I read "David Copperfield," which I often do, that I feel drawn nearer to all things good and true? that it teaches me lessons I was too young to learn when I heard it read so long ago? I feel myself grow little before the large-souled Agnes, I feel selfish and cowardly beside the real generosity and courage of Aunt Betsy—and when I read of David, I can only hope that if ever I come to have a son, he may be like him in truth, honour, manly love, and tenderness.

This is how, long ago, I made my first acquaintance with Dickens. N. D.

HOW I HEARD BLIND TOM.



EARLY in the year 1866 I read—in a magazine of the previous December—an account of the infancy and boyhood of the wonderful being called "Blind Tom." It told how, from the time when tokens of reason usually begin to show themselves, their utter absence in Tom caused him to be regarded as an idiot; his sightless eyes, protruding lips, and "head thrown back on his shoulders," giving him a most repulsive and idiotic appearance. But within this unsightly casket lay hidden the germ of that marvellous gift which is now filling the world with amazement.

Who can tell how this talent sprang to life, or how far Tom himself was conscious of its existence before known to others? It would almost seem as if the poor undeveloped mind sleeps to everything else, that it may the more uninterruptedly dream its dreams of music. His benighted understanding cannot even express its own sensations, and it can never be known how long his poor brain had been teeming with visions of sweet sounds before his master's family were roused from sleep one night by hearing the tones of the piano, touched by a skilful hand, and yet but the hand of little "Blind Tom," who shouted with wild and joyous laughter as he reproduced the airs and difficult pieces he had heard performed by the daughters of his master—for Tom was a slave.

From that time he was regarded as a wonder, and was allowed the free use of the piano; when he not only echoed every air he had heard, but improvised such wild, sweet, yet ever mournful harmonies, that his listeners hearkened with superstitious awe to the mysterious outpourings of this untaught spirit.

It was too wonderful a talent to remain hidden, and his master now began to take him about, and exhibit him in different towns in the Southern States (America). Thus his fame spread rapidly, and liberal offers were made for him by some of the musical professors in Europe, but his master would not, at that time, consent to take him across the ocean.

Having read of this wonderful being, I longed to hear him, and was much vexed that he was not permitted to come to England. However, a few months after seeing the magazine in question, I read, among the advertisements in the "Standard," that a negro called "Blind Tom" was in town, and doing wonders in the way of musical performances at the Egyptian Hall; and my curiosity was still further stimulated soon afterwards at finding that he was making a tour in the provinces, and might therefore come to my own neighbourhood.

At last the longed-for opportunity arrived. I was one day in Southampton with a friend, and having more time on our hands than we knew what to do with, we were asking each other how we should amuse ourselves till the hour when we must return home across the water. All at once the question met with a pleasant and unlooked-for solution. A huge placard met our eyes, announcing that "Blind Tom" would give an afternoon performance in Southampton on that day, and in about an hour from the time that we had seen the placard.

Of course our tickets were soon bought, and we ourselves seated in the hall, waiting the appearance of "Blind Tom," who, after some delay, came up the room, led by a most goodnatureed-looking person, who evidently had the charge of him. Tom was carefully dressed in a suit of black, but the unmistakeable stamp of mental imbecility was in his countenance as he walked up the room—his sightless eyes rolling, and his head partly thrown back. When on the platform where the piano was placed, his master (as I call him, for want of another name) spoke a few introductory words, to the effect that his charge was so wayward that he could not answer for anything he might do, as on some days he would conduct himself quite differently from what he would on others.

While he was speaking, Tom stood by, incessantly moving his hands—interweaving and unclasping his fingers, and looking up at the ceiling, though with an unconscious gaze. At last his master desired him to play, whereupon Tom seated himself at the piano with a strange, eager restlessness of manner, and began the piece indicated by his master, prefacing it by a rapid run in octaves, played with clearness and brilliancy. As the piece progressed he seemed to become more and more absorbed, and more utterly isolated from the outer world. Sometimes he played with immense force, but at others his touch was exceedingly delicate; and when he played thus softly he stooped over the instrument with his ear bent down to it, as if he were listening intently to some distant strain of music, and feared to lose a single note. Then he would throw his head back, and look as though he were invoking some invisible spirit in the ceiling.

Having finished, he rose and clapped with such naive glee, that it was evident his own performance gave quite as much pleasure to himself as to his audience. But, this temporary excitement over, he relapsed into his former state of mental weakness, making contortions with his thick negro lips, and restlessly moving his hands up and down; one could almost imagine that those claw-like fingers were the

habitation of some spirit of song, which longed to get free. Between two of the pieces Tom's master spoke of him, and told us that he had composed a song or two, and that to one of them he had put words of his own—a mere senseless jargon, and that each verse ended—

And I'd like to see the man
That wants his taplin done—

which word "taplin" had, probably, some sort of meaning in his own mind, though incomprehensible to others. He also said that Tom seems to have no love for anything but music, and no capability of attaching himself to any one. "You would suppose," he said, "that if he could feel attachment to any one, it would be to myself, as I am always with him; but to show you how little love or sympathy he has, the other day, when we were together in a railway carriage, a cinder from the engine flew into my eye, giving me such acute suffering that I could not refrain from uttering sounds indicative of pain, whereupon Tom's delight was unbounded. At every sound I uttered he shouted with delight, and that evening, when at the piano, he composed a little song for the occasion, making each verse end with—

And I'd like to see the man
That got the cinder in his eye.

On hearing these words, Tom caught them up in a moment; and, with the glee of a child, exclaimed, in a voice which echoed through the hall—

And I'd like to see the man
That got the cinder in his eye.

He then seated himself at the piano, and sang the song about the "taplin," which had been spoken of.

After this, his master began to tell of a piece of music Tom had composed on hearing the description of a battle; but, as before, Tom took up his words, and interposed (speaking of himself in the third person).

"While this description of a battle was going on, Tom was in the room, and, as soon as the gentleman had left, Tom went to the piano and began to play his conception of a battle, and he will now play you the piece I composed on the occasion." (It was thus he expressed himself.)

He then placed himself at the piano, and began to thunder out the most warlike sounds, shouting, now and then, a word or two to designate the intention of each part, as "the attack," "horses galloping," "cannons," &c. At the conclusion of the piece he again vehemently clapped. His master then alluded to Tom's capability for playing by ear what he had heard, and invited any person present to put him to the test. A long pause ensued, during which Tom's hands were incessantly moving up and down, and there was an occasional whispering among the audience, as though some were inclined to venture, yet shrank from a public performance; but presently a young man went up and began to play. The piece was long, and played with great taste, but the first part was of a dreamy nature, with no marked melody; but when, at last, the air commenced, Tom, who had listened with no apparent interest until now, began to dance about, keeping time with the music, and the moment the piece was ended, he darted at the piano, his long fingers having something of the look and action of an animal grasping at its food. He then improvised an introduction, and glided into the air he had just heard, continuing the piece with admirable correctness, and, as before, applauding himself with prolonged clapping at the conclusion.

But, as I before said, this childlike expression of happiness quickly ceased; the soul, which seemed to have been awakened by some mysterious agency, again slumbered, and poor Blind Tom stood the unconscious object of profound compassion.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER XIX.

A JUDICIAL SENTENCE.

THE discovery and capture effected by Boutkovitch really amounted to very little. Every one knew that the conspirators had numerous secret means of communication; and what advantage was there in finding the way to one of their nests after the birds had flown? The capture of Wilenski alive would have been

the capture of one of the leading spirits of the revolutionary organization: Wilenski dead was but one insurgent less in a whole nation of insurgents.

However, Boutkovitch was recommended for a medal, and his brilliant feat of arms was duly inscribed in the official record of his services.

If the police officer and spy deeply regretted the death of Wilenski, he was also much grieved at having missed an excellent opportunity of renewing his ac-

quaintance with Ferrari. It was for the sake of Ferrari that he had come to Warsaw. He had traced him to Wilenski's, and, through Wilenski, had hoped to reach all the principal members of the insurrectional government. He saw now that he had attempted too much, and that it would have been better to have arrested Ferrari together with Wilenski, his harbourer and accomplice, when he had the chance of doing so. Now one of the two was dead, while the other had, no doubt, taken to flight.

To add to Boutkovitch's annoyance, his name was published in the official gazette of Warsaw in connexion with what he himself had named "the affair of the ice-house." The account was almost a transcription of his own report; and the government functionary who had supplied it to the paper pretended to have written it with the view of being agreeable to Boutkovitch.

"Agreeable? Infernally agreeable, certainly!" he exclaimed, when this explanation was given to him at the newspaper office. "It will be so agreeable," he added, confidentially, to himself, "that if I remain in Warsaw twelve hours longer I shall be assassinated."

He had too keen a scent for treachery of all kinds not to understand that the government functionary, who, like nearly all the government functionaries in Warsaw at this time, was a Pole, had published his name in order that the death of Wilenski might be avenged. The hero of "the affair of the ice-house" would be known to the patriots as "the murderer of Wilenski," and Wilenski's vague threat, unmeaning as it had appeared when he uttered it, might have a very serious fulfilment. To make matters worse, Ferrari would tell his associates of the part he had played in London.

Boutkovitch wished for one moment that he had gone to England under an assumed name. But this subterfuge is only resorted to by the lowest and most incapable of secret agents; and Boutkovitch, the moment afterwards, was ashamed of himself for having thought of it. The great irreparable fault that he had committed was this, that he had acted openly in the character of a police officer, and had failed in the *coup* which was to have made his fortune.

"I felt so sure that I should succeed," he said to himself. "Otherwise, I need not have appeared in the matter at all. But enthusiasm always leads one astray!"

Even then he would have been in no real danger, if the miserable official had not published a full account of the affair in the government journal. As it was, he saw no safety but in immediate flight.

However, he could not very well ask for leave of absence on the ground that he was afraid to continue his service. The only course open to him was to get transferred, for active duty, to some other place. His thoughts turned naturally to General Gontchalin, who was now governor of Wilkovo, and who, he thought, might give him some employment in which he would be beyond the reach of the revolutionary assassins.

He accordingly went to the office of the chief of the police, and begged, as a great favour, that he might be allowed to go to Wilkovo, where he declared that something very important was going on which he was sure he could bring to light.

The Chief of the Police smiled. "You are wanted in Warsaw," he said.

"I have done all I am likely to be able to do, general,

in Warsaw," answered Boutkovitch.—"I speak, of course, of special affairs, and I think I could now be of more use at Wilkovo."

"Why, Wilkovo?"

"Because I have already served under General Gontchalin, and have reason to believe that he would honour me with a position of confidence."

"Are those your only reasons?"

Boutkovitch took an oath that he knew of no others.

"Look here," said the general.

He handed Boutkovitch a printed newspaper, the recognized organ of the revolutionary committee, and pointed to an announcement which was headed, "Judicial Sentence."

Boutkovitch trembled and turned pale.

"I thought you knew of it," said the Chief.

"No, general; I feared, that is to say I suspected, some infamous thing might be planned against me; but that was all."

The announcement that had struck such terror into the heart of Boutkovitch was as follows:—

JUDICIAL SENTENCE.

"WHEREAS, the spy and informer called Joseph Athanasovitch Boutkovitch, lately employed as spy and informer in London, where by affecting Polish sympathies, and even assuming the name of Pole, he gained the confidence of various Polish patriots; whereas the said Joseph Athanasovitch Boutkovitch has arrived in Warsaw to pursue his infamous calling, and in the exercise of the same has shed the blood of the patriot, Wilenski;

"It is hereby ordered that the said Joseph Athanasovitch Boutkovitch be put to death; without further notice and without the right of appeal.

"The execution of this sentence is entrusted to the appointed agents of the Central National Committee.

"A copy of the sentence to be left at the domicile of the criminal."

"You have not been home, I suppose?" asked the general.

"Heaven forbid!"

"I should like to know whether anything has been left there for you. Would you mind going to see?"

"Order me, general, to take a company and attack the rebels who have fled to the woods; order me to attack ten thousand of them with a hundred men: order me to do anything that is possible or impossible, but not to go home to be stabbed like a sheep."

"Well, I don't wait you to be stabbed," said the general; "there are many men we could better afford to lose than you. But I wish to know whether those people really do what they pretend. For instance, have they left a copy of the sentence at your house or not?"

"Oh! pray do not trouble yourself, general, about that."

The general rang a bell. "Go," he said to the gendarme who appeared, "to No. 481 Senator Street, back entrance, and ask whether anything has been left there for Captain Boutkovitch."

"And will you do me the favour to send me to Wilkovo?"

"You may go to Wilkovo, or go to the deuce for what I care," said the general. "You are a marked man in Warsaw, and of no earthly use to me. They would stab you even if I kept you here all day in my office—which I should not think of doing—and your death would be a scandal to all of us."

"You are very kind to say so, general."

"There has been fuss enough about the two men who were stabbed the other day," continued the Chief, without paying the least attention to Boutkovitch's hasty acknowledgment of what he affected to look upon as a civil remark. "It is all very well to say that I ought to be able to protect my own servants. If the troops can't protect them what am I to do? how, for example, can I protect you? If I send a couple of men with you, that only serves to call attention to you, and the moment is sure to arrive when they will not be thinking of you, and the assassins who are following you will . . . I wish I had command of the troops, and full liberty to act. I would soon put an end to assassination. I would close the street in which anything of the kind took place; close the street at each end, and shoot every tenth man in it."

"Every fifth man, general. Indeed if every one of them were shot it would do no harm."

"It would be severely commented upon in the foreign papers," answered the general, "but, as you say, it would do no harm . . . Ah! here is the gendarme."

The gendarme had brought back from the Street of the Senators a packet addressed to Boutkovitch. It was the promised copy of his sentence of death.

"Where did you get it?" asked the Chief.

"From the porter, general," answered the gendarme.

"Bring the porter here. Bring him in a droschky."

The porter, a few minutes afterwards, was led in. He protested that he knew nothing about anything; that papers of all kinds were left at his lodge all day long; and that he could not recollect who it was that had left the letter addressed to Captain Boutkovitch.

"Well, if you go to Wilkovo, when do you start?" asked the general at last.

"By the next train," replied Boutkovitch, very promptly.

"That is to say, to-morrow morning. Well, good-bye. You will not go home, I suppose?"

"No, no!" answered Boutkovitch.

"You had better sleep here to-night. You will find a bed somewhere. They send troops to Wilkovo to-morrow, and I dare say you will get there all right. My compliments to General Gontchaline."

The next morning Boutkovitch succeeded in arriving with a whole skin at the railway station. He drove there in a close carriage accompanied by two gendarmes, and remained seated in the vehicle until one of the gendarmes had bought his ticket. He then watched his way to the train, entered a carriage, and had himself locked in.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GOVERNOR OF WILKOVO.

WILKOVO is at some little distance from the railway, and by the time Boutkovitch, who had dreamt much and slept little the night before, had reached his destination he was exceedingly tired. But he was alive, which (in his opinion) was one advantage; and at Wilkovo the assassins, or "executive agents," as they were called, of the revolutionary committee, were less active than at Warsaw. On the whole, then, he was happier than he deserved to be.

Fatigued as he was, Boutkovitch on his arrival at Wilkovo lost no time in waiting upon the governor.

He shaved with so much precision that it was wonderful to see how he had contrived to remove every

particle of beard from his face without taking away one particle of skin; arranged his rather scanty hair with admirable method; attired himself in his best uniform; and assuming the air of a person of importance, walked past the respectful sentries with a patronising salute and entered the courtyard, which was full of women who had come to petition the governor for the release of husbands and brothers; old men who had come to beg forgiveness for their sons; Jews who had contracts to submit, or money to receive; orderlies mounted and ready to start; orderlies who had just delivered their despatches, and who had dismounted, and were leading their heated steeds to and fro; soldiers from the adjacent guard-house, who were doing nothing in particular; and a certain number of those nondescripts who fill up the gaps in every crowd.

Close to the portico of the palace stood a Hanoverian groom in livery, holding a couple of horses, his own and another, on which the governor was about to take his afternoon's ride. Talking to him, and endeavouring in vain to make himself understood, was an English stud-groom, whom Gontchaline had engaged in London. He was dressed like a private gentleman of strong sporting tendencies; and, in presence of the varied, and to him rather novel scene in the courtyard, preserved a calm indifference bordering on contempt.

At the principal entrance, the servant to whom Boutkovitch addressed himself told him plainly and abruptly that General Gontchaline could not receive him.

"He sleeps," said the man.

Boutkovitch looked at the horses as much as to say, "He does not ride in his sleep;" took out his card, wrote upon it in French the name of his hotel and these words, "On the part of General Popoff, Warsaw;" turned down the corner, and, walking towards the grooms, took up his position by their side.

Suddenly the glass doors of the entrance-hall were thrown open, a dozen footmen sprang to their feet, and General Gontchaline appeared, surrounded and followed by a host of petitioners, who, as a special favour, had been admitted inside.

The petitioners might almost as well have remained in the courtyard. Gontchaline referred them all to his secretaries, and, holding up his hands and half closing his eyes, and then making something like the gesture of a man swimming, as he pushed his way through the crowd, signified to them that they must really let him go out in peace.

"A card, your excellency," said the man at the door, as he delivered the card that Boutkovitch had just left.

"Boutkovitch! from General Popoff, Warsaw!" exclaimed Gontchaline. "I must see this man. Where is he, Lavrentie? You did not let him go?"

"I told him that your excellency deigned to sleep," replied the porter.

"I must send for him," said the general. Then, to avoid the outside petitioners, who, in spite of the endeavours of the soldiers and gendarmes to keep them back, were pressing towards him in great numbers, Gontchaline hurried to his horse.

The supplicants nearest to him called out:

"Merciful sir!"

"Will your excellency deign to listen to the prayers of an old man?"

"I beat my forehead before your excellency."

"May heaven bless your excellency. My son, whom it has pleased your excellency to imprison—" and so on.

"Cruel man!" "Heartless man!" "Man of stone!" muttered those at the back, who did not know that Gontohalin had been working in his cabinet since six in the morning, and who could not be expected to reflect that he was answerable to his government for the tranquillity of a whole province, which was now on the point of bursting into insurrection.

"You are going to try the bay horse, my lord," said the Englishman, who knew that his master was something very great, and did not recognize foreign titles.

"Yes, Tomkins," answered the general, in English.

"Ah, Boutkovitch!" he exclaimed, the moment afterwards. "Vous voici donc!" His foot was already in the stirrup, but he took it out and sent his horse away.

"Come in, Boutkovitch," he said. "I was afraid you had gone."

"I should not have ventured to do so without receiving your excellency's commands," replied Boutkovitch. "I left Warsaw only this morning, and came by the instructions of General Popoff to give your excellency a verbal account of what has taken place, and to answer any inquiries that your excellency may condescend to put."

"You are the very man I wanted to see," said the governor.

Boutkovitch congratulated himself.

"You were present at Warsaw the night of the recruitment?" asked Gontohalin, when he was alone with Boutkovitch in his private cabinet.

"I had the honour of taking part in it. I did what little I could."

"And what was this affair of the ice-house? I have just been reading the account of it in the official paper. It appears that you were very near taking the whole of the Central National Committee."

"I am obliged to your excellency for saying so. But it is not easy to catch people who burrow under ground like moles."

"Well, is everything over at Warsaw?"

"Believe me, general, the thing is not yet at an end."

"Not at an end! What do the scoundrels, then, mean to do next?"

"Ah! ah!" said Boutkovitch, with an oracular look, "many things may happen yet."

"I don't want general surmises, but precise facts," exclaimed the general. "I did not come back here to listen to gossip. Has the recruitment paralyzed the party of action or not?"

"It has so little paralyzed it, your excellency, that the meeting of the Revolutionary Committee, which led to what is known as the 'affair of the ice-house,' was held the very morning after the recruitment had been effected. The recruitment was scarcely over when, at eight in the morning, two gentlemen employed on secret service were stabbed in the open street. I, who have now the honour of speaking to you, have been threatened," added Boutkovitch, as if this were quite an unimportant detail, as far as he personally was concerned, though significant as showing the length to which the audacity of the revolutionists could go.

"These are the last impotent struggles of a party

which must feel that it is beaten, and which will soon be stamped out," said the general. "But, whatever happens at Warsaw, there shall be no rising at Wilkovo. I have taken my precautions, and here, at least, I will answer for the general tranquillity. What you tell me about Warsaw astonishes me. The recruitment ought to have settled the question. If it has not done so, that is simply because they did not take enough recruits. They should take some more."

Boutkovitch said that numbers of young men, fearing a repetition of the measure, had fled to the woods around Warsaw; and that many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the most dangerous of the revolutionists, were already beyond reach.

"Then," said Gontohalin, "troops should be sent after them."

Boutkovitch answered that troops had been sent to watch them, but that the authorities at Warsaw were unwilling to provoke a conflict.

"There will be no conflict here," said the general. "We are so sure of that that we give a ball to-morrow night. By the way, you may as well come."

"I am sure I feel much honoured," murmured Boutkovitch.

Gontohalin looked at him with a little look of astonishment, and added: "For suspicious people might find their way in, and I should like you to keep your eye on them."

A tap was heard at the door. "Papa, can I come in?" said a silvery voice, which Boutkovitch recognized as that of Nathalie.

"Come in, Nathalie; there is no one here," answered the general.

Nathalie bowed coldly to Boutkovitch, and said to her father:

"I wanted to speak to you about the ball. There are so many people who can't come. Fancy the Konradins refusing at the last moment! At least half the Poles have sent excuses."

"It is a great thing to have got any of them to accept," answered the general, "considering the curious mania they have lately been afflicted with for abstaining altogether from dancing. I can order those who are in the service to come, if you wish it, my dove," he added.

"Oh! how can you think of such a thing, papa? It is only to oblige me that the others are coming. At least they say so, and I *did* ask them as a particular favour. I wanted Count Konradin to lead the mazurka. I do not know what we shall do without him."

"Excuse me," interrupted Boutkovitch; "may I be allowed to ask whether the Count Konradin of whom Natalia Ivanovna speaks is the same Count Konradin who was in London?"

"Certainly," replied Nathalie.

Boutkovitch looked grave.

"I know what you mean," said the general; "but he is a man of influence. He made a great fuss about the insertion of his name in that unfortunate list, complained to the minister, asked for proofs, laughed at the notion of his being mixed up with a set of political Bohemians, as he called them; and now instead of his being afraid of us it is we that have to be afraid of him. At least," added the general, as though the notion of *his* being afraid of any one was too absurd, "we make a point of being civil to him."

He is a proprietor in the neighbourhood, and if we can't get on with the great proprietors, I don't know where we are to look for support."

Boutkovitch remained silent. "I point out a really dangerous man," he said to himself, "and they are afraid to touch him! If, instead of being a great landowner, this Konradin were a student or a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, he would not have been invited to a ball; he would have been on the road to Siberia by this time. There is no pleasure in serving a government like ours."

"The count is a charming man," said Nathalie.

"Yes," answered the general, "he dances the mazurka well; and he has a very agreeable wife."

"His wife is one of the cleverest women in Poland," observed Boutkovitch.

"How do you know?" asked the general.

"I happen to know, your excellency," answered Boutkovitch, "from information that has reached me."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COUNTESS KONRADIN.

IN the evening the general held a little reception, which was attended by the principal civil and military officers at head-quarters, with those of their wives and daughters who still remained in Poland. A few of the neighbouring Polish proprietors were also present; and in the course of the evening the Countess Konradin came in, chiefly to apologise in person for not coming the night afterwards, and to prove to the general and his daughter that she and her husband were perfectly well disposed towards them.

The countess had light-brown hair, brilliant black eyes, a very delicate mouth and chin, a face that was perhaps a trifle too broad at the brow, a fair but not in the least florid complexion, a most animated expression of countenance, a slender, supple figure, with the grace, the composure, and something of the caressing manner of a thoroughbred Angora cat.

The Russian officers were all in love with her. She, on her side, was devoted to her husband and to her country. But as she could not forget that Konradin had already a rope round his neck, she was very gracious towards those who might some day have it in their power to tighten it; and this graciousness was sometimes mistaken, but never by Konradin himself, for coquettishness.

Perhaps too, for she was still little more than a girl, she had something of the spirit of mischief in her composition; and was amused at the infatuation of the pompous old generals and colonels, the self-complacent majors and captains, and the horribly conceited lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, who all fancied that they had succeeded in pleasing "Madame la Comtesse," as they called her in their St. Petersburg French.

The general commanding the Cossack and Circassian cavalry—he was not a savage, but a highly-cultivated gentleman (a little over-cultivated perhaps, and, so to say, forced), who, to obtain promotion, had just given up a lieutenant-colonelcy in one of the regiments of the Imperial guard—was particularly smitten by the charms of "Madame la Comtesse," and took the liberty of being jealous when she listened with the least show of interest to the conversation of any other officer. The only exception he made was in favour of the go-

vernor himself, to whom he was obliged to yield. It was a joke against the Cossack general that he would soon have no junior officers left at Wilkovo, inasmuch as he detached them one after another for special service in distant villages directly he found them paying the least marked attention to the all-subduing Madame la Comtesse.

Sometimes a young man on the point of being exiled to a place where he would have no sort of society, and where there was really nothing for him to do, would beg the countess to intercede for him, and when she did so the general became more savage than ever; but he was afraid to refuse her, lest he, in his turn, should be banished from her sight.

The Cossack general, Molodiani by name, hated Count Konradin, and pretended that he could have him arrested at any moment; but the countess knew very well that he dare not attempt such a thing.

The governor himself was as a child in the countess's hands, and would have done anything for her; and Nathalie, who, it must be remembered, was half a Pole by birth, and more than half by sympathy, was most sincerely attached to her.

"If the Poles were all like the Konradins what a delightful people they would be, and how well we should get on with them!" Gontchaline would sometimes say—which, however, was quite a mistake.

The Konradins, on their side, had been heard to admit that General Gontchaline, though not possessed of any very noble sentiments, was not by any means so bad a man as the Poles of the extreme party made him out.

"We hate them all," said a member of this party one day to the count; "and if some are better than others I am sorry for it. I should like them all to be equally bad, that they might all excite the same disgust. Besides," he added, when Konradin accused him of injustice, "if we were to say the slightest thing in the general's favour, indeed if we were not constantly abusing him, he would be removed, and some really cruel man might be sent in his place."

"It is very difficult indeed to reason with men of that kind," said the count, in repeating this conversation to his wife.

"I should think so," replied the countess. "And you may depend upon it that they attack you when you are not present. In fact I know they do. They call you an aristocrat, and say that you visit the general in order that you may not get into trouble about your estate."

"Yes, it is hard to be attacked by our own people," answered the count; "but it is one of the painful things we have to put up with—one of the most painful of all."

Nothing particular took place at the reception beyond this—that Nathalie, the governor himself, General Molodiani, and two or three aides-de-camp, got up a general chorus of supplication, which had the effect of inducing the countess to promise that she would come the next evening to the ball.

(To be continued.)

Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous charms
Delude mankind, to toil for thee in arms!

MICHAEL FARADAY.

THE career of experimental science, especially in its more abstract branches, does not usually furnish materials to solicit public regard. Retired in his observatory, the astronomer takes the observations and makes his calculations, that although of paramount value to astronomy, confer less popular fame and favour upon him than if he had written an ephemeral novel or even a magazine essay. It is usually the same with an experimental electrician or chemist, men whose career usually remains unnoticed and unwatched by the outside public, known to labourers in the same fields of science alone. It was otherwise in respect to the subject of our memoir. The name of Michael Faraday has long been a household word throughout these islands; throughout, we may even add, the civilized world, and this in despite of the circumstance that Faraday always devoted himself to the branches of experimental science that may be called abstract, in so far as the term applies to any demonstration arrived at through experiment.

Faraday's life was cast in a period highly advantageous for giving scope to his special genius. At the beginning of this century electricity had not advanced beyond its first rudiments, and chemistry, its ally, was so crude and unformed as hardly to merit the name of science. Between electricity and magnetism not only had no connection been demonstrated, but the absence of any such connection was strenuously maintained.

A philosopher was wanted to operate upon the common ground between the three, and make the connection evident. Gilbert Davies said that the greatest discovery Sir Humphry Davy ever made was the discovery of Faraday; and the saying made in jest is well nigh absolutely true. If we grant that a genius like Michael Faraday could have been discovered by chance, the question is sure to come suggested, whether there be not many geniuses doomed to extinction, owing to the absence of conditions necessary to their development? We are disposed to adopt the negative view; and yet the first introduction of Faraday to the sphere of scientific labour in which he made his discoveries and won his world-wide renown, seems like the records of a page taken at random out of the chapter of accidents.

The subject of our memoir was born in 1791, and lived to the ripe age of seventy-six. When well nigh advanced to seventy he was still elastic and joyous, even in some things boyish. In the year 1852 he delivered a course of electrical lectures at the Royal Institution, illustrated by experiments needing such an extreme degree of manual address as amounted almost to sleight of hand. This manipulative power he retained for many years after; in fact, until past seventy, years left few traces of their pressure on Faraday. By and by we shall lay before our readers a slight record of what he accomplished in science; but first it will be proper to sketch his biography.

Faraday came of a Westmoreland family, but he was born in Newington, a suburb of London, in 1791, where his father was a blacksmith. From boyhood he had been fond of experimental science, and when a youth he joined an amateur philosophical society, at which he sometimes lectured. There seemed but little chance, until he was nearly twenty-two, that the great philosopher would find a congenial field for the development of his latent abilities. He was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and but for a circumstance that we may call an accident, he might have remained a bookbinder to the end of his days. The accident was this. By some means the young amateur chemist and electrician was favoured with admission to certain lectures under delivery by Sir H. Davy in the Royal Institution. He attended assiduously, and took notes

of the lectures. Gradually his dislike to the trade of bookbinding increased, and also his love for science and his appreciation of scientific men. His views as to the elevating influence of a scientific career upon the minds of those who followed it was indeed perhaps overstrained, as Sir Humphry Davy had soon to tell him, the occasion being as follows. After attending the Royal Institution lectures for some little time, he summoned courage to write to Sir H. Davy, stating his hopes and views. The particulars are recorded circumstantially in Dr. Paris's life of Davy, having been obtained from Faraday direct, he being cognizant of the purpose for which they were required. Accompanying the letter sent by Faraday to Davy was a volume of notes of Davy's lectures, taken by the young aspirant for scientific fame, and bound by his own hands. It is to be assumed that Davy would easily have seen, from the tenour of these notes, the sort of aspirant he had to deal with. He wrote to Faraday kindly, telling him that his views of the exalted character of scientific men was pitched in too high a key. He told him that science was not a profitable field of labour in any worldly sense; and he rather advised him to make the best of the position in which he had been cast, promising still, that if Faraday's mind did not alter, and if he, Davy, should hereafter find occasion, he would not allow Faraday to pass out of his mind. Neither did he. Shortly afterwards the office of laboratory assistant at the Royal Institution became vacant, and Faraday was installed into it. This was in 1813, and Davy having occasion to travel on the continent, where he remained for two years, took Faraday with him in the character of assistant and secretary. They remained on the continent until 1815; Davy prosecuting many chemical researches, and Faraday assisting him.

On their return to England in 1815, Faraday soon began to show his quality of original investigation; and it testifies well to the liberality of Davy and his successor, the late Mr. Brande, that both these chemists allowed their assistant those opportunities for original research whereby he ultimately attained a fame almost greater than either, and immeasurably greater than that of one. To enumerate the problems of scientific inquiry undertaken by the subject of our memoir, chronologically, would be of no popular interest; we shall therefore select those which stand most prominently forth, and the particulars of which can be made easily comprehensible. What we are about to state is only a matter of opinion, but it seems to us that the first grand discovery made by Faraday was that of the condensation of gases. Many who read this are perhaps old enough to remember the time when popular lecturers on chemistry were wont to establish a distinction between gases and vapours, illustrating their argument thus. "You take your teakettle," they were wont to say; "you pour water into your teakettle; you boil the water, and steam escapes. You let the steam play against any cold surface, and the steam condenses into water again. But," the popular lecturer of any time previous to 1823, would go on to explain, "if you let a jet of gas—any gas—escape against a cold surface, there is no condensation; from which we are warranted to conclude," he would further say, "that the difference between vapours and gases is this, viz., vapours are temporarily elastic, whereas gases are permanently elastic." In 1823 Faraday set aside that sweeping generalization. He proved that certain gases at least were convertible, under the combined influence of cold and pressure, into liquids; and if certain other gases have resisted every attempt at their condensation up to the present time, chemists are warranted in believing that the resistance comes of our inability to use cold and pressure to a degree sufficient. It is not incompatible with our present state of knowledge relative to gases to assume that

even atmospheric air may be condensed some day. The means devised by Faraday for accomplishing gaseous condensation were simple, yet ingenious. He made the gas condense itself by the force of its own development. The apparatus merely consisted of a bent glass tube, into one end of which the material for yielding gas was sealed, and from which, heat being applied, gas was developed. Of course the development must take place under the force of a certain pressure proportionate to the quantity of gas that had been developed already. Whilst development was thus going on from one extremity of the bent tube, the other extremity was kept cold by a freezing mixture; and thus, through the combined agency of cold and pressure, the condensation of certain gases into the liquid state took place. Subsequently this beautiful field of investigation was entered upon by other experimenters. The Frenchman Thélouvier, by means of a complex apparatus that we need not here describe, succeeded in effecting the condensation of carbonic acid gas into not merely a liquid but a solid. Throughout his entire scientific life this topic of gaseous condensation had a great charm for Faraday. He reverted to it again and again after considerable periods, and made further discoveries. Certain gases have never been condensed, and of these hydrogen is one. The writer of this memoir well remembers Faraday telling him that the problem of condensing hydrogen had engaged him more assiduously, had imposed on him more hard labour than he had ever before experienced. The problem of condensing hydrogen is invested with a special interest in this way. Hydrogen, although the lightest of ponderable elements, is endowed with many characteristics of a metal: the question then arises whether, if condensed, the result would show any of the ordinary physical aspects of a metal.

As a manipulator, Faraday's power of resource, his neatness and address, were unrivalled. His treatise on chemical manipulation is still a standard book, despite the fault that its contents have not been expanded to comprehend many processes which the development of chemistry has made necessary. Whatever department of chemistry Faraday applied himself to he prosecuted with skill, and left the impress of his genius upon; though it is rather as an electrician than as a chemist that he will be known to posterity.

When the subject of our memoir first linked his fortunes with those of Davy, the latter was evolving from the then new science of voltaic or galvanic electricity those magnificent discoveries of the compound nature of many things hitherto regarded as elemental, which elevated him to the highest position of scientific fame. Faraday caught the electrical inspiration, and worked at various branches of electrical science to the end of his career; with how much profit the student of physics need not be told. Up to the year 1819, no connection had been proved to exist between the two forces of electricity and magnetism; but then, under the auspices of the Danish Professor Oersted, dawned the discovery that electricity and magnetism were at any rate nearly allied, if not actually the same. Faraday developed the idea still farther; and looking to what in this department of science he achieved, it is not too much to say that, to him and to Oersted conjointly, belong whatever primary conditions of success appertain to electric telegraphs in all their numerous forms and modifications. Amongst other things to which the allied sciences of electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity are indebted to Faraday, an improvement in nomenclature is one. Faraday, by an ingenious and laborious course of experiment, proved that the hitherto called poles or terminals of a voltaic battery were endowed with no attractive and repulsive power. For this reason he argued that the expression "pole" was a

misnomer, and he therefore banished it from his vocabulary.

It would take us altogether beyond the suitable limits of a popular sketch were we to catalogue all the important discoveries made by this great man. We must generalize, seizing upon broad characteristics, the physiognomy of Faraday's scientific career, so to speak. It has been noticed as peculiar, that Faraday, not being a mathematician, dealt so extensively and so successfully with branches of scientific inquiry that are usually considered to need a mathematical training and high mathematical abilities. So little pretence did Faraday make to the possession of mathematical knowledge, that, as the tale goes, he laughingly said on one occasion he thought he had performed a calculation once—that once being when he turned the handle of Babbage's calculating machine.

Photographic and other likenesses of Faraday are so generally about, that any attempt to set him in presence ideally before the reader's eye would be unnecessary, even if possible. The photographs of Faraday are good likenesses, but they altogether fail to convey an idea of the genius that scintillated from his eyes, or the tranquil joyousness which was his ordinary attribute. Those persons who have had the felicity of seeing Faraday officiate as Christmas lecturer to a juvenile audience, will have seen him under the circumstances most congenial to his being and temperament. Wholly devoid of the affectation of learning, he would commence with the very beginning of a subject, and lead his audience on to conclusions of highest interest and deepest import. No one could be more brilliant as an experimenter than Faraday, and yet, unlike many lecturers before young people, he never went out of his way to perform an experiment for the mere brilliancy of it. The beauty of his illustrations was naturally evolved from circumstances of the case; and his language, albeit simplicity itself, was wholly free from those nursery platitudes that some lecturers to young people deem necessary to commend their facts to a juvenile audience. Amongst all the numerous lectures delivered by Faraday to juvenile audiences, those on the combustion of a candle have perhaps attained greatest celebrity. Never, perhaps, was so much poetry in the language of science evolved from a subject apparently so mean. The key-note of the discourse was attuned to the fact—a very remarkable fact when one comes to see it, but which no philosopher until Faraday had pointed out—that all the ordinary combustibles used by man, or capable of being used, are endowed with the property of being converted by burning into either vapours or gases. Thus hydrogen by burning is converted into the vapour of water, carbon into carbonic oxide and carbonic acid. Had it been otherwise—as Faraday beautifully explained—had the results of combustion chanced to be solid instead of vaporous or gaseous, then after the lapse of a certain time the habitable world would have been changed to one vast ash heap. The thing is most easy to see and understand when once pointed out, and like many other easy things, one wonders that nobody until Faraday ever thought of pointing it out.

In these days, when free scientific inquiry is accused of antagonism to revealed religion, it is especially, worthy to note that Faraday brought to the consideration of Holy Writ the humility of a little child. Throughout life he not only read the Bible carefully but studied it deeply. He was a sincere Christian, unwavering in faith, and he belonged to a sect the ceremonial ordinances of which are onerous. Amongst other points, the strictest social equality between members of the congregation was professed; and this did Faraday conform to rigidly, not less after he had become a very great man, the courted of society, the commanded guest at the palace, than when he was a bookbinder's apprentice. For the major part of his

professional life Faraday continued to make the Royal Institution not merely his field of labour, but his home. He lived there in modest apartments high up. He continued to do this long after villas out of town had become the fashion. Deference to the exactions of that tyrant was never a weakness of Faraday. In temperament he was kind, mild, obliging, paying deference to such exterior forms as involved the compromise of no principle, but in all that concerned principle Faraday was unyielding as a rock. Scientific advocacy found no favour with Michael Faraday. Nobody could tender him a retaining fee and buy him up to support or oppose a case. It was not a question of much or little, but of yea or nay, and Faraday's answer ever came in the shape of a negative when thus solicited. Throughout life Faraday had ever been a poor man. In the year 1835 he was put down on the civil list for 800*l.* per annum, but previously his sole income was derivable from the Royal Institution—a mere trifle—less than 100*l.* a year. Though married, he was childless; yet numerous family collaterals participated in his kindly regards. For a few years past he retired to apartments in Hampton Court Palace, visiting the Royal Institution but seldom. Little by little his magnificent intellect dimmed to second childhood, and thus, tenderly nursed by those who loved him well, did this great man on the twenty-fifth of August last depart this life, full of years and of honours, hopeful, trusting, and resigned.

ABYSSINIA AND ITS ROUTES.

By LIEUT. C. R. LOW, (LATE) I.N.

THE thoughts of the great British nation, both in England and India, are at the present time centred in Abyssinia, and the eyes of that multitudinous race are turned in the direction of that distant and little known, yet most interesting, country.

If any proof were required of this it would be found in the fact that the barometer of public opinion and of public interest—if I may so call the columns of the leading journal, the mighty "Times"—have for some little time past been occupied with the experiences of travellers in Abyssinia, and of gentlemen who, though they may have never set foot within the boundaries of King Theodore's dominions, yet having, like "Nobody"—as one of the "Times" correspondents signs himself—considerable experience of countries offering similar obstacles to the success of an invading army, throw into the common stock, as becomes patriotic citizens, their mite of information and suggestion for the behoof of the authorities organizing the details of this most arduous of campaigns.

It has been, hitherto, a very vulgar mistake that Abyssinia extends to the Red Sea, whereas the fact is that at no point are the limits of that country continuous with the sea coast. The nearest approach of its boundaries to the Red Sea is at Massowah, where the intervening strip of desert narrows to some few miles only. Abyssinia may be described as a country consisting of high mountainous districts, which, though salubrious in climate and well watered, present in some places almost insurmountable barriers to the advance of a large force if opposed by an enterprising and intelligent enemy. The desert country surrounding these uplands is arid, low-lying, and waterless, and is inhabited by the savage Danakil tribes. As I have said, at Massowah, this region, from its narrowness, can be easily traversed, but at Tajourrah in the gulf of Aden, it widens out to nearly 300 miles, rendering this route for the advance of the army practically impossible.

Major, afterwards Sir William Harris, was despatched in 1841 in charge of a mission from the Indian government to the king of Shoa; and his account of his journey from Tajourrah to Ankober, the capital of

Shoa, and not far distant from Magdala, would, I imagine, deter the general commanding the expedition from adopting his itinerary as a guide to the rescue of the prisoners. Although the other routes, of which I shall presently speak, do not interpose such tracts of parched-up deserts, yet the craggy nature of the mountains over which the troops must pass, in any case, will render their progress into the interior a most difficult undertaking. The Abyssinian passes are of such a nature that a dozen resolute spirits might, according to Major Harris, oppose successfully a considerable force. A Frenchman, M. D'Hericourt, traversed the same country from Ambabo near Tajourrah to Ankober, in 1842, and gives an unpromising account of it.

Another route to Magdala is from Amphilla Bay, situated in the Red Sea, a little to the southward of Massowah, in Latitude 14° 43' N., Longitude, 40° 54' E., but here the same difficulty, though in a lesser degree, applies. The intervening tract of desert is about ninety miles in extent, and Amphilla itself is described as the most miserable place on the coast of Abyssinia, while in regard to anchorage for the transports it is not to be compared to Massowah. This question of anchorage is a most important one, and must be considered in selecting a point for the arduous operation of landing the troops under a tropical sun. Taking the several points which must influence the government in deciding upon the most suitable port, as a base of operations, it appears that their choice is limited to Souakim, or Massowah, the latter being preferable; while the troops could be landed at the bottom of Annale Bay close to Massowah.

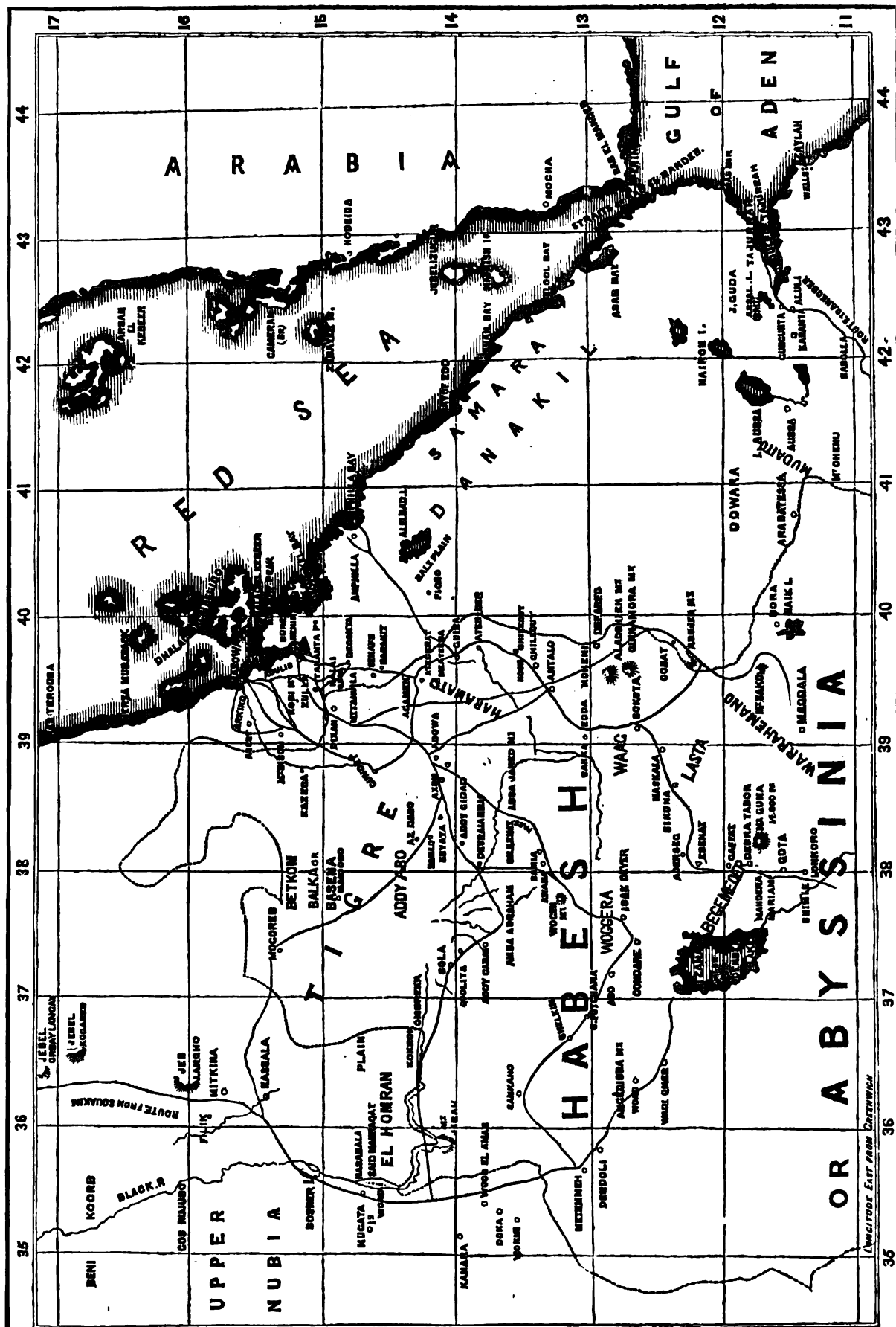
In this bay there are some ancient Greek ruins at a place called Zoola, the ancient Adulia, which is mentioned by Arrian, the author of the "Periplus maris Erythræi," as being situated twenty stadia from the sea. The water in Annale Bay is described, however, as inconveniently deep, and altogether not so favourable for naval operations as Massowah. A point in favour of the bay is the fact that it is bordered by low land, producing rich pastures, and presents a remarkable contrast to other spots along this inhospitable coast.

We now come to Souakim and Massowah. The former is situated in Latitude 19° 6' N., Longitude, 37° 23' E., and is a place of considerable importance. The harbour, though very safe, is small, affording shelter to only some ten large craft; the approach also is studded with dangers, and there is no outside anchorage. The road from Souakim to Kassala, the frontier post of the Egyptians, on the borders of Abyssinia, and where the viceroy maintains a large force, has often been traversed by Europeans.

In March 16, 1854, Mr. Hamilton started with a "cafilah" or caravan, for Kassala by the Tangeb hills. He describes the general contour of the country, between the point of departure and Souakim, as hilly; no object would be gained by an enemy going by this route, while it has the additional disqualification of greater length than the road from Massowah. Mr. Hamilton mentions in his diary that in the country about Kassala camels are wonderfully cheap, costing only some five to sixteen dollars a-piece, the latter being the price for the best dromedaries. From Kassala the route to Gondar lies almost due south to Metem-mah, and then bending to the south-east by Shelkin, the capital of Abyssinia may be reached in a few days.

Debra Tabor, where some of the missionaries are imprisoned, lies about seventy miles to the south-east of Gondar, while Magdala, where Mr. Rattan and Consul Cameron are incarcerated, is situated an equal distance from Debra Tabor.

Captain H. B. Lynch, of the Indian navy, crossed from Souakim to Berber on the river Nile, in the year 1833, and speaks very lightly of the difficulties of loco-



motion, though he did not attempt to penetrate into Abyssinia, the frontier of which lay two hundred miles to the southward.

The chief, and without doubt the best route for an army advancing into the interior of Abyssinia, is that from Massowah, or Adulis in Annseley Bay a little to the southward. Dr. Beke, who may be regarded as perhaps the best authority on the country and its routes, is of opinion that "the shortest, readiest, and best means of access is by the ancient town of Adulis," following the old caravan road referred to by Arrian. This would be by the bed of the river Hadas, on through Halai, situated 8400 feet above the level of the sea, and past Senafe. Though the river Hallas is dry at certain seasons of the year, Dr. Beke says that water can always be found by digging in its bed. The great advantage of marching to Halai from Adulis, and not from Massowah, is that the summit of the range of mountains at Halai would be gained by a road having a gradual incline, and would therefore be practicable for camels. The ascent to Senafe, also said to be easy, would be through the district of Bure, where lies the great plain of salt, pieces of which commodity form the currency of the country. Senafe is described as a very healthy place, being higher than Halai, and when once the passes are occupied, Dr. Beke is of opinion that the advance from this point to Magdala, from which it is distant less than two hundred miles, would be comparatively easy, for the entire road lies over a healthy table-land. One cannot with truth dignify any of the routes in Abyssinia with the name "road," and herein lies the chief difficulty. The path is scarcely ever more than a track, and Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, writing of the state of the roads in the interior, says, "The utmost labour bestowed on any road in this country is when some traveller, vexed with a thorn that may happen to strike his face, draws his sword and cuts off the spray."

From this description one would suppose it to be little better than one continuous thicket; and a thicket of three hundred miles in length, through which not only the soldier must march, perhaps in Indian file, but also the "dooly," carrying the sick or wounded, be borne, and the "impediments" be dragged, is a serious matter to an army which, with camp followers, will scarcely number less than twenty thousand men. And yet a Mr. Dufton, who had the honour of the friendship of "His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Theodore," as he styles him, and had dined hob-a-nob with that most Christian potentate, wrote to the leading journal, and in one line annihilated the monster "jungle," which the paper in question had conjured up. Mr. Dufton briefly stated that "between Massowah and the capital of King Theodore there is not a solitary yard of jungle to be met with." Here one is inclined to meditate on the proverb of "doctors disagreeing."

From Senafe the route would be through Ategerat, Guila, Atebidera, Chilecut, Antalo, to the westward of Lake Tsado Bahri, past Cobat, Gueda, skirting Lake Haik, Mount Abujen, to the country of the Warrahemano, in which is situated the hill fortress of Magdala.

Dr. Krapf, the eminent linguist, who knows King Theodore personally, and who has been retained to act as interpreter in the forthcoming expedition, journeyed over most of this ground. He started from Magdala in March, 1842, and travelled by Lake Haik, falling into the route at Antalo, from whence he went on to Massowah. The great advantage of following the route from Annseley Bay to the highlands by passing to the southward of Halai consists in the fact that the formidable Taranta Pass is avoided, though there is the great objection of insufficiency of water.

There is also another road from Antalo through Sokota, to the country of the Begemeder, in which Debra Tabor is situated, which was followed by Dr.

Beke in 1842, and which he describes as the great caravan road from Antalo to that part of the country. This road is very rugged, more so than Krapf's route, but on the other hand it is better defined, having been more frequently travelled over. The great difficulty a large body of some twelve thousand soldiers will have to encounter arises from the recurrence of a want of water in the country to the south of the river Tselari. Dr. Beke, when journeying from Debra Tabor to Massowah by Sokota, diverged from Antalo to Adowa, and he met with but slight difficulties on the road. His reason for not taking the more direct route from Antalo through the districts called on the map Haramat and Agameh, and so on, past Mount Tahula to Dixan, was that the road was beset by rebels, an obstacle that would not stand in the way of an advancing army. Should the route decided upon be that from Massowah directly into the Abyssinian highlands, the Taranta Pass must be scaled; and on the whole it would seem that Dr. Beke's suggestion, to march by Annseley Bay and the valley of the Hadas into the uplands, will be adopted. From thence the road goes by Degonta, Senafe, and Ategerat, almost due south, as already described. Ruppel, who journeyed to Ategerat by this route in 1832, speaks indeed of the want of water in some places, but then it must be remembered that he traversed the country during the dry season. Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, would be best reached by the route adopted by the French travellers, Captains Ferret and Galinier, in May, 1842. They journeyed from Gondar past Mount Wogen, Samia, Mount Abba Jared, some 15,000 feet high, through the district of Sana to Adowa; then on by Gundet Addy Bahra, Zazaga, to the east of Ajlet, and so to Massowah. There is an excellent map of their route in the British Museum.

In the meantime the War and India offices have not been idle as regards the difficult questions of commissariat, war material, equipments, &c. Woolwich presents a scene of activity, that would leave the impression on most men's minds that not a "little war," but a campaign against one of the great powers, was about to be inaugurated. Officers of the military train and commissariat have been despatched to Malta, Syria, and elsewhere, to purchase five thousand mules, and it is certain many thousands more of these animals will be wanted. Camels will also be required, for the intervening lowlands, whether the route be from Massowah or Annseley Bay, and it is to be hoped our agents will buy in the cheapest market, the Sudan.

The best species of pack-saddles for the mules carrying stores, was a point long debated, but happily there is good reason to assume that common sense has in this instance triumphed over routine and red tape.

The Ordnance Select Committee were about to ship gaddles of the same pattern as those used in the Crimea, and of which there were several thousands in store. At a meeting, however, of that august body, at which they had the advantage of the experience of General Willoughby, C.B., Mr. Commissary-General Baily, C.B., and other gentlemen, deputed by the War Office, it was resolved to discard the old pack-saddle, and substitute one known in New Zealand during the recent war under the designation of the "Otago saddle."

It had been tried and had not been found wanting in that best of all tests, actual warfare. A sufficient number of these "Otago saddles" are now being manufactured in the military store department, for patterns to the several contractors who may undertake to supply the number required, some 6000 in all, by the 4th of October, the date fixed for their completion.

As mules will form the sole means of transport after the highlands are reached, either by the Taranta pass or by the route to the eastward of Halai, it is satisfactory to reflect that this saddle question has been settled, at least, without an exhibition of the narrow

mindfulness that usually characterises officialism. Another interesting singularity in the war material is the seven-pounder steel rifled guns, the efficiency of the equipment of which leaves nothing to be desired.

There are also to be brass mountain batteries, of the same calibre. These brass and steel guns, though only weighing 150 lbs., throw a 7 lb. shot with a service charge of 6 oz. of powder, and at an elevation of four degrees carry 2000 yards, and have been proved to do good execution at that great range. They can also be used as a mortar, with a reduced charge of 2 oz., and will throw a shell weighing 14 lbs. Each of these Lilliputian pieces of ordnance is to be supplied with 1000 rounds of shot and ammunition. "The Naval and Military Gazette," of 21st September last, states that the precise system of pack-saddle for the mountain batteries is still a subject of discussion at Woolwich. The artificers in the saddle branch of the Royal Carriage department are engaged night and day in the manufacture of the saddles necessary for the transport of the batteries, seventy-two in number, which are being made after the pattern known as the "universal pack-saddle," in use in all our cavalry regiments, and introduced by Sergeant-Major Bird, 8th Lancers, who superintends their manufacture at Woolwich. There are to be despatched also a great number of rockets, which will form a valuable auxiliary to the diminutive artillery, and which will doubtless strike terror into the hearts of the ignorant Abyssinians, who have never seen this ingenious and portable engine of war. The rocket batteries will be of great service in dislodging the enemy from rocky inaccessible eminences. The government would do well in arming the European regiments of the force with the Snider breech-loader, for its efficiency, or otherwise, in actual warfare, will set at rest all arguments as to its merits. Hand-grenades might also be employed with advantage.

It is stated that the greater part of the medical equipment necessary for the expeditionary force will be supplied from Bombay, though three hospital ships, fitted in a similar manner to those employed with such success in China, are now being prepared at Deptford, and will be ventilated according to the system advocated by Dr. Edmonds of the Royal Navy. This question of ventilation is of course of primary importance in such a climate as Massowah.

Finally, let me say one word as to the qualifications of the general selected by the government. No better man could have been chosen, and all those who have served under him in China, or with him in the campaign in the Sutlej, will be only too happy to have that honour again. He is an officer of that noble corps, the Bengal Engineers, now amalgamated with the Royal service, and his appointment to this most arduous and honourable post will shed a parting halo of glory on the corps, while serving in which he first won his well-earned honours. Sir Robert Napier was present with the army at the hard-fought fields of Moodkee and Sobraon, and at the terrible struggle at Ferozeshah, where his horse was shot under him. He also served, in 1843, under General Whish at Mooltan, where he was severely wounded. In the eventful year, 1857, Colonel Napier was again "to the fore," and as chief of the staff to that Bayard of the Indian army, Outram, and as brigadier-general commanding the Central India Force on the sickness of Sir Hugh Rose, he won imperishable renown. In 1860 he commanded one of the two divisions of Sir J. H. Grant's army in China, and proved himself once more a brave soldier and able general. In times of peace he also distinguished himself as one of the subordinates of the late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence in his administration of the Punjab, and he proved himself a lieutenant after the heart of that great and good man.

The difficulties that will beset the army in its advance into this almost unknown country of Abyssinia

will be very great, and it will require the genius of a great commander, and the exertions of an intelligent executive, to foresee and provide for the multifarious wants of so large a force; but there is scarcely sufficient ground to despond, as a portion of the press have done, or to frighten their readers by lugubrious extracts culled at random from the diaries of travellers, some relating to parts of the country that will not be traversed by a single soldier. As an example, may be cited Major Harris's graphic description—inserted in a leading article of the "Times"—of the horrors of Lake Assal, near the Bay of Tajourrah—a place at which he encamped, but which will not be approached by the army—for a spot that is spoken of as "an unventilated and diabolical hollow," only requiring "foul-mouthed vampires and ghouls" to complete its desolation, would certainly not be selected, irrespective of its unsuitability, as a base of operations for the expedition.

I may say, in conclusion, that while serving on board the ships of war of the late Indian navy, I have at various times been to every place on the sea coast which I have described, with the exception of Amphilla Bay, and therefore speak in a measure from observation; although I must own in fairness, that had I not had at my disposal certain official documents, I should have hesitated before committing to paper these few notes on Abyssinia and its routes. As it is, I think I may assert with truth that they may be depended on for their accuracy.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN,

CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

(Concluded.)

SOON after Bertrand's return to Motte Brun, and when he was about eighteen years of age, a grand tournament was held at Rennes. Thither went Sir Robert du Guesclin and a band of his retainers, and among them the eldest son of the house, whose appearance was so ungainly and equipment so shabby that he encountered ridicule and insult on every side, and was laughed at as a wandering herd-boy, who had stolen one of the plough-horses in order to ape his betters.

Stung to the depths of his proud heart by the shame of such taunts, the lad rushed from the scene, and would have returned home, but for a fortunate encounter with one of his cousins, who having played his own part in the jousts, willingly lent his horse and harness to the unhappy Bertrand.

In those days it was usual for every knight and squire to wear emblazoned on his shield certain heraldic tokens, by which means his family and position might be known to all. But Bertrand entered the lists with plain armour and drawn vizor, and thus, free from prejudice for or against him, won his first honours.

After some time, during which the unknown bore his part with great credit, the Sieur du Guesclin himself entered the lists to oppose him; when Bertrand, recognizing his father's crest, lowered his lance and respectfully declined the challenge. Sir Robert's well-known prowess caused this conduct to be attributed to fear, but when the boy had overthrown more than one warrior, especially a Norman knight of some eminence, a shout of admiration was raised by the spectators; and when his name became known the whole ring echoed with his praises, and to the gallant boy was adjudged the prize of the combat, a silver swan. Of course the father was very proud and happy, and the mother began to understand in what manner her pebble was to outshine all the other jewels, and cast a reflected glory upon the whole of his family.

Somewhere about this period—for the dates are very conflicting—Jean de Montfort, Duke of Bretagne, died, and as he left no children, Jeanne, the daughter

of his eldest brother, and Simon, son of the youngest, contended together for the duchy. Jeanne had married the French prince, Charles de Blois, and her claims were advocated by the French king, Philip. Simon, on the contrary, had wedded an English princess, and thus had a sort of claim upon the protection given him by our Edward III.

Du Guesclin and most of the Bretons declared themselves on the side of Charles; and after a truce, which had lasted during the long captivity of Blois in England, the war was commenced with great vigour, the first affair of any importance being the attack on Fongeray Castle.

Bamborough, the governor, having headed a sortie in search of provisions, Bertrand obtained admittance for himself and sixty of his troop, who, in the disguise of wood-cutters, and bending beneath a heap of fagots, easily deluded the unsuspecting garrison, and killed or overpowered the whole of them. Bamborough did not return until the following day, when a sorry welcome awaited him, and in a desperate effort to regain his command he received his death, while the young adventurer, who had done so much with such scanty materials, was covered with praises.

Soon after this the English army, under the command of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, besieged the town of Rennes, which was ably defended by its governor, the Sieur de Penhoët, surnamed *le Fortboiteux*, or the *Crafty*, while Bertrand harassed the besiegers on all sides, making their position by no means a pleasant one. Henry, finding other means fail, tried to undermine the ramparts, in which he would doubtless have succeeded had not Penhoët caused little basins to be suspended on wire in all the adjacent houses, and by the movement of these he was able to detect the underground work, and so to render his enemy's operations useless.

When the city was reduced well nigh to its last extremities from starvation, another well-planned ruse induced Henry to lead the greater part of his troops to intercept an imaginary convoy of provisions. During his absence Du Guesclin fell upon the nearly deserted camp, captured Lancaster's own commissariat, and compelled the carters to drive them into the city, where the young hero was hailed as a deliverer, and carried in triumph to his uncle's house.

Henry, who loved a brave foe, was charmed with Bertrand's daring exploit, and sent him a safe-conduct and an invitation to dinner. The herald messenger took the swarthy, wild boy for a brigand; and we may well suppose that the brilliant warriors of the English camp were astonished at his appearance. Henry, however, liked him well, and made him very liberal offers if he would enter his father's service, adding, "The rights of Blois are very doubtful, and a hundred thousand men may die in their defence."

"The better for their heirs," retorted Bertrand, and indignantly refused all the prince's offers.

William Bamborough, brother to the unfortunate governor of Fongeray, now stepped forward, and challenged Du Guesclin to single combat. Bertrand consented willingly, and although the duke, vexed at the insults offered to his guest, strove to prevent the contest, neither of the combatants would be gainsaid, and the duel was fixed for the ensuing day.

Of course the people of Rennes, Penhoët, and the citizens, and especially the youth's aunt, were greatly averse to the affair. But Bertrand extorted permission from the governor, soothed and laughed at the lady, whom he bade prepare an extra good dinner for his return, and finally rode into the lists mounted on a splendid charger, the gift of the English prince.

Three onsets—the prescribed number—ensued without much advantage on either side.

"Shall we ride another in honour of the ladies?" said the Breton. "I forewarn you the devil will be in it."

"Go on," returned Bamborough; and before many minutes had elapsed the Englishman was unhorsed and thrown upon the dust. His life was spared by the conqueror, but his steed and weapons became the property of Du Guesclin.

Among Henry's notable devices for the subjection of the town, was a huge wooden tower, protected from fire by a coating of ox hides and tin. It was as high as the ramparts, and was provided with drawbridges, by which the walls might be reached. This was filled with archers, and was pushed close alongside the barriers. Bertrand, however, made a most successful sortie, and contrived to set fire to this formidable machine.

Lancaster was now at the end of his resources, and would willingly have raised the siege, but for the rash oath which restrained him.

On hearing of this, Du Guesclin suggested a singular expedient, viz., that the prince should be invited to enter the city, and there plant his standard, for a few seconds, upon the highest battlement, thus fulfilling in the letter what he would never be able to accomplish in the spirit. Strange and well-nigh incredible as the thing appears to us, it is nevertheless true that the duke accepted the proposition, and obeyed it to the letter. The English lions were flung out upon the breeze; but ere the mortified prince could leave the town, the garrison had torn down the banner and totally destroyed it.

For his gallant conduct throughout this siege, Charles conferred knighthood upon the young warrior, and presented him with the beautiful castle of Roche d'Arien.

Soon after this we find our hero at Dinon, where he remained during the whole siege. It was here that Thomas of Canterbury, brother to the archbishop, most unfairly pounced upon Olivier du Guesclin, Bertrand's younger brother, and taking the lad prisoner, loaded him with abuse and vituperation. Bertrand, upon hearing of this, immediately mounted his horse, and, as it was a time of truce, rode across the lines to the tent of his friendly foe, the Duke of Lancaster.

Henry, who was playing chess with Sir John Chandon, exclaimed, on seeing him—

"Bertrand, you shall taste my wine."

"I will neither eat nor drink till my brother is returned to me," answered Du Guesclin; and then he told the reason of his appearance.

Henry was greatly offended at such a gross transgression of the treaty, and severely reprimanded Sir Thomas, who, arrogantly maintaining his right, threw down his glove at Bertrand's feet. The young man accepted the challenge; many obstacles were raised on all sides, but the lists were finally arranged, a gallery erected, in which the two generals, Lancaster and Fortboiteux, sat side by side as spectators of the combat. In the same gallery were many ladies of the city, among others, Epiphane Raguene, sister to Count Belière. This young lady was famous for her belief in astrology, and, indeed, many of her prophecies were so singularly fulfilled, that she has received the name of *Tiphainy la fée*, or the fairy; and by this title she is generally known. She had frequently calculated the horoscope of the young Breton, and had thus discovered what she called his lucky and unlucky days. The combat with Canterbury fell on one of the former, and ought therefore to be fortunate. But Bertrand made light of the prediction, which was however fulfilled, although when we consider the Breton's great strength and prowess, it scarcely needed fairy lore to anticipate his triumph.

In this combat Canterbury acted in a very un-knightly manner; and although Du Guesclin spared his life, he was publicly disgraced, and drawn from the lists upon a hurdle; he was also dismissed the

English service, and forbidden to enter the presence of the duke.

A peace, which was not of long duration, was now signed, by the terms of which each of the disputing parties was to bear the title of Duke of Bretagne, and divide the towns and fortresses of the province between them.

Bertrand's reward was not forgotten: he received the government of the strong castle of Pontorson, and also the hand of the charming fairy, Epiphanie Raguenel, whom the gallant knight heartily loved and esteemed, but to whose predictions he never learned to attach any weight, and systematically slighted, deeming the man "a trumpery fellow, no wiser than a sheep, who trusts to women and their soothsayers."

Nevertheless, their affection was very true and constant, and is celebrated in many a Breton lay.

We must not protract the history of Bertrand's youth beyond his marriage. How he entered the service of the French king, and obtained for himself great honours and wealth, and the highest military title in the kingdom, would require some pages to relate. We take our leave of him with the reflection that rough diamonds, although they may be difficult to polish, are often the most brilliant in the end; and that ugly people generally possess some compensating quality of mind or body, such as those of the great Breton hero, whose early adventures have formed for us so amusing a study.



A CADGERS' RESTAURANT.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XV.—THE POOR.

ENGLISHMEN are apt to pride themselves on the care taken of the poor—permanently by means of our well-endowed hospitals and other charitable institutions, and on occasion by the liberal subscriptions which are readily forthcoming in seasons of distress. It is even one of our boasts that the money for the relief of the poor is raised by a tax which takes precedence of the right of the landlord himself, and is directly or indirectly the first lien on all the personal and landed property of the kingdom. In spite of this self-complacency on our part, and the different manner in which they do these things across the Channel, there is reason to believe that the comparative amount of money spent in the relief of the poor is quite as great in France as in England. Some Frenchmen go further,

and claim for their capital a superiority over our own. They point to the crowd of squalid wretches to be seen in all parts of London, and challenge us to find similar scenes in Paris. To this it is frequently replied, that the absence of street mendicants and ragged poor in Paris is due to the arbitrary nature of their government. That the police prohibit all those wretched objects which so continually meet the eye in our own metropolis, and that they are punished if they make their appearance in the public streets; that the street beggars are treated more severely than in London, is possible—nay, more, is true; and that a stranger may remain for months together in Paris without either seeing or being importuned by a street mendicant. But that they always have the poor among them is also as certain there as in London. According to the printed return of the municipality of Paris, their poor are proportionately more numerous than our own. In

London, the poor of all classes, dependent more or less on charitable relief, will be about six and a half per cent. of the entire population; in Paris they are fully eight per cent.

It would far exceed our limits to give more than a very slight sketch of the administration of the poor law in Paris, and we cannot occupy ourselves with the merits of the above argument. We shall be able to show, however, that as much general philanthropy exists in the capital of France as in ours; and if the funds for the relief of the poor are raised in a different manner, they are in amount fully as liberal, and the way in which they are dispensed is, at least, as efficient as the working of our own poor laws.

By a decree of January 10th, 1849—which is still in force—everything relating to public charity is placed under a central body called *L'Administration Générale de l'Assistance Publique*. It is under the control of the Minister of the Interior, and is managed by a director and a committee of surveillance, the presidents being the prefects of the police and the Seine, and is composed of twenty members. The funds placed at the disposal of this body are raised from different sources, the principal being from the octroi duties, which furnish no less than 21,000,000 of francs, or 840,000*l.*—a sum in excess of that raised in London by our poor law, but a large proportion of which goes to the maintenance of public hospitals. All theatres and places of public amusement also contribute ten per cent. of their receipts (amounting to about 40,000*l.*) towards the same object, which, added to endowments and private subscriptions, raises the whole sum placed in the hands of the Administration to an amount which approaches very closely to that applied to charitable purposes in London, the proportionate numbers of the populations being taken into consideration.

Several committees aid the Administration of Public Assistance in distributing the funds raised for the relief of the poor, the principal being the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance et Secours à Domicile*, one of which is organized in each of the twenty *arrondissements* of Paris. Each bureau is under the management of the mayor of the *arrondissement*—who presides *ex officio*—the rector of the parish and Protestant ministers, twelve managers chosen by the Minister of the Interior, the Commissioners of the Poor, and the *Dames de Charité*, or ladies who assist in the distribution and visit the poor at their own houses. Collections are also made at private residences by ladies, and none consider themselves of too high a grade to take part in this good work. Of course in Paris, as in London, there is also the vagrant poor, who prefer to live by their wits, more or less honestly, or dishonestly, as the case may be. These would furnish materials for a separate study, but we can only direct attention to some specimens of the class as depicted by M. Doré in our illustration.

A marked difference exists between the poor-law administration of Paris and London, far more outdoor relief being given by the Parisian method than our own. In Galighani's "Paris" we find that during the last year the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* relieved, at their own homes, no fewer than 45,000 families, 23,000 men, 39,000 women, 25,000 boys, and 25,500 girls. The administrators, as a general rule, give relief in kind, such as bread, meat, firing, and clothing. To the aged and infirm they are especially liberal. Besides food, fuel, and clothing, they make a further monthly allowance of three francs to such as are paralyzed, five francs to those who are blind or upwards of seventy-five years of age, and eight francs to those who are eighty. They also distribute medicine and give gratuitous advice to the sick, who are attended by a staff of one hundred and fifty-nine medical men, especially appointed for the duty.

It will be seen that in Paris the poor possess all the

benefits which would be derived in London from an equalization of the poor rate—none of those monstrous anomalies being found there which so often disgrace the administration of the poor laws with us, and which the new bill lately passed, though it may mitigate, will be far from abolishing. In Paris, as well as in London, the poor rarely reside in the same parishes with the rich. Four *arrondissements* contain more indigent persons than the remaining sixteen put together, yet the amount collected for relief is nearly the same in them all. Compare this with some of the London parishes, where the amount of the poor rate varies (as in the City of London Union) from four to five shillings weekly; to one shilling, or even less, as in the parishes of St. George's in the East or the Borough, and we shall have little reason to compliment ourselves on the result.

But if our relief to the able-bodied poor is, on the whole, equal to that given in Paris, in their care of the sick poor they far exceed us, though when the present law comes into action a vast change for the better will take place among us. In Paris a sick person has no occasion to seek for a ticket to be admitted into a hospital. If the case be not an urgent one, all he has to do is to apply to a central bureau, to which a number of physicians are appointed, who take the duty in rotation. The patient is then examined, and if the case is of sufficient importance they give him an order to some particular hospital which is considered best adapted for his complaint, and he is immediately admitted without difficulty. In urgent cases the medical officer on duty at any hospital may admit a person, should he think it advisable, without any appeal to the central bureau. All the modern Parisian hospitals are admirably constructed, and no expense has been spared in their erection and maintenance. Since 1830 nearly two millions sterling have been expended on the Paris hospitals alone, and when the new building of the *Hôtel Dieu* is completed it will exceed that amount. There are altogether in Paris about 18,000 hospital beds (special hospitals included), apart from the work-house infirmaries—more than double the number to be found in London. The average yearly cost of a bed in a Paris hospital is about the same as one in the Fever or Westminster Hospitals in London. Several of the special hospitals under the control of the *Administration Générale* are also worthy of much commendation. Among them may be noticed that of St. Louis, for cutaneous diseases and scrofula. Male patients who are able to pay are received into a separate department, at the rate of two francs a day. The indoor indigent patients who are able to be employed are encouraged to work in the garden, for which they receive a sou an hour. This hospital is celebrated for its baths, and great use is made of them. The hospital for sick children, in the Rue de Sevres, is another admirable special hospital, and in magnitude puts to shame those of the same description established in London, containing, as it does, no fewer than seven hundred beds. The Hospital of St. Eugénie, founded by the present empress, is also for sick children, and contains more than four hundred beds. For children labouring under scrofulous affections the *Administration Générale* has established two branch hospitals, to which the young patients are sent—one at Forge les Bains, and the other at Berck-sur-mer, in the department of Calais. Other special hospitals in Paris are worthy of great praise, but on these, unfortunately, our space will not allow us to dwell. Before altogether quitting the subject, we may state that the administration has a *Maison de Retraite*, or asylum appropriated to the reception of old or infirm officers and servants of the hospitals. The number of beds it contains is two hundred and forty-six. A physician of eminence is attached to the *Retraite*, and the attendance is provided by Sisters of Charity.

Another and very important class of public charitable institutions remains to be noticed—the hospices. These establishments appear to possess the principal features of the English almshouse combined with those of the workhouse. Such are the Salpêtrière, with its 5000 aged female inmates, and the Hospice des Menages, at Issy. The latter is appropriated to aged persons, either married, single, or widowed, the only qualifications required being that of respectability of life, and of having been inhabitants of Paris or the department of the Seine for more than two years. Unfortunately, the Hospice des Menages is but seldom visited by foreigners, or it might teach us the lesson that even now, as well as in the time of Sterne, things are occasionally better managed in France than in England. If any objection can be made to this institution, it arises from the fact of the arrangements being possibly more commodious and expensive than is required for the purpose. Such, at any rate, are the objections generally made, but we cannot ourselves agree with them, as we hold that while the disreputable poor should be treated with wholesome severity, no respect or attention can be too great for the unfortunates whose lives have been honourable and industrious. This hospice is made to accommodate nearly 2000 persons. It has 428 rooms for married couples, 454 for widows and widowers, and 430 for unmarried people. It should be understood that the Hospice des Menages is not altogether a charity, pure and simple; the inmates or their friends being expected to pay a certain sum on admission, which, however, is but trifling when compared with the return they get for it. For example, the best chambers are reserved for married couples from sixty to seventy years of age, the admission fee required for the pair being 120*l.*, English. After that they are put to no further expense. The next best chambers are for widows and widowers over sixty years of age, whose friends are able to pay 60*l.* English on their admission. Each of these inmates is required to bring a bedstead, two mattresses, a bolster, two blankets, two pairs of sheets, and two chairs. All the remaining, and by far the greater portion of the establishment is allotted to those who are entirely destitute, and who are therefore admitted without payment. Each inmate, without exception, receives daily one pound and a half of bread, and half a pound of raw meat. The sum of three francs is given them every ten days for pocket-money, besides sufficient fuel for the year. The reader may have some idea of the accommodation contained in this immense establishment, when he is informed that the building alone cost 180,000*l.* English. All conveniences of baths, washhouses, and laundries are attached to it, as well as a handsome garden. It has also an excellent reading-room and library. There is another hospice for orphan children, containing more than 2000 inmates; and two for incurables—one for men, containing 497 beds, and the other for women, with 630 beds.

Several other institutions of the kind would be well worthy of notice; but we have named a sufficient number to prove that attention and kindness to the poor is carried on as conscientiously in Paris as it is in London.

WEATHER PROGNOSTICS.

In my observations dated the 1st June, respecting weather wisdom, I ventured to deduce the prognostic of the summer from Dr. Kirwan's weather axioms, promising northerly winds with dry weather and great heat, with copious rains, however, attaining their maximum in July. We have had spells of dry weather and spells of wet, with a continuance of northerly winds, giving us what may be called a polar summer, during which we shivered on the north side of the streets and sweltered on the south. If not the hottest summer on record, as seemed promised, we have had some of the hottest days on record, as

shown not only by the high readings of the thermometer about the middle and end of August, but also by the physical fact that cigar fuses took fire in the window of a tobacconist, and the heat in the underground railway became so oppressive that the death of a passenger has been attributed to it. Altogether it was truly a *summer* summer; indeed, had not the effulgence of the sun been at a maximum, as we expected, the northerly winds, so prevalent, would have been as hard to bear as the oppressive heat of the tropics by the human constitution.

We now come to the consideration of the closing months of the year. The characteristics of autumn are departure and decay, the sensible departure of the sun and diminishing sunshine, the departure of the winged minstrels that enlivened the summer, the decay of the leaves, changing colour, and at length falling in the silence of the calm night, or tossed by the furious wind when the storm rages.

From a survey of the past, and the positions of the moon and sun during the ensuing three months of the year, the following seem to be the probabilities of the weather that may be expected.

October will be over before this can meet the public eye, or I would venture to predict, on the whole, a fine seasonable month, with the probability of bad weather between the 18th and 27th. In November clear and seasonable weather will, I think, prevail during the first fortnight, to the full moon on the 12th, which will probably bring on a spell of rain; to clear up on the 13th or 14th, with north-easterly winds. It should be remembered that this is the period of the November meteors. The last quarter of November's moon is likely to be attended with north-east winds, with fair and frosty weather, not without a foggy day or two, up to the new moon (26th), from which date we may expect the usual stormy weather connected with "the great November atmospheric wave." The barometer, which constantly enlarges its movements or oscillations in receding from the summer season, now exhibits the greatest depressions. Consistently with this state of the barometer we have now the south-west winds oftener—but with a large mixture at intervals of northerly, which average considerably above their mean. Perhaps the greatest interchange of these currents now takes place in our atmosphere. November is the wettest month in the year—the quantity of rain being on the average about three inches, and rain falls, in general, on precisely half the number of days in the month. In this and the preceding month, but most in the present, the depressions of temperature occur which bring on the cold of winter in our climate. A gloomy windy sky is the prevailing characteristic of this season, but this is not constant; and we have at intervals, also in this month, very fine days, with clear nights and hoar-frosts, on the average to the number of eleven or twelve.

In the first week of December stormy winds will probably prevail from north-west to the full moon (11th), when north-easterly winds may be expected, with frost, to the last quarter (18th), during which south-westerly winds are probable, with their usual violence, and rain, to the new moon (25th), during which north-easterly winds will again prevail, giving us a seasonable Christmas week, with frost and snow, to the end of the year. Rain or snow falls on about eighteen days of this month, which is, therefore, one of the most subject to what is provincially called "falling weather." On an average of years about half the nights of this month appear to be frosty.

The first fortnight or three weeks of January are almost always the coldest part in the year, the northerly winds predominating, by a fourth of their amount, over the southerly winds. Thus, by announcing the 20th of January, 1838, as "Fair. Probable lowest degree of winter temperature," the celebrated Murphy of almanac renown turned out to be a true weather-prophet, and created such a furore for his publication that he cleared 7000*l.* Two things, however, were on that occasion most remarkable, as being almost unprecedented in the annals of meteorological observation in this country; first, the thermometer below zero for some hours, and secondly, a rapid change of nearly fifty-six degrees. According to the lunar positions, &c., we shall have high winds at the commencement of the month in 1868, especially about the 9th.

10th, and 11th, and in the last week—generally a month of great severity in every way—wind, rain, frost, and snow.

There is every prospect of an early and severe winter from the early flight of the birds of passage; most of them left England, it is said, by the third week of August, and they quitted the Continent at a much earlier period than usual. Mist and fog seem likely to prevail. The fact that *sharks* have, as reported, appeared in great numbers on our coasts, seems to show that a warm current of equatorial water is being directed towards our latitudes; and here is another potent cause of fog, besides the lingering heat of the land in the autumn and winter. Fog results from the heat of the surface (land or water) being greater than that of the air. The character of the winds blowing at the equinoxes is likely to be that of the ensuing seasons; and as the autumnal equinox occurred with northerly winds in force, they will probably characterise the winter just as they did last summer. Consequently, preparations should be made against the usual mortality incidental to severe cold, the effects of which on our death-roll have been so frequently attested by the Registrar-General. The poor will need much assistance, and means should be taken in time to keep down the price of coal.

A. STR.

VILLAGE CLUBS.

MR. EDITOR,—I am quite certain that nothing is more alien to your wishes than to encourage, even by implication, any social evil affecting our rural population; nevertheless, I cannot but express an opinion that the tendency of an article in your number for August, entitled "Village Club-walking," is calculated to do injury, by its expression of approval of public-house clubs.

The mischief wrought in country places by these clubs has been acknowledged too frequently, by the greatest authorities on social topics, to need any argument from me in antagonism to them. Mr. Gladstone's Post-Office Savings Banks and Government Annuities schemes were both supported by evidence which exhibited the delusive character of many of these candidates for the produce of industrial thrift. At their monthly or weekly meetings a stated sum from the common fund is spent in liquor, frequently the initiative to a night of expenditure and excess. The landlord usually holds the post of secretary or treasurer, and takes care that conviviality shall be encouraged under the sanction of charity. This system reaches its climax on the occasion of the annual feast, when two or three days of revel—or its consequence, incapacity for work—is the condition of too large a proportion of the members. So notorious are these evils, that in many cases the clergy refuse to support clubs which meet at a public-house; and one great organization of labouring co-operation for mutual aid—the Odd Fellows—generally (if not universally) meet in some public hall or room, not at a tavern.

Moreover, Mr. Tidd Pratt, whose opinion on such subjects is deserving of the utmost respect, has published his opinion that the calculations upon which the majority of these public-house clubs are based, are imperfect and unsound: so that the contributor runs no little chance of losing his hard-earned savings at the very time when he begins to need their fruit.

It is by no means necessary to come to the conclusion that all village clubs are bad things—fortunately the very reverse is the case. Friendly societies like the Becher clubs, or those originated by Mr. Sotherton Ketourt, are founded upon sound and safe calculations, and are free from the evils inherent in the constitution of the tavern club. These too have their annual feast corresponding to the one described in your August number, *minus*, perhaps, a little of the beer and tobacco, but plus a hearty association of all classes of society, much innocent enjoyment, clearer heads, and fewer waking regrets on the part of the members.

As a sincere well-wisher to honest thrift, and cordial sympathy between man and man, I hope the "People's Magazine" will lend its aid to encourage the true rather than the false friend of the labourer.

I am sir, faithfully yours,

W. K. RILAND BEDFORD.

SQUARE WORDS.

THE following are some additional examples of this amusing exercise, continued in alphabetical order from page 736.

G.

GLUE:	GOAT:	GRISI:
LOGS:	OLGA:	RUNIC:
UGLY:	AGAR:	INUBE:
ESYL:	TART:	SIBEN:
		ICENI:

Expl.—E S Y L, some kind of unpleasant drink. It is variously spelt. "Woo't drink up Eisell?"—*Hamlet*. OLGA, name of a Russian princess. A G A R, an English surname. G R I S I, name of a famous songstress, &c. S I B E N, a mythological sort of G R I S I: a musical mermaid whose singing was irresistible. I C E N I, the name of a British tribe. R U N I C: "And *Runic* characters were grav'd around" (*Pope*).

H.

HAND:	HOPE:	HOMER:
AVER:	OPAL:	OUIDA:
NEVA:	PAUL:	MIMIC:
DRAW:	ELLA:	EDILE:
		RACER:

Expl.—N E V A, a river in Russia. E L L A, Christian name and surname. H O M E R, the father of Epic poetry. O U I D A, assumed name of a modern novelist. E D I L E, a sort of commissioner of public works in old Rome.

I. J.

IDOL:	INTER:	JAMES:
DORA:	NAOMI:	APART:
ORUS:	TOKEN:	MARIE:
LAST:	EMEND:	ERICA:
	RINDS:	STEAM:

Expl.—O R U S, an Egyptian god. N A O M I, a woman's name. E R I C A, or E R I C E, botanical term for *heath* or *broom*.

K.

KITE:	KING:	KITTY:
ISER:	IDEA:	INUBE:
TEES:	NEAT:	TUMID:
ERST:	GATE:	TRIED:
		YEDDO:

Expl.—I S E R, a river of Bavaria. T E E S, a river in England. E R S T, formerly. Y E D D O or J E D D O, the chief Japanese city.

L.

LADY:	LONG:	LLAMA:
ALOE:	OPEN:	LIMES:
DOLL:	NEVA:	AMISS:
YELL:	GNAT:	MESSE:
		ASSES:

Expl.—N E V A, the name of a Russian river. L L A M A, or L A M A, an animal belonging to the camelids. M E S S E, a French word meaning *mass*, or the ablative case of a Latin word meaning *harvest*.

M.

MAMMA:	MARY:	MAMMA:
ADAIR:	ALOE:	AGAIN:
MABRY:	ROSA:	MAIZE:
MIRZA:	YEAR:	MIZEN:
ARYAN:		ANENT:

Expl.—M I R Z A, a Persian word signifying *prince*, &c. A R Y A N, adjective, from A R Y A, the name given by the Hindoos of old to a vast extent of country including I B A N. M A I Z E, or M A I Z, Indian corn. M I Z E N, or M I Z E N (the latter spelling alone given in most dictionaries): "The *misen* is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the *misen-mast*" (*Falconer*). A N E N T, a Scottish word signifying *as to, concerning, &c.*

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL MOLODIANI.

ONE of the Cossack general's aides-de-camp, who had been too assiduous in his attentions to the Countess Konradin, and had been sent with five-and-twenty men on a tour of inspection to a remote village, which it suited the general to believe in imminent danger of being disturbed, came himself to Wilkovo

on the morning of the day fixed for the ball. He brought news that disturbances *were* to be apprehended, not only in his own village and district, but in many other districts, and, indeed, throughout the kingdom of Poland.

"It is very strange, Captain Leonteff," said the general, "that you should get so much better news than any one else. The civil authorities know nothing of the disturbances you speak of."

"They have not yet broken out," answered the captain. "I only said that they were to be apprehended. My information is positive, or I should not have left my post to communicate it to you."

"A despatch would have done just as well," said the general; "but there is a ball to-night at the governor's."

"I was not aware of it," replied Leonteff, "and, if you will allow me to say so, general, I do not see what that has to do with the matter."

"It seems to me incredible, that is all," pursued the general, "that at Stanitz, a village inhabited entirely by peasants, there should be any danger of an outbreak."

"Yet, general, it was to Stanitz that I was specially sent."

"Captain Leonteff," exclaimed the chief, "you are forgetting yourself! You have quitted your post without orders. Write out your report. I only hope it may justify the step you have taken."

"I am afraid, general, that it will justify it only too fully," answered the aide-de-camp, who at once set to work and put down on paper that a number of suspicious characters had passed close to the village of Stanitz on their way to a wood, where they were now believed to be concealed, and where the peasantry declared that they had collected a large number of arms. The steward of an estate near Stanitz (the report went on to say) had given money to some of his day labourers, and had made them bring him their scythes, which he had deposited in a barn, where Leonteff's Cossacks had actually found them. The blades of the scythes so found had been removed and readjusted vertically to the handles, so that they could be used as spears. Leonteff had arrested the steward, who, however, not only made no confession, but, after the manner of the Poles, denied everything.

When this report was handed to the cavalry general, he took it at once to the military governor, and asked him what he thought of it.

Gontchalin, at heart, thought the information rather serious, but he did not like to say so, not even to himself. He was determined to maintain, until the last moment, that everything was quiet at Wilkovo, and that every one had perfect confidence in his government.

"Pooh, pooh!" he said. "There are some men in a wood and there are some scythes in a barn, or there were until Captain Leonteff had them taken away. By-the-bye, we must invite Captain Leonteff to the ball. A most deserving officer!"

"I thought, considering all things," suggested the general commanding the cavalry, "that it might be advisable to send Captain Leonteff back to his post. If anything *did* occur, and he was absent, it might be very awkward."

"He is your officer," replied the governor, "and if his presence at Stanitz seems necessary, you will, of course, order him to return here."

"The facts he reports have considerable bearing on certain rumours that have reached him," continued the cavalry general. "He has not wished to give them a place in an official document, but they point to an armed rising of some magnitude."

"In that case his twenty-five men will not be of much use to him," observed the governor.

"For that reason I propose to send a whole troop to Stanitz. A staff-officer and twenty-five Cossacks

were quite enough for what was wanted, but they are not enough for what *may* be wanted now."

"Have you received news from any other points?"

"Not to-day; but I have three or four very intelligent aides-de-camp whom I should like to send out to some of the villages about here. They could go in the afternoon and would be back early to-morrow morning. I can find good employment to-day for at least two troops; one to go back to Stanitz with Leonteff, the other to be divided into four detachments and to be sent, each with a staff-officer, to all the villages within twenty versts of Wilkovo—just to trot through them, see what's going on, collect the news from the military stations, and show that we have not gone to sleep."

"I have full confidence in you and in all arrangements that you may make," said the governor; "and the sight of Cossacks moving through the country can never do any harm in Poland. You can spare two hundred more men with ease, and we shall feel all the safer when they come in with the news."

"I will go and give the necessary orders at once," said General Molodiani.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MOLODIAN'S OFFICERS.

CONFOUND the general! May he be devoured by Poles!" cried a lieutenant and aide-de-camp, who was playing at *écarté* with one of his comrades when the order to march reached him.

"What a brute! The very day of the ball," exclaimed a captain who held the other hand, and who had received notice to have his troop ready in half an hour.

"The cunning old rascal," said the lieutenant of the same troop, who was betting on the game, and who had also been favoured with instructions; "he knew that I should be sure to dance with her."

"The countess shall be informed," said the aide-de-camp. "I will go to her the moment my horse is saddled, and beg her not to speak to him all the evening."

"Much she will care for what you say. You had better let me go," observed the captain. "I have only one order to give, and I shall be ready as soon as you."

"I ought to go, if any one," persisted the lieutenant. "If the whole country were in flames I could not go away without making my excuses to her."

"Don't trouble yourself," said the two other officers. "She does not want your excuses. She will do very well without them."

"What! Vassili Vassilievitch?" cried all three together, as Leonteff entered the room.

"What luck you have," said the aide-de-camp. "You come back just as we are all being sent away. Talk of the forced recruitment at Warsaw, that was nothing to what is taking place here. Every cavalry officer below the age of thirty-five—with the exception of Lobtchinski, who can't dance, and Dobkievitch, who can't see, and Schnegin, who can't do anything—is sent into exile, in order that the general may have no competitors for the favours of the countess. But fortune has, at least, sent you to mar his happiness. You are not handsome, Vassili Vassilievitch, and you are not witty except now and then, when you repeat my observations; but we will back you against the general, all the same."

"I also am in the conscription list," said Leonteff.

"You also! Well, it is a compliment you did not deserve. But I am glad, after all, that you are not going to remain for the ball. There is something in the misfortune of one of my best friends that is not altogether disagreeable to me."

"Two troops are under orders to march," said Leonteff. "Yours," addressing the captain, "and troop No. 3. And several aides-de-camp are proscribed."

"I thought the whole brigade was being sent away," said the lieutenant; "but he only wishes to get rid of the *élite*, it appears. It is a cruel act. It is bad enough to ill-treat men, but this is cruelty to women. However, the countess and Natalia Ivanovna will have their revenge, we may depend upon that."

In fact, Nathalie, when she saw the Cossacks come out of the barracks adjoining the palace, and observed that they carried the circular wisps of hay with which Cossacks always furnish themselves before starting on a march, was a little surprised. When she saw some two hundred of them drawn up in the court-yard, and saw the officers join them, and saw the aides-de-camp assemble round their general to receive his last instructions, was mystified; and when her maid came to her and brought her a collection of cards, on one of which was written, *avec mille regrets*, on another, *au désespoir d'être obligé de partir*, and on all "P.P.O.," she felt seriously annoyed.

At last, when looking over the cards a second time, she noticed on the one sent by the aide-de-camp who considered himself proscribed, these words: *Par ordre du général*, she considered herself personally aggrieved, and determined to ask the commander of the cavalry forthwith what he meant by spoiling her ball.

She went, however, first of all to her papa, and said to him abruptly—

"What are those two troops of Cossacks doing in the court-yard?"

"Doing?" answered the astonished governor, "they are about to march, and they are drawn up that the general may have a look at them before they start."

"But why don't you send out Lobtchinski's troop, or Schnegin's?" she inquired.

"I did not know that you took so much interest in the service, *ma petite Natasha*," he replied, delighted to find his daughter occupying herself with military matters; "but the troops which the general has chosen are quite as good."

"I should think they were!" she exclaimed. "And what," she continued, "can four aides-de-camp be wanted for?"

"Are there four?" said the governor.

"Certainly!" she replied. "Captain Leonteff and three others."

"Well, Leonteff is going back to Stanitz, and troop No. 3 accompanies him."

"A pity the general himself does not go there. And the other three?"

Gontchalin began to explain what particular duty had been assigned to the three other aides-de-camp.

"Perfect nonsense!" said Nathalie, interrupting him. "Any ordinary lieutenant, such as Dobkievitch, might have been sent on that work. In fact it is not work for cavalry at all. It is only fit for *gendarmes*."

"My dearest Nathalie," remonstrated the governor, "the general can send his aides-de-camp wherever he

pleases. When I was an aide-de-camp I was once sent to buy a box of cigars, and I often had to deliver my general's invitations."

"But it is you who command in chief here, papa?"

"Yes, my darling; but if you think I am going to interfere in what does not concern me, in order that you may not lose any of your partners to-night, you are very much mistaken."

"Very well!" said Nathalie, rather sulkily; "then I shall go and tell the countess."

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREPARATIONS.

THE Countess Konradin cared much less than Nathalie imagined, and very much less than the officers in their vanity supposed, about the ball that was now to take place in a few hours. When Nathalie told her of the high strategic operations which the cavalry general had devised in order to get rid of his obnoxious aides-de-camp, she could not help laughing; but she was on the whole much more serious than Nathalie had ever seen her before.

"My poor Nathalie!" she said, "what a silly girl you must be to care so much for a ball."

"It is the first I have ever given," answered Nathalie. "You know, Marie, how very anxious papa was that it should take place, and as it is to take place it might as well be successful. That is all I thought about it. But *you* will come? that is the most important thing."

"I would much rather not," answered the countess; "and I think you will regret it if I do."

"Oh, how can I?" asked Nathalie. "I would rather any of them—all of them—stayed away, than you."

"Yes; if all of them stayed away except me, it would be a delightful ball, no doubt."

"It is the first one I have ever given. You *must* come! Papa will be sure to say that I don't know how to do the honours, and if you are there you will be able to show me."

"My dear child, I was never at a ball in my life. People gave up dancing in Poland ever so long ago—before I was married; and I was married when I was seventeen."

"But you know what they do at balls?"

"Oh, yes. They dance, and eat ices, and pay compliments, and go to supper, and dance again after supper; and there are no more ices, but there are more compliments; and it all finishes with a mazurka, which lasts several hours, and sometimes, when everything seems at an end, suddenly begins again."

"All that must be very confusing. Dancing and supper and compliments and ices all mixed up together. I would rather have them separately. But you will come?"

"Yes," answered the countess, with an absent air.

"By-the-bye, your partner who was to have danced the mazurka with you has gone back to Stanitz with Captain Leonteff. He left a card at the palace, and wrote, *avec mille regrets*, on it. I am sure, Marie, at least nine hundred of them were for you."

"Stanitz! There will be a strange dance there."

"What do you mean?" asked Nathalie.

"I am so troubled by the dreadful things that are taking place, that I don't know what I am saying. Were all those Cossacks sent to Stanitz, then?"

"Only one troop."

"They will not be there till to-morrow morning. It is fifty versts from here to Stanitz, and I don't suppose they will continue their march after dark."

"If it hadn't been for the ball they would not have marched at all," said Nathalie. "It is all through that odious general," she continued; "and so absurd of him! His sending them away does not alter him. He remains just the same, as ugly and as disagreeable as ever."

"No," said the countess, "he is not ugly and he is not disagreeable in the ordinary sense of the word. But I don't like him. He is vain, and he has the presumption to be jealous without understanding that his jealousy is sheer impertinence."

"How is your husband?" asked Nathalie, suddenly.

"I have not seen him since the day before yesterday," said the countess.

"Then he really could not come to the ball?"

"Really! positively! otherwise he would not have refused you, you may be quite sure of that. I have had to tell him several times that he seems very fond of you. He says he is, and that I am also—so then I have nothing more to say."

"What more would you say, you absurd Marie?" asked Nathalie, throwing her arms round her neck and kissing her.

"Nothing; at least not on *that* subject."

"On what other subject, then?"

"On the subject of your ball. Put it off. Don't let it take place at all."

"Oh! papa would be frantic, to say nothing of that horrid general."

"Your father has been very kind to us and to every one, as far as his position allowed him to be so, and we shall not forget it."

"Not forget it, Marie? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, Nathalie. But your father thinks that by giving a ball at such a time as this he can prove to every one that Wilkovo is perfectly quiet, and that every one in and about Wilkovo is perfectly happy. You know how many Poles sent excuses. The others, who have not ventured to send excuses, will stop away all the same; or if they do come, it will be so much the worse."

"My dear Marie, I do not understand you in the least this evening."

"What I mean," said the countess at last, "is that there ought to be no ball to-night; that the palace ought to be shut up; and that you, instead of being at Wilkovo, ought to be in Paris or in London—anywhere except Wilkovo."

"You are trying to frighten me."

"No. I am trying *not* to frighten you."

"I know what it is," said Nathalie, after a slight pause, "you are mixed up with the conspiracy; but you need not be so mysterious with me. Besides being your devoted friend, I am half a Pole myself; and, if it were not for my father, should perhaps be as *exaltée* as you are."

"A report has been spread," said the countess—"I quite believe it to be untrue—but a report has been spread, that to-night the same thing is to take place here that took place a week ago at Warsaw. The extreme party are determined to begin the insurrection; and they have circulated handbills announcing that the government intend to execute the conscription to-night, or to-morrow morning, after the ball. Such a thing is incredible, and for that reason it will be be-

lieved. There is no monstrosity which our people do not consider the Russian government capable of."

"Oh, heaven! What is to be done?" exclaimed Nathalie. "And the count! Where is he?"

"At Stanitz."

"At Stanitz! Then the general had his reasons for sending troops there?"

"Who knows? The general is an utterly incapable man. The troops, in any case, will not arrive there in time."

"And you could let him leave you to go to Stanitz," exclaimed Nathalie.

"He thought I should be of more use here," replied the countess. "But now go and make your father put off the ball, and be sure not to tell him why. You ought to have no secrets from him, my poor child," she added, seeing an expression of great distress on Nathalie's face; but in that case I should have to keep many, many secrets from you. I will tell you of one that I have kept from you entirely until now—and the strange thing is that it is your secret, not mine."

"Mine!" said Nathalie, blushing from surprise—and then from another feeling, when she began to suspect what the secret referred to might be. At last she exclaimed: "How could he have told, when I begged him to respect my confidence!"

"He had left London for Warsaw before your letter reached him. He has never seen your letter."

"Is he safe?" Nathalie eagerly inquired.

"No Pole," said the countess, "is safe in Poland; but he is alive and at liberty. At least he was the day before yesterday, when my husband saw him."

"How did you know of this, Marie?" asked Nathalie, after a moment's hesitation.

"Your letter was marked immediate; it was opened in presence of my husband."

"But how did he know my writing?"

"In any case I should have recognized it. I found your envelope among his papers when he returned to Poland. With the exception of my husband and myself, no one knows that you wrote to young Ferrari at all; he does not even know it himself."

Nathalie thought that on the whole she would have liked Ferrari to know that it was she who had been the means of saving him from the clutches of the police.

"I have to thank you, by-the-bye, on Konradin's part, though he was not in such serious danger as the others."

"If I had only known where to write to him," said Nathalie; "but I had not the least idea; and when he called on us a day or two afterwards he already knew everything."

"You did all that was necessary," said the countess. "And now go to your father, and insist on his putting off the ball. Discretion, mind, and great firmness."

Nathalie had only left the countess a few minutes when one of the count's servants rode up to the house with a letter for his mistress, which he had brought all the way from Stanitz. It was the briefest communication possible, and simply said: "All things considered, you had better go to the ball. God bless you."

"Did you meet any one?" said the countess to the messenger.

The man said that he had just passed the governor's

carriage, in which there was a young lady; and that a few versts from Wilkovo he had met a troop of Cossacks; but that the officer in command, recognizing him as a servant of Count Konradin's, had not searched him, and had only stopped him for a moment to ask whether there was any news.

"And was there?" asked the countess.

"None that I could tell him," replied the servant. "But the preparations are going on well. A few scythes were found a day or two ago in a barn; but they had been left there for that very purpose, and in order to turn away the scent from a very much larger collection of arms which are concealed in one of your forests."

"Is the count quite well?"

"By the blessing of heaven, countess, he was looking better than I ever saw him before."

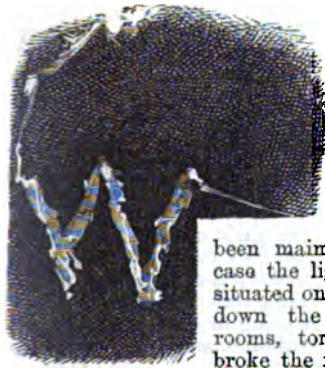
"Tell the coachman to have the carriage at the door at ten o'clock," she said; and she went upstairs to write a few letters, to arrange some papers, and to dress for the ball.

"I wish Nathalie could succeed in making him put it off, all the same," she said to herself. But a quarter of an hour afterwards she received a letter from Nathalie, saying that her father was inexorable, and that the ball would take place. Nathalie begged her to send back word that she would come, and the countess did so.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS.

VIII.—A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.



Everyone knows that the newspapers during the past summer have as usual recorded a number of accidents from lightning, in which much property has been damaged or destroyed, and many persons and animals have

been maimed or killed. In one case the lightning struck a house situated on the top of a hill, passed down the chimney, entered the rooms, tore up the boards, and broke the furniture, as if intent on

doing as much mischief as possible. In another case a house was struck, the gas-pipe rent, and the gas lighted. This is not an uncommon case. Lightning indeed acts apparently in a capricious manner, but in all cases it shows a decided preference for metal. In entering a room it will seize upon the bell-wires and dissipate them in vapour, clean off the gold from a picture-frame, strike upon the handles or hinges of a door, attack the nails in the floor, and pass down to the earth by similar metallic steps of its own selection.

There is one class of structure that is safe from damage by lightning, namely, an iron building, whether it be a lighthouse, a ship, or any other structure of metal. Not that it may not be struck by lightning, but when struck, the electric fluid expands upon it, and finds its way to the earth. A man in armour would be safe during a thunderstorm, for a similar reason. The ships of Her Majesty's Navy are safe because they are fitted with a well-contrived system of metallic conductors which convey the lightning to the sea in whatever part the ship may happen to be

struck. Trading vessels are not always secure, because there is no law compelling their owners to make them so. Churches and public buildings are not always properly protected, and hence the damage which we read of every year, of which the following is a specimen. It represents the appearance of St. Michael's Church at Black Rock, near Cork, on the morning after a storm in 1836. Cases like these are very common, and might be prevented. There is no reason why private



individuals, living in exposed situations, should not protect their houses from the ravages of lightning, and we propose in the present article to give a few hints on the subject.

If the reader will refer to page thirty-eight of this volume, he will find the conditions of a thunderstorm stated and illustrated by a diagram. But it may be well to restate those conditions in different language.

A thunderstorm may be regarded as a great electrical disturbance between a more or less vast extent of cloud, an equal extent of the earth's surface, and the intervening air. The cloud, from whatever cause, being strongly excited, throws the earth beneath into an equally strong but opposite condition of excitement; while the intervening, non-conducting air becomes polarised, that is, there is a separation of the natural electricity of each particle into two equal and opposite forces, which we may call *positive* and *negative*, or *plus* and *minus*, or *vitreous* and *resinous*. Indeed it is by means of this separation that the cloud electrified, say *plus*, throws that portion of the earth immediately below it into the opposite or *minus* state. As the action between the cloud and the earth, through the medium of the air, is continued, the air particles are thrown more and more into a constrained condition, until they discharge into each other, and the whole system breaks down. The two opposite electricities thus unite and produce a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by the noise of thunder.

Now although the lightning that strikes the earth appears to act in a most capricious manner, it acts in strict obedience to the laws impressed upon it by the Creator. Before the flash takes place feelers are sent forth to find out the line of least resistance. If a hill, a tree, a church, a house, a ship, a flock of sheep, or a human being happen to form part of this line, it will be struck. And so sensitive is the electricity to the distinction between what are called good and bad conductors, that it will often apparently go out of its way

to find them, and will pick out clamps of metal used for binding courses of masonry together, clocks, bells, gilt letters over a man's door, &c.; it does, in fact, all it can to teach us the true principle on which we ought to construct lightning-conductors, and this is the point to which the reader's attention is now particularly directed.

Metals are in general good conductors of electricity: stone, brick, and ordinary building materials are bad ones. Hence if the lightning strike the latter, or separate masses of metal connected therewith, it is delayed in its passage to the earth, and has time, even though that be but a small fraction of a second, to develop its enormous heating and expansive powers. When St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, was struck in June, 1764, the effects were described as being exactly similar to those which would have been produced if gunpowder had been pent up in the same places and exploded. A stone weighing 70 lbs. was shot out to a distance of fifty yards. Then as to the heating effects. When the New York packet was struck in the Gulf Stream, in April, 1827, a metal chain was knocked to pieces, some of the links were fused, and the melted iron fell in glowing drops upon the deck, which was set on fire.

The metals vary considerably in conducting power. If that of lead be taken as 1, tin will be 2, iron 2.4, zinc 4, and copper 12; so that copper is the best metal for the purpose. To prevent resistance and the danger of fusion, the dimensions of the metal, whether in the form of wires or of bands, must be attended to. We have no evidence that a rod of copper three quarters, or even half an inch in diameter, or an equal quantity under any other form, has ever been fused by a stroke of lightning. But when the lightning seizes on smaller portions of metal, such as the bell-wires of a house, the conducting power not being sufficient, they often become heated to such an extent as to be dissipated in oxidised vapour.

Guided by what we know respecting the laws of conduction, but chiefly by the examination of a large number of reported cases, the dimensions of conductors have been determined. Copper tubing from one to two inches in diameter, made of metal of about one-fifth of an inch in thickness, may be used. The tubes may be made in lengths of ten or twelve feet, so as to be screwed end to end, and they may be attached to the masonry or brickwork by means of rings or flanges fastened with copper nails.

But as copper is a costly metal, and as such liable to be stolen, iron, although a five times worse conductor, may be used. If galvanised it will resist the weather. Wrought-iron tubing two inches in diameter, made of metal three quarters of an inch thick, and arranged to screw together in lengths, would answer the purpose. It may be fixed by couplings of cast iron. If a solid rod be used, it should not be less than three quarters of an inch in diameter.

In many cases the conductor may be in a straight continuous line, projecting in a point, like that of a bayonet, a few feet above the kitchen chimney, and terminating in a forked metal branch in the earth to the depth of a few feet, or, if practicable, in a well or a wet drain. If there be any metal water-pipes or other masses of metal about the building, it would be desirable to unite these with the conductor by means of metal ties. The conductor should be fixed to the building, not detached from it, and on no account be insulated by glass rings or pitch, as is sometimes done. If the building be of considerable extent, a conductor should rise from each prominent point, and all the conductors be connected by means of metal ties with each other, and with the lead or zinc roofs, vane spindles, and water-pipes, the main point being to secure capacious and good metallic conduction from projecting points of the building to the earth.

OUR TROOPS AFLOAT.

OUR last number contained some interesting particulars concerning Abyssinia, and the expedition against King Theodore. Ere these pages are in the hands of the reader, fifteen steamers will have started with troops, accompanied by three others fitted up as hospital ships, with a staff of medical officers and furnished with suitable medical stores of every description. At such a time, therefore, the health and comfort of our troops on board ship must be a subject of some anxiety or solicitude; and whilst all of us will rejoice should the arrangements for the transport of our soldiers prove satisfactory, many of our readers would doubtless like to know how things are managed on such occasions, so as to be able to form an idea of "life on the ocean-wave," as passed by our warriors in their world-encircling voyages. Apart from the special importance of the subject—the well-being of our soldiers—the details will be found not only interesting, but highly suggestive in the matter of health of body and health of mind, and of the means by which these blessings may be secured.

When it is known that upwards of thirty thousand of our troops cross the seas annually, it is not to be wondered at that the section of "The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army" relating to "Duties on Board Ship," is one of the most stringent and comprehensive in that military manual.

There is no situation in which troops more urgently require the personal superintendence and care of their officers, or in which the strictest conformity to regular order is more indispensably necessary, than on board ship; and, accordingly, it is impossible to doubt the wisdom of the minuteness to which the details of the regulations extend, with the view of meeting every case and providing to the utmost for the health and comfort of the soldier.

In warm climates the frequent washing of every part of the body is strongly enjoined as an essential requisite to the preservation of health. When circumstances permit, two large tubs are fixed upon the fore-castle for this purpose. When this accommodation cannot be obtained, buckets of water are poured over the body. The men are required to wash, comb, and brush their heads every morning; to be shaved, and to put on clean shirts twice a week at least; and have the means of changing their clothes when wet. The bedding is brought upon deck every morning at a fixed hour if the weather permit; the partitions of the berths are removed at the same time, and cleared away for the day. The bedding being brought up, the men proceed to the sweeping, scrubbing, and scraping of the berths and decks. The upper decks are washed every morning by the morning watch, previously to the bedding being brought up, but no washing *between decks* takes place oftener than once a week, and then only when the weather is dry. The boards of the lower berths are removed once or twice a week, to admit of cleaning under them. Fumigation is strongly recommended, and is resorted to as frequently as circumstances will permit. The married people are not intermixed with the single men, but have a part of the deck allotted particularly for their accommodation. They are not, however, allowed to obstruct the circulation of air by putting up blankets during the day-time; the women as well as the men must rise at six in the morning, when all their partitions must be removed for the day. All the men, except those on watch, must be in their berths or hammocks at the hour required by the ship's regulations. The strictest attention is paid to prevent the men from sleeping on deck during warm weather, which they are apt to do, and which is generally productive of fevers and fluxes—diseases which are among those most prevalent

among troops on board ship. During voyages in all climates the most beneficial effects are derived from the use of wind-sails, and they are constantly hung up. But, unfortunately, the stream of cold air which they pour down is sometimes rather too much of a good thing for the men; and it is not an unusual practice among them, at least among those near the hatchways, to tie up the bottom of them, by which this salutary purpose is defeated. It requires the constant attention of the sergeant of the watch to prevent this practice.

At dinner-time the officer on duty attends to see that the men are regular at their messes; and should he observe any circumstance of neglect in victualling the troops, he reports it to the officer commanding, whose duty it is to have it rectified. In addition to the standard salt pork and salt beef, the rations consist of fresh meat and preserved meat in regular alternation, preserved potatoes and vegetables, bread, tea, chocolate, sugar, rice, and spirits, together with flour, oatmeal, vinegar, mustard, and pepper. Suet and raisins may be substituted for flour in certain fixed proportions. Such non-commissioned officers and men who do not wish to receive a ration of spirits, may receive, in lieu of it, a double allowance of sugar, chocolate, and tea; or, if they prefer it, "liquor money" at the rate of one penny per day for the period of the voyage.

The sick are separated from those in health as much as possible; upon the first appearance of any acute infectious disorder the signal is made to the hospital ship, and the diseased man is removed to her. Ample stores of medical comforts, consisting of port wine, sugar, tea, soup, preserved meats, and Scotch barley—in fixed proportions to every hundred men embarked—are provided, and considered as intended solely for the use of the sick or convalescent.

Exercise being indispensably necessary for the preservation of health, every encouragement is given to the men to use such as may be found practicable, as dancing, wrestling, &c.; but as the space on board a transport does not admit of all the troops receiving a due portion of exercise by these means, they are divided into squads of twenty or more, and made to move round the vessel at the "double," or running, each squad for ten or twelve minutes, so that the whole may receive a certain amount of exercise. This is practised, when circumstances permit, for an hour in the forenoon and for the same time in the afternoon.

When in harbour, if no danger is to be apprehended from sharks, the troops are permitted to bathe. A boat, manned, is always at hand for the purpose of attending to the bathers, only ten of whom are allowed to be in the water at the same time, and these upon the same side of the ship with the boat.

Finally, the officers commanding are enjoined to exert their utmost diligence in training and exercising their detachments as frequently as the weather will permit, for which purpose arms and ammunition are put on board the India ships for the use of the troops embarked. The famous "aiming" and "position drill" of Hythe is to be particularly attended to; although one cannot help smiling at the idea of prescribing such a ticklish exercise as aiming, and the very trying *position drill*, on the bouncing waves and dancing billows. Such are the chief rules devised for securing the health and comfort of our troops at sea.

Of course the diseases among troops on board ship are generally the same as affect our army at their stations on land; but one striking fact arrests attention, namely, that a very great difference exists, in this respect, to the advantage of the *return voyage*, leading us to infer that the men are healthier on embarking to return to England—especially with respect to those ailments resulting from intemperance and a reckless mode of living.

It is most satisfactory to know that the well-being

and comfort of the troops proceeding on long voyages has been occupying the attention of the authorities with the view of introducing important improvements. In the year 1859, Captain Sir W. Hamilton, of the Bengal Artillery, returning to England round the Cape of Good Hope, in command of discharged troops, was impressed with the evils arising from the men being crowded together for months without the means of suitable employment or recreation; and, in the anticipation of returning to India in command of artillery recruits, he submitted to the commander-in-chief a scheme for providing for them not only a school, but also instruction in such trades as tailoring and shoemaking, and likewise reading, and games of various kinds.

The first experiment was made in July, 1862, when Sir W. Hamilton proceeded to India with a detachment of artillery. This proved very successful; the school was well attended, and the gymnastic bar was voluntarily used throughout the day. Sir W. Hamilton's report led to the adoption of a code of regulations promulgated last year, and the result has been various experiments more or less successful. The details of one of these will suffice to give an idea of the system inaugurated by Captain Sir W. Hamilton; they are given in the report of Captain W. Watts Corban, 49th Regiment, commanding troops on board the *Michael Scott*.

Through some mistake, as in the other instances, no appliances for gymnastic exercises were put on board, which was particularly unfortunate in this case, for the gallant captain discovered that there was a non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Davidson, 33rd Regiment, in possession of a first-class certificate from the Military Gymnasium at Aldershot. On communicating, however, with the master of the ship on the subject, the ship's carpenter, under the superintendence of Sergeant Davidson, erected a horizontal bar, lashed from a part of the rigging to the mainmast, about fifteen feet high, eight feet in length, and about seven inches in circumference, to a portion of which he attached a trapezium with pendent ropes, and to the remaining portion rings with pendent ropes, the rings being made of strong iron wire whipped round with thick cord and covered with canvas.

The drill was carried out, so far as practicable, as laid down for the army under the title "Gymnastics;" and each day, weather permitting, twenty men were put through the dumb-bell exercise; there being no dumb-bells, they could only be put through the positions.

The men took a great interest in the different exercises, such as circles, raising themselves above the bar, and the like; and, except in wet or very warm weather, seldom an hour passed but some six or eight men were to be seen working away at either the rings or trapezium; and as the exercise was severe it must have conduced greatly to their health and to the development of muscular strength.

A sufficient supply of school materials was put on board by the Council of Military Education. The school was opened twice each day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, for a space of not more than forty minutes each time; the attendance was voluntary; the instructor was most efficient and zealous; the numbers gradually increased; Captain Corban did not find it necessary to have parades simultaneously with the school hours.

A series of seven lectures was delivered by the medical officer, on various scientific, historical, and ethnological subjects. Each lecture did not exceed twenty minutes; and from the attention paid, and from the crowds that attended, Captain Corban was convinced the men took an interest in what was being done for them, and were much pleased with the subjects of the lectures.

Vocal concerts took place periodically; solos, duets,

trios, and occasionally a recitation; and between the first and second parts, some instrumental music. Programmes of each performance were duly issued, in which were notified the names of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates who were to appear. These concerts were very popular; the quarter-deck, on which they came off, used to be densely crowded for nearly an hour before the performance commenced, with men, women, and children.

On evenings in which neither a lecture nor a concert was announced, Captain Corban encouraged the men to collect in groups, and commence dancing quadrilles and jigs, which appeared to be capital exercise for those who were dancing, and to afford great amusement and merriment to the spectators who had not room to dance themselves.

Further, to while away the time, and for the sake of variety, the soldiers and sailors cheerfully united to get up performances in the Christy-Minstrel style, and a good deal of practice succeeded in forming an admirable "troupe." Their entertainments came off once a week, and consisted of well-executed performances on the banjo, tambourine, bones, fife, and drum, varied with negro songs and dances, riddles, melodies, and conundrums, after the manner of their established prototypes. "The creditable manner in which these performances went off gave us all a most enjoyable hour's amusement, and proved that the individual members of the 'corps' had spared no trouble in acquiring their parts, and tended materially to cement the feelings of harmony and good understanding between the soldiers and sailors, which is so essential on board ship, especially in long voyages, in which people must be together whether they will or no."

"We were sadly deficient," says Captain Corban, "of musical instruments, but were fortunate in being able to borrow a few from the officers of the ship. As in the present instance, where detachments of different regiments were embarked, I think it would be desirable if a few instruments, such as a violin, flute, a cornet, tambourine, &c., were supplied, as some of the soldiers are sure to be able to play on them."

Notwithstanding all these enjoyments, we are assured that "the different duties were carried out strictly in accordance with 'Duties on Board Ship,' as directed in the 'Queen's Regulations.'"

Finally, Captain Corban is most emphatic in his approval of this new "Hamiltonian Method" for our army afloat. He says:—

"I beg to state that the means of giving employment and instruction to soldiers during long voyages, as specified in 'Regulations to be observed by officers in command of detachments,' dated, Horse Guards, 15th May, 1865, has been most successful."

"I find that the various amusements already mentioned proved to be most beneficial in helping to dispel the gloom and monotony of evenings on board ship, during long and tedious voyages, where there was no band nor drums to enliven the scene."

"The troops were very healthy, and the conduct of the soldiers most exemplary—not a single instance of insubordination having occurred."

A collection of one hundred books and a set of games were placed on board, and issued by the schoolmaster. The books were returned within one week from the date of issue; the games daily. Books of fiction were the most popular. Books referring to Hindustan and the Hindoos were in much request, but none of the men could be induced to take out any work on *Hindustani*. The only book not borrowed at all was, "Advice to the British Soldier," by a quarter-master sergeant. They evidently thought it "all humbug."

Such is the life afloat of our soldiers at the present time, if Sir W. Hamilton's system is duly carried out; and the present occasion of the Abyssinian expedition should furnish one of the best examples of its success.

A LAST REQUEST.

TAKE care of her when I am dead!

I could go to sleep with my soul at rest,
If I thought that my love, whom my heart loves best,
Was with only a shade of my tenderness blessed.

Take care of her when I am dead!

I dare not think of her left alone,
With the shield of my love and protection gone,
And her life in its loneliness ebbing on.

Take care of her when I am dead!

Be tender and kind to my meek-eyed dove
When she moans and cries for my vanished love;
It will greet her again when we meet above.

Take care of her when I am gone!

Death will divide us a little space;
But I hold her mine, and by God's good grace,
I shall fold her again in a close embrace.

H. WOOD.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

No; leave the lamp unlighted,
The twilight hour is sweet,
It brings back vanished voices,
And the sound of parted feet.
The soft grey light, so tender,
Speaks the decline of day,—
And, oh! it recalls the memory
Of friends who have passed away.

The busy cares of life-work,
That, meet them as we may,
Must oftentimes bring disquietude,
Fade with the fading day.
And the quiet hour of twilight
Suggesteth thoughts of peace,
An earnest of that happy time
When mortal sorrows cease.

I hear the sound of voices
Just as I used to hear;
I see familiar faces
Of friends once known and dear.
You tell me it is fancy,—
Perhaps it may be so;
But it soothes my earth-worn spirit,—
This feeling of long ago.

Sweet memories round me gather
Of gentle deeds, and kind,
And oft a pang of sad regret
Will steal across my mind,
As thoughts of all I might have done
In days that now are past,
Wail in a dirge-like melody
The hours that flew so fast.

And soft is the visioned splendour
That breaks on my spirit's sight,—
Faint glimpses of a purer, better world,—
As a dream in the dreamy light.
I love the dim grey quiet,
Oh! leave me to its power,
To the good and tender influence
Of the solemn twilight hour.

L. M. NAPIER.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AMERICAN POETS.

II.—BRYANT—LOWELL.

THERE is no poet more essentially American, whose genius is more specially the product of native thought and culture, than William Cullen Bryant, now a veteran man of letters of the age of seventy-three. He is the American Wordsworth, and his muse has done for the rolling prairies and boundless savannahs of that great continent what Wordsworth did for his beloved lake country. In both there is that ardent love of nature, whether in her wildest or gentlest moods, tempered with a strong and healthy religious feeling, which gives to their poetry a peculiar charm. In neither case does poetic fervour reach that passionate height which it attains in the writings of a Byron or a Poe; the burden of their song is gentler and more tender, but truly and essentially poetical for all that.

William Cullen Bryant was born on November 3rd, 1794, at Cummington, Massachusetts, where his father was a physician. From him the youthful poet learned to love literature for its own sake; and the father, seeing the promise shown in early youth, spared no pains in giving his son a complete and liberal education. It is not often that a great poet "lisps in numbers:" in the majority of cases the intellect has to

be trained and matured before good poetic work is accomplished. But in his thirteenth year Bryant wrote his "Embargo," and "Spanish Revolution;" and they were of such merit as to make many people doubt that they were really the production of a boy of thirteen. Pope we know wrote early; Cowley and Chatterton did the same; but in no case on record was more extraordinary precocity exhibited than in that of Bryant. At sixteen Bryant entered William's College, and studied there for two years, afterwards studying law in the offices of two of the most celebrated lawyers of his day. In 1815 he was admitted to the bar, and subsequently practised both in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and New York.

His second volume, published at Cambridge in 1821, created a considerable sensation, and showed that the poet, although still a young man, had grasped some of the most difficult problems that agitate humanity, and could discuss them with much poetic felicity. About this time he married in New York, and became soon afterwards one of the editors of the "New York Evening Post," a highly respectable paper, with which he has ever since been connected.

One of his most beautiful poems is "The Death of the Flowers." We give three stanzas.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and weeping woods, and meadows brown and sere

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the hill-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

The wind-flower and the violet they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood;
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and
glen.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

This exquisite poem in the last verse alludes to the memory of a beloved sister, and he also wrote a beautiful sonnet addressed to her on the bed of sickness.

In the early days of his connection with the "Evening Post," Bryant wrote, in conjunction with two friends, Sands and Verplanck, "The Talisman," a series of three annual volumes. He lives at Roslyn, Long Island, a thoroughly fitting residence for a poet whose most beautiful strains have been inspired by the changing face of nature.

Our next typical American poet is James Russell Lowell, well known in this country as the author of the now famous "Biglow Papers;" but holding a conspicuous place in the literature of his own country as a serious poet of no ordinary power. Mr. Lowell is of good family, and we find an ancestor, Percival Lowell, settled in Newbury in 1639. His grandfather, John Lowell, was an eminent jurist; and his father, a doctor of divinity, was also a man of scholarly reputation. J. R. Lowell was born at Elmwood, the family seat, near Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 2nd of February, 1819, and graduated at Harvard University, in 1838. Three years afterwards he published his first volume of poems, entitled "A Year's Life," and they obtained a considerable success. He then studied for the bar, and was also engaged in conducting a literary journal called "The Pioneer," to which Poe, Hawthorne, Story, and others, contributed. Other volumes of poems followed soon afterwards, and he also published a volume of critical essays, interspersed with verses serious and satirical. In 1851 he made the tour of Europe, visiting this country among others, and on his return home he delivered a series of lectures on the British poets, which was warmly received. On Mr. Longfellow's resignation of the Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in Harvard University, Lowell succeeded to the chair, and prepared for it by further travel and study in Europe. He had married some years before Miss Maria White, an accomplished lady, who was herself a poetess of considerable merit, but she died after nine years of married life; and it is to her death that Longfellow alludes in his "Two Angels."

Mr. Lowell's serious poems are scholarly and refined, and marked by much elaboration of poetic thought. He is at home in all styles of poetry, and has written ballads, sonnets, and lyrics, as well as longer pieces on classical subjects. Here is a beautiful little poem, entitled "A Prayer."

God! do not let my loved one die,
But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
Enough to enter thy pure clime;
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below!

O, let her stay! she is by birth
What I through death must learn to be;
We need her more on our poor earth
Than thou canst need in heaven with thee:
She hath her wings already, I
Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.
Then, God, take me! We shall be near,
More near than ever, each to each;
Her angel ears will find more clear
My heavenly than my earthly speech;
And still, as I draw nigh to thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be.

In strong and effective contrast to the plaintive sweetness of this, here are some stanzas from a stirring patriotic poem, called "The Present Crisis."

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching
breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and the
light.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind
their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth rock
sublime?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of
Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

Although Lowell's serious poems are not so well known here as they deserve to be, his "Biglow Papers" have achieved a considerable popularity, and by them he is chiefly recognized in England. They are satires on American government and manners, and on the abolition of slavery, and are supposed to be the lucubrations of a certain Mr. Hosea Biglow. Other characters also appear and expound their views, the Rev. Homer Wilbur and Mr. Birdo'fredum (Sawin), a sort of Yankee "loafer," being the most conspicuous. For pungent and vigorous satire the "Biglow Papers," as has been observed, may rank with "Hudibras;" and they show that in satirical literature this American author is very little behind some of the greatest satirists of this country. His humour, expressed in Yankee idioms, is purely indigenous, and gives us more of American thought and a deeper insight into American character than any book ever before published. It has on this account a value beyond its merits as a book of humorous poems merely.

Here is a specimen. Mr. Sawin, who had a wooden leg, has bought a lot of niggers and made them sit in a ring round him, while, with his leg untrapped, he comfortably reckons up "how much the lot would bring." But Pompey, one of his purchases, comes

behind him, seizes his leg, and then makes his own terms, and it goes on—

At fust I put my foot right down an' swore I wouldn't budge.
 "Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite cool; "either be shot or trudge."
 So this black-hearted monster took an' act'ly druv me back
 Along the very footmarks o' my happy mornin' track;
 An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an' worked me, tu, like sin,
 Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny taters in;
 He made me larn him readin', tu (although the crittur saw
 How much it hirt my morril sense to act agin the law);
 So 'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed ef I could pint
 The north star out; but there I put his nose some out o' jint,
 For I weeled roun' about son'-west, an' lookin' up a bit,
 Picked out a middlin' shiny one, an' toll him thet wuz it.
 Fin'ly he took me to the door, an' giving me a kick,
 Sez, "Ef you know wut's best fer ye, be off, now, double quick;
 The winter-time's a comin' on, an' though I gut ye cheap,
 You're so darned lazy, I don't think you're hardly wuth your keep;
 Besides, the childrin's growin' up, an' you aint jest the model
 I'd like to hev 'em immetate, an' so you'd better toddle!"

"What J. P. Robinson thinks," is another very amusing effusion. It contains some allusions to scriptural subjects, which have been objected to; but they are the natural results of New England Puritanism and quite in keeping with the character of the person speaking. Like all American poets, Lowell has severely felt the stigma of slavery upon his country, and some of his poems in favour of abolition are among the most beautiful and stirring of his compositions.

A VISIT TO FURNESS ABBEY.

"HAVE you ever seen the lady in white at Furness Abbey?" I asked of some friends who were trying to play upon my credulity.

"Well, I cannot say I have ever seen her myself," drawled out the chief spokesman; "but tradition is strong on the point. There is a certain door, report says, at which she stands sentinel, visible only to the rash explorer. Let such an one take lamp or candle to help him on his expedition, the lady in white extinguishes it as if by magic, and he is compelled to retrace his steps."

The speaker looked very grave—so grave, that most of the party burst into a laugh as their ears caught the quiver of his voice towards the end of his sentence.

"What say you to a picnic at the abbey?" asked mine host. "It seems a pity for our guest to be so near as Ambleside, and yet not to see the old place. Perhaps the supernatural sentinel will condescend to admit you into the mysterious chamber."

"I should like to go above all things," I replied; "and you may depend upon my routing out the apparition. I am quite a sceptic as to ghosts."

The picnic came to pass, and we had such a delightful day that I cannot help recording the account, as an incitement to any tourist who might be intending to return home from the Lakes without paying a visit to the once famous abbey.

I must premise that I had most intelligent companions. They were versed both in antiquarian and topographical lore; and all the information contained in my paper is due to the perseverance with which they strove to make the day agreeable and the visit interesting.

Imagine us then, a party of eight, on the outside of a coach. We crossed Brathay Bridge, entered Oglethorpe village, and drove along the banks of some delicious stream scenery. Five miles from Ambleside, at the head of the Vale of Eathwaite—we were now in Lancashire—we caught sight of the market town of Hawkshead, whose grammar school, founded by Edwyne Sandys, Archbishop of York, 1585, is noted for being the early educational home of Dr. Wordsworth and his brother, the late poet laureate.

I was musing upon some lines which the name of Wordsworth had suggested, when my friend stopped his horses and bade us alight.

"Here," said he, "is our first reminder of Furness Abbey."

It was an old farmhouse, with a mullioned window at the angle where the Coniston and Ambleside roads diverge.

"Here some of the monks resided, in order to perform divine service in the church, and to attend to the spiritual wants of the people of the neighbourhood. It was here the abbots of Furness held their manor courts."

After a brief examination of the spot we hastened to our seats, lest we should lose the train, for it was our intention to take the rail from Coniston to Furness.

We had a good view of Coniston Old Man from the road, but we were not on that day diverted from our purpose to examine it more closely.

A good part of our journey by rail was across the Duddon Sands—Duddon, from *tywood* or *dywood*, sand, and *ton* or *don*, wave, billows; literally, the sand-wave.

At length we reached our destination. I stood entranced amidst the ruins of Furness Abbey, in the "Valley of Bekansgill, or glen of the deadly nightshade."

It was a lovely day, the noon had more than fulfilled its matin promise. The sun shone brilliantly, lighting up every side of the foreground of the picture, while the picturesque ruins and noble trees gave the amount of shade required. Nature on this day seemed to hold high festival. The rooks were cawing overhead; the dove's soft coo was heard, at intervals, among the woody recesses that skirted the valley; the song-birds poured forth melody; the butterflies danced sportively; the brook murmured a gentle lullaby; and the kine ruminated leisurely as they lay on the soft grass at ease. These sounds and sights, sweet as they were in themselves, all appeared to have one language, one utterance, viz., that of joy and thanksgiving.

"If the nones of July, 1127," said mine host, as he advanced to interrupt my meditation, "fell on some such day as the present, no wonder that a body of Cistercian monks, with Ewan, the first abbot, at their head, chose this district of Furness, or Fudernesia—as the ancient charter hath it, i.e., further nose or neck of land—on which to build their abbey. Where could they have found a more suitable spot? Provided with funds, as they were by Stephen, then Earl of Boulogne, they had but to look around them for material for their work. Stone, timber, iron, and lead, are here in abundance."

"I don't think it would be much self-denial to any one, unless his mind was set upon the glare and glitter of towns, the excitement of commerce, to have his abode fixed here. It would be none to me. Hill and dale, wood and water, seem to display their choicest attractions."

"But you must take into account their labour. They were obliged to make a good use of their opportunities. That their hearts were in their work; that they had heads to plan and hands to execute, we need only look at these ruins to prove."

We got the best view of the ruins from the east side. Taking our station there we saw a fine perspective of the choir, the distant arches, and the nave, bounded by one of the oak-capped knolls which the broken walls revealed. Moving a little towards the south we noted the remains of the pillars and arcades of some of the chapels. The east end of the church contained five altars besides the high altar, as appears by the chapels. Near to the chancel windows are four seats adorned with canopies, the piscina, and four statues. The perspective of the church is said to be

two hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, and the walls, in some places, fifty-four feet in height and five in thickness.

The church and cloisters were encompassed by a wall, which commenced at the east side of the great northern door, and formed the strait enclosure; and a space of ground, to the extent of sixty-five acres, luxuriantly wooded, was surrounded by another wall, which enclosed the mills, kilns, and fishponds. My attention was now called to the chapter-house, which was of Gothic architecture. It must have been a noble building. It had, mine host informed me, a vaulted roof, formed of twelve ribbed arches, supported by six pillars in two rows, at fourteen feet distance from each other. The roof fell in only about a century ago. Over the chapter-house were once the library and scriptorium, and beyond it are yet the re-

explained as—*more, sea, cam*, crooked or bent, I asked my companions to sit down and give me a brief note or two on the abbey, for I dearly loved to have any object that interested me invested with a history.

From a remark of mine, that "here, if anywhere, molestation need not be dreaded," my informants went on—first one and then another—somewhat as follows:—

"Troubles from within and without, however, soon found their way here after the building was finished. The abbey had been affiliated by the monastery of Sangin, and internal disputes arose between the authorities and the monks of Waverley in Sussex on a question of precedence. A more serious trouble came in 1138, when the whole district—Furness Fells at this early period formed the boundary between England and Scotland—was laid waste by a northern irruption.



GATEWAY OF FURNESS ABBEY.

main of the cloisters, of the refectory, of the locutorium, and the calefactory. The tower that once crowned the building lies in fragments, covered with earth and grass. There are innumerable winding staircases, and doors of immense thickness. At each of these latter I searched for the lady in white, and my friends vowed that she would not appear because I had no lamp to indicate my intention of prying into her secret chamber.

Strolling outside the ruins, I mounted an eminence, and had the pleasure of hearing a discussion between two of our party, as to whether the glen was named Bekansgill because the belladonna atropa, the ancient name of which was *Bekan*, abounded there, or because on this eminence the monks placed a beacon to prevent surprise. When the subject was exhausted, and the Bay of Morecambe had been pointed out, and

As soon as possible after the disturbances were over, one of the abbots of Furness built the castle of the Pile of Fouldry—it is now in ruins—intending it as a place of refuge in event of further hostilities."

"They had a large income—these monks—had they not?" said a voice.

"Between 800*l.* and 900*l.* the abbey stood valued at the dissolution."

"What could they have done with that sum?"

By this time we had descended from the eminence, and were sitting upon loose stones in the quadrangle.

"Done with it! You must not forget the number of mouths they fed. There were the tanning days, when the tenants came up with twenty or thirty horses, to receive their gratuities of beer or ale and bread. Each barrel contained ten or twelve gallons, and was worth tenpence or a shilling. Twelve loaves each pensioner

received, valued at sixpence. Then there were weekly alms-days, when 40s. sterling was distributed to the tenants, for the use of themselves, their families, and servants. Again, there was a certain number of boys and men who went from the plough either to dinner or supper, or both, in the kitchen. There were maintained also a grammar school and a school of song, where Latin and chanting were taught to the youth of the neighbourhood. When you come to think of the number who were clothed, fed, and taught, you can imagine easily that there were plenty of demands upon the abbey's purse."

"Are there any records of personal histories—any accounts of the penance performed? I am aware that the abbots had immense powers, powers of life and death, over all under their jurisdiction."

"They had immense powers. The abbot was the power. I know of no private histories. Some of the abbots were doubtless—as the name implies, abbot coming from *abbatis*, the genitive of *abbas*, which is the Greek and Latin form of the Syriac *abbe*, of which the original is the Hebrew *ab*, father—fathers of their people, while others lorded it over their subordinates. What scenes of penance or otherwise these walls have witnessed will not be known on this side of the grave. All things come to an end, 'the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.' Those who looked at this magnificent pile as it first stood, little thought that a trifling quarrel would have been the harbinger of its downfall. For four centuries Furness Abbey flourished, for four centuries its roof resounded with the voice of prayer and praise. Youth was instructed, old age sheltered, the widow and the orphan succoured. How much longer it would have lasted, had not Henry VIII. quarrelled with the pope about his divorce from Queen Catharine, it is impossible to say. From that circumstance, as you know, we may date the fall of the monasteries. Granted that they had grown corrupt by that time, and required reformation, would it not have been better to purge them of their impurities and then to utilize them, rather than destroy them. At any rate, the poor do not fare so well at the hands of modern charity as they did at the hands of the monks of old."

As my friend concluded several of the party called out, "Hark! What is that? You have conjured up the dead." For a moment it did seem as if we had broken in upon an hour of prayer; certainly the voice of melody was ascending high into the air.

Other spirits like ourselves had caught the infection of the place; a dozen voices at least were chanting the "Gloria Patri" in the chancel, and thus rendered more perfect the illusion of the scene, which had already set me wandering mentally into the mazes of the past.

Before the chant was ended I turned my back upon the splendid ruins of Furness Abbey, and could not help wondering what its ancient inhabitants would have thought of the railway and the grand new hotel, which now in their stead offer shelter to the pleasure-seekers of the age. The next day my kind friend took from the library shelf Baines's "History of Lancashire," and showed me a copy of the abbey seal, a description of which I subjoin for those who may be interested in such matters.

It is a circle, within which stands the Virgin, holding the Holy Child in one hand and the globe in the other. A glory is round the head of both. The Virgin stands between two escutcheons of the House of Lancaster, which are suspended by bundles of nightshade and charged with three lions of England. Each shield is supported by a monk in his full habit. On the foreground are two plants of nightshade; and over the head of each monk is a sprig of the same. A wivern which occupies the lower compartment was the device of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and the legend is "Sigillum Commune Domus Beate Marie de Furnesio."

This seal was zealously guarded. Only three persons were allowed the key of its resting place, viz., the abbot and the two senior brethren.

POLLY, THE MATCH-GIRL.

A WINTER'S TALE.

It was evening, and a bitterly cold evening too: through the almost deserted streets the fine snow, borne along by the cutting wind, looked like a light mist. It was such weather, that no one who could have a roof over his head would care to be out. But there was one wearily toiling through the brightly-lighted streets, a delicate-looking little girl: with one hand she was trying to wrap her scanty rags round her wasted body, and in the other, which was blue and numbed with cold, she had a few matches. Her face was worn and pinched and dirty, but it was a very beautiful patient little face: her hair, too, would have been beautiful; its natural colour was golden, but it was shaggy and dirty. It was to little purpose that she offered her matches to the few passers-by, they were all too anxious to get back to their warm homes to stop for a little match-girl. She had left far behind the shops and all the busy part of London, but still, impelled by some strange fascination, she wandered westward. Her memory was full of faint indistinct thoughts, whether dreams or far-away realities she knew not; the time that she ought to have returned to her wretched home was long passed, but she had no thought of returning; she wondered why she did not turn back, as one wonders at one's actions in a dream. She knew that it must be very cold, but she felt as if she were on fire, except when now and then a cold shiver would pass over all her body.

On and on she wandered; she was not unhappy, she scarcely knew why; but she had a strange unaccustomed feeling of lightheartedness. She knew that when she went home she would be beaten for staying out so late, and yet she only felt inclined to laugh.

At last, when she had wandered far away from her usual haunts, her head felt so strange and dizzy, that she thought she would sit down to collect her thoughts a little; so she crept into the porch of a great house that was near, to get a little shelter from the wind, and crouched down. No sooner had she done so than all her lightheartedness seemed to leave her, and she burst into tears. It was very strange that directly she burst into tears she heard a confusion of sounds around her, wild mocking laughter, and shouts, and stamping of feet, and strange lights were dancing before her eyes; the stones on which she was lying seemed to be heaving and tossing, and she felt very frightened just for a minute, and then she fell asleep.

The sounds still went on in her sleep, but they quickly got softer and softer, and sweeter and sweeter, and then gradually changed into the most beautiful music. And the little match-girl thought that she was standing in the middle of a very beautiful garden, and somehow it seemed to her that she had known it all a long time ago. The winter had passed away, and it was glorious summer weather; the flowers were in full bloom, beautiful-voiced birds were singing, and gay coloured butterflies were flitting about. While she was standing wondering that all these strange things should seem so familiar to her, a beautiful boy with golden curls came to her, and said—

"Oh, sister Lily! come and play. Why have you stayed away so long?"

She looked up, she seemed to know the happy face quite well, and she answered him quite naturally, and her voice was not like her old thin weak voice, but soft and clear, and seemed like a voice that had belonged to her a long, long time ago.

"I don't know where I have been, but let us come and play now, Tom."

And then she took his hand, and they walked on together; and then all her old miserable life seemed to fade away from her mind, like the memory of a bad dream, and it seemed to her that she had always been accustomed to play about in that beautiful garden.

"Suppose we have a game of hide and seek," said Tom.

"That will be very nice, but who shall hide first?"

They had to have a little consultation about that very important matter, but at last it was decided that Lily should hide first. (It was very strange that the name *Lily* came quite natural to the little match-girl, though she had been called *Poll* as long as she could remember.)

So Lily went to hide, and she hid behind a rose-bush, and there she found a great hole in the ground, big enough for her to creep into; and she crept into it, and she found that it led to a dark passage with a soft glimmering light at the end of it; and she went towards the light, and she found that it came from a kind of archway at the end of the passage. She went through the archway, and found herself in a beautiful cavern lit up with many-coloured sparkling lights, from thousands of precious stones, with which the sides and the roof of the cavern were studded. While she was standing awe-struck with wonder at that beautiful place, she heard by her side a flutter of light wings, and turning round, she saw hovering over her a beautiful little being with long golden hair glittering like woven sunbeams; she had on a dress of green gossamer, and from her shoulders sprang green wings, sheeny and bright like the throat of a humming bird.

"Come!" warbled the fairy, and her voice was dreamy and sweet like the coo of a stock-dove. "Come! and I will show you something very wonderful."

And she took Lily by the hand, and led her through a cleft in the rock to another chamber, which was lined, roof, walls, and floor, with soft green moss, and all round the chamber were beautiful crowns, studded with diamonds: some were full, some nearly empty; and continually fairy forms fitted in and out of the chamber, bearing pitchers full of diamonds, which they put into the crowns. Then Lily was very much surprised, and she turned to the fairy and said—"Where do they get all the diamonds to make these crowns?"

"The diamonds," warbled the little fairy, "are the tears of sorrow, shed by unhappy people in the world; for always, while they are weeping, there is a fairy watching to catch their tears and bring them here."

"And what are those very large bright diamonds in the middle of the finished crowns?"

"Those are tears of joy; no crown can be finished without them."

Then Lily wandered round the chamber, and saw that almost all the crowns had some tears of joy and some of sorrow; but she came at last to one that was quite full of tears of sorrow, and had in it no tears of joy at all, and on it was a name—*Polly, the match-girl*; and she felt very sad, and then—she woke.

She woke; and saw bending over her a lady, with a very beautiful face, but she looked proud and stern, and the little match-girl instinctively shrank away from her, and crouched closer to the wall. The lady said, in a cold unfeeling voice—

"How very tiresome that this beggar child should choose my porch, of all places, to creep into for shelter; but I cannot turn her out on such a night as this. Here, James, carry her down to the kitchen, and let her sleep before the fire; you can give her a piece of bread before you turn her out in the morning."

Then a tall footman, with a kind good-natured face, lifted up the ragged child and carried her tenderly into the great hall of the house.

It was all very strange, but as in her dream she had seemed to remember everything, so now it seemed to her that everything in that grand hall had been very familiar to her a long, long time ago; and her dream came back to her so vividly, that she cried out aloud—

"Oh, Tom! Tom! where are you hiding? Do come to me; I am not playing now."

The stern lady had been walking slowly upstairs, but when that sad cry reached her ears she turned round. Her face was very pale, she stood trembling on the stairs for a moment; then with a wild hysterical sob she rushed down, snatched the little beggar-girl from the footman, and covered her dirty little face with kisses.

Then it seemed to the little match-girl that the beautiful lady's face had been familiar to her a long, long time ago, and she was wondering how it could all be; when again she heard the wild mocking laughter ringing in her ears, the whole world seemed to be tossing and heaving up and down, flames were dancing in her eyes, and she became insensible.

A long, long time seemed to have passed away, in which the little match-girl could remember nothing clearly. At one time the beautiful lady would seem to be bending over her, and then suddenly the face would change to one that she had been too familiar with in her comfortless home; then she would hear again the mocking laughter; then all the world would seem to throb; then there would come an interval of total unconsciousness.

A long, long time seemed to have passed, and the little match-girl opened her eyes drowsily; she felt very weak, but somehow very happy. She was lying on a clean white bed, in a beautiful room, which seemed somehow familiar to her, and she heard voices talking in whispers close to the bed.

"Yes, m'm, when I heard that Miss Lily had come back, I couldn't be kep' away; they told me at home that you would hate the sight of my face, because it was through my carelessness that she was stole, but I couldn't be kep' away. Something seemed to draw me so strong when I was passing the door, that I rang the bell; and when the door was opened, without a word to any one, I walked straight up to this room. I always used to be so timid, but I felt I must come somehow."

"Oh, nurse, nurse! I'm so glad you have come. Since I lost my Lily, and Tom died, and my husband died, I have not had a real friend in the world—many grand acquaintances, but not one real friend. And when Lily came back I wanted some one to speak to. But hush! she is awake."

Then there was another long blank, and when the child next came to herself she saw the beautiful lady kneeling by the bedside, with her face hidden in the bedclothes, sobbing. Lily felt sorry that one who had been so kind to her should be in trouble, and raising her little worn hand she laid it on the beautiful head, and said (she knew not why, but the word seemed to rise familiarly to her lips), "Mamma!"

Then the beautiful lady raised her head, and kissed the poor child again and again, seeming to gloat over her, and again and again sobbed out,—

"My own darling child!"

Then for the first time in her life the little match-girl shed tears of joy.

Slowly little Lily recovered from her fever. It was to her a very happy time. It seemed so strange to her, and yet so pleasant, now that she felt that all her troubles were over, to lie back in the bed, and hear the early history of her own life; how she had been stolen when a very little child; how her brother had died, and her father had died; how the poor mother had felt herself deserted, and had hardened her heart against all good influences, until the cry of the frightened match-girl had suddenly softened it.

Lily was a very thoughtful child: she had had plenty of time for thought when wandering about the streets selling matches, and now she could not help turning over and over in her mind that dream about the crowns. She thought that now her crown must be full, for she had shed tears of joy; but when she asked her mother about it, she had only cast herself upon the bed in a passion of tears, and sobbed out,—

"Not yet, my darling! oh, not yet!"

Lily could not understand it at all.

One night she did not feel quite so comfortable as usual; she did not know that anything was the matter, but she had a strange kind of feeling that something was going to happen. She went to sleep, and she dreamt that she was again in the rocky chamber; and she went to her crown, and found it finished, and she stretched out her hand to take it, but the fairy came up to her, and said,—

"Not yet, my dear; you shall wear it very soon."

And she awoke. She woke cold and shivering, but with her brain on fire, and the whole world was throbbing, and wild shouts were ringing in her ears. In abject terror, frightened of she knew not what, she called out,—

"Mamma! mamma!"

Her mother was by her bedside in an instant.

"What is it, my darling?"

"I have seen the crowns again, mamma, and mine is finished, and I am to wear it soon; but I am cold, so cold."

The face of the lady grew very pale. She knelt down by the bedside, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing out,—

"A little while longer, only a little, little while!"

Then Lily fell into a long and troubled sleep. Terrible voices kept ringing in her ears, and terrible beings were struggling around her, and flames of fire were dancing in her poor weary eyes; but through it all she ever saw the beautiful crown gleaming, and valiantly she struggled to reach it. The more she struggled the weaker she became, but it seemed to her that there was always an invisible arm round her, for her to rest upon, and, though faint and weary, her failing footsteps ever got nearer and nearer to the glorious crown. At length, when she got very near to it indeed, when it seemed almost within her grasp, she seemed to fall down faint and weary, and then again she awoke. Her mother was kneeling by the bedside, gazing with greedy eyes at the poor, worn, pinched-up little face. There were others in the room, but Lily saw only her mother.

"I know what the crown means now, mamma. I am going to die."

"Oh, no! my own darling, long-lost child, not yet. I cannot spare you yet, you are so very, very dear to me. I have had trouble enough. Stay with me a little while, only a little while."

Then Lily replied, but her voice had grown faint and feeble,—

"But you will come, too, mamma: you have cried so much, your crown must be nearly full."

The lady made no answer, but only bent down her head, and wept bitterly.

At last she raised her head, and said,—

"Not mine, my child, not mine. It is only the good who will wear their sorrows as a crown: you have won a crown to wear, but I am weak and sinful. You must not leave me, you must not leave me. I cannot bear it."

There was silence for a minute. When Lily spoke again her voice was very, very weak and faint,—

"Remember—poem you read to me—'Though my lamp is lighted late, there's One will let me in.'"

For a moment there was a wild light in the poor mother's eyes. Those words evidently stirred up some

old memory in her heart. She looked into the peaceful face of her dying child, the wild gleam faded out of her eyes, and when she spoke her voice was calmer,—

"It may be, my child. I will try and bear it. But it is very hard, my darling! it is very hard!"

The words fell on an ear that heard them not; there was a look of intense ecstatic happiness on the child's face; she was looking eagerly upwards. Her whole soul seemed to be glittering in her eyes. She stretched her feeble hands upwards. She spoke, but her voice no longer sounded weak and faint, it was the old melodious childlike voice come back again.

"Oh, mamma! the crown, the crown!"

She started forward, but strength failed her, and the weary little head fell back upon her mother's shoulder. Her lips moved, she smiled faintly, and then the tired soul went to its rest.

X. Y. B.

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

OCCASIONAL LETTERS FROM A PHYSICIAN.

II.—THE BABE UNBORN.

MR. EDITOR,—If, as suggested in my former letter (p. 384), so much care should be taken of "the teething baby," because of its great tenderness and susceptibility, how much more ought to be taken with that still more tender and susceptible being—the infant that has not yet seen the light! I am writing for "the pure, to whom all things are pure," and to whom no apology is needed for my touching here on so delicate but vital a question—a question much more worthy of universal consideration than superficial minds can imagine. The fact that each impression any one receives may make the world a thousand years hence somewhat different from what it would have been but for such impression now, has closest relation to the mother of an unborn babe—her every experience, whether of endeavour or endurance, as surely changing its condition and affecting its destiny as it does her own. A world that believes only in hard knocks, and what can be physically cut or weighed, requires to be reminded, with no little earnestness of the truth, that the sights we see, the sounds we hear, and the very thoughts we think, however strong or feeble, are constantly producing chemical changes in all the juices of the body, as well as affecting the mind. See how good news, by elevating the tone of the whole frame, by awakening the lungs to a more agreeable action, and causing easier arterialisation, sends a bright red glow to the cheek; while the depressing effect of a disappointment proverbially makes us "look blue." Continued vexation, by its injurious action on the liver, which, in filtering the old venous blood and some other juices, makes more bile than is required for normal use, occasions a morbid, yellow suffusion; while jealousy is notoriously green-eyed, from its creation of green bile. Nay, even our tears have a chemistry varying with our emotions. The "burning tear" of the poet is no fiction. There is a *strocco* of grief so intense and dry as to parch up the fountains of lachrymal moisture, and cause a phosphoric exudation that leaves the eyelids scorched and red; whilst on the other hand—the poet being not the less true to chemistry here—the "balmy tear" of gratitude or of joy, as it trickles over the tender lid and down the cheek, gives a sensation that is positively benign and healing. If influences like these, then, tell thus on positive, robust, and executive natures, in the hard brush of ordinary existence, how much must they tell on the soul and body of a tender, delicate, and often passive mother in *prospectu*, and how much more still on the unborn babe, whose incipient nerves must vibrate so exquisitely to whatever she thinks and feels!

There are sceptics, and some of them even in the medical profession, who, despite universal evidence on the subject, believe what are popularly called "mother-marks" on children to be altogether a fiction. I am one of the last of men to wish that woman, in the most delicate and tender of all conditions, should be too much alive to abnormal or morbid in-

fluences. For the very reasons already given, it is of the highest importance that her imagination should not be too much excited, her fears awakened, and her whole mind kept painfully on the *qui vive* to incidents which, however possible, may yet never occur to her. Rather let her forget, if she can, the extreme susceptibility of her condition, only in so far as memory may act as a reasonable guardian; and casting all fear and apprehension aside, put her cheerful trust in that Providence which overrules all events for good. But, while such is her own systematic mood, let all around her remember that not she alone, but the future babe, and, through it, future generations may be injured directly or indirectly by mental impressions upon her of startling and disagreeable sights and incidents—of vexatious cares and absurd follies—of improper diet and imprudent regimen—as surely as happiness will result and grow for ever from everything for or around her being done, so far as is practicable, in a spirit of love and wisdom.

I have known the most unpleasant effects upon children from silly follies played upon their mothers. In one case, while a poor woman was standing in a cottage in which lay a donkey-saddle, a foolish fellow took it up and clapped it against her back. The consequence was that her babe was born with the mark of a saddle upon the corresponding part of its back, occupying the whole of the dorsal and lumbar regions; and what was more annoying still, was that strong hair, like that of an ass, grew over all the space thus marked. This child I myself frequently saw, and more than once examined, as he grew into boyhood—the mark in question seeming more disposed to deepen than to die out with years.

Another, and still more deplorable case was this. My father had occasion to spend an evening with a friend, a country surgeon, when "mother-marks" becoming one of the topics of conversation, the surgeon went beyond mere scepticism, and expressed great contempt for all that was said on the other side, saying he was sorry a man so sensible as my father should be a victim to so popular a delusion. Time passed on, when my father was once more the surgeon's guest, and heard from him the following painful narrative:—"I am sorry, Mr. English, I did not believe your account of those 'mother-marks' for, a while after you were here, I happened to pass through the kitchen, where my wife was engaged in her domestic affairs, and picked up, in fun, a string of black-puddings, and dabbed them on her cheek; and you may judge of my grief and remorse when I tell you that the face of our babe when it was born presented to me such a black and altogether disfigured appearance as I have never seen on any similar occasion, and trust never to see again." That disfigurement was permanent.

Another case with which I was familiar was that of the daughter of a gentleman with whom I resided in youth. With a beautiful face and intelligent brow, she was endowed with all the warmest as well as purest instincts of woman; but her hands and feet had a horribly-distorted character, and were most remarkably webbed, in consequence of her mother, some months before her birth, having been startled by a man similarly deformed exhibiting himself at the turn of a street-corner for alms.

A thick volume, could it be of use, might be compiled of cases of this kind, from the days of Jacob's "ring-streaked and speckled" herd to our own. But these quoted will serve to show how important it is, at such times, that anything likely to produce unpleasant effects should be kept as much as possible out of sight; while, on the other hand, everything calculated to strengthen, cheer, and elevate, should pervade the home-to-be of the babe unborn. No doubt many of those curious idiosyncrasies relating to diet, sound, colour, &c., as well as various periodically-recurring diseases, are referable to the law here indicated, as are also many remarkable permanent conditions. A woman, before her child was born, saw a little boy fall into a well, and of course was much excited by witnessing his struggles, and much interested in his recovery from the danger. Her child, after birth, proved to be affected with *chorea* (St. Vitus's Dance), and was late in learning to walk. Before he could walk she was again a mother; and as the first child in its weakness had hitherto occasioned her no

perturbation, however much of anxiety, her second was exempt from any preternatural symptoms. But the first one having at length begun to walk, and to move and stumble in a very irregular manner whenever he did so, keeping her in constant alarm while a third baby was on the way to birth, the latter, in turn, was affected very much like the first, and still remains a victim to the complaint, though now in his fiftieth year.

Such cases, mentioned for the sake of illustration, may be called extreme; and so they are. But the inference is only natural that, if striking causes produce striking effects, causes more simple and ordinary will produce kindred effects, differing only in degree. Wherefore it will be obvious that our responsibilities to childhood commence much earlier than the majority of mankind have supposed; that consideration for the mother, during the delicate period before birth, cannot be too constant or great; that her diet and regimen should be carefully regulated, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of her progeny; and that, above all, her soul should be at rest, and stayed on Him who was once himself an unborn Babe, and who afterwards said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

FRANK ENGLISH, M.D.

MEDICINAL USE OF BRANDY FOR INFANTS.

[A doubt having been raised in former numbers of the Magazine as to the propriety of giving brandy to infants and young children, medicinally, to prevent them from dying of inanition or starvation, in consequence of the lack of vital power, the following letter claims the attention of those interested, as evidence of the utility of the practice which we understand is now very generally recommended by physicians. We still think, however, that brandy should never be given to children unless prescribed by a doctor; and that it is never required unless the supply of the natural nourishment is defective in quantity or quality. A word here as to the cause of rickets. Dr. Pontes, in Paris, having made a special study of this subject, found that the fault is in mothers not fulfilling their sacred obligations of nursing their infants with all the milk they can produce. This is the only food which agrees with the digestive organs of children during the first months of their existence, and life is often impossible when it is not given, or when the supply is in deficient quantities; and the ignorance of this fact is the chief cause of the enormous mortality during the first year of infantile life. If milk is given in such quantity as to keep the child just alive, it either dies later or rickets are developed, of which the sole cause is recognized to be premature weaning. Before the seventeenth century nobody ever thought of giving to children a substitute for milk. It is a change in the good old habits which has caused invasion of rickets and scrofula in Europe and America under the endemic form in which it is seen at the present day.]

SIR,—Permit us to make a few remarks on the question debated by your correspondents on the use of brandy for children.

After the birth of our first child, a girl, we found her too weak to suck, and she never did. To sustain her, we tried all the patent food we could obtain, but she grew weaker and weaker. We had the doctor in constant attendance, and we did all that we parents could do for their offspring; but at last so weak did the infant become, that it lay time upon time as if dead, and we had to fetch the clergyman to privately baptize her. The doctor now advised this course—to give her a little brandy and water every half-hour: we did so; next every hour, and so on, and at last pulled her through. The case was known to many in Accorington, and since then—after a severe burn—we have given it to her again, as well as to a little brother just recovering from brain fever, with marked benefit. We and our friends are all of us firmly convinced that the child's life was preserved by this use of brandy, and nothing can ever convince us differently. We have sent you this information as a matter of duty,

Yours very truly,

A FATHER AND MOTHER.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER XXV.

A BALL AT WILKOVO.

THE ball, as regards externals at least, was a very good ball. The ballroom, with its walls of white marble, was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with wreaths, garlands, banners, and hangings of various kinds. Above the arches, which connected or separated the principal ballroom from the rooms that opened

into it, trophies of arms had been arranged; but they were taken down two hours before the entertainment began.

The music of a regimental band, strengthened and softened by some local violins and violoncelloes; the murmuring of many voices; the rustling of silk; and the jingling of spurs, made up the usual symphony of the military ball.

The Polish ladies had brought their smiles with

them, and the Polish gentlemen seemed to have left their frowns at home.

"He is determined we shall amuse ourselves," whispered one Pole to another.

"Yes," was the reply; "this will be the bouquet."

"On the contrary, it will only be the commencement of the fireworks."

"But is not this the refinement of cruelty?"

"It is the coarseness of stupidity, that is all."

"Marie," said Nathalie, to her friend, "I want to speak to you for one moment." The Countess Konradin followed her to a window a little aside from the throng of the ballroom.

"I received your kind letter," she said; "but I received another one at the same time, warning me not to appear here to-night."

"It is a threat from the National Committee, I suppose," answered the countess.

"Papa also had one sent to him," continued Nathalie; "and I believe now that that was partly the reason why he persisted in giving the ball."

"Don't forget that you are the hostess to-night," said the countess. "Here comes our Cossack! Poor man, what a waist! He will really strangle himself!"

"Good evening, general; you are late. Let me disarm you."

"I am already disarmed," answered Molodiani, looking a little at Nathalie, and a great deal at the countess.

The countess could not help smiling at the buffoonery of the remark, intended for a rejoinder in the style of Marivaux; and the general of cavalry for the moment felt happy.

"Ah!" said Nathalie, "here comes Captain Lobtchinski, and Captain Schnegin with him. They are sure to ask us to dance."

But the countess walked away, and Nathalie made her duties as hostess an excuse for not dancing—at least for the present.

Soon afterwards Boutkovitch appeared. "I need not receive Boutkovitch?" said Nathalie, inquiringly.

"Oh, no," answered the countess; "he can receive himself. The notion of having spies here to watch us! As if we did not know more than they do! Why, you, Nathalie, who do not know the a b c of conspiracy, proved yourself more than a match for Boutkovitch."

Boutkovitch went up to the governor, and whispered something to him.

"What a crowd there is!" said the governor, going to the window. "I must give some directions."

He went up to General Molodiani, who was talking to the countess. Marie was now sitting down, surrounded by a glittering staff of admirers.

"My officers are all at your orders, countess," said the governor. "So am I, so is every one. But I *must* take the general away for one moment."

"Je lui donne son congé," answered Marie.

"Definitif?" asked the governor. "Poor general!"

"No, I give him five minutes' leave, that is all. At the expiration of that time I do not want to see him, but he must report himself."

"Ah, Madame la Comtesse!" said the general, as he took his sword from the corner where he had placed it, buckled it on, and went out.

"Comme elle est ravissante!" said the infatuated Schnegin to his friend Lobtchinski.

"Quelle grâce, quel esprit!" responded the infatuated Lobtchinski to his friend Schnegin.

"Mind what you say!" said the countess to Lieutenant Dobkievitch, who was also present, and who, from his contortions and grimaces, seemed about to begin a compliment. "The general will be back directly, and he will give you outpost duty."

Schnegin and Lobtchinski were much amused; Dobkievitch less so.

"The Polish women are really admirable," whispered Schnegin, twirling his moustache. "That is the only thing that consoles me for being in Poland."

"And one must admit that they are charming for us Russian officers, at least for all those who are *un peu comme il faut*," answered Lobtchinski.

"Now, gentlemen," said the countess, "say something to interest me."

But at this moment a crash of glass was heard. A grenade, thrown from outside, fell into the middle of the ballroom, and burst with a loud explosion, but without doing any harm.

"There!" said Lieutenant Dobkievitch, "there are your charming Poles! And that is only the beginning!"

Nathalie ran up to the countess. "What is it, Marie?" she asked in English.

"It is nothing," answered the countess. "Keep quiet. The people are indignant that we are dancing. It is strange," she said to herself, "that they could not restrain themselves for an hour longer."

"Why did you not warn me of this?" said the governor to Boutkovitch. "What are you good for, if you can foresee nothing?"

"But, your excellency, I said there would be disturbances to-night," remonstrated the spy. "I did not know what form they would take."

"Is the ball to go on?" asked Nathalie. "Some of the ladies are frightened and want to go home."

"Certainly it is to go on," answered the governor. "It shall go on more than ever. I will not have it stopped in this way."

However, the proposed dancing on the top of a volcano was not to the taste of any one. The band played, but the guests formed into little groups, and used the best language they could to conceal their thoughts. "Will your excellency allow me to advance the supper by half an hour? It is ready now," said the maitre d'hôtel, who, like Boutkovitch, was a spy, but on the Polish side. "The table is laid, and the bouillon can be served in three minutes."

"Serve by all means," answered the governor; "things cannot go on in this manner. I will tell my daughter."

The governor took down the wife of the civil governor, a Russian lady. The cavalry general gave his arm to the Countess Konradin. Nathalie intrusted herself to the general commanding the infantry—a serious man, who so far agreed with the Poles, that he considered the governor's ball very much out of place. But he had been invited, and to him an invitation from a superior officer was a command.

"So far," said the governor to the civil governor. "it has passed off without any accident—not without any *contretemps*, but without any serious accident, I mean."

"I wish you would allow me to give you some

proof of my devotion," said the cavalry general to the Countess Konradin.

"Get me something to eat," answered the countess; "you could not render me a greater service."

"How heartless you are!" exclaimed the Cossack.

The countess laughed—a genuine laugh, which her admirer was pleased to mistake for a laugh of provocation, and an encouragement to continue the conversation in the same style.

"You ought not to be here, my dear young lady," said the old infantry general to Nathalie. "I would not let my daughter remain in Poland on any account at such a time as this. Your papa, excellent man, gives a ball, and fancies all Poland is dancing. He must let me send you to stay with Nadejda in St. Petersburg."

Boutkovitch at this moment appeared in the supper room, went to the back of the governor's chair, and whispered something to him.

Gontchalin looked in the direction of the cavalry general, who, however, was entirely occupied by the countess, and had neither eyes nor ears for any one else. "Go opposite, and make signs to him," he said to Boutkovitch. "He will understand you."

Boutkovitch went immediately opposite the general, and made the most horrible grimaces, but without succeeding in attracting his attention. He then walked to the other side and touched him on the shoulder.

"What do you want?" said Molodiani, turning round snappishly; and he continued talking to the countess.

"What am I to do?" asked Boutkovitch, returning to the governor.

The governor took out his pocket-book, wrote on one of the leaves, "*on a bien besoin de vous*," and told Boutkovitch to give it to the general without ceremony. The countess saw what was going on, and said to the general: "Why should we not go back to the ballroom? I shall take no more supper."

"I am always at your orders," answered the Cossack.

Boutkovitch again tapped him on the shoulder.

"What do you want with me?" said Molodiani, savagely.

Boutkovitch gave him the general's written message. The general rose as if some spring in the mechanism of his body had been touched.

"One moment, general, I am not quite ready," said the countess.

"Pardon me, countess! but I must go."

"But you are not going back to the ballroom with me."

"Forgive me, dear countess; I must."

"I will never, never forgive you, if you do not wait one moment. What a thing to do; to forsake me in this manner!"

"The requirements of the service," muttered the disconcerted officer, as he pushed his chair back.

"General," said Gontchalin, from the end of the table, in one of the loudest whispers ever heard, "can you not read?"

The guests stared, but they stared still more when the cavalry general moved towards the door, followed by Schnegin, Lobtchinski, Dobkiewitch, and several other officers to whom he had made signs.

"I beg every one will remain seated," said the governor, "it is an affair of no importance. There is a fire somewhere in the neighbourhood."

"A fire all over Poland!" muttered a Pole, who had risen and was also going out of the room.

"Go back, sir!" cried the governor. But at this moment the galloping of cavalry was heard outside in the court-yard; then shrieks, yells, and a discharge of musketry.

"Do not be frightened," said the infantry general to Nathalie. He and the governor went out together, and met Captain Schnegin on the stairs.

"I came back to tell your excellency," he said, "that an attempt has been made to surprise the cavalry barracks, but it has failed."

"And are the insurgents cut to pieces?" demanded the governor.

"They are retreating to the other end of the town," answered Schnegin. "There is a great deal of firing going on there."

The countess was in the ballroom, walking up and down, with her hand in Nathalie's.

"Oh my dear! my darling! what is to be done?" she cried.

"Is your husband with them, Marie?" said Nathalie.

"Ah, there is another volley! It goes to my heart."

"No; Konradin is at Stanitza," replied the countess.

"Would to heaven that I were with him there!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

ACROSS THE FRONTIER.

THE insurrection, crushed in a very short time at Wilkovo, was highly successful at Stanitza, where, at the outset, there were only Leonteff's twenty-five Cossacks—without Leonteff—to oppose it.

When Molodiani heard, the day afterwards, of the rising at Stanitza, from one of the Cossacks who had witnessed it, and who freely exaggerated its importance, he said to the governor: "Now, was I right or wrong in sending troops to Stanitza, and officers who could report what was going on?"

"It is very awkward," answered the governor. "A village belonging to Count Konradin! I should like to know where he is."

"Was he not supposed to have some very direct communication with the revolutionary party?"

"Supposed! His name was on the list supplied to me—a list supplied on very good authority, too. But he is one of the men that the government does not wish to drive into insurrection. He has relations who are closely connected with the imperial family, and he is a large proprietor, and he has the reputation abroad, and even in Poland itself, of being a very moderate man. We know, however, what their moderate men are. This one, if he has not joined the insurrection himself, has at least induced all his neighbours to do so. That was the steward of one of his neighbours that your Captain Leonteff arrested the other day."

"Yes; the stewards, gardeners, day-labourers, house-servants, and all who receive money from the proprietors, take their side."

"While the peasants," responded the governor, "who have to pay them rent, or to give them labour for nothing, are all against them. I don't think they like us, but they certainly hate them."

"But not at Stanitza, I am told. There, numbers of the peasants have joined the insurrection."

"That is because Konradin has corrupted them," persisted the governor. "He established schools for them some time ago, and, without the permission of the government, appointed his own teachers. And I dare say he has built things for them and forgiven them a portion of their rent. I know all their manoeuvres. There has been a regular system of Polish propagandism carried on at Stanitza for some time past. I was told of it directly I came. Would you believe it? the countess used to go about to the peasants' huts, visiting their children, and taking them things when they were ill! Oh! she is a very dangerous woman."

"I should think she was," said the cavalry general. "Well, I hope for her sake that her husband has not committed the folly of joining the insurgents; for my Cossacks—I mean the troop I sent on yesterday—will make short work of them as soon as they see them."

Konradin had *not* committed the folly of taking part openly in the rising. He knew that he could render much more important service by remaining at his country-house, superintending the preliminary arrangements, providing accommodation for a few of the officers who were to arrive beforehand to study the ground, and getting together the horses and provisions which he intended to give up to his friend Jankowski, the appointed leader of the band, on receiving from him a written declaration that the supplies in question had been furnished under menace of death.

Ferrari had, according to telegraphic appointment, met all his London friends at Cracow—at least all those who were to join actively and personally in the insurrection. All the members of the London Committee were there—especially the Black Man, who boasted that he knew the Galician frontier, and all Poland from that frontier to Warsaw, "like a book;" and who, not being much given to reading, did himself an injustice in making that comparison.

The Black Man was said, moreover, to know every manor-house, and the road across country and even through the woods from one manor-house to another between Cracow and Stanitza, and again between Stanitza and Wilkovo.

Jankowski, who, at Metz, had been lieutenant in a company of cadets, was to command the band which Konradin had positively promised should be formed on his estate. The Black Man was to act as a sort of aide-de-camp and guide; Ferrari was to be one of Jankowski's lieutenants; and the president of the Leicester Square cosmopolite, who had seen some revolutionary service in 1848, was to be a kind of second captain, with the right of advising his chief.

Thus there were not more than three officers who had any pretensions to the command of the band which was not yet formed.

One of the ordinary members of the London Committee was to act as sergeant, another as corporal.

Others, who would not accept appointments as under-officers, joined local bands, of which several were being formed; or tried to make arrangements with some agents of the extreme party, who had just arrived at Cracow in large numbers from Paris.

Jankowski saw at once that the great difficulty would be to get privates; but these, in his case, were

sure to be furnished by Konradin. He could not find out that there was any one chief to whom he was to be responsible, or from whom he was to receive orders. But he understood, from the verbal instructions given to him by Ferrari, on the part of the revolutionary committee, that the first thing he had to do was to proceed, with his aide-de-camp and guide, his second captain, his lieutenant, and his under officers, to Stanitza, where Konradin would be waiting for him.

The Austrian government had, at this time, no objection whatever to the Poles injuring Russia at their own expense. It could not consent to their establishing a regular base of operations in Galicia; but it threw no serious impediments in the way of detachments being formed with the evident intention of entering the kingdom of Poland. Ferrari pointed out to Jankowski that this was a good political sign; for that, whether the Austrians assisted the Poles this time or not, it showed that circumstances might some day arise in which it would suit them to take the part of Poland against Russia.

Jankowski did not think much of this observation. Austrians, Prussians, and Russians, were all much the same to him. All three had joined in partitioning what, if it was not his own native land, was at least the land of his ancestors; and he hated all three with equal detestation.

Konradin had left a travelling carriage in Cracow, without arms or crest, or anything that showed it to be his; and in this vehicle, Jankowski, Ferrari, and the President of the London Committee were to travel by the post-road to a station about ten miles from Stanitza, where Konradin was to meet them. The Black Man, who had been furnished with the requisite pass from the Central National Committee, was to travel, with the rest of the party, from the house of one proprietor to that of another, and to pick up information as he went along.

Ferrari had only one passport for himself and his two friends; but he was supposed to be a landowner travelling to his estate near Wilkovo; and it was not thought unnatural that his coachman and footman, though not named on his passport, should be travelling with him. Jankowski drove, and the President of the London Committee sat in the dickey.

The Black Man and his companions stepped across the Galician frontier on to an estate in the kingdom of Poland, and were sent on from one country-house to another, until they reached the rendezvous near Stanitza, almost as soon as the travellers by post.

"There are three hundred men in the wood," said the count, after he had greeted his friends, and explained to them how they might get to Stanitza quite unobserved; "three hundred men, and as yet only twenty-five Cossacks to oppose them."

The Black Man and the two under-officers went straight to the wood, Konradin promising to pay them a visit there early early next morning. Konradin drove his other visitors publicly, and along the high-road, to his house at Stanitza. For fifty miles round no one, even in this time of excitement, would have thought of asking Count Konradin, or any one travelling with him, for a passport.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE WOOD.

FERRARI and his friends found that they had just arrived in time. On the night of the following day, being exactly one week from the night of the great conscription at Warsaw, there was to be a general rising. A report had been industriously spread by the agents of the National Committee that on the night in question the conscription would be executed in the country districts as it had been in the capital. But in any case the rising was to be no longer deferred.

In the course of a very pleasant, or rather a very joyful evening, the four intending insurgents easily persuaded one another that the insurrection must succeed, and that in a few weeks the Russian troops would be swept out of Poland.

Early the next morning the three young men, together with the old revolutionist of 1848, attended service in the village church. It was crowded with peasants; and sitting among them Ferrari noticed young Wilenski and his sister.

He knew that Thaddeus Wilenski was to join the Stanitza detachment, and that he was to command a company of scythemen; but he was sorry to find that the young man had brought his sister with him. Thecla, however, had no friends in Warsaw. She did not wish to leave her brother, and she was moreover burning with desire to avenge her father's death. She had had her hair cut close, and had put on a long cloak, which concealed the tunic she wore underneath.

The Black Man and numbers of the insurgents from the wood were also present. The sermon, of which the ostensible subject was the liberation of the Israelites from the Babylonian captivity, had an evident bearing on the political situation: and at the end of the service, when the preacher had pronounced the blessing with unusual fervour, the national hymn—

"At Thy altar we raise our prayers;

"Restore us, O Lord, our free country"—

was sung by the whole congregation.

On his return home Konradin found that a peasant, who had been punished for some offence the week before, had gone to the Cossack post with the information that at a barn on a neighbouring estate a number of rifles were concealed. The Cossacks, too, in the course of the day, made a reconnaissance along the skirts of the wood, but without any result. No one but the Count's foresters, gamekeepers, and some of the peasants who had been in the habit of going out shooting with him as beaters, knew the way to the camp, which was in the midst of a very labyrinth.

In the afternoon a Cossack officer, with half a dozen men, called to visit the count. Everything was quiet, and Konradin (who was lying hid in a field of standing corn at the back of the garden) was said by the servants to have gone to Wilkovo, though they admitted that he might return at any moment. Two of the Cossacks were sent all over the house to see whether by chance the proprietor had not forgotten to start, or whether any of his friends had remained behind. They also took a walk round the garden, but no one was at home, and everything in and around the house was in perfect order; that is to say, no arms had been left lying about.

Half concealed under a staircase, a large wooden case with "Glass—This side upwards—Not to be opened,"

inscribed on it, was discovered; but it was quite empty.

In the evening Konradin accompanied his friends to the wood. The President of the London Committee went in a peasant's cart or britchka, taking with him a good supply of provisions. Jankowski, Ferrari, and Konradin went on horseback.

A quantity of bread, flour, meat, and corn-brandy had already been prepared at the manor-house (or "palace," as the Poles prefer to call a proprietorial place of residence), to be given up to a party of insurgents who were expected to pass that way. The count also let the stable-men understand what horses they were to allow themselves to be despoiled of. A number of saddles had been buried under one of the flower-beds in the garden; and some converted scythes had been wrapped in straw and placed under the cucumber frames.

It was already getting dark, but not dark enough for the Cossack patrol to have gone out, when Konradin and his guests made for the wood. For the first half mile they took an open road which led to the edge of the forest, and then for some distance skirted it, ultimately joining the high road from Warsaw to Wilkovo. Then they turned off to the right, entered a field, and following the track made through the snow by the carts of the peasants going in search of fuel, found themselves in a few minutes in the wood itself.

"These are our natural fortifications," observed Jankowski to Konradin.

"Yes," said Konradin; "and if all of them were manned as they ought to be Europe would soon hear no more of the Polish question."

"If any one called out for an intervention then," said the revolutionist of 1848, "it would be the Russians themselves."

Ferrari found that, as it was, his friends were quite convinced that they would be able to clear Poland of its foreign occupants in a very short time; though they admitted that if every one would join heart and soul in the insurrection the thing would be done quicker.

Jankowski had already made his arrangements for entering Warsaw; that is to say, he had packed up in a trunk, which was lying with some other luggage in the britchka, a couple of suits of clothes, a good stock of fine linen, and many useful and ornamental things not likely to be required in the wood.

He had dressed with great care before leaving the Stanitza "palace."

"Why," said Ferrari to him, "you are got up as if you were going to some fête."

"So I am," said Jankowski; "one that I have long looked forward to."

"That ring, which seems to excite your attention and I hope your admiration," he added (alluding to a magnificent diamond ring with which he had fastened his cravat), "belonged to my mother. My father gave it me on his death-bed, with the watch that I am wearing."

"The watch is a very old one, quite an antique," said Konradin. "I was looking at it on your table this morning."

"It is an old hunting watch," answered Jankowski, "which belonged to my grandfather. It is not very old, only it is old-fashioned." He took it out and showed it.

Konradin examined it and opened the case.

"That," said Jankowski, pointing to a lock of hair

inside the case, "is my poor father's hair. I always declared that I would, some day, carry it back to Poland; and I hope before long to deposit it as a relic in the house which belongs to us, and which is now inhabited, I believe, by some accursed Tartar. I shall turn the Tartar out! I have sworn to do it!"

"In what part of Poland is your father's estate situated?" asked Ferrari.

"Near Augustovo. We shall have to pass through Warsaw to get there," said Jankowski.

Ferrari was silent. The superb conviction of the young man closed his lips.

They turned a corner of the footpath along which they were travelling, and came in full view of about a hundred insurgents, who hailed them with a shout. Among them was the Black Man, who with his two friends had arrived about half an hour before.

"Why, there is a pic-nic going on here," said Ferrari.

"What luxuries you have provided for us, Konradin!"

"Now, who are they all?" asked Jankowski. "Are those men really peasants with the scythes?"

"Peasants and workmen together. But the leader is not a peasant. He is the son of Sigismund Wilenski who was killed the other day at Warsaw. And the very youthful person by his side is certainly not a peasant. That is his sister, Thecla."

"Poor girl!" said Jankowski. "How pretty she is, and what a look of inspiration in the eyes! How she is to stand the fatigues of such a life, I cannot imagine."

"I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. I had declared that no women should join; but I was obliged to make an exception in her case, or she would have done something desperate."

"Fancy that girl falling into the hands of Cossacks!" said Ferrari.

"Her brother would shoot her rather than that should happen," answered Konradin. "In fact, I know that he has promised to do so."

"I see that you have a doctor," observed the president. "I know him."

"We have five doctors," answered Konradin. "They are very determined fellows, and I believe that according to the custom of their profession they will kill more than they will cure."

"And there is the priest! Why that is the priest who gave us such an admirable sermon yesterday."

"Yes; he is an excellent man—and such a shot! You will see, Jankowski, that his practice is as good as his preaching."

"I don't like the idea of a priest fighting," said Jankowski, seriously; "though his consolations will certainly be needed."

"If you think his priestly character will be respected by the enemy," observed Konradin, "you are very much mistaken. He must carry a crucifix in one hand, a revolver in the other."

"But I must now go to another part of the wood," he added. "You had better come with me, Jankowski. I will introduce you to some of your other officers."

"Ferrari," said Jankowski, "you must remain here in command. You are not likely to be attacked, however, if the outposts should be fired upon they will reply, and will fall back instantly. No one will go to their support, and you must not suffer yourself on any account to be drawn out of the wood."

(To be continued.)

PRISON BABIES.

BABYHOOD is certainly imperious.

We doubt if the potentate lives who rules with more despotic sway than baby. Extreme helplessness is in this case but another name for absolute power.

Hegel, the German philosopher, studied baby nature very closely, and he is strong on the point of its imperiousness. He writes that baby's powerful cry on coming into the world proves that he is "penetrated by the conviction of his right to claim the satisfaction of his needs from the outer world; that the independence of the outer world vanishes in the presence of man—sinks into servile insignificance. Hence the impetuous, imperious tone." We agree with Hegel. Baby is an autocrat.

He has no respect for persons, places, or things. What he wants he must have. Queen Victoria herself must give place if she be in the way when baby condescends to signify that he requires attention. The highest rank, the most august presence, do not prevail upon him to waive his claims. He has no mercy on critical moments, he disdains expediency. Castle or cottage, palace or prison, it matters not; the outward surroundings make no difference to one who so early realizes the fact of his being a lord of creation, a citizen of the world.

I have been led to this train of thought by an acquaintance with two prison babies, who set at defiance all orders, and by virtue of their indomitable wills rule those with whom they come in contact.

And first, the younger; for with increasing months the power to rule absolutely becomes more and more questionable.

Silence, for instance, is the law of a prison; but what cares our six months old baby for the command? Under the very nose of the imposing black board on which is set forth in large white letters, "Silence is to be strictly observed," he squalls lustily.

Limited diet, again, at long intervals, is prescribed; but baby will not be disciplined. On the first sensation of hunger he makes his desires known, and rests not till those desires are satisfied.

The grim gaoler and the magistrate may strike terror into the hearts of the evil-doers as they go from cell to cell—the one on his daily, the other on his monthly round of inspection; but over baby they have no influence, not a shadow of authority. Whether his mood be amiable, querulous, or sleepy, he indulges it with supreme indifference to their presence.

Nor is he any more impressed by the philanthropic visitors, who sigh as they gaze at him, and express pity at the untoward circumstances which have assigned to him a birthplace of shame. In vain they, looking onward to the future, shake their heads, and mutter in an under tone, "Sad! sad! What will he think of the disgrace in years to come?" In vain the good people shudder as they look upon his scarcely seventeen years old mother; in vain they comment upon his prison frock: the little man is master of the situation. At present he is well tended; the future troubles him not. His mother's fall makes her caresses none the less sweet; the blue check of his little garment may be in the estimation of others the livery of misdemeanour; to him it is equal to the robe of lace, as is the penny rattle, with which some feminine thought has supplied him, to the coral and bells of the young lord. He is, we repeat, master of the situation. He crows and cries, screams and squalls at his own sweet will, and refuses to credit that they who are looking down upon him from the heights of respectability are not his bond slaves, bound to do his behests.

And is baby waited upon grudgingly in a prison? Is no wise. "The wondrous grace of childhood" constrains those about him to do him willing service.

The doctor is at hand to hear his first cry. The gaoler leaves an order with the matron to supply him with what is necessary in the way of food and raiment. The chaplain is not far off—being ready on an emergency to utter “a few calm words of faith and prayer, to sign the sign of the cross,” in token that if he is early called hence, ere he can be openly admitted into the congregation of Christ's church, he wanteth not the seal of the new covenant. The nurse—one selected from the prisoners—be her life what it may, has a store of tenderness in readiness for the newly-born; and the officials have a true maternal instinct, an instinct which makes unkindness an impossibility, and are ready at all possible seasons to relieve the mother of her charge, and find a relief to the monotony of their lives in dandling and cossetting a baby.

And a right sweet babe he is, this prison babe of whom I write! I have him in my mind's eye as last I saw him.

A soft cushion was placed on the floor in the middle of one of the long corridors. On this lay the little man, with face downwards, kicking up his chubby legs with vigorous energy, and trying the tone of his rattle on the asphalt floor. By his side sat a black cat, who was looking, if one might venture to suggest an explanation of feline expression, alarmed, apprehensive, lest baby's exuberant spirits should bring him under censure and punishment; she herself having never presumed to introduce the antics of kittenhood into her prison home, and thereby showing the inferiority of the cat tribe to the race of which baby is the representative. I took him up in my arms, but he resented the action as a piece of impertinence, and set up a cry. A warder tried to pacify him, but he would not be pacified until he was placed again on the cushion, the softness of which, or the operations of kicking and jingling his rattle, had impressed his mind so favourably, that he determined for the present that he would not be disturbed.

And our other baby—our two-and-a-half-year-old baby, whose sovereignty, as we have said, is at times disputed.

He was not born in a prison, but has sojourned there for nearly two years. He was not weaned at the time of his mother's committal, and the law does not permit the mother to be separated from her sucking child.

He is a square-shouldered little man, with sturdy legs, broad fists, and a mass of light hair, which being drawn upwards to the crown of the head, and falling down in curls, reminds one of a shock of golden grain.

He, too, appears to be “penetrated with the conviction” that the world and its inhabitants exist only for his gratification; that what he wills and as he wills ought to be the law of the universe. His battles begin early in the day. Having a great dislike to a cold bath, he wakes prepared for the fight. Neither coaxing nor scolding have any effect. He condescends to yield to superior force, but that he is not convinced we may judge from the fact of his renewing the contest daily. His next trouble is over his hair, which some one persists in twisting and twirling without much sympathy with his impatience. Once fairly dressed, he does pretty much as he likes. I am inclined to think that of the two babies, this latter is the greater favourite. He is so companionable; he has so much to say, and finds so few words at his command, that he trots up and down the corridors, clutching fast hold of the gown of any one who will take to him, until you would suppose his little feet must ache in the well-nigh vain attempt to give utterance to thoughts that are certainly bigger than himself. The mother of this baby has very little trouble with him, is rarely kept from the work which is expected of her by the necessity of attendance to his wants: any one of the officers is willing to have him about with her. And many a treat he gets, treats which his elder companions dare scarcely

dream of. If the sun shines, he gets out into the grounds over and above the time allotted for exercise. If the ground is covered with snow, or the weather otherwise inclement, he is indulged with an extra garment, or allowed to warm his hands and nose by the matron's fire, and other good things come in his way at all seasons of the year.

The last time but one that I saw this baby he was toddling along by the side of the deputy-matron, looking very important, and chatting away most indistinctly.

“Where are you going to, little one?” I asked.

“Lade, lade, lade,” he replied, sucking his lips by way of anticipation.

The officer explained that he was going to take tea in her room, as a reward for good behaviour, and have marmalade on his bread.

And here my sketch is finished. The portraits are taken from life, though for want of the master's touch the delineations may not appear lifelike.

The originals, could the reader but see them, would appeal to his sympathies very strongly, as strongly it may be as they did to those of the writer. Here are two babes, apparently doomed by the circumstances of their birth to a life of misery and sin. By degrees, the imperiousness of comparative innocence will succumb to the imperiousness of habit—of evil habit.

That society can expect nothing else is evident, if we consider for a moment the future of these babes.

The scarcely seventeen years old mother, though softened of late, is a very little way removed in intelligence from, and decidedly inferior in maternal instinct to, the brute creation. At the outset of her maternity she did not hesitate in one of her sullen fits to dash her child on to the ground; and so little confidence is placed in her tenderness, that it has been thought necessary to place a constant watch upon her, lest to passion she should add murder.

The other mother is a poor creature lost to virtue many years ago, and, humanly speaking, irreclaimable.

Experience shows that the babes will grow up, in the main, as their teachers. Their minds are “a smoothed tablet,” upon which their instructors may write lessons of virtue or vice at will—a mirror which will reflect surrounding objects with a terrible exactness. Can these children be otherwise than pests to society in later days? It is more than probable that their prison life will be the only gleam of sunshine in their entire career. They can never know the loved care of an earthly father, or the purifying influence of a mother's love. Their mothers are best described as anomalies. It is not unfrequently the case that such mothers do desire a better life for their children than they themselves have led, but where this is the case their desire is overruled by necessity; for if they rent a room, and endeavour to drag on a miserable existence by slop-work, the prospect of starvation is so continually before them, that they feel themselves driven to place their children wherever they can get a penny—be it honestly or otherwise—to put to the general fund. And where this is not the case, God only knows how such babes subsist in their early days. The ear is becoming accustomed to the terms, “street Arabs,” “children of the gutter;” but do we realize what the names imply? They mean a destiny similar to that which is in reserve for our prison babes. Plunder and profanity by day; a bare shelter under dark arches and hedgerows, or a dirty floor—one amongst a couple of dozen—by night. They mean, to go into detail, the absence of a mother's loving care, of that loving care to which almost every man who does not disgrace his manhood attributes his preservation. They mean bodily disease resulting from the closing up of every pore of the skin by accumulated dirt, rags, tatters, and unwholesome, insufficient food. They mean mental defilement, ignorance of the existence of purity, of the possession of a soul,

a supposition that death and annihilation are synonymous terms. They mean a cost to the country of thousands, and those thousands not often for reformation—for reformation is rare where childhood, youth, and early manhood are spent in evil—but for preservation merely, the preservation of the respectable part of the community from its would-be depredators. And how much more they imply we know not, and if we knew, dare hardly, it may be presumed, depict. Not long ago the "People's Magazine," in advocating the cause of compulsory education, took its text from two children who were the actual up-growth of prison babyhood. This paper is an attempt in the same direction; an attempt to show that babyhood in itself—even where it is allied to shame—need not lead to personal disgrace. These babes, whose portraits I have tried to sketch, are not contaminated as yet. We cannot help asking ourselves "Why should they be?" Can nothing be done to prevent that "evil communication which corrupteth good manners?" Must they be consigned to certain defilement? educated in vice? trained to swear, to lie, to steal? Must they be handed over to that part of the community which will do its best to stamp out everything that is noble, and pure, and good, from their growing sensibilities.

We can do much—it is a thousand pities we cannot do more. It is a matter of deep regret that we cannot take these children from their mothers, and without removing them from their proper station in life, give them the opportunity, which is otherwise denied to them, of becoming decent, respectable members of society. It is objected by some that to do so is to pay a premium to vice; but it is an objection difficult to sustain by argument. A national or individual effort to preserve childhood from contamination would not, I believe, increase sin; or if it did, some penalty might be laid by way of restraint upon the offenders, while the unoffending babe was rescued. The gift of life seems too sacred to be so lightly and indifferently left to certain defilement. But who is responsible? Everybody's business, it is well known, is nobody's business. It is a bad case say some, but nothing can be done; better not worry us with the hidden sores of society; we had better remain unacquainted with these matters, You will get no one to take it up. No one but an enthusiast or half madman will listen to you! Ah! there it is. There lies our hope. It is to those whom the world calls mad that we look, and experience justifies us. For what have not such madmen attempted, and what have they not accomplished? It is by men who do things at once foolish and noble that the salt of the earth is preserved.

Believing that every individual is responsible for all the good that he can do, for every useful action which it is in his power to perform, we, at the risk of being accounted enthusiasts, ask our readers, by their person, by their influence, to help to strike out some plan by which the young children of our land may be preserved from a systematic training in evil. We ask them to make the attempt; for be it remembered, to undertake a duty is not always to succeed. We are responsible for the attempt, not for the success. While we take every possible means to insure success, we need not be deterred from work by the thought that we cannot command it. Most great undertakings are founded upon failures. If we do not see our work live and grow, if for others is reserved the success which is denied to us, it is no small honour to have volunteered to lead a forlorn hope. And a forlorn hope it is—this battle with the powers of evil for the possession of England's childhood—yet none the more for that to be declined. No one knows what he can do till he tries. There is a power for good in most of us whose might we do not conceive; our weapons are rusty for want of use. If we would only awake to our responsibilities—if we would not forget that they exist even if we ignore

them—we should not be deterred by the magnitude of an undertaking from grappling with it.

Not a tithe of the children that are now annually offered up as victims to the god of this world need be so sacrificed, if national and individual efforts were made to rescue them.

FRENCH POULTRY.

By W. B. TEGETMEIER.

EVERY lover of poultry who visited the Gallery of French Artists in the spring of this year cannot have failed to have noticed the painting which we have been permitted to copy, and which only a master hand could have produced. The scene itself is sufficiently familiar and homely, but M. Conturier has treated it as a true artist, and has rendered it as attractive from a pictorial point of view as it is to the mere poultry-fancier. It possesses, however, an interest still more widely extended. The subject of French poultry-keeping is one which has of late years attracted a great amount of attention in this country. The astounding fact that we import from France upwards of three hundred millions of eggs annually—very nearly a million for every working day in the year—has forcibly directed the attention of economists to this branch of rural industry; and inquiry has been set on foot to ascertain what are the plans of poultry-keeping followed in France, and what are the breeds generally maintained that produce results so far surpassing those obtained in our own country.

With regard to the first question that has been asked, namely, as to the nature of the French modes of poultry-keeping, the greatest misconception has unfortunately prevailed. Some time since a facile writer published an entirely fictitious account of a poultry establishment near Paris, where 100,000 fowls were supposed to be maintained on minced horseflesh. These were alleged to supply 40,000 dozen of eggs and 100 dozen of capons per week to the merchants of Paris. Singular to relate, this absurd hoax was believed: it formed the subject of comment in some of the leading agricultural journals, was reproduced in America and in the British colonies, and was received with so much credit, that some persons came purposely from America, and even Australia, to learn the details of the working of this gigantic poultry establishment.

It is hardly necessary to state that no such establishment ever did or could exist. Fowls are not carnivorous animals, but are created for digesting grain and seeds, with a certain proportion of grubs and insects. If they are supplied with flesh, excepting in very small quantities, they soon become diseased. Moreover, they cannot be kept in large numbers in one place without the development of infectious diseases which are of the most fatal character.

Ignorant of these facts, many persons, both in England and America, tried the experiment of large poultry farms. In this country several poultry companies were established. All these efforts, however, have, without one single exception, resulted in disastrous pecuniary failures; and the falsehoods of a wretched scribe, that realized a few shillings for their concoction, have, to our own knowledge, entailed a loss of many thousands of pounds to some who were misled by his statements.

It may be asked by some of our readers, what then is the explanation of the fact that we do not produce a sufficient number of eggs for our own use, and that the French can spare us a million a day? The answer is easy, though we do not know that it has ever before been made. Poultry cannot be kept in very large numbers in one place, but a few dozen can be kept in health almost anywhere, provided they have a free



POULTRY—(From an Original Painting by Conturier).

range. In England we have large farms with but one homestead to each. In France, on the other hand, the farms are limited in extent, and there is a very numerous class of small farmers and peasant proprietors, each of whom keeps his few score of fowls, and numerous poultry and innumerable eggs are the result. The same state of things, though not to the same extent, prevails in Ireland; consequently that island, like France, is an egg-exporting country.

We now come to the consideration of the breeds or varieties of fowls that produce the vast supply of eggs imported into this country. In France, but little attention is paid to what is termed purity of breed: the French poultry-rearers generally show no more regard for fine races or accurate markings than do the generality of English farmers. Mongrels of all sorts abound. In some districts, however, where good table-fowls are in request, the endeavour has been made

to produce market poultry with small bones, white skin and fat, and a disposition to arrive at early maturity. Hence, by the careful selection of brood stock, three or four very distinct races have originated in France. The most important of these are the Crève Cœurs, the Houdan, the La Flèche, and the La Bresse fowls. M. Conturier has delineated two of these varieties, the Crève Cœur and the La Bresse. The Crève Cœur, or black Normandy fowl, is a full-sized short-legged breed, distinguished by a large feathered crest and a divided comb; the skin and flesh are white; the birds are admirable specimens of table-fowls, and also good layers of large-sized eggs; but they rarely show any desire to sit, and their eggs have consequently to be hatched by hens of other varieties.

The hen at the back of the white duck is a very good specimen of a Crève Cœur, and the chicken on the left-hand side of the perch also belongs to the same breed.

The other fowls belong to the breed known as that of La Bresse. These have no very special characters distinguishing them from ordinary farm-yard fowls, but they may be described as possessing straight combs, short legs, small bones, and a plumage irregularly marked with white and grey. Nevertheless, when judiciously fattened with buckwheat meal, made into pâtons with milk, they furnish a very large proportion of the best fowls seen in the markets of Paris.

The fowls of La Flèche are very weird-looking birds, being black in colour, with long legs, and close, hard plumage, that makes them look less heavy than they are in reality. They have no crests, but a singular two-horned scarlet comb, that gives a very striking character to their physiognomy.

The Houdans, which experience has shown to be the hardest of the French varieties, in this country at least, resemble the Crève Cœurs, with a slight difference; they have a mottled instead of a black plumage, and their feet are generally furnished with five toes like our Dorkings. They have recently come into considerable favour in this country, purely from their economical merits, for they are certainly not very handsome fowls. But their large size, white skin, early maturity, and great hardihood, render them a valuable acquisition to our poultry yards.

In one respect they differ from our Dorkings, a difference which may be taken as an advantage or the reverse. They are non-sitters, and other hens must be kept to hatch their eggs. This is a disadvantage, certainly; but it is counterbalanced by the fact that they are far more abundant layers than Dorkings, and where eggs are in demand, are consequently far superior to those of a breed that are not celebrated as egg-producers.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY, AND TO KEEP IT SAFE.

PART I.

NATURE has taught the bee to gather honey for the winter, the squirrel to heap up its little store against a time of want, and has created the ant a proverb of industrious foresight. Man is no exception to the rule. Lusty youth must provide for the necessities of feeble old age. As it is the duty of each individual to look forward to the future in striving to prolong the rays of noonday plenty into the evening of declining life, so also it is the business of any government which seeks the welfare of its people to provide security for their savings, and to protect them from the sad results of ignorance, of fraud, and of misrepresentation.

Recent legislation has tended in this direction. One act in particular has been passed, wise, liberal, and at the same time simple in its provisions, concerning which some remarks are here offered, with the view of drawing attention to the subject, and of showing how the facilities thus furnished may be employed to the greatest advantage.

Several years ago a gentleman was passing through a beautiful valley in the south of France. Having no other companion, he chatted with the driver of the little open carriage in which he was seated. The man was talkative and amusing, and amongst other gossip related, as some folks are apt to do, much about his own affairs. He told how at one time he had been careful and saving, and had become possessed of a nice little sum of money. This he had lent, according to the custom of the district in which he lived, to a small tradesman. A similar custom has been the foundation of many of our country banks in England. The trader failed, and the poor fellow lost the whole of his earnings. He concluded his story by saying, with some humour, "Sir, I am resolved that I will never save a

penny again." The traveller disapproved, but could not combat this resolution, inasmuch as he was unable to suggest any other means for the disposal of his savings.

The Frenchman does not grieve alone over his misfortunes. In a somewhat similar manner the working men of England have also encountered loss and disappointment. But happily there are few evils without a remedy. Every poison has its antidote, and many a victorious general has learned the secret of success in the pangs of defeat. Fortune is a coy nymph, but often yields to a bold and resolute wooer. Let us then search out at once the origin of the disaster, and the cure for our troubles.

Until very recently it was the fashion with rich and poor to subscribe to village clubs. Under a sense of the mutual help and friendship which should prevail amongst neighbours, these clubs were formed with the most excellent intentions. The oldest have been in existence from fifty to eighty years. When they were first started, young men freely joined. They were supported and sanctioned by the names and subscriptions of the resident gentry, who were persons of respectability and often of eminence. For some years the funds accumulated; the annual feast or the monthly gatherings lost none of their attractions; fortune seemed to smile; gentle gales favoured the newly-launched vessel; there was little sickness, few deaths, good receipts; in short, every appearance of prosperity. People spoke and acted as if they expected this happy state of affairs to last for ever: and why not? But by degrees everything was altered. Grey hairs silvered the heads of those who were young and strong and healthy at the first club meeting. Sickness followed upon age. Death grasped some, and claimed the burial fees. The receipts lessened, the expenses grew. Still a large reserve conspicuously figured in the yearly report. Though confidence relaxed, hope still kept her hold. Next came a change of secretaries and of managers, the death of some, the withdrawal of others, and a culpable negligence on the part of all the patrons. Young men ceased to enter the club, but the old hands could not, even if they wished, desert the ship.—Please God it would not sink in their time.—At last the inevitable end approached. A score or two of tottering old men, whose saving youth and frugal habits had lengthened out their years beyond the ordinary span, shared the remnants at the breaking up of the club, and received, instead of a comfortable annuity, a few paltry pounds, the sole result of the daily self-denial and prudence of a long working life.

With this picture almost every parish in England is familiar. There is very sad evidence of the sorrow occasioned by the failure of these societies contained in the fact that in the year 1862, there were to be seen in thirty-one of our union workhouses, no less than two hundred and fifty inmates who had depended upon clubs which had been broken up or dissolved.

A few extracts from the reports of the Registrar of Friendly Societies will afford some good illustrations of the management of these clubs, as well as some valuable information on other points. Mr. Tidd Pratt is a storehouse of knowledge and of research on such matters, and it is always well to seek the friendly advice and guidance which he freely offers. The reports commence with the year 1858, and are published annually. They may be purchased through any bookseller, at a cost varying from eightpence to fourteenpence each. Turning then to these publications, we shall find clearly set forth the causes of ill success. Let us study them carefully. The stranded disabled wreck warns the mariner against the dangers of the shoals and rocks.

First and foremost as a cause of failure, we must reckon the incorrect and inadequate tables upon which the contributions and payments have been calculated.

Many societies have admitted all comers at the same rate of payment, without respect to age, health, or employment. This is manifestly unsound. Much valuable information has been gradually collected as to the usual rate of sickness at different periods of life. As the main object of a friendly society is to furnish pecuniary aid during the times of ordinary illness, it is of the highest importance that the probable extent of such claims should be known, in order that the requisite funds should be provided. Experience teaches us that the average amount of bad health between the ages of eighteen and fifty is two hundred and sixty days—about one year in thirty-two. After fifty the amount of sickness is much greater and very uncertain, because from that time it becomes difficult to distinguish between true sickness and the chronic infirmities of age. The one properly asks for relief from a sick club, but the other ought to be provided for by superannuation pay.

Diving further into detail, and taking a table of calculations in which all cases of inability to labour are reckoned, we find the following interesting results. A lad of fifteen up to the age of thirty may expect from six to seven and three-quarters days of illness in each year, the number increasing gradually with the winters that pass over him; at thirty-five the rate rises to above eight and a half days. Now the body begins to show slight symptoms of wear and tear; at forty the chances are that a man is laid by for ten and a quarter days in the year. From this point the downward progress is more rapid; forty-five gives twelve and a half days; fifty, sixteen and a half. The next ten years show a still more speedy decline, for sixty may claim above thirty-three days of rest in the twelve months. Life with its burdens and its weaknesses moves with winged haste, and the pace becomes more headlong in its descent. Threescore years and ten are marked for seventy-six and a half days of suffering or of debility in the year; and then, last scene of all, drooping eighty-five, half paralysed in mind and body, must patiently endure three hundred and four days of disease out of three hundred and sixty-five; and from this time the sick pay becomes a constant and permanent charge.

Well then, if in the first instance the old are allowed to join the club on the same terms as the young,—and those terms often inadequate in any case,—they eat up the funds of the society; so that when, as the world rolls on, the young in their turn grow old, how are these to receive payment out of a treasury already exhausted? Not less evident is it, that if persons are admitted into a club when actually out of health, they must become an excessive drag upon its resources. The nature of the employment in which the members are engaged is another point which cannot with safety be overlooked. Some labour is especially liable to accident. Some kind of work is unhealthy. Miners, for instance, painters, and railway servants are subject to the payment of higher premiums in any well-regulated society. The following extract affords a confirmation of these views:—

The Metropolitan Typographical Widow, Orphan, or Nominee Fund was founded in 1850, for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased persons connected with the printing business, and now numbers seven hundred and fifty members. The promoters had very little information to guide them in judging how many deaths per cent. might be expected among their contributors, and, of course, upon this depended the necessary arrangements as regards the contributions. They, however, commenced operations with the prudent intention of periodically consulting an actuary on their affairs. After having existed five years they submitted the results of their experience to an actuary, who reported that, according to the rate of mortality affecting the general public, the number of deaths might have been expected to have been about forty-seven, while the actual experience of the society showed no less than seventy-six. At the end of the second period of five years, a similar result was observed. The actuary reported that eighty-nine deaths had occurred instead

of sixty, as might have been expected by the ordinary rate of mortality. The committee state that since the commencement of the society, one hundred and eighty-five deaths have taken place among their members, and that of these, ninety-five, or more than one-half, have not exceeded fifty years of age; forty-six, or exactly one-fourth, have not exceeded forty years of age; and that the average at death of the total number was only thirty-two and a half years. They believe that the total number of deaths occurring in ten years in an institution, with the number of members similar to this society, is almost unparalleled, if not without precedent. It shows, they state, that there is some cause connected with the profession, not yet ascertained, which operates most prejudicially upon the health of those employed in it; or if the profession is not such an unhealthy one as the statistics of the fund would prove, it must be supposed that all the unhealthy have become members of the fund. It must be allowed that the experience of this society is remarkable; but as the benefits promised are only obtainable on the death of the member, they have been enabled to meet the heavy demands upon them, and the society may therefore be considered as successful; and is now aware, by its own experience, what may be expected for the future. Suppose, however, that a society were formed, and undertook to provide relief in sickness with equally deficient data in respect of sickness, for any special class, trade, or profession, the result would undoubtedly be most disastrous to all concerned in the fund, unless the prudent course followed by the managers of the Typographical Society was adopted.—*See Registrar's Report, 1860, p. 24.*

With one more quotation we leave this part of the subject. In the year 1861, the Beneficial Society, Black Dog Inn, Havant, Hampshire, was dissolved. The application for dissolution stated—

That there were five superannuated members of the average age of sixty-five years, each receiving 10*l.* 8*s.* per annum, or 52*l.* per year, which, less their subscriptions of 17*s.* each, was equal to an annuity of 47*l.* 15*s.* per annum, and that the whole of the invested capital amounted only to the sum of 210*l.*, a sum insufficient to provide for more than one-half of such annuities. And that the annual subscriptions of the remaining forty members amounted to only 84*l.* per annum (being 17*s.* for each member), their average ages being fifty-six, and this to provide them with 8*s.* per week in sickness, 4*s.* per week superannuation, 3*l.* at death, and a proportion of the necessary expenses of management, which subscriptions are totally inadequate for the purpose. . . . The failure of this society was owing to the rules providing for superannuation, the contributions being wholly insufficient for that purpose.

A small number of members is another obvious cause of risk to a club. The calculations of sickness or of death are, of course, drawn from a certain area, that is to say, from the experience of what has actually occurred among a certain number of persons during a period of years. In this manner the averages are ascertained upon which the tables of payment and of receipts are based. If, therefore, a club consists of very few members, it is liable to suffer from a plethora of health, and an apparent but deceptive excess of reserve; or, on the other hand, from some epidemic which occasions a run upon the funds, and annihilates a system reared upon such slight foundations. The wise in these matters say that two hundred is the smallest number of benefit members with which a club can be considered safe. It is always best that a ship should be well manned. "Providence favours the strong battalions," is a saying which will apply to other things besides the operations of an army.

During the year 1858 notices of dissolution were sent to the registrar from fifty-eight societies. This number increased year by year. A year or two later it had reached 112, and the report of 1866 states the number for the previous year to have been no less than 143. From the passing of the first Friendly Society Act, in 1793, to 31st December, 1858, the number of friendly societies enrolled and certified was 23,550, and out of that number 6850 had ceased to exist. The causes of dissolution generally arose from the claims made on the funds by pensioners, the small number of members, and the circumstance that young men ceased to enter. There is a long list of failed societies in the report for 1866. It is a strange history of failure; and through the mist of these statistics we may catch in fancy a

glimpse of many a scene of sorrow and of privation. Two or three extracts may prove useful:—

Grand Protestant Institution and Association of Loyal Orangemen's Sick and Funeral Friendly Society, Bird-in-Hand Tavern, Chapel Street, Birkenhead; established, 1862; dissolved by members, July, 1865; number of members, eight; amount of funds, 31*l.*; each member to receive a dividend on all money he may have paid into the funds since joining the society.

Surely, if there was anything in a name, this society ought to have lived and flourished. We turn to another:—

Junior Female Friendly Society, Dolphin Inn, Stafford; established, 1771; dissolved by registrar, 1865; number of members, 125; amount of funds, 36*l.*; divided according to years of membership.

Fifth division of True Brothers, Roebuck Inn, Lower Tottenham; established, 1844; dissolved by members, February, 1866; number of members, twenty-five; amount of funds, 70*l.*; equally divided

The epitaphs of the deceased present a striking uniformity. The same incurable disease was fatal to them all—consumption of the purse.

The insecure investment of the funds is another stone over which the managers of clubs have stumbled and fallen. It must be remembered that the property of a club accumulates, and is laid in store for the necessities of a future day; therefore the security upon which it is placed ought to be as safe as possible. Safety is far more desirable than a high rate of interest. Prudent trustees place their funds in consols or in government savings banks, and avoid lending upon personal security, or embarking in railway speculations. To use the money for their own purposes exposes them to suspicion, and exhibits at least some taint of selfish or of dishonest intention. Here, it will be well to remark, that a club is not sound solely because its annual report boasts of a large reserve: some such sum is essential, not only to the well-being, but to the existence of a society. It is its heart, and without it the club cannot live; but the proper amount requisite to meet all claims varies with circumstances, such as the duration of the institution, the age of the members, and so forth. By taking the gross total of the ages of all the members, and dividing this by the number of the members, we arrive at the average age of the club; and it has been discovered that a vigorous and healthy society arrives at the maximum average of age in about thirty-two years from the date of its commencement. From this time the average appears to remain steady at about forty-four to forty-six.

This experience is valuable, because the claims against a club vary so considerably, according to the age of the members, and some useful calculations may be formed for practical purposes upon this basis. Of course, if the community is in bad case, or if there is some reason which prevents fresh members from joining, the average will mount higher; so that, unless the management has been very good in its early life, failure and extinction must inevitably ensue.

An extravagant expenditure in the administration has brought many a club to ruin, and has shown poverty the path to the door of many a labouring man. The "Leeds Mercury," of the 12th of April, 1862, has an excellent article on this subject. Speaking of the Royal Liver Friendly Society, it shows that its expenditure for management was 32 per cent. on the entire income. An institution called the Friend in Need Life Assurance and Sick Fund Friendly Society, established in London, is said to have spent 25 per cent. in management and collection; and another, named The Royal Victoria Legal Friendly Society, is stated, upon the same authority, to have spent no less than 44 per cent. for similar purposes. An expenditure on this scale must be simply ruinous.

The meeting of village clubs at public-houses has

led, in many instances, to a very injurious system of extravagance. The Registrar's report for the year 1859 contains the following letters:—

SIR,—We are members of Court —, No. —, of the Ancient Order of Foresters Friendly Society, held at the —, in the County of —. Our anniversary will take place in June. The scarf and horn and ribbon will cost, at a low rate, 8*s.*; dinner and band, 4*s.*; day's work, 2*s.* 6*d.*; total, 14*s.* 6*d.*; and if we do not attend the anniversary the committee say they will inflict a fine of 2*s.* 6*d.*, which is a heavy fine on us that have got families to keep.

A secretary of another friendly society writes as follows:—

SIR,—Our club is held at a public-house, which brings upon each member annually the following unnecessary expenses:—

	s.	d.
Annual Feast Dinner	2	0
Drink	0	6
Loss of Day	2	6
Drink at Monthly Meetings	3	0

This is a low average 8 0

So each member pays annually 15*s.* into the fund of his club, and it costs him 8*s.* to do so. Many members think it would be better if the rules which lead to such useless expense were done away with; and it would be a great blessing and a moral good if the club were taken away from the public-house altogether.

These letters speak volumes.

However, there is no pleasure in culling a nosegay of noxious flowers, and there is no use in repeating tales of mismanagement and of failure, except so far as they may serve for a beacon to warn future adventurers. One caution must be especially pressed upon the attention of all persons likely to become benefit members of any club. Let them by no means enter a club which is not both registered and certified. In order that they may obtain a position in the eye of the law, all societies are compelled to submit their rules to the inspection of the Registrar. But this is no test whatever of their safety. They should also be certified by an experienced and fully qualified London actuary. His duty is to examine thoroughly the tables and calculations upon which the scale of subscriptions and privileges is based, and to certify that the system is one which, so far as man can foresee, must insure stability. Of course, the clubs founded upon sound principles appear to be dearer than those which adopt the low and old-fashioned rates. But which is really the cheapest in the end? The club which, conducted with prudence, is able, after a long career, still to perform its engagements to the utmost; and which raises no hopes which it cannot ultimately fulfil—or that which, yielding to the temptation of a momentary popularity and display, spends its prime in feasting and in negligence, and then fails at last at the critical moment? Presidents, vice-presidents, patrons, treasurers, auditors, honorary members, *et hoc genus omne* [all such people], act with wisdom whenever they insist upon the affairs of the club, to which they lend their names, being carefully overlooked by an actuary at least once in five years. If the funds, on the occasion of these quinquennial visitations, show a surplus, after providing for all present and future liabilities, a bonus may be declared and divided among the members. This would go far towards creating a good name for the club. On the other hand, if there appeared to be a deficiency, this might be met by an increase of the subscriptions, or by some other slight sacrifice.

The old clubs are passing away: the garb they wear is not suited to the nineteenth century. There has been a sad mortality amongst them, and some people even go so far as to assert that there is not one in the country which is thoroughly healthy and sound. Yet, in their days of vigour and of prosperity, if they had

failings, they were not without virtues. The dark shades of the picture have been carefully drawn; let us attempt a slight sketch of the brighter side. That strong feeling which they called forth, regarding the duty and the pleasure of mutual help and support in sickness and in age, was something more than neighbourly; it was Christian. The annual feast, the monthly meeting, the association of rich and poor, the union of patrons and of benefit members, the friendly glass, the cheerful gossip, the talk of the village, the inquiry after absent friends—that stout old man, seated in the sunshine on a bench beside the inn door,

who is father of the club, and yet has not drawn a penny from its funds, has a son serving in India or the Mediterranean—the jolly laugh, the hearty grip of the hand, the cementing of friendship, the reconciliation of enmities on the festival day—all these good things are vanishing like ghosts in the shade of the cold systems of modern theorists; and we feel half disposed to take up the cudgels on behalf of our ancient allies, and to maintain stoutly that the mischief lies less in their use than in their abuse.

(To be continued.)



BONNY RIVER.

BONNY, AND THE PALM-OIL TRADE.

THE Bonny River, in Western Africa, is one of the great resorts of our traders with the African coast. Situated near its mouth is the town of Bonny, where an extensive trade in palm-oil is carried on. The sketch from which our engraving is taken has been forwarded by the commander of a vessel which recently visited the locality, who also supplies us with the following information respecting it:—

“Bonny has been known to the English as well as the Portuguese for over 200 years, and was at one time the greatest and most favourite mart of the slave-trade. As many as 13,000 or 14,000 slaves have changed masters here in the course of the twelve months. It is near the principal mart of the palm-oil trade, and many thousand tons are bartered for in the year.

“The mode of trade here, which may be taken as an example of that in the other palm-oil marts, is both amusing and interesting. All ships arriving in Bonny for the purpose of trade have several forms to go

through before they can commence. If the vessel is a large one—say from 600 to 700 tons—the first thing attended to, after coming to a proper berth, is to moor with two anchors; then the sails are unbent, and running gear unrove, top-gallant masts and yards sent down, and the decks cleared of all spars and unnecessary lumber, so as to give room for the coopers. The ship is next haused all over with mats, which are got from the shore; it is then thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed as far as practicable, especially the fore-castle (this is what ought to be done, although in some cases neglected). If the ship has no trade hulk the cabin is converted into a shop, where all the ‘fancy’ things, such as cloth, handkerchiefs, caps, beads, looking-glasses, knives, crockery ware, shirts, &c., are ranged in order; the powder is kept in the magazine, the muskets, tobacco, rum, salt, and such like, in the hold. When all is prepared, a gun is fired and the ensign hoisted, as a sign that the ship is ready for trading; but no trader comes off until the king or his head man has been on board to receive his *dash* (present). This generally consists of some of the better articles, and sometimes an easy chair, a ‘dress’

sword, or an officer's red coat, with a profusion of gold lace and buttons, a case of beer or brandy, and so forth. In the mean time the coopers are kept hard at work getting the treacle puncheons ready. These are all of the best sort, with extra hoops on, and have a private mark on the heads.

"After his Majesty has received his *dash*, and in all probability become intoxicated, he returns on shore in great state, amidst the firing of guns and muskets, the blowing of conch shells, and other unearthly noises. Then commences the business with the traders. A cask of oil, averaging 150 to 170 gallons, is bartered for so many 'bars,' whatever the number may be that is current at the time with the other ships—sometimes 70 and other times as high as 120. A 'bar' is so much of each article; for instance, so many fathoms of cloth go to a bar, so much powder, so much rum, &c., the trader receiving part on first agreement, and the requisite number of trade puncheons he may require. He also gets a 'book,' for every bit of paper that is written on, if it is only as large as the palm of your hand, is called a 'book' by the natives. This paper states that 'Jack Pepper-Pot,' or 'Tom Frying-Pan,' or 'Bottle of Beer,' has received so many bars in part payment for so much oil. With regard to their comical names they seem rather pleased than otherwise, and when introducing themselves will tell you with great gusto, 'I is Lord Nelson,' or whatever they may have been christened or nicknamed. You cannot offend them more seriously than to call them by a wrong name. Some of these people are very chatty and amusing when you come to know their 'upside down' way of palavering. If you are an old friend, the first salute is, 'Ah, you lib,' 'good many moon me no look you,' 'What you hab good for chap?' Which means that the speaker is aware you are alive, for many months has not seen you, and have you anything good to eat.

"The trade puncheons are taken up country, and are sometimes a week or a fortnight before being returned. As soon as the oil is brought alongside and hoisted on board, it is tried, to find if it is adulterated or any water is in it. The testers are made of iron, and are half an inch round, about six feet long, with a number of small compartments covered over with a slide. When inserted into the cask the slide is shut, covering all the holes, but when at the bottom the slide is drawn up, and the oil runs into these holes; the slide is shut again, and the tester drawn up, with samples of oil from all parts of the cask. It is next carefully examined, and any that has a suspicious look is put into a brass frying-pan and heated over the fire. It is then poured on to a white dish or plate, and if there is any water it will soon show itself in small bubbles.

"The casks for receiving the oil are all carefully staved, and bedded (empty) in the hold; a canvas or leather hose is fixed to a hole in the deck, the oil is started on deck into a tube attached to the hose, and the empty casks filled by means of the hose. Small breakers are made to fit all sorts of places where ordinary puncheons cannot go. The hold is kept beautifully clean with whitewash, and all the casks also after being filled and bunged up. The trade puncheons and other articles that are not immediately wanted on board are kept on shore in the cask house.

"In Bonny the natives worship the iguana, which they call 'Jem, Jem;' and these disgusting-looking animals are allowed to go anywhere, and no one must molest them. A cooper of one of the vessels (not a regular trader) once killed one of these brutes, and if he had not got out of the way he would have been sacrificed. As it was, the vessel had to leave, and was not allowed to take a single article, even so much as a cocoa-nut. They keep one of these animals ashore in what they call the 'Jem Jem house,' and every one gives him something to chap (eat)."

HOME MEMORIES OF THE POETS.

ALEXANDER POPE.



ALEXANDER POPE was born in London in the year 1688. His father, a prosperous tradesman, retired to Binfield, near Windsor Forest, when the boy was about twelve years old, carrying with him the whole of his property, which amounted to 20,000*l*. From this store, which was kept in a chest, he drew what he required, and thus considerably reduced the capital before it reverted to his son. The boy,

a weak, puny fellow, early showed a taste for study, and especially for poetry. He wrote verses when a child, and became an author at sixteen. He acquired Greek and Latin with the aid of a Romish priest, for his parents were Roman Catholics, and he also quickly gained a knowledge of French and Italian. His eagerness for knowledge was insatiable. Few men ever studied with more energy, and still fewer have gained a high reputation at so early an age. Pope was famous before he was twenty, and from that time till his death, in 1744, he was the most prominent man of letters in the country. It would be a long and tedious story to relate all the jealousy and irritability which the poet's success occasioned, and which, it must be owned, were frequently provoked by his satire or by his conduct. His enemies, indeed, sometimes threatened personal chastisement; and when he walked out at Twickenham he was accustomed to carry loaded pistols. Pope's chief aim in life was to gain a great name, and in carrying out this aim he resorted to tricks and subterfuges unworthy of an English gentleman.

It is pleasanter, however, to dwell upon the virtues of a man of genius than upon his frailties, and it can scarcely be doubted that much of what we disapprove in Pope's conduct may be traced to bodily disease. His whole life was one of suffering. He was deformed in person, and so feeble that he had to be dressed and tended like a child. He was laced in stays to keep him erect, and was so small that at table it was necessary to place him in a high chair. "His legs," says Dr. Johnson, "were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid, for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help." Even in the night he required assistance, and would often call up a servant for coffee, or for pen and paper. He was careful, however, to give a recompense for this trouble; and "Lord Oxford's servant declared that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages." Pope, indeed, could be sometimes very generous, and at other times almost miserly. He seemed, we are told, to be of an opinion, not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want everything. One of his miserly habits was to write his verses on the backs of letters, and this made his friend Swift call him "paper-sparing Pope."

Fame, however, was dearer to him than money. He made poetry his chief business, and his chief pleasure was derived from the flattery or honest praise of critics and of friends.

The interest of Pope's life lies mainly in the record

of his literary undertakings. In his case the mind was strong enough to overcome, in large measure, the weakness of the body. The "Essay on Criticism," a poem written when he was twenty-one, displays, says Dr. Johnson, "such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience." Four years afterwards he undertook the translation of Homer, which is still so widely read by schoolboys; and before that time he had composed the most exquisite of all his poems, the "Rape of the Lock." Nothing, indeed, can exceed the charm of this poem: it is so graceful, so brilliant, so rich in fancy, so perfect in the versification, that the reader fresh from its perusal is apt to think that no praise has done full justice to the merits of the piece. A sofa formed a theme for Cowper, and the fact that Lord Petre had cut off a lock of Miss Fermor's hair, was enough to stimulate the genius of Pope. The picture of the heroine may be here transcribed, but the poem, like most fine works of art, cannot be properly estimated by fragments:—

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore;
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun, they shine on all alike;
Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

Pope, as has been mentioned, lived at this period of his life with his parents near Windsor Forest, and in his poem of that name he has endeavoured, but with very partial success, to celebrate the beauty of the scenery. The truth is, that he knew more of men than of nature; he is pre-eminently the poet of society, and no man was less fitted for solitude or for rural delights.

One of the most pleasing traits in his character is his devotion to his father and mother, and his affection for a few intimate friends. By the publication of the translation of Homer the poet had secured independence before he was thirty years old; and he therefore persuaded his parents to remove to Twickenham, where he had purchased a house. His life may be said to have been divided between Binfield and Twickenham. In the former place he gained his reputation, and in the latter he enjoyed it. At Twickenham, Pope gathered around him the most illustrious men of the day, and there he amused himself with landscape gardening, with the formation of a grotto, and of a tunnel beneath the public road, on each side of which the property lay, and with adding columns and porticoes to his house. In these pleasing pursuits he found rural contentment and relief from study. Here he entertained the distinguished men and women who lived near him, or who were drawn to the spot by his friendship. Lady Mary Montagu, with whom Pope fell in love first and quarrelled afterwards, resided at Twickenham. Bolingbroke had a house at Dawley, Lord Burlington at Chiswick. Dukes and bishops, countesses, and lord chancellors, flocked to the poet's home, and met there on a social and equal footing the statesmen and men of letters of the day. "I am not a day," he writes, "without what they call elegant company;" and adds that he partly enjoys this course of life and partly regrets it. Here, too, he watched over his mother with tender solicitude, until her death at the age of ninety-three.

"You are the most dutiful son," writes Swift, "I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million;" and Dr. Johnson, alluding to Pope's filial piety, says, "Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to

give than such a son." In 1732 Pope lost his intimate friend, John Gay, and the next year his mother died. Writing some time afterwards to Swift, he says:—"I have, indeed, room enough; nothing but myself at home. The kind and hearty housewife is dead. The agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone. Yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have melons and pine-apples of my own growth." To another friend he writes:—"I am now as busy planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another; and I thank God for every wet day, and for every fog that gives me the headache but prospers my works. They will, indeed, outlive me, but I am pleased to think my trees will afford fruit and shade to others when I shall want them no more."

The labour of the poet's mind still remains, and has no mark of decay; but little is now left at Twickenham in token of the labour of his hands. The house has been pulled down and three others occupy the place; the grotto, indeed, exists, but the whole aspect of it is changed; the shrubberies are destroyed, and the only mementoes of Pope are a few lofty trees which were planted by his own hand.

Pope, by the way, is said to have introduced the weeping willow into England. The story runs that he discovered some twigs wrapped round an article sent from abroad, and planted one of them in his garden. A willow sprung up, from which numberless slips were taken, some to be planted in England, others to be sent abroad. The old tree, full of years and honours, died in 1801.

As a poet, Pope is remarkable for felicity of expression and condensation of thought. No one better understood the use of words. He says himself—

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance—

and it is certain, that if he was born a poet, he improved his native gift by the most assiduous study. He has rarely a lofty imagination, he never touches our deepest feelings, he has none of that poetic beauty so difficult to describe, but which every sensitive person feels when reading Spenser or Milton, Coleridge or Wordsworth. Pope's poetry, it must be owned, is of the earth, earthy. The finished neatness, the trenchant satire, the perfect rhythm, the occasional humour, the frequent wit, the vigorous good sense, the comprehensiveness of a full mind, and the force of an acute one—these are the characteristics of his genius, and these, it can scarcely be doubted, will preserve it from corruption. Pope is comparatively little read in the present day; but he is as much quoted as ever, and there is probably no poet in the language, with the exception of Shakespeare, whose lines are so frequently employed in the common intercourse of society. They are literally familiar as household words, even to those who are ignorant of their origin. There are, we think, few of our readers who will not recognize the following:—

A little learning is a dangerous thing.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

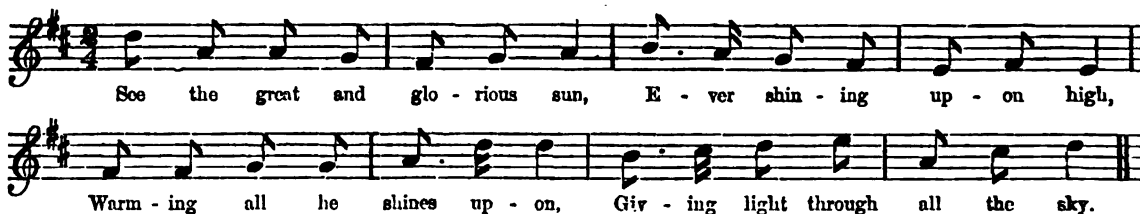
Pope's life, a "long disease," as he himself terms it, lasted until he was fifty-six. He died in the month of May, 1744, and was buried near his father and mother in Twickenham Church. A tablet to his memory was placed there by Bishop Warburton, but no national monument marks the public esteem of this great master of didactic poetry.

CHILDREN'S GAMES—continued from page 687.

THE SUN AND EARTH.

A tall child, or a little one on a chair, should be placed in the centre of the room for the sun, which, on account of its distance, may be allowed to look smaller than the earth. A ring is then formed to represent the earth; the ring must turn slowly

round and round, imitating the double motion of the earth round its own axis and round the sun. One or two children, for the moon, may run round the earth.



2.
Ever rolls the mighty earth
Through the heavens, calm and bright;
Every day she turns once round,
Into dark and into light.

3.
This side, turning towards the sun,
Is in day, and has the light;
That side, turned the other way,
Sees him not, and is in night.

6.
But we see the gentle moon
Only in the darksome night;
For by day the burning sun
Shines, and hides her smaller light.

4.
As she turns, she onward rolls,
In a circle round the sun;
She has rolled once round each year
Ever since her race begun.

5.
Ever shines the gentle moon,
Round the earth her course is run;
Turning always round and round,
As the earth about the sun.

THE RING.

Eight, twelve, or sixteen children form a ring, joining hands, four of the children as leaders being placed at equal distances, that the ring may be easily divided into four: the points of the compass should also be ascertained, and the leaders placed to correspond with them. During the first four lines they move round to the right; at the fifth they stop, let go hands, and each turns half round; they then join hands again and move round with all backs to the centre; at "La, la," turn half round again and dance as at first. Second verse, all stop and let go; each child turns himself round and round to the left. At

"Join again," they take hands, the two leaders north and south meet in the centre, drawing the ring thus ∞ ; at "Back again," they retire, and east and west meet, drawing the ring thus ∞ ; at "North," these retire, and all four meet, drawing the ring thus ∞ . At "La, la," they dance round again to the left. Third verse, the ring separates into four small ones, which turn to the right; at "Now again," the large ring is once more formed, and dances round to the left.



2.
Now stand still and let go hands,
To the left each round may go;
Join again, and north and south
Both may meet and form a bow.
Back again, and east and west
Each may now the other greet;
North and south and east and west
All may in the centre meet.
La, la, la, &c.

3.
Now some little circles make,
Turning to the right, this way;
Round and round, in perfect time,
As goes the world from day to day.
Now again we join to dance
In one circle large and wide,
Turning to the left this time,
Stepping gaily side by side.
La, la, la, &c.

THE
PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONFLICT.

JANKOWSKI, as became a pupil of the school of Metz, had formed a plan of campaign. The only mistake was, that he had made it a little too elaborate. It pleased him to regard the band of the eight or nine hundred men produced by Stanitza and the district around in the light of a regular army. He divided

this army into two wings, keeping the left wing for himself, and giving the command of the right to his friend and lieutenant Ferrari. This however raised a question of precedence. The chief of the London Committee considered himself Ferrari's superior in rank. Moreover, he had seen active service, having witnessed a considerable amount of street-fighting in the year 1848.

Jankowski, on the suggestion of Konradin, offered

the practised revolutionist the appointment of chief of the staff, which gave him the right of directing the strategical operations of the whole force. The tactical part of the business now alone concerned Jankowski, the chief maintained.

"He has no staff to be chief of," observed Konradin; "and the Black Man knows the way about the country better than he does. But he can act as your aide-de-camp, and as a sort of officer of all work."

Something of the jealousy and insubordination, which cannot fail to be developed in all armies improvised on an insurrectionary basis, and in defiance of the principle of authority, showed itself in other grades.

One man who did not mind dying for his country in the capacity of lieutenant objected to do so as corporal; and the officer commanding the cavalry threatened to turn round and ride home unless a distinct understanding were come to beforehand that he was to receive no orders from the Black Man. Jankowski explained to him that if he, Jankowski, chose to send orders through the Black Man, and to entrust the Black Man with the direction of the line of march, the cavalry, like the infantry, would have to obey; and that as for riding home, any one leaving the camp without permission would be shot.

"I shall want a provost-marshal," said Jankowski to Konradin, "if this sort of thing continues."

"It will be all right directly they see the Russians," answered Konradin. "They are full of impulse, and the only rivalry will be as to which shall get nearest the enemy."

"I don't want that, either," replied Jankowski.

The commander of the cavalry now rode up to Jankowski, and saluting him, told him that he had a hundred men and only fifty horses.

"The other fifty are at the count's," said Jankowski.

"He might as well send the fifty unmounted men to take them," suggested the count, who was himself on the point of returning home.

Konradin now committed an act of great imprudence. After giving up the horses he could not make up his mind to remain quietly at home—though, if seriously compromised in the insurrection, he might lose not merely his liberty or his life, but his estate. A man's life does not last long; but Konradin's ancestral inheritance, or what remained of it after successive confiscations, had been in his family for four centuries, and it was still quite extensive enough to be worth keeping for the sake of the Polish cause generally.

He rode along the skirts of the wood by the side of the lieutenant commanding the fifty men, saying every minute that the time for his going back had nearly arrived, and that he must really go, when suddenly the sound of firing was heard. Thereupon he forgot all his prudent resolutions, and advising the lieutenant to keep closer to the wood than ever, so as to avoid being seen until it could be ascertained whence the firing proceeded, offered, with a dozen men, to go forward on a reconnaissance. The offer was accepted, and before Konradin had proceeded a hundred yards he fell in with a messenger who was being sent to hurry on the advance of the fifty newly-mounted cavalry.

Ferrari's wing was already engaged with a whole battalion of Russian infantry, who had been brought up in carts from the neighbouring little town of

Michailowitza; while Jankowski had marched to Michailowitza itself, where Ferrari, when he had destroyed the battalion of Russian infantry, was to join him.

This was all that Konradin could get out of the man—this, and that the fifty horsemen were to hurry to the support of Ferrari as quickly as possible.

Konradin wished for nothing better. He thought he knew a ride through the wood which would bring him out very near the position taken up by the Russians. He rejoined the lieutenant, told him the state of affairs, and then, leading him and his fifty men by the road in question, found that he would come out on the very flank of the Russians, which, thinking the the wood itself sufficient protection, they had left entirely unguarded.

Ferrari had imprudently left the wood to attack the enemy in the open field; and Konradin saw that he was already paying the penalty of his rashness, and would soon have to retreat.

"If we could only let him know that we are here, and about to make a diversion!" said the lieutenant.

"There is not time," answered Konradin. "Let us make it; he will know quite soon enough."

"Well," said the lieutenant, who had served in the Austrian army in a regiment of Hungarian hussars, "it will be a fine charge! They can only get out of the wood three at a time, and they don't know how to form in line. It takes two years to make a cavalry soldier, and these men have only been an hour together since they were mounted, and half of them can't ride."

"But they can stick on to their horses," answered Konradin, "and I will answer for the horses going. Fifty yards' gallop on grass, and down a gentle slope: I think the Russians will be astonished."

"The improvised cavalry had ridden through the wood three abreast, and this was the only formation in which they could attack the enemy. The lieutenant said afterwards that it was terribly unscientific, and that his Hungarian hussars would have trotted out three by three, formed in line, and in less than half a minute routed the foe *secundum artem*."

However, the insurgents did what they could. Konradin and the lieutenant started first at racing pace, and their fifty followers galloped after them, rushing and riding at no very precise mark, but making for the body of infantry generally—just as the worst possible marksman might aim at a haystack, but at least with the certainty of hitting it.

The Russians were thrown into as much confusion as if a whole regiment had come down upon them. Ferrari's infantry attacked at the point of the bayonet those companies which still held firm; the cavalry, at least those of the cavalry who had not been run away with, chased the fugitives; and, in fine, Ferrari gained a victory.

"We must not pursue them too far," said the lieutenant at last, "for they could beat us now if they liked. Why, you have only a riding whip, count," he added. "I would have lent you my sabre for half a minute just for a few cuts. You might at least have taken a revolver."

Konradin thought so too, for at this moment they saw half a dozen Cossacks coming towards them.

"It is no use being too dignified. In such a case as this we must run," said the lieutenant. They turned their horses' heads. But the Cossacks fired, and Konradin

radin's horse fell mortally wounded. The lieutenant was thirty yards ahead before he saw, on looking round, what had happened. He had then some difficulty in stopping his horse. But the count was already in the hands of the Cossacks.

"You see that I am unarmed," he said to Captain Leonteff, who, at that moment, rode up.

"I shall report the exact condition in which I found you," replied Leonteff.

"I was merely riding here when I might have been riding somewhere else," he continued.

"It would have been better if you had been riding somewhere else," said Leonteff, drily. "It is indeed a strange thing, count," he added, "to find you mixed up with such rabble. But we have made them pay for it inside Michailowitza; scarcely one escaped. What madmen! Their leader rushed with his sabre upon an artilleryman who was about to fire, and was simply blown to pieces."

"What was his name?" asked Konradin, with a sinking at the heart.

"Jankowski," answered the officer.

Konradin did not speak. Silently he allowed himself to be conducted, first to his own house, where he found the steward exhibiting the paper that he had made Jankowski sign, and swearing to some infantry soldiers that the count, if he was with the insurgents at all, must have been taken prisoner by them; and afterwards, when a full "domiciliary visit" had been made in his presence, to Michailowitza, where he was thrown into prison.

In the meanwhile Ferrari had re-entered the wood with about two hundred and fifty men out of four hundred that he had commanded the day before. Of the others some fifty or sixty had tired of the insurrection as soon as they found themselves under fire; and he had lost from eighty to a hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners. But the Austrian lieutenant, with forty cavalry, joined him soon afterwards, so that he had altogether about two hundred and ninety men under his orders. The Black Man was alive and well, and Ferrari sent him in the middle of the night to Konradin's house to ask for news, and to state in what part of the forest the detachment would take up its quarters for the next few days and until further notice.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE reader must have perceived that this production in the form of a novel is more a study of revolutionary and anti-revolutionary manners than a history of revolutionary feats of arms. It will be enough, then, to mention that the insurgents at Michailowitza, as at other places, fought, and were beaten. They displayed great bravery, and thought they were fighting for the direct purpose of driving the Russians out of Poland; but the secret government and its agents abroad looked upon all encounters between Russians and Poles merely as demonstrations, the effect of which was to enlist the sympathies of Europe on behalf of the Poles, and to give France, England, and Austria an opportunity, if they chose to make use of it, for active intervention.

Suffering Poland for more than a year maintained what some one called a "budget of corpses." So many men were deliberately sacrificed—that is to say, deliberately sacrificed themselves—day by day and

week by week, in order that Europe might be interested. Europe was very much interested for a time; but at last it grew tired, and the insurrection soon afterwards came to an end.

In a few hours the following were the results produced at Stanitz: Jankowski was killed, Konradin was in prison, and might already consider that he had lost his estate—or in other words that a certain amount of land was lost to Poland; a body of nine hundred men had been reduced to two hundred and ninety; and the Russians defeated by Ferrari had burned cottages and barns, stolen portable property, and committed outrages of all kinds.

Nevertheless, the battle of Stanitz, as described in the Polish revolutionary papers, and in one or two Paris prints, as a great and important victory, of which the capture of Michailowitza and the establishment in that town of the Polish National Government was the natural consequence; and the finger of scorn was pointed at the Russian official journals, who, with the mendacity common to both sides, put down the number of Poles killed and wounded at about two-thirds of the entire force, while they estimated their own losses at one man and two horses. Nevertheless Jankowski had killed three Russians with his own hand before the artillery was brought up, which at once decided the fate of the day.

The poor countess, when she was told by the Russians that her husband had been captured on the field of battle, took upon herself to deny the facts. "It was impossible—he was not at Stanitz at the time," she declared; but the steward from Stanitz arrived at Wilkovo immediately afterwards, told her what had happened, and gave her the paper signed by Jankowski, which seemed to prove that the count, in delivering up horses for the insurgent cavalry, had only yielded to menaces and to irresistible force.

This was important if the countess could only get a willing judge to believe in the genuineness of the document; but even then it would avail nothing if Konradin had really been taken with arms in his hands.

The steward told her that the count had been brought to Stanitz in the custody of Captain Leonteff, and that the captain had probably reported on the circumstances of his capture. Leonteff had in fact arrived that morning at the governor's palace, and the countess lost no time in sending for Nathalie and making her find out from the Cossack officer whether or not her husband had been taken on the field of battle.

Leonteff went to the countess himself, and to her infinite joy informed her that the count, when he was surprised and made prisoner, had no arm about him more formidable than a horsewhip. She thanked Leonteff profusely, put on her bonnet, and drove to the governor's house, where she insisted on seeing General Gontchalin.

General Gontchalin, however, had shut himself up. He had been expecting this visit from the countess, and was resolved not to see her. He had sent General Molodiani to Michailowitza, as chief of a military commission appointed to try insurgents taken on the field of battle. Molodiani had the power of passing sentence of death, though it was necessary that the sentence should be confirmed by the governor of Wil-

kovo before it could be executed. However, General Gontchalin had been accused at St. Petersburg of showing too much mercy to the Poles, and at Moscow of actually sympathising with them; and he was determined beforehand to confirm all Molodiani's sentences; and Molodiani, directly he heard of the count having been taken, resolved to "make an example of him" unless his beautiful wife would come to Michailowitza, and herself solicit his pardon, or rather his liberation; for of pardon there could be no question. Either Konradin was guilty of having taken up arms against the government, or he was absolutely innocent; and it was for Molodiani to decide which.

When the countess received from her gallant admirer a long and passionate letter, carefully worded, but which left her no doubt as to its true meaning, she resolved not to answer it, and said to herself, "No; he must die."

But she did not give herself up to despair. She went to the governor's house again, made Nathalie go to him and beg him to receive her; and at last, as Nathalie came out at the door of her father's cabinet, actually forced her way in—and this in spite of the exertions of a very strong servant to exclude her.

"Now, General Gontchalin, I can speak to you!" she cried. "You are afraid of me—of me; but what harm can I do you? No; you are afraid of your own conscience, which you think I shall touch! Give me back my husband!"

"My dear countess, calm yourself," he said. "Leave the room, Michael."

The servant went out and the countess and the general were left alone.

"One question," said the general. "Would your husband mind setting a good example?"

"I do not know what you mean," replied the countess.

"Would he object to sign an address?"

"What sort of an address?"

"An address setting forth that the nobility of Poland regard the insurrection as a great calamity, and that they are devoted to the government of his Imperial Majesty."

"And you would liberate him?"

"Instantly! You have only to ask him and he will do it—and no one will speak of it until a hundred others have signed."

"I would not propose such a thing to him if he were already on his way to the scaffold."

"No; it would then be too late. But now?"

"Never!" she exclaimed.

The general was silent. "All I can do," he said at last, "is to order the count to be sent on here for re-examination. His is an exceptional case. At least I might say so."

"Heaven bless you," cried the countess, kissing the old general's hand with a fervour which made him positively ashamed.

"When will he arrive?" she asked.

"I will send off Leonteff with the order at once," said the governor. "He will leave Michailowitza under escort some time to-morrow."

"Under escort!" said the countess to herself, as she returned home. She sent for the steward.

"Where is the detachment commanded by Stanislas Ferrari?" she inquired. "Do you know precisely?"

"I think so," replied the steward; "but the coachman

took a cask of spirits to them yesterday, and forty pairs of new boots."

"Send the coachman here."

"Kuba," she said, when the coachman appeared, "I want you to take a letter for me to the wood, and to give it to the captain. Can I count upon you?"

"As upon yourself," replied Kuba.

"Very well. Come back in half an hour."

She then wrote on a small piece of paper these words: "Your friend, my husband, is to leave Michailowitza for Wilkovo to-morrow, under escort. He is in danger of capital sentence.—Marie Konradin."

"I want your signature to a little document," said the countess, returning once more to the governor's house and addressing Nathalie. "You know Stanislas Ferrari—we were speaking of him the other day, the day of the ball. Nothing is worse than to remind any one of an obligation or to presume upon it; but although he is under an obligation to you, would you mind endorsing that?" She showed what she had written.

Nathalie took up a pen, and added: "I also shall pray for your success, and for you.—Nathalie."

The countess embraced her, and said: "That is generous, Nathalie! That you should make him risk his life for my husband! But Heaven will protect him!"

The wives of the Cossacks who were shot down by Ferrari's band the next day had also, no doubt, on their side, said "Heaven will protect them!" In any case, Ferrari, inspired by his friendship for Konradin, by the appeal to that friendship made by the countess, and perhaps above all by his love for Nathalie, and by a desire to shine in her eyes, laid his plans so ingeniously, and made his attack with so much vigour, that Konradin was liberated almost as soon as he understood that an attempt was being made to liberate him.

When he had fallen upon Ferrari's neck and thanked him profusely for his noble devotion, the count proposed to return to the wood with the gallant band to which he owed his freedom.

But Ferrari would not hear of it.

"You ought never to have joined the insurrection for a moment," he said; "and if I am to save you, which I swore to myself to do, I prefer saving you altogether. Let us ride through the wood to Stanitza—they will never think of looking for you there. The post-road will not be safe, but you can easily get passed on at night from one proprietor's house to another until you reach the Galician frontier."

A week afterwards the countess received a letter from her husband, dated "Cracow." She hurried to Nathalie, and made the most extravagant promises to her as to what she would do if Ferrari ever fell into such a dreadful position as that from which he had just rescued her husband.

That same evening the news was received at Wilkovo of Ferrari's band having been surrounded and utterly dispersed. Ferrari had received an order from an agent of the National Government, who had lately arrived at Wilkovo, to attack a Cossack post at about twenty versts distance from that town; and when on the point of doing so had fallen in with a flying column of in-

fantry, for which his detachment was no match. The Cossacks had been attracted by the noise of the firing, and Ferrari, between the two forces, had been completely overpowered. He fell, wounded in the head by a sabre cut, was taken up, placed in a peasant's cart, and taken to Wilkovo, surrounded by soldiers.

Nathalie almost fainted when she saw him driven into the court-yard, pale from exhaustion, with glazed eyes, and with his head tied up in a blood-stained handkerchief. Ten minutes afterwards—five minutes after she had heard that the prisoners were being brought in—the countess was with her.

"I will save him," cried the countess. "We have an agent in the town who will help me; and I will set him free, even if it be necessary to burn the prison down."

"But he is dying!" cried Nathalie, who was lying on a sofa, sobbing as if she would break her heart. "His head is all red with blood."

"Do not be afraid," answered the countess; "they would not imprison a dying man."

She went straight to the office of Captain Boutkovitch, who, since the outbreak of the insurrection, had acted as director of the Wilkovo prison. The prison joined the governor's house on one side, as the cavalry barracks did on the other.

When Boutkovitch saw the countess come into his bureau, he said to himself: "The duties of the service cannot be performed unless that countess be imprisoned or exiled. She is worse even than Natalia Ivanovna. She demoralises every one she comes near."

Nevertheless the countess ascertained from Boutkovitch that Ferrari, though he had lost a great deal of blood, was not dangerously wounded; and she was so gracious to him, and looked so charming, and asked for everything she wanted in such a winning tone and with such an irresistible manner, that he consented among other things to put Ferrari in one of the cells which were considered the healthiest and the most airy, and which commanded a view of the governor's apartments.

"I am glad that was all she wanted," said Boutkovitch, when the countess had gone. Indeed, what the countess most particularly wanted was, that Ferrari should be placed in a cell where it would at least be possible to make signs to him.

Nathalie heard day by day from the surgeon of the prison how the prisoner and patient was progressing; but many days passed before he took enough interest in life to look out of the window, when to his inexpressible delight he saw Nathalie looking at him, with a sad smile upon her face, from the window opposite. She was sad partly on Ferrari's account, but partly, also, on her own; for her father now declared every day that she should remain no longer at Wilkovo, and threatened to send her on a visit to an aunt who lived at Cracow.

Ever since his capture, she had passed many hours each day watching Ferrari's window, and never until now had he looked up.

Ferrari was a young man of spirit, and did not need any excessive amount of encouragement. Little by little he persuaded Nathalie to exchange signs with him. Then he made an alphabet out of some writing paper, and induced her to make a similar one, so that they might exchange not only general signs but words and phrases; and he taught her how if anything of the highest importance happened, he could communi-

cate to her at night by means of his lamp. If he held up the lamp once that was to signify A, if twice, B, and so on through the alphabet.

Nathalie now passed the greater part of the day watering the flowers in her balcony. This occupation she varied, whenever her opposite neighbour wished her to do so, by playing the piano. At his earnest entreaty she had wheeled the piano close to the window, so that while she was playing he still did not lose sight of her.

Ferrari had been examined several times, and the most elaborate preparations were being made for his trial. He would have been executed by order of a court-martial, as an insurgent chief taken in arms, but for the fact that he was also being proceeded against as a member of the National Government. It was hoped that in the end his intimate connexion with the secret organization would be fully established; and in the meanwhile he was not even sentenced to death.

CHAPTER XXX.

TWO SPIES AND AN AGENT.

BOUTKOVITCH had reported that the plan at Wilkovo on the night of the general insurrection included, as a first and indispensable operation, the capture of the cavalry barracks adjoining the governor's palace. It was known that all the principal officers would be at the ball, and, according to Boutkovitch, the Polish ladies had promised to charm them into a false sense of security. Moreover the *maitre d'hôtel*, Lamanski by name, had been bribed to close the outer doors precisely as the clock struck twelve—the time fixed for the attack—so that, for some minutes at least, the officers might be unable to get out. Lamanski was, in fact, summoned before a revolutionary tribunal to answer for his crime in neglecting to carry out the order given to him, and for executing which he had been paid in advance. He was afraid to appear, and, his alarm being interpreted as contumacy, was formally sentenced to death.

Lamanski was, like many other spies, a great coward. As soon as the decision of the revolutionary tribunal was made known to him he went to General Gontchalin, told him a great portion of what had happened, declared that loyalty to the Russians had prevented his executing the task which his wicked countrymen had imposed upon him, and ended by asking to have some post assigned to him in which he would be able to do his duty without fear of the Polish dagger.

General Gontchalin saw that the only thing to do with such a miserable creature as this was to put him in relations with Boutkovitch. When Boutkovitch heard the man's story he affected a great air of superiority, and told him he would consider his case. Even the most debased seem to have some sort of moral pride; and Boutkovitch said to himself that, after all, he had not betrayed his own countrymen to the Poles, and in so far was better than this Lamanski, who was evidently ready to sell his to the Russians.

Lamanski refused positively to do out-of-door work; so Boutkovitch employed him in the prison as a sort of deputy under-turnkey, with the special duty of talking to the prisoner; and worming himself into their confidence. But the best of friends will sometimes fall out, and even two such rascals as Lamanski and Boutkovitch could not agree.

Lamanski had a certain number of cigars and cigarettes placed at his disposition, which he was to distribute among the prisoners with the view of gaining their good-will. Instead of giving them away, Boutkovitch maintained that Lamanski sometimes smoked them himself; and he accused him of pretending to have made a present of some choice havannahs to a Polish gentleman, who, Boutkovitch knew perfectly well, would not have accepted them without paying at least as much as they were worth.

This treatment, deserved or undeserved, had the effect of damping Lamanski's ardour. He got less and less information from the prisoners, and at last Boutkovitch told him that in future, instead of giving him a regular salary, he should pay him by the piece.

Lamanski's energy now returned, and he brought such a number of stories to Boutkovitch that the chief said to himself at last, that if this sort of thing went on much longer his subordinate would ruin him.

The assistant, however, still exercised his ingenuity, and made up tales of "treasons, stratagems, and spoils" just as he wanted them.

Finally, one day, when Lamanski had been telling a long story which promised to throw great light on the composition of the Polish National Government, Boutkovitch coolly replied—

"Yes; that information is very curious and very important, but it had reached me before."

"What!" exclaimed Lamanski, who had invented every particular.

"It had reached me before," repeated Boutkovitch.

"That is very odd," said Lamanski.

"Why so?" inquired Boutkovitch.

"Because I had so much trouble in getting it out of my informant—if you were to speak to him about it yourself he would deny every syllable—and because it strikes me as being perfectly new."

"Shall I prove to you that I knew it all before?"

"Please, do."

Thereupon Boutkovitch rang a bell, and on a messenger appearing, said to him: "Levitzki, go to the archives and find folio 573, letter S. I want to look at it."

"Very good, sir," answered Levitzki, who disappeared, and about ten minutes afterwards came back with a document which contained a concise report of the facts just narrated by Lamanski.

"This report, you will observe," said Boutkovitch, as he submitted it to Lamanski for examination, "is dated two months back—"

"And was written behind that screen, from my dictation, five minutes ago," said Lamanski to himself. But he argued no more on the subject.

"Your arguments are too convincing," he said to Boutkovitch. "I give in; the prisoner must have deceived me."

In his rage, Lamanski went off to a man whom he believed to be an agent of the National Government, and told him where Boutkovitch—who was, notoriously, sentenced to death—was in the habit of spending his evenings.

"What does it matter to me where Boutkovitch spends his evenings?" asked the agent, who fancied a trap was being laid for him.

"I thought you might want to know, that is all," said Lamanski.

"And you," inquired the agent, "who are you?"

"My name is Korniloff," answered the assistant spy. "I am a Russian, in the service of the governor, and Boutkovitch has mortally offended me."

"I thought at first that you were that scoundrel, Lamanski," replied the agent. "You are something like him."

"My name is Korniloff," repeated the man, much disconcerted.

"Because," continued the agent, "Lamanski is also sentenced to death."

"I know nothing about him!" declared Lamanski, trembling.

"You are safe as long as you remain in this house," said the agent, "but you will have to get out of here as soon as possible."

"If I am in any danger, for heaven's sake let me remain until I can send for a carriage," pleaded the spy.

The agent called a servant, and told him to see whether any one was waiting outside the house.

"No one, I swear it!" exclaimed Lamanski.

"I know you perfectly well," said the agent, when his servant had come back and had told him that there was no one outside. "You, Boutkovitch, Levitzki, are all watched, and are all in our power. I know perfectly well where Boutkovitch spends his evenings. For a long time he spent them in the prison, and was afraid to show himself outside for one moment. Now he ventures to go to the obscure tavern that you mention. He is not so severe with the prisoners as some other gaolers might be—he is always open to a good bribe—and therefore he has not been interfered with."

"No, really, it was I who gave them the cigars," cried Lamanski.

"Boutkovitch would have been punished long ago for the murder of Wilenski," continued the agent, without noticing Lamanski's interruption, "if we had not been very much satisfied with his conduct in the prison."

"With regard to anything that may be required for the prisoners, you have only to address yourself to me," exclaimed Lamanski.

"I shall require something of you," said the agent; "but how am I to know that you will execute it?"

"I swear to you," began Lamanski, "by all that is most sacred—"

But the agent stopped him. "The best thing," he said, "will be for you to sign a paper."

"I will sign whatever you please," he answered.

"Just write from my dictation, then," said the agent.

Lamanski sat down and wrote as follows:—

"I, Lamanski, by birth a Pole, by occupation an assistant-gaoler, spy and informer, employed in the Russian prison of Wilkovo, having been sentenced to death by the National Government of Poland, acknowledge the justice of that sentence. I acknowledge, moreover, that on the 12th day of November, 1863, I denounced to a person, whom I believed to be one of the agents of the said National Government of Poland, the head gaoler of the said Russian prison of Wilkovo, Boutkovitch by name, stating that he was to be found every evening at a certain tavern, and making this statement with the full knowledge that the said Boutkovitch had been condemned to death by the said National Government of Poland, and with the object of causing the sentence to be executed upon him."

"Copy it, and sign both the original and the duplicate," said the agent, when he had read Lamanaki's confession. "I must send one copy to Warsaw, so that whatever happens to me, you may be quite sure that this evidence against you will not be destroyed."

"Is that all?" asked Lamanaki.

"No," answered the agent; "that is nothing. That is only the beginning. You have a prisoner named Ferrari under your charge. We want him liberated."

"Impossible!" said Lamanaki.

"Remember that you are under sentence of death. If you escaped us, which is not likely, you would still be answerable to your own government. You may be stabbed by us, or you may be hanged by the Russians; but unless you obey implicitly the instructions I give you, one fate or the other will certainly befall you."

"It is impossible," repeated Lamanaki.

"Remember, then, that your death is not at all impossible."

"Ask me to do anything within reason," said Lamanaki; "anything that can be done, and I will do it. Allow me to come and see you again this evening."

"I shall leave Wilkovo to-day; but you will be watched quite as well—indeed, under existing circumstances, very much better—when I am gone. We must understand one another at once. Are you going to obey me, or not?"

"I will endeavour to do so, but you must protect me from consequences."

"I will tell you precisely what I can do for you, and I keep my word, mind. If you save Stanislas Ferrari, I will give you one thousand roubles—not a copeik more nor a copeik less—and see you safe out of the country. If you don't succeed in saving him you must take your chance. If you don't try to save him you will be executed."

"Heaven protect me!" cried the poor wretch.

"Oh! there is no reason why you should die, and there is no reason why you should not get the thousand roubles, and try to earn an honest living abroad, if you think it would suit you."

"And Boutkovitch? He will be against me!" said the spy, after a moment's reflection.

"We thought of applying to Boutkovitch," answered the agent; "and should have done so if you had not come here to-day."

"He is just your man," cried the spy.

"No, no," replied the agent. "We have you in our power, and Boutkovitch is so much in favour with the governor, and has already stolen so much, that we might find it difficult to make it worth his while. You can do the work, and you will have to do it. Now, form your own plans, and if I can I will help you."

* * *

"I must have a second uniform," said the spy.

"As many as you like. Do you want money?"

"I should like to have a little."

"There are a hundred roubles. Of course I pay all your expenses. You don't intend the second uniform for Ferrari?"

"Yes I do. It is a very old idea, but it generally answers."

"You will have to pad it very much. You are twice as broad as he is."

"He can wear it over his own clothes. He will

leave nothing behind him in the cell, and they will not suspect him of having disguised himself."

"Your moustache is enormous, and very red; his is rather small, and light brown."

"He must shave off his own moustache, and wear one exactly like mine. I can easily get it made."

"You have a red-brown complexion. You are covered with freckles, and marked with the small-pox; his face is smooth, pale, and of a uniform tint."

"If I have freckles, it is the effect of heat upon a delicate skin; and to be marked with the small-pox is a misfortune against which no one can guard. The young man can surely rub a little dark rouge over his face. The sentinels will not look at him through a microscope, and he need not come out until it is twilight."

"But it will be dangerous if he should be mistaken for you outside the prison. If one of our national gendarmes were to see him he might run a dagger into him."

"I ventured to think that, while engaged upon your work, my life would be in safety."

"So it shall," said the agent. "I will give the necessary instructions this afternoon."

"I shall be glad of that; for as Stanislas Ferrari goes out at one door of the prison I must make my escape through the other. What a disturbance it will cause!"

"It will cause no disturbance at all if the thing is well done. A hundred such escapes have been made to my certain knowledge, but the authorities are too wise to say anything about them. Among the hundreds to be executed, and the thousands to be sent to Siberia, Stanislas Ferrari will not be missed."

"Some one already condemned may be executed in his name. They say that also has happened. I would rather, in any case, that I were not the substitute."

"Well, I shall not see you again," said the agent, at last, "until the night on which Stanislas Ferrari, if he is to be liberated at all, must be free. When do you make the attempt? Will Thursday, at seven in the evening, suit you?"

"No time could be better," said Lamanaki.

"At that hour, then, or a few minutes afterwards, let Stanislas Ferrari enter the church of the Holy Cross by the principal entrance—the entrance not from the avenue, but from the square. He will find some friends there. You come to me at this house as soon afterwards as you like. I will give you the thousand roubles, and enable you to reach the Galician frontier. My directions are simple and intelligible, are they not?"

"Thursday—seven o'clock—church of the Holy Cross—entrance from the square—nothing can be plainer," said Lamanaki.

Lamanaki went back to the prison at a moderate pace. He had not come out in his uniform, and he said to himself: "If I walk too fast I shall look like an assassin running away; if I walk too slowly they will take me for a spy watching some one."

The agent went to the house of the Countess Konradin, and told her of his plan for Ferrari's escape.

"How thankful and happy Nathalie will be," the countess said to herself. Nathalie, who was on the point of leaving Wilkovo, and was in such despair at having to go!

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM A VILLAGE BELFRY.

OUR church tower is almost hidden by lofty and ancient elms. Its battlemented top may, however, be seen from various points of the landscape, peeping out over the newly-mown hayfields and yellowing corn that intervene. I am never tired of looking up at the grey old structure, which, for more than three hundred years, has stood so firmly among all the mutations of man. Its graceful beauty, mouldering ornament, quaint old gargoyles, and half-obliterated inscriptions, have each a charm. Curiosity, and a love for musing over beauty moulded by the hands of those now dead, the offerings to posterity of past generations, frequently lead me to wander about and examine our ancient and venerable church. A friend with similar tastes joined me in a visit to the bells. Dark, winding, and dusty steps, much worn away, lead to the belfry. Familiar as is their sound, very beautiful as their falling changes seem in the still air of the Sabbath morning, it is, notwithstanding, interesting to see the bells themselves hanging in their rude and airy home, with their huge clappers perfectly motionless. The swallows fluttered and twittered at the weather-boards; one entered, and darted upwards to where its nest was securely fixed upon one of the beams. While looking around at the nests of the swallows, and catching, through the weather-boards, glimpses of the peaceful landscape lying in the sunshine, the hammer of the clock on the big bell rose, and, falling heavily, struck one. The deep full note clanged out, filling the belfry with quivering waves of sound, that quavered, and wavered, and hummed, and sung themselves into a silence only disturbed by the patient, deliberate "tick-tock," "tick-tock" of the church clock.

A belfry is a place not ill-suited for suggesting thought. Its lofty position, high above the noise and life of the village, fills it with brooding quiet. Then there is the fact that the edifice itself, of which it forms part, is dedicated to the solemn purpose of the worship of the Most High. Down below are the graves, from the low, uneven grassy mound, scarcely discernible above the ordinary level, to the freshly-cut and newly-heaped mould beneath the elm branches, where lies the one last borne to his long resting-place. Then there is the audible ticking of the clock, seeming to mark so distinctly the flow of that great inexorable sweeping tide of time that is carrying us all away to the bourne of eternity. Such things lure the mind to quiet musings.

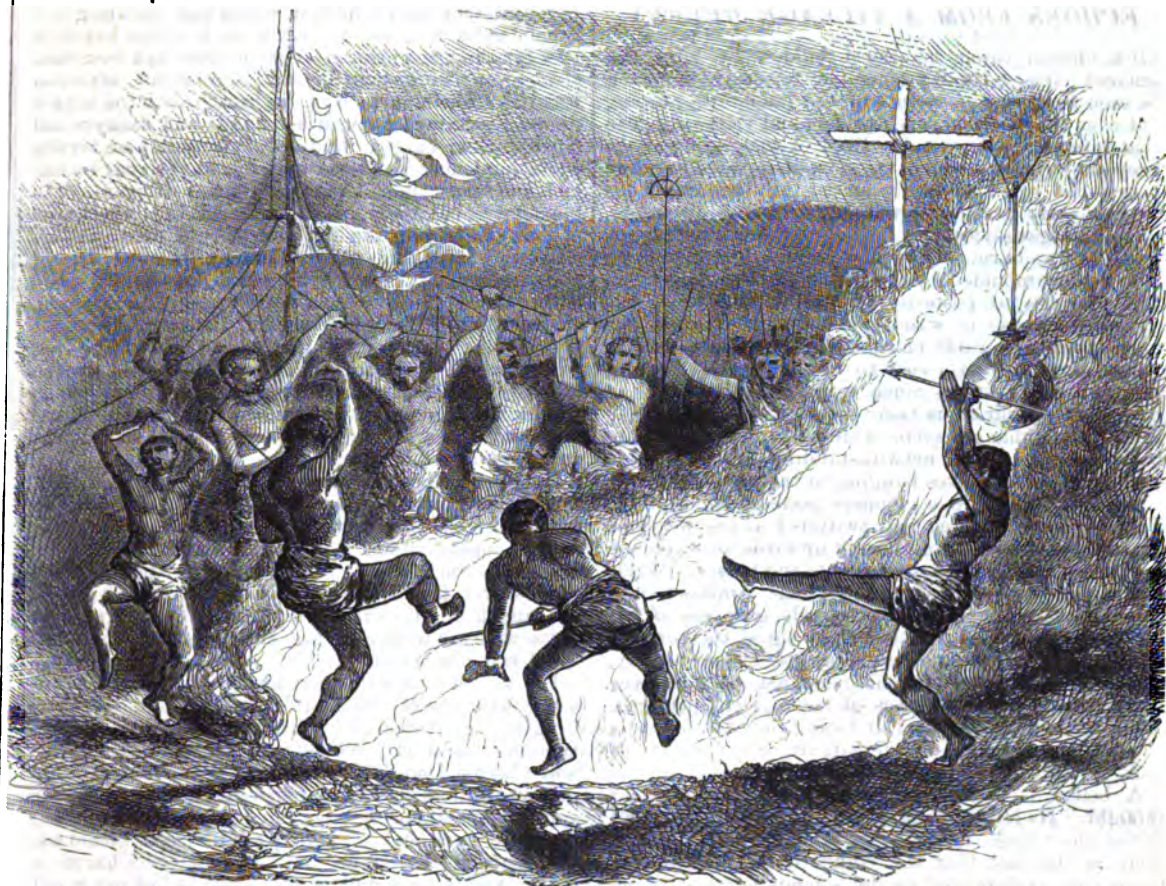
Two of the bells we found to be comparatively modern, bearing the date of 1710; the remaining three were much older; and when the eye became accustomed to the gloom, the inscription on the first bell could be made out: "GOD SAVE OUR QVENE, 1596." The whole place seemed to speak so entirely of the past, that one could readily transport one's self to three centuries ago, when these stones were shaped and these bells hung. The motto was, as it were, an echo from the distant past—two hundred and seventy-one years—a great gulf, yet bridged by a line. The words, though quaint to the eye, have to our ear a familiar sound. Accustomed as we have been to the peaceful glories of Victoria's reign, they do not suggest danger—serve scarcely any other end than to express loyalty to our beloved queen. But how deep and earnest was their meaning when this old bell, nearly three hundred years ago, was hoisted to its beams by arms that have long since been laid in the dust. Elizabeth, the haughtiest daughter of our haughtiest line of sovereigns, was then on the throne. An old woman, worn, wrinkled, faded, and grey, for thirty-eight years she had wielded the sceptre with a vigour and firmness worthy of the last of the Tudors. Only seven years of life were before her. Through what an eventful, perilous career she had

passed. Many a loyal subject in grange, hamlet, and borough, told the young folk round the crackling yule fire, or as they sat in the oaken shade in the hay-field, how for their aged queen silver bullets had been cast, strange poisons mixed, and murderous stilettoes pointed. She had stood in the breach with the banner of the Protestant faith in her hand, and dangers had flown thick and fast around her. Willy priest, and crafty Jesuit, and merciless assassin had held their dark council. She must die. That was Rome's decision. The pope gave his blessing to the undertaking; the crown of martyrdom was for him who should meet with his death in compassing hers. Year by year the attempt had been made. Only nine years ago was it, when within the sombre walls of Fotheringay, Mary Queen of Scots knelt to the block for conspiring against Elizabeth. No wonder that the queen's face was wrinkled. If time had not furrowed that once smooth high forehead, and hollowed and paled the peach-bloom cheeks of England's maiden queen, conspiracy, and care, and danger, with their deep grooves, would have anticipated its labours.

But eight years ago was it that Spain's great fleet, armed and commissioned to dethrone Elizabeth, was shattered like the spray against the rocks of England; and to commemorate this so great and recent a deliverance, when these bells sent out their loudest chimes over the crimsoning woods, the falling leaves, and silent stubble fields, we cannot but think this motto was the wish and prayer of every loyal heart, "God save our Qvене."

The second bell, of the same date, bore the inscription, "GOD SAVE HIS CHVRCH." There is something in the expression, "His Church," that has the true ring about it. We seldom use it. We speak of "our Church," and "the Church." And yet the distinction of this motto is important; for although our accustomed habit of thought may lead us to speak of the Church as ours, and to identify her interests with ours, yet, whatever the danger or difficulty, the Church is God's. And is there not too much danger lest we should forget our fathers' days, and the old time before them? In this age of languid indifference to principle, of trimming and explaining away, of spurious charity, and indolent quietism, we have special need of reverting to those old scenes of danger and persecution. We have need to remind ourselves that it was not through delusion that our fathers suffered martyrdom; that the fundamental doctrines for which they bled are fundamental still; and that we are still confronted by a foe whose chief boast is, that among human communities it alone is unalterable and infallible. The foundations of the Anglican Church, like those of the second temple, were laid in storm, and her battlements reared in the face of an enemy. When the first sound of this bell was struck, the wisest and best of her sons looked to the future with boding faces; and their love and earnestness most aptly expressed themselves in this motto, "God save His Chvrch!"

The third bell had, too, a voice, and I know not if it were not more touching than the others. Dim and dark, and covered with dust and cobwebs were the letters, yet there was in them a music sweeter than cittern or virginal: "JESUS BE OVR SPEDR, 1596." Instead of the twittering of swallows and the hush and surge of the elms outside, it was easy to fancy that one could hear in the far-off past, beneath the blue sky, the Sabbath chimes of long ago. The inscription brought home to us the fact, that while the sweet sound of the bell has been preserved, rich, full, and mellow as ever, the sweetness of the truth of its motto has lost nothing by all the joy it has imparted to the generations through which it has passed. It is very far from being an extravagance to say, we know not how much of our prosperity, greatness, and peace, springs from the piety of past generations.



THE DANCE.

THE FESTIVAL OF HASSAN AND HASSEIN; OR, THE PROCESSION OF THE SILVER HAND.

THE Mahomedans in Ceylon hold the Festival of Hassan and Hassein each year towards the approach of Christmas. The Malays and Gun Lascars have one pagoda, and the Moors another, which they carry about in procession, accompanied by loud music. Some wear hideous masks, while others have their faces painted with white, black, and vermilion. When the two parties meet, a savage fight takes place. On many occasions it has ended in riot, when lives were lost, and many on both sides seriously injured, to the great alarm of the inhabitants of the Pettah. The most conspicuous character is termed the tiger. His face and body are painted with lamp-black and oil, a stout chain is round his body, which is held by two of his followers, each adorned with a tail twelve feet long, made of palm leaves. The tiger carries a great bludgeon, which he waves over his head, distorting his face with the most scowling gestures. Another fellow represents a sheep. The "tiger," with a howl, pounces on his prey, and carries him off in triumph, amid deafening yells, loud beating of the tom-tom, and the shrill sound of the pipe.

The Mahomedans have a superstitious belief that their people in early times rode on the peacock. The peacock rider wears a bright-blue cap, ornamented with many coloured cords, with jingling bells hanging round his waist, chatties, and coron shells; he has also bells

hung to his knees, ankles, and legs. The cap is placed on his head by the priest, as a sacred obligation to attend on the next anniversary of the festival. Lastly, a kind of harlequin, having his cap adorned with a huge feather, is seen; bells suspended from fibres hang round his head, and peacocks' feathers are fixed in his belt behind to represent the tail of the bird, the feathers waving gracefully over his head. A dance, in which all join, takes place, accompanied by wild, loud, and discordant music, mingled with frightful yells, and the jingling of brass chatties and bells; the leader of the concert adding to these sweet sounds the clinking of a chain on the shell of the sea cocoa-nut. At night pits are set on fire filled with the branches and stems of trees, round which they shriek, and dance, and run in frantic glee. At midnight the pagoda is carried in procession through the streets of the Pettah, and along the road leading to Grand Pass. Innumerable lamps, formed out of the cocoa shell, burning oil, are carried in front and rear of the cavalcade, and on reaching the lake the pagoda is thrown into the water and destroyed.

The Festival of Hassan and Hassein is invariably attended with riot. Some years ago a man had his left arm nearly severed from his shoulder, a second was stabbed, whilst many others sustained serious injury; and on former occasions lives had been lost on both sides. The Moors determined on being avenged. Accordingly they collected a large quantity of stones and heavy sticks in their houses, near the mosque, in Moor Street, by which the other party was to pass. The Gun Lascars, guessing what they had to expect, armed themselves with creeses and swords. About midday

the contending factions met, when a regular engagement took place. The soldiers cut down seven Moormen, and wounded others. The Moors then retreated to the tops of their houses, hurling down tiles and stones on the heads of their adversaries. At last a large body of police, and a party of the 90th regiment, were marched out of the fort to quell the riot. The Lascars being driven back, their pagoda was torn to atoms by the victorious Moors and trampled underfoot.

Hassan Saban, born at Rei, in Ispahan, was the celebrated organizer of the Society of Assassins, and Hassein Kaini was his principal confederate and missionary. In the year 1090, nine years before the Christians of the West established their empire in the Holy Land, the dominion of the Assassins was founded at Alamoot (the Vulture's Nest), a hill foot in the mountainous region between Persia, Irak, and the northern provinces at Dibem and Taberistan. The followers of Hassan and Hassein were called Eastern Ishmaelites, to distinguish them from those of Africa, and were the scourge and terror of the princes of the east; the first of them who fell victims to the system were the Sultan and Vizier. No one was secure from their daggers, until the year 1113. As Merdood, Prince of Masal, was walking on the festival day in the Mosque of Damascus, he was stabbed. An order was then issued for the indiscriminate destruction of the assassins. Alloo-e-Falloh, the Reis, Hassan's greatest partisan, was tortured and cut to pieces, and his head sent all through Syria. Hassan outlived all his companions, and died childless, having put to death his two sons,—one for being concerned in the murder of Hassein, and the other for violating the Koran.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY, AND TO KEEP IT SAFE.

II.—NEW OPPORTUNITIES.

WE have briefly traced the history of the old club system, and the causes of its failure; we have endeavoured to explain how far it was good and how far it was faulty: the intention, the objects aimed at, in most cases were excellent, but the methods adopted for arriving at these results were not sufficiently considered, and were the creatures of experiment rather than of experience: it remains to show, if possible, how we may secure the advantages of the old régime without its risks, and in what manner the poor may be saving and provident, and yet be freed from the danger of fraud and of mismanagement. But before we discuss the effects of recent legislation and the value of ten years' experience, derived from a careful investigation into the affairs of the clubs and friendly societies throughout the kingdom, since the commencement of the Registrar's Reports in 1856, let us endeavour to decide, as nearly as we may, what are the requirements of a man who enters a club. A good surgeon probes an awkward wound to the bottom, and a difficult matter should be sifted to the utmost. Now, then, for what does a labourer or a mechanic, who goes to the secretary of a club to put down his name as a new member, wish to subscribe? Usually for one or all of the following objects:

1. Old Age Pay, or a Deferred Annuity.
2. Payment at Death, or Life Assurance.
3. Medical Attendance.
4. Sick Pay.

The first and the last of these are manifestly the most important, but they are placed in the order in which they stand for reasons which will be apparent as we proceed. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of a good system of old age pay. If a

man wishes to spend the last years of his life in calm and comfort: if he desires to escape the wretched hopelessness of squalid poverty, or the restrictions of a lodging in the workhouse: if he yearns to be independent, as every man does who is worth anything, and if he disdains to be a beggar, or a burden upon the poor rate, and a pensioner upon the charity of his friends, then surely, while he is young and strong, while his wages are good and his wants few, he will look out for the surest means of providing a living in his old age. Happily, at length he has the opportunity of doing this, with absolute security, with no fear of risk, and with the certain knowledge that he will obtain a good return for his money at the stipulated time.

An Act of Parliament, passed in the year 1864, which is denominated, "An Act to grant additional facilities for the purchase of small Government Annuities, and for assuring Payments of Money on Death," allows any person to apply at any post-office where a savings bank is opened, and to purchase for himself a deferred annuity—in other words, old age pay. Seeing that post-office savings banks are now established in every town and important village in the kingdom, this facility for investment is quite unequalled. The way is plain: he who runs may read: ignorance or difficulty cannot be pleaded as an excuse. Indeed, it will be a man's own fault if he does not avail himself of such golden opportunities; and most surely will he who sows in the spring time negligence and indifference reap in the harvest of his life want, remorse, and misery.

Let us gird up our loins for the work, and search out this new system in its effects.

A class of persons who are well able to do so, and who often do invest money in savings banks, may, we hope, be induced to proceed a step further, so as to provide for old age by the purchase of Government annuities. Women servants in large houses can easily spare 5s. or 6s. out of their yearly wages. Food and lodging are always provided, in addition to which presents of money and clothing are frequently given, so that, in fact, apart from the stipulated rate of wages, all absolute necessities may be said to be supplied.

Now, supposing that a girl of twenty determines to begin next year, and to save enough to purchase an annuity of 20*l.* a year when she arrives at the age of sixty. She would pay in 1868 a lump sum of 3*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*, to procure a payment of 1*l.* a year for life, commencing thirty-nine years later, that is in 1907. In the following year, 1869, she would pay 3*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* for another pound a year, to begin at the same date. And so on, buying in each year a pound a year annuity whenever she could. If she were ill, or out of place, the omission to purchase in any one season would in no way affect her prospects or her privileges. The former purchases would remain equally valid. If she wished to withdraw the money thus paid in for the expenses of marriage, or for any other reason, she could do so at any time, of course giving up all claim to the annuity. If she died before the commencement of the annuity, her relations could receive the money. No more perfect scheme of saving for household servants has ever been, or perhaps can possibly be, conceived. It embraces at once savings bank, annuity, and assurance, with the security afforded by a government guarantee.

Every postmaster is bound to supply any applicant with full information as to the rates of payment, the amount of benefit and so forth, and it is, therefore, needless to enter fully into the wearisome detail which such inquiries involve. Each contributor must of course ascertain for himself the sum he has to pay monthly, quarterly, or annually, which will be regulated by his age, the amount of the annuity, the date at which it is to commence, and whether he wishes the

money paid in to be returnable in case of death or not—if not, the premiums will be less than in the other case.

It may, however, be useful to give a few more illustrations. Every man has his own ideas on a subject. We must try to please all and to meet the wants of all.

Take, for instance, a young man of twenty-one, employed as a labourer, or as a house servant. He would, probably, be very glad to make sure of an independence of 20*l.* per annum, or about eight shillings a week, when he reaches the age of sixty. Very well. He must go to the post-office in his market town, and after signing a paper which will be given to him to fill up, and having shown proof of his age, he will pay 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a year. Perhaps after fifteen years of service with his master, and of payment at the post-office, he may wish to start some little shop, or to join a friend in business, and he must scrape together all his money for the purpose. He need not repent of his good old saving habits. Nay, he will find ample reason to rejoice in them, and to feel proud of them, for he can go to the post-office and claim back all that he has paid in during the last fifteen years, amounting to about 40*l.*—quite a nice little capital. Or if he falls sick and dies, his old mother may receive the sum; no loss to him, and a comfort to her in her old age. There are very few who cannot afford, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, to lay by 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in the year. Very little more, remember, than a shilling per week, and what greater inducement can be offered than the advantages we have just described, combined with complete security?

To put another case. If a young man or a young woman of twenty feel unable or disinclined to pay down in a lump sum, or to contribute annually, both of which may be for several reasons inconvenient, why then they can elect to pay monthly, or even weekly. A man aged twenty, paying 8*s.* per month in four instalments, would receive, when he arrives at the age of sixty, 4*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* per month, or about 1*l.* a week. Half the payment, or 4*s.* per month, would procure half the above annuity. It must be observed that in this case the money paid in would not be returnable under any circumstances.

The post-office authorities are open to making arrangements for receiving from employers the premiums due from their workpeople, such sums to be deducted from their wages. This is another great boon.

There is very little trouble in purchasing these deferred annuities at the post-office, since nothing is required except the production of some proof of age, which is effected by the baptismal certificate, and the signing of a printed paper. A little tract, entitled "Plain Rules," is issued gratis at every post-office, which contains a good deal of useful information on the subject.

Having so far examined the prospect at the base, we will now take a survey from the summit of the mountain. From the servant we turn to the master. How are employers affected by this plan of Government annuities? In the first place, we may be allowed to remark that the interests of master and servant are so united as to become almost identical. A man cannot stand in the sunshine without his attendant sharing in the warmth; so a prosperous master can afford to be liberal: a saving, industrious servant is always respectable, careful, and honest. Next, it often falls upon a master in some way to contribute towards the support of his servant in old age. Probably, he does this with much willingness; but if neither duty nor affection move him, let him selfishly consider how much the services will be enhanced in value of a man, who finds himself freed from anxiety for the future, and whose zeal is stimulated by a sense of gratitude.

Now, let us open the tables for the purchase of

annuities under which the money paid in for premiums will be in no case returnable: for our present purpose, this plan will be found most convenient. If a gentleman would, instead of giving a Christmas present, take the trouble of sending to the post-office, or to the office of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, through the agency of his London banker, a sum sufficient to secure to his servant 10*l.* a year for life at the age of sixty, he would have to pay as follows:—For a man aged twenty, 16*s.* 8*d.* annually; twenty-five, 1*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*; or if he were thirty, 1*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* On the death of the master, or on quitting his service, the servant could probably be induced to continue the contribution for himself. Meantime, both would be gainers: this kind thought, this very trifling sacrifice, would on the one hand be amply repaid by increased attachment, and, on the other hand, many a pang of care would be saved; for we defy even the most reckless never at any moment to take thought—and that anxious thought—for the welfare of the future.

Even at the risk of being tedious, we must take another turn along the road, and examine the ground thoroughly. The object is worthy of our search. Ladies are often very much attached to their servants, especially in cases where special services have been rendered: nursing in sickness, companionship in sorrow or in solitude, and the like. Besides, nature has created a sort of free-masonry amongst women of every rank; and again, where people are very much together, the soil is collected in which love or hate grow up,—two very common household plants: it is better to cherish love than hate. Let us then again take up the post-office tables, for these must be consulted in each individual case. For a girl of ten years of age an annuity of 15*l.* per annum, commencing when she arrives at the age of sixty, may be purchased by an annual payment of 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, money paid in not returnable; or of 1*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, money returnable at death, or at option of the annuitant before the age of sixty. Take the age of twenty, and the annual payment will be 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, premiums not returnable. Take thirty, and it rises to 2*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*; in each case procuring an annuity of 15*l.* after the age of sixty. The same privilege may be obtained by the payment of a lump sum. Thus, for a girl of fifteen, a single payment of 29*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* will procure an income for life of 10*l.* a-year, commencing when she is sixty; if, however, she die before that age, the money will be returned to her friends; or if she require the money for any purpose she can withdraw it, though, of course, in this event the annuity lapses.

These instances might be multiplied to any extent, but it is needless to make any further extracts here, as ladies always have some friend or some man of business who can procure for them all necessary information.

If in large houses the system of purchasing deferred annuities for the benefit of steady, well-conducted young servants could be adopted, it would probably tend to encourage a habit of longer periods of service, and to check the restless desire for constant change which is now so prevalent, and which certainly acts injuriously for the interests of all concerned.

There is another class of persons about whom a word may be said. Clerks employed in offices—railways, banks, assurance societies, civil service, private firms: their name is legion. They are a trustworthy, responsible class, often hard worked, sometimes poorly paid; they are the humble working bees of the colossal establishments of the present day. Surely they merit our aid. Assuming that twenty is the age at which a young clerk becomes settled in the work of an office which he has probably entered between sixteen and nineteen, we shall find, on once more turning over the pages of the annuity tables, that an annual payment of about 6*l.* 10*s.* would procure for him an annuity of 50*l.* per annum, to commence at the age of sixty. If he died before each-

ing that age the premiums would be repaid, and might revert to his employer, or if he left the office they might be withdrawn. Is 6*l.* 10*s.* per annum too large a price to pay for the almost certain purchase of zeal, fidelity, and gratitude? or is it wise in the long run to urge that men may be got for less, and that they must take care of themselves? Is it true that young men are nothing more than merchandise, to be bought as cheap as possible, as this argument presupposes? The relative claims and duties of capital and of labour are freely and critically discussed in these days; and possibly some adjustment of the scale, by means of a simple system of annuities, would calm many a fear, and cool the spirit of many a dispute.

The subject of deferred annuities is almost inexhaustible, so varied are the wants of people in this respect, so multiform the opportunities of supply. Each age, each employment, each family, each person, may have peculiar and different requirements on this head. Yet there is no reason why all should not be satisfied. If the poor exhibit a desire to learn and to use; if men of intelligence possess kindness and patience to understand and to explain; if post-office officials will, as in duty bound, do all that lies in their power to facilitate the system, then this scheme of Government annuities, with the premiums returnable at option or at death, must eventually prove one of the most beneficial and philanthropic measures which the executive of this country has ever conceived or carried into effect.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

XVI.—THE WORKING CLASSES.

EITHER a wonderful change has come over the temper and habits of the working men of Paris since the first French revolution, or a vast amount of the iniquities committed in the Reign of Terror have been most unjustly registered against them. It would seem impossible that the quiet, industrious, sober, working men we meet in Paris in the present day could be descendants of the ferocious wretches who followed in the train of Hébert, Marat, and Robespierre. True, many of the working men of Paris have since been engaged in revolutions, but their behaviour on those occasions goes rather to prove they could not be the sons of those who perpetrated the September massacres. No cold-blooded cruelties took place in the revolutions of 1830 or 1848—no women, helpless citizens, or priests were murdered. Whether these revolutions were justifiable or not does not come within our province to determine; certainly all was then fair fighting, nor was the slightest revenge taken on the soldiers and officials of the government after the terrible struggle had ceased. In making these observations it must not be supposed we think it necessary to defend French workmen of the skilled artisan class, who are as a body as intelligent and as much respected as those in England. The remarks apply to the rougher portion of the lower orders—such as the street-sweeper, chiffonier, and others of the same description.

It has been argued, that the quiet demeanour of the lower classes of Parisians in the present day is rather due to the preponderating military power garrisoned in the city than from any decrease in the number of turbulent spirits it contains; but an argument of the kind is hardly a fair one. The French workman, as well as his English brother, is far more likely to be irritated by the presence of the soldier placed beside him for the purpose of over-awing him than otherwise. If a turbulent spirit really exists among the lower order of Parisians, their present tranquil condition arises from the high price of wages and the facilities of procuring employment rather than from any fear of soldiery or police. That almost every disturbance which has taken

place in Paris has occurred in times of temporary distress is a well-known fact.

That the working classes of Paris, both skilled and unskilled, are better off in the present day than they ever have been is certain. During the reign of the present Emperor wages have increased from thirty to eighty, and in some cases even to a hundred per cent.: true, a considerable portion of this increase is paid out of the pockets of the working classes themselves, through the action of the octroi duties, but their increase of wage has been far greater than their increase of taxation. An artisan can easily afford to pay a tax of five shillings a week if his wages are thereby increased by fifteen. And to this satisfactory state of things—as far as the working classes are concerned—the wonderful improvements, the enormous demolitions of old buildings, and the erection of new streets and boulevards have greatly contributed. The greater portion of the skilled workmen of Paris are directly or indirectly connected with the building-trades, and receive high wages. There is not only full work for these, but vast numbers from the provinces flock to the capital as well. The working classes of Paris in the present day having comparatively little to complain of, are quiet and orderly in the extreme—another proof (if proof be wanting) that their revolutions were not altogether caused by the natural turbulence of their disposition alone.

The question may now very reasonably be asked, whether the destruction of the poorer streets in Paris—such as are generally inhabited by the working classes—to build expensive houses in their place does not act prejudicially on the working man? Doubtless it does; but hardly to so great an extent as with us in our metropolitan improvements. To do the French government justice, they have of late paid considerable attention to the welfare of the working man—a fact we should do well to imitate in London. When authority was demanded from the government of the Emperor to construct the celebrated Sebastopol Boulevard, it was granted solely on the condition that at least an equal amount of house-accommodation should be erected for those of the working classes who were about to be ejected from their homes, and whose houses were about to be destroyed. And not only was the condition then carried out, but in all new and contemplated improvements the same precaution is insisted on. How different is the case in London. In this year alone, between four and five thousand persons have been ejected from the parish of St. Clement Danes for the purpose of building the new Law Courts, without the slightest provision being made for their reception in any other locality. In the different contemplated metropolitan improvements, more than seventy thousand persons will be ejected, and what provision, beyond Mr. Peabody's liberal donation—which will not suffice for a fourth of those whose houses are proposed to be destroyed—has been made to accommodate them? During the last seven years more than thirty thousand persons in London have been ejected from their homes, but houses have not been built for the reception of a thousand. In Paris, houses have been built in several quarters to accommodate the working classes obliged to remove in consequence of improvements.

A sum of three millions of francs, or 240,000*l.*, arising from the confiscation of property belonging to the Orleans family, was placed in the hands of the Minister of the Interior, to be applied to the building of workmen's houses; and arrangements were attempted to be entered into with several contractors, which from unforeseen difficulties were never carried out. In 1857 the Emperor purchased some 16,000 square yards of ground in the neighbourhood of the Boulevard Masson on which several houses for workmen and persons of limited income have been erected. These houses (seventeen in number) comprise 311 lodgings, 36 shops with

rooms behind them, to accommodate in all about 1200 persons. At the same time it is doubtful whether many of the tenants are not in a superior station in life to those for whom the houses were originally built. Most of the apartments are comprised of a small ante-room, kitchen, sitting-room, and one or two bedrooms.

There are several other localities in which houses have been built for workmen. In the street behind the hospital of St. Louis, the Count de Madre has built between eighty and ninety houses, which are let out in apartments to working men. Each apartment comprises two rooms and a kitchen, and is let at a rental of about 8*l.* English a year. No tenant is ever dis- trained on for his rent, nor is it ever claimed in advance. If a tenant is a defaulter, he subjects him- self to ejection—nothing more. A system somewhat

provisions and other necessaries of life. The artizan class are the principal depositors in the savings bank, but the class below them would find it difficult indeed to save out of their modest earnings. Still they imitate to a certain extent the manners and mode of life of the class immediately above them, and have their favourite places of resort, one of which was re- presented in the engraving on page 765. The interior is that of a celebrated restaurant, or eating-house, known as the Petit Ramponneau, and the group of guests assembled was drawn from life. This celebrated establishment was first opened in the year 1790, on a very limited scale, and gradually increased till it could accommodate many hundreds at a time. At first it was merely an open space, fenced round with stakes and ropes; afterwards sheds were added, and as its celebrity



GROUP OF FRENCH WORKMEN.

similar to that proposed in London for the erection of workmen's villages was attempted in Paris under the name of *cités ouvrières*, but it failed. The municipality, however, have determined on repeating the experiment. For this purpose they have purchased, on the Boulevard Mazas, a piece of ground about 20,000 square yards in extent, on which they intend to erect houses four stories high, each to accommodate sixteen families. There are also to be a number of furnished rooms set apart for single men, at a rent of ten francs a month each.

Although the skilled artizan in Paris is well paid, and in comparatively comfortable circumstances when moderately prudent, the class beneath him are frequently in great poverty, earning but little, and the whole of that little being consumed by the high price of

increased, a house was built, which was enlarged by successive proprietors, till it became the largest establishment of the kind in Paris, or perhaps in Europe. Nor did the proprietors confine themselves to catering only for the poor. As their speculation became better known, and the curious were attracted to it, additional conveniences were built, till as good a dinner in a handsome room could be obtained at the Petit Ramponneau, by those who had the means of paying for it, as at any average hotel in Paris; and the guests of the better class could enjoy the champagne and Burgundy in a handsome saloon, while the poorest of the working classes were taking their meals below on coarse wooden tables in a room with bare walls.

Of the poorest classes of the working people of

Paris, two deserve especial notice—the chiffoniers or rag-pickers, and the balayeurs or scavengers. In each occupation both men and women are employed. Although their means of gaining a livelihood is of the humblest, they are noted for their integrity, and, among the chiffoniers especially, their honesty is frequently put to the proof. The head-quarters of both are situated in the same locality, near the Jardin des Plantes, and their occupations appear at first sight to be somewhat similar, but a very marked difference exists between them, and they have little but poverty in common. The chiffonier rarely commences his unsavory occupation till all other trades have failed, and his or her resources are dwindled down to seven francs—the amount necessary to purchase the basket which he carries on his back, the stick with a sharp hook at the end with which he seizes every rag or piece of paper he finds in the different dust heaps in the streets, and a little lantern to light him in his work. The chiffoniers are as a rule somewhat cynically disposed, and many a philosopher of the Diogenes school may be found among them. He looks with contempt on those who work in manufactories or shops during the daytime, instead of basking, as he can do, in the sun in fine weather, or sitting comfortably at home in the winter. Though subject occasionally to severe privations, the chiffonier is nevertheless proud, and apt to boast of his freedom. He commences his work at nightfall, and as soon as his *hotte* or basket is full, he returns home. When he has accumulated a sufficient quantity of rags and scraps of paper, &c., to allow him to dispose of them with advantage, he goes round to his customers, and soon finds a purchaser. The reader may perhaps imagine that the chiffonier has considerable difficulty in disposing of his merchandise, but such is far from being the case. With ease he obtains the following prices per hundredweight:—

Scraps of Paper	8 Francs.
Pieces of Sacking	8 "
Cotton Rags	18 "
Mixed Rags	22 "
Better Quality Rags	28 "
Good Cotton Rags	34 "
Good Linen Rags	44 "

The chiffonier is rarely provident; all he earns generally goes in drink. He makes it a point of honour never to pick up a drunken man, as no one ever picks up a drunken chiffonier.

The balayeur generally commences his occupation when very young. They are a very numerous body, numbering, with their wives and families, no fewer than eight thousand souls. They are all employed by the Municipality of Paris, the men receiving three francs a day, and the women one franc. They commence work at two a.m. and finish at nine a.m. Among other features in which they differ from their neighbours, the chiffoniers, is that of religion; the balayeurs being, almost to a man, Lutheran Protestants, and the chiffoniers (nominally at any rate) Roman Catholics. The balayeurs are exceedingly attached to their religion, and have three churches. On the occasion of a visit we lately made to Paris, one Sunday evening we attended their church under the charge of the Pastor Mast. The church was neat and in good order, and the congregation, who numbered about five hundred, exceedingly attentive. They have schools attached to each of their churches, and are exceedingly anxious that their children should receive a good education. Altogether they are a very interesting community, and deserve to be better known than they are.

The group of artisans depicted on the preceding page were photographed from the life, especially for this series of sketches, a short time ago. The engraving, therefore, is an exception to the rest of the series, for which we have been indebted to the facile pencil of Gustave Doré

ROUGE DRAGON.

When murder bared her arm, and rampant war
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car.—Campbell.



OW often we come across the mystical words which stand at the head of this paper, conjoined with another of those terms of French origin to which we are indebted for our historical connection with Normandy—"Rouge Dragon Pur-suivant." Who or what can he be?

Suppose that we wander into the old church of some rural parish or market town, which the Puritan iconoclast the churchwarden beautifier

and (worst of all) the restorer of modern date, have had the grace to spare; we shall very probably observe, in a conspicuous situation upon the chancel wall, or perhaps under the arch of the tower, the royal arms of England (not of Great Britain) carved or painted, with the effigy of the fabulous creature shining in fiery hue on one side of the shield, and the words *semper eadem* inscribed below. If we refer to our books to discover the meaning of this ornament, we shall find that the royal arms were first set up in churches by order of good Queen Beas, and that to the Tudor descent of that princess we owe the retention of the red dragon as a royal badge, ay, even to the days of Queen Victoria.

The Elizabethan representations of the dragon give him four legs, armed with large claws upon the feet, which are strongly webbed, a pair of strong unplumed wings, each rib or fan ending in a claw or spur, a barbed tail and tongue, pricked ears, and a wolfish cast of head. Hideous ideal of imaginary decoration we should consider, but very ancient in its origin, as well as honourable in its estimation by the wearer. "Of fanciful monsters," says an anonymous writer, "the winged scaly fiery dragon is by far the most poetical fabrication of antiquity." To no word perhaps are attached ideas more extraordinary and of greater antiquity than to that of "dragon." We find it consecrated by the religion of the earliest people, and become the object of their mythology. It got mixed up with fable and poetry and history, till it was universally believed, and was to be found everywhere but in nature. In our days nothing of the kind is to be seen except a harmless animal hunting its insects. The light of these days has driven the fiery dragon to take refuge among nations not yet visited by the light of civilization. The *draco volans* is a small lizard, and the only reptile possessing the capacity of flight. For this purpose it is provided on each side with a membrane between the feet, which unfolds like a fan at the will of the animal, enabling it to spring from one tree to another while pursuing its food. It is a provision similar to that of the flying squirrel, enabling it to take a longer leap. And a fossil flying lizard, found in the lias of Dorsetshire, is, to use the words of Dr. Buckland, "a monster resembling nothing that has ever been seen or heard of upon earth excepting the dragons of romance and heraldry."

Now, whether in the shape of the great geologist's Dorsetshire monstrosity, or in that of a huge snake *worming*, i.e. dwelling, in the clefts of inaccessible crags or the recesses of impenetrable marshes, there to sally forth on its errands of greedy destruction

from early ages foul creatures have been believed to exist, whose extirpation formed a feat of danger and of usefulness, alike worthy of the prowess of the most eminent heroes. Some have imagined that the tales of dragons or *wormes* slaughtered by the champions whom our nobility rank among their ancestors, were mere allegories; that the winged monster under the feet of the effigy of the Christian champion symbolized his victory over sin; that the winding folds of the scaly warder of the imprisoned damsel, to whose rescue the knight-errant was accustomed to speed, were nothing but the thick and winding fortifications which in savage times restrained the liberty of persecuted heresses; that the well-known ballad of the Dragon of Wantley does but commemorate the victory of the kind-hearted squire, More of More Hall, over a legal oppressor of the poor in his own neighbourhood; but without absolutely disputing these assertions, we venture to think that some floating tradition, or imperfect acquaintance with the forms of antediluvian reptiles, aided the imagination in constructing the fantastic ideal of the fabulous creature. Like the sea-serpent, the mermaid, the kraken, and other exaggerated wonders of nature, the foundation of fact has become so much obscured by the erection of fable, that it is impossible to speak decisively upon the subject at all. It is noteworthy that one of the most famous of these traditionary monsters, which the ancestor of the Somerville family is said to have destroyed by the expedient of thrusting a burning faggot down its open jaws upon the end of his lance, is represented in the illuminations of the sixteenth century as a huge toad or frog, devoid of the dignified and terrible accessories, wings, tail, and serpentine neck, which made the dragon of fable so suitable to the position on the top of the helmet, frequently assigned to it in classical as well as chivalric times. But the genuine creature, with raised wings and threatening tongue in front, and tail drooping plumewise behind, was obviously so adapted to lend terror to the aspect of the warrior, that we cannot wonder at its selection by poets and romancers for the crest of such mythical heroes as the mighty Arthur, or the earlier Briton, Pen-Dragon (dragon's head)—or that when the descendants of British princes, in the persons of the great grandchildren of Owen Tudor, occupied the throne of England, that they should have adorned their shield with the representations of a creature so intimately connected with their traditional origin.

Nor are we to suppose that the dragon was unknown to English historical associations in the interval between the disappearance of the ancient Britons and the restoration of the glories of their race in the person of Henry VII. Far otherwise. Their antagonists the Saxons assumed the dragon as a standard, with the man, the horse, and the other objects of national esteem. In the curious and valuable picture of the battle of Hastings, contained in the tapestry of Bayeux, Harold is distinguished by the figure of a red dragon borne before him, which evidently was his rallying flag to muster his forces around. Mr. Lower, in his interesting book, "The Curiosities of Heraldry," from which we have gleaned some of the facts above recorded, quotes from the chronicler Brunn a stanza describing the raising of Henry III.'s "dragon full austere," on the battle-field at Lewes. This "austere" symbol was made by Edward Fitz Odo, the king's goldsmith, in 1244, as appears from an order now extant, "of red samit embroidered with gold, and his tongue to appear as though continually moving, and his eyes of sapphire or other stones agreeable to him." At Cressy, too, among the other ensigns of war, the English host carried a burning dragon of red silk; and this does not seem to have been identical with the pennon or flag, but an additional ensign. With the Tudor house however came the complete identification

of the dragon with English heraldry. Not only, as we have seen, did his patroness, the virgin queen, introduce him to the interior of many a parish church, but as the supporter of the arms of the city of London he took his place in the halls of companies and the monuments of lord mayors; ornamented the parapet of the Guildhall itself; nay, even climbed to the summit of the steeple of Bow Church, where, creaking round as a weather-vane, he is supposed to hold converse with the grasshopper which fulfils a similar function on the Royal Exchange.

Though in earlier ages the dragon served no doubt as a general designation for all fabulous winged serpents or lizards, the pedantry of after times refined the creature into classes of which the term dragon was strictly applied to such a creature as the one described a few lines back. A two-legged dragon, similar to the one carried before King Harold, was called a *wivern*; and the griffin, the compound of eagle and lion, began to share with the dragon the reputation of guardianship of hidden treasure, being thus celebrated by Milton in his "Paradise Lost." But of this, like cockatrices, harpies, and other fabulous animals, our readers will not care to hear, historical association alone making such things tolerable.

THE KING OF THE ALDER-WOOD.

A BALLAD.

(From the German of Göthe.)

Who rides thus late through the night so wild?
It is a father with his child;
He has the boy within his arm,
He holds him safe, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why hid'st thou thy face from sight?"
"Seest thou not, father, yon evil sprite?"
"The Alder-wood King, with train and crown?"
"'Tis but a cloud of dust, my son."

"Thou lovely child, come, go with me!
"Such pretty games I'll play with thee;
"Motley flowers grow on the lea;
"Garments of gold I will give to thee!"

"Father, my father! and dost thou not hear
"What now he softly says in mine ear?"
"Be quiet, 'tis but the wind, my child."
And the boy looked up in his face and smiled.

"Well, my fine boy, wilt thou go with me?
"My daughters shall always watch o'er thee;
"My daughters, who lead the dance at night,
"Shall play and sing for thy delight!"

"O father! seest not, by yon gloomy spring,
"The daughters three of the Alder King?"
"My son, my son, I see what they are!
"They are willow trees grey I see afar."

"I love thee; thy face has a charm in my sight,
"And thou com'st not by choice, thou shalt by might."
"Father, my father! I am seized by the arm;
"The sprite has used his fatal charm."

The father is awed; like one who is wild
He gallops away with the groaning child;
He reaches his home with fear and dread;
His only child in his arms lay dead.

CUTHBERT C. GRUNDY.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

THE MOON.—A controversy has just taken place in the "Philosophical Magazine" between Mr. William Ellis and Mr. J. Park Harrison, on the subject of the Influence of the Full Moon on Cloud. Herschel, in his "Familiar Lectures," says that the moon has a tendency "to clear the sky of cloud, and to produce not only a serene but a calm night, when so near to the full as to appear round to the eye." But Mr. Ellis has been making some observations and some calculations withal, and he asserts that no such influence exists. François Arago once said, in his picturesque style: *La lune mange les nuages*—"The moon eats the clouds;" and the present writer saw a remarkable instance of this a few weeks ago, whilst he was at the seaside. The moon was near to the full, and there was but *one* cloud in the clear blue sky. The night being exceedingly calm the cloud travelled very slowly, its course being from S.E. to N.W. It soon passed under the moon, and whilst he was admiring its beautiful prismatic colours it grew smaller and smaller, until it entirely disappeared, leaving the moon in full possession of a spotless sky.

GROWTH OF TREES.—M. Charles Musset, a member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, believes that the rotatory motion of the earth has a direct influence on the form of trees. We cannot do better than quote him: "It is well known that the concentric zones of the trunk of a tree are not exactly uniform, and that they are not all even in the circumference. Having observed more than four hundred trees, I am led to affirm that they all have an elliptical trunk, and that the largest axis of the ellipse runs from east to west. The same fact is observable in the branches, especially the oldest ones. Since the centrifugal force developed by the rotation of the earth causes every falling body to deviate from the vertical direction and since the same cause, according to M. Babinet, inclines the streams towards the right, I do not think it is irrational to admit that trees obey the same influence."

NEW STEAM CARRIAGE.—M. Séguier proposes to combine the intelligence of the horse with the power of steam for travelling on ordinary roads. The plan is simple as well as ingenious. M. Séguier believes, not without reason, that the intelligence of the horse is more to be depended upon than the attention of the driver. The horse is therefore attached to the locomotive, not to draw it, but to assist in guiding it. The shaft placed in front of the steam-carriage, to which the horse is attached, is connected with the machine, so that when the horse starts the steam is turned on, when he moves back it is turned off, and when he turns to the right or to the left the carriage must necessarily follow him. M. Séguier is confident that the adoption of his system would render accidents almost impossible.

TREATMENT OF ULCERS.—Carbolic acid has of late been extensively patronized as a disinfectant, and there is no doubt that, when it is generally known, it will entirely supersede the chlorides of lime and zinc. Strictly speaking, carbolic acid is not a disinfectant; it is more than that, inasmuch as it actually arrests and prevents putrefaction. Professor Lister has applied this property of carbolic acid to the treatment of ulcers and wounds with complete success. As it is nearly insoluble in water, one part of the crystallized acid is dissolved in three or four of linseed oil, and the wound is thoroughly washed with the solution. Several folds of lint are wetted with it, spread over the injured parts, and kept in place by means of a paste obtained by mixing the solution with whitening. The result is that no organic matter can gain access to the wound, whilst the flow of blood is stopped, and the formation of purulent discharge is prevented.

THE SALMON.—The common notion that salmon do not eat during their sojourn in fresh water seems to be a correct one. In salt water they are voracious feeders, and therefore become exceedingly fat; but they do not appear to feed at all whilst in the rivers. They live there as bears do during the winter; they nourish themselves with the stores of fat which they have laid in when they were in the sea, and the consequence is that their flesh is poorer in quality at the end of the season.

SQUARE WORDS.

(Continued from page 788.)

N.

NEIGH:	NASTY:
ENDUE:	ADORE:
IDOLS:	SORES:
GULFS:	TRENT:
HESSE:	YESTY:

Expl.—HESSE, part of a German surname. TRENT, name of an English river, &c. YESTY, or YEASTY, frothy: "Though the yesty waves confound and swallow navigation up" (*Shakespeare*).

O.

OMIT:	OTHER:
MILLO:	THANE:
ILLS:	HANDS:
TOSS:	ENDUE:
	RESET:

Expl.—MILLO, man's name, ancient and modern—of a great athlete of old, and a great tobaccoist of to-day. THANE, an old title, corresponding pretty nearly to BARON. RESET, a Scottish law term; we also speak (and though the word may not be found in dictionaries, it will be in newspapers and novels) of having jewels, razors, &c., reset.

P.

PART:	PARCEL:	PEACE:
ADAH:	AROUSE:	EXTRA:
RAMA:	ROSETA:	ATTAR:
THAT:	CUE-TIP:	CRAWL:
	ESTIME:	EARLS:
	LEAPER:	

Expl.—ATTAR (of roses) is common in perfumery-books, and advertisements, though it may not be found in dictionaries. ADAH, scriptural form of a woman's name. RAMA, name of a town and of a horse. ROSETA, Latin word meaning *rosaries*. CUE-TIP, compound word, meaning *tip of a cue*. ESTIME, French word for *esteem*.

Q.

QUIT:	QUENCH:
UNTO:	UMPIRE:
ITEM:	EPIROS:
TOMB:	NIREUS:
	CROUPE:
	HESSEY:

Expl.—EPIROS, or EPIRUS, the name of a district in Northern Greece. NIREUS, the name of a Greek who, according to Homer, was "the handsomest man who went to Ilium." CROUPE, the French form of the English word CROUP, whence come the words CROUPADE (a peculiar kind of leap made by a horse) and CROUPIER (a person not altogether unknown at Baden-Baden and similar places). HESSEY, an English surname.

R.

ROYAL:	ROBERT:
OZONE:	OPIMIA:
YOUNG:	BIPEDS:
ANNIE:	EMENDS:
LEGER:	RIDDLE:
	TASSEL:

Expl.—OZONE, a word much used nowadays in medical books and pamphlets, on the comparative healthiness of different places, but it will be sought for vainly in ordinary dictionaries. LEGER, if St. be prefixed to it, will put most people in mind of Doncaster. OPIMIA, name of a Vestal mentioned by Livy.

S.

SUN:	SARAH:
UNA:	AGONY:
NAP:	ROUTE:
	ANTON:
	HYENA:

Expl.—UNA without her lion may not be recognized; but the mere mention of the lion will be enough. ANTON is one of the Christian names given to the son of the Prince and Princess Christian, son-in-law and daughter of Queen Victoria.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Miscellany for all Classes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE LAST POLISH INSURRECTION. BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



CHAPTER XXXI.

PRISON VISITORS.

WHEN Lamanski went to see Ferrari on the afternoon of the day on which he had visited the agent, he found him very much out of temper. Lamanski offered him a really excellent regalia, telling him that he could supply him with as many as he liked of the same kind at thirty roubles a hundred. But Ferrari

refused to smoke, and almost knocked the cigar out of Lamanski's hand.

Some English tourists, among them Wigram, the political writer, whom Ferrari remembered to have met about a year before at Siegfried's, had been to visit the prison that afternoon, under the guidance of Lieutenant Dobkievitch; and the fact of Ferrari's being allowed to smoke had been much dwelt upon by that

officer, as a proof of the humanity of the Russian government in Poland.

Dobkiewitch, moreover, had taken the liberty of questioning Ferrari, in presence of the strangers, as to whether he was satisfied with the quality of the soup served to him. He also asked him whether he was plentifully supplied with meat; and, Ferrari having answered both questions briefly in the affirmative, added—with a look at Wigram, as much as to say, "You will be kind enough to notice this in your excellent journal"—"Then you have nothing whatever to complain of?"

"On the contrary," said Ferrari, "I have to complain of being exhibited to these gentlemen. That would not form part of my sentence even if I had been convicted; and though I have been a good many months in this prison, I have not yet been tried."

"You Poles are never contented," responded Lieutenant Dobkiewitch. "If you are shot twenty-four hours after you are taken you cry out, and if your trial is delayed some time you are also discontented. These gentlemen will at least have seen that Poles are not tortured in the prison of Wilkovo."

"If Poles were tortured in the prison of Wilkovo, that is, of course, the very thing these gentlemen would not see," answered Ferrari.

"Good heavens! I met you in London!" exclaimed Wigram, suddenly.

"Do not say where," answered Ferrari, rapidly, in English. "I scarcely liked to claim your acquaintance when you came in."

"How can you say such a thing!" cried Wigram. "Only tell me how I can be of use to you. What an imprudent business this rising has been!"

"You were in favour of it a year ago," said Ferrari, "when I knew it to be hopeless. Do not condemn it too much now. Do not judge us as if you had us in a law-court. Make some allowance for our sufferings, our despair, and for the final provocation that was offered to us."

"I know the general well. I will speak to him. I am only thinking of you, now," answered Wigram.

"You are very kind," said Ferrari; "but I am afraid it is hopeless. If you see his daughter, tell her that I never think of anything but her and her angelic goodness. It is a message I would intrust to no one else."

"I shall know how to respect your confidence," answered Wigram, shaking him by the hand.

"Your friend is annoyed, and you had better go," said Ferrari, seeing that Dobkiewitch was gradually turning black in the face. "But first answer me two questions: Is there any chance whatever of assistance from abroad?"

"None!"

"Then the struggle is indeed hopeless."

"Is Count Konradin alive?"

"Yes, and free."

"Thank heaven for that! But pray go. Good-bye. It has made me so happy to see you."

"That seems to be rather a remarkable young man," said Lieutenant Dobkiewitch, "but quite unreasonable and light-headed, like all the Poles."

"I met him once in London," was all that Wigram replied.

"Now we will have a look at the ladies," said Dobkiewitch.

"That one," he observed, when they had visited one of the cells in the part of the prison devoted to the incarceration of female patriots, "has everything she can want. She has even a looking-glass."

"Is there anything you particularly desire?" he said, with an air of gallantry, to a lady in another cell.

"To be relieved of your presence," she replied.

A third lady was in tears, and asked Dobkiewitch, hysterically, what had become of her husband and her son!

"I think we have seen enough of this," whispered Dobkiewitch to the visitors, who were also of that opinion.

"If you will be kind enough to come this way," continued the officer, "we will now go into the kitchen and see what they give them for dinner. The dinner hour is past, but it is just possible that the cook may be able to give us an idea of the sort of thing he serves to them."

"We are quite willing to believe that everything they have is what it should be," answered one of the visitors.

Ferrari, to whom we were just speaking, admitted that the food was good and sufficient," said Wigram.

"Never mind!" observed Dobkiewitch, with a jaunty air. "Let us see for ourselves."

A cook and two scullions had evidently been awaiting the visit of which Lieutenant Dobkiewitch was so resolved that they should not be deprived. They drew themselves up very ceremoniously as the party entered the kitchen, and removed their caps.

"Now we shall see what sort of a dinner they give to a poor Polish prisoner," said the lieutenant. "The soup!" he called out, speaking, of course, in Russian.

The cook ran to a porcelain stove on which a saucepan was standing, removed the cover, and ladled out some smoking and very savoury soup, with vegetables and lumps of meat floating in it, into a plate which one of the scullions held.

"Now, gentlemen, let us taste it just for the sake of experiment," said the lieutenant. The soup was as good as a Russian cook could make it. That is to say, it was excellent.

"The roast meat!" was the next order.

"He has forgotten the entrées and the fish," whispered Wigram to one of his friends.

The roast was, in its turn, all that a roast should be.

"I am almost sorry that I am engaged to dine with the general," said Wigram. "This is really too good to taste only a couple of hours before dinner."

"The kasha!" cried the lieutenant, who seemed well up in the menu.

A species of porridge made from the flour of buckwheat, and which may be eaten with great advantage and pleasure, mixed either with milk, with oil, or with any kind of good gravy, was produced. The travellers did not like it, but they admitted that it seemed very good.

"The vegetables!" And a plate of spinach, garnished with eggs, was brought.

"I hope there will be no dessert," whispered Wigram, "or I shall burst out laughing."

But there was no dessert, and the lieutenant had enough tact not to pretend that the Polish prisoners were supplied with wine.

In the meanwhile, Ferrari, delighted as he was to

have seen Wigram, and to have been able to send a message by him to Nathalie, could not get over the impertinence of Dobkievitch in exhibiting him, and boasting of the immense generosity of the Russian government in not forbidding him to smoke; the fact being that smoking *was*, naturally enough, forbidden by the prison rules, and that Ferrari had only been able to indulge in that, to a prisoner, inappreciable luxury, through the connivance of Lamanski.

He was foolish enough, then, to be annoyed when Lamanski came to him with an offer of regalias, and wished Lamanski, his regalias, and Lieutenant Dobkievitch, all burned together.

"I am sorry to find that you are not quite yourself to-day, sir," said Lamanski. "I bring you good news, sir. Such good news that I scarcely know how to communicate it."

At the idea of being liberated—for what else could the announcement of "good news" suggest?—Ferrari's first thought was that if he once left the prison of Wilkovo he should see Nathalie no more. "You cannot bring me any news that will be *very* good," he answered. "However, let me try your regalia—I felt annoyed when you came in—and tell me what this wonderful news really is."

Lamanski told the prisoner of the plan that had been formed for his liberation.

Ferrari was in an ecstasy of delight. The plan was sure to succeed. Nothing could be more ingenious it seemed to him. Besides, he would at least have something to do, and the notion of action, after all the inaction to which he had been condemned, filled him with joyous expectation.

On reflection it seemed to him quite possible that the scheme communicated to him by Lamanski might be a design for enticing him into an attempt at escape, which, if he were seen in the act, would justify the sentinels in shooting him. However, it seemed better to run the risk of being killed at once in this manner, than to remain in a cell from which, in the ordinary course of things, there were only two issues, one leading to Siberia the other to the scaffold. To oblige Wigram, General Gontchalin might perhaps consent to have him shot instead of hanged; but exile or death was certainly the alternative that awaited him if he remained much longer in prison.

"Why wait till Thursday?" he asked.

Lamanski told him that Thursday had been fixed by his friends outside.

"My friends are very kind," said Ferrari. "I dare say they have their reasons."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DÉNOUEMENT.

FERRARI watched hour after hour that evening for the light in Nathalie's window.

"That confounded Wigram is talking to her," he said to himself. "However," he added, "I ought not to abuse him; perhaps he is talking about me,"—which was really the case.

At about eleven o'clock—people go to bed early at Wilkovo, especially in insurrection time—the longed-for light appeared. Ferrari held up his lamp as a sign that he had something very important to communicate. Nathalie acknowledged the sign by imitating it.

Then Ferrari began for the first time to work his nocturnal telegraph. He held up his lamp six times to the window, which meant the letter F; then, after a pause, eighteen times, which signified the letter R; then, in succession, nine times for I, five times for E, fourteen times for N, four times for D, and nineteen times for S. It took him several minutes to spell the word "Friends." Nathalie held up her candle to show that she understood him.

He then, little by little, completed his sentence,—
"have arranged my escape."

Nathalie thought at first of replying, "What joy!" But, on reflection, she preferred to send this answer: "Thursday, at seven."

"Then you know?" said Ferrari.

"Everything!" answered Nathalie.

"See you no more. Cannot live without!" telegraphed Ferrari.

"Mad!" was Nathalie's rapid answer.

"I a-d-o-r"—Ferrari began; but he had got so far, when he saw that Nathalie's candle had disappeared.

"I have frightened her away. What a fool I am!" said Ferrari to himself.

"As if it was necessary to telegraph that to me!" reflected Nathalie, on her side. "I was trembling the whole time lest some one should see the movement of the light."

Ferrari scarcely slept that night. The next morning as soon as it was light, which was not until between seven and eight o'clock, he took his place at the window, and watched Nathalie's window until, at a little after nine, she made her appearance.

"How charming she looks. She is prettier than ever, this morning," he thought. But this was his opinion, or rather feeling, whenever he saw her.

Nathalie was rather grave, and shook her head at Ferrari.

"How nicely her head is placed on her shoulders, and how gracefully she moves it," was the sole idea that occurred to him on witnessing this gesture.

She began to water her flowers. Ferrari, in the meanwhile, was preparing a sentence.

He exhibited a letter, but Nathalie shook her head, and this time with evident earnestness. She then made signs that he was to wait for something, went into the room and began to play the piano very loudly—a fortissimo that would have astonished Rubenstein.

"She wants me to hear it," said Ferrari to himself.

"I had better open the window." He opened the window and listened through the bars.

Nathalie now began to sing. The air she had chosen was Rossini's "Una Voce," and Ferrari heard these words given very distinctly, a syllable to each note—

"You are watched—The lights were seen—Make no more signs—In two days—You'll be free."

"If there ever was music, that is it!" thought Ferrari. "She cannot mean that I shall be free and shall not see her any more? She knows that I would rather die!"

Nathalie began the air again, and that Ferrari might be sure to hear her, repeated the English words in a very loud voice. She had just reached the word "free" when the Countess Konradin entered, saying, "Brava! brava! Mademoiselle Gontchalin! but Rossini would like you to sing his air a little more piano, I think."

"Not if I am singing it to be heard at a distance,"

answered Nathalie, getting up, and looking towards Ferrari's window.

"Oh! I understand," replied the countess. "Extraordinary representation for the benefit of Signor Stanislas Ferrari. But, my dear child, you should sing to him in recitative. One chord; then a long sentence without any accompaniment. If you have any enunciation at all you cannot be misunderstood. That is the way the Princess Sophie got her husband out. Her governess took apartments just opposite the prison, and the princess called upon her, and told her husband, in recitative, that money would be sent to him in a loaf, that the greatcoat he was to receive would have fifty yards of silk cord in the lining—in short everything it was necessary he should know. However, I have now something of great importance to tell you. I am not sure that they will allow me to leave Wilkovo. Molodiani is furious at my husband's escape; and your papa thinks it may be better not to show me any favour, just for the present. As for you, you were to be sent away directly, but I have gained one point; you may remain until Thursday."

"Thursday, and then?"

"Then your carriage will be the only one that will be allowed to leave Wilkovo, and you will be the only person to whom a passport will be granted. They are determined to finish with the insurrection, and I believe, if it were possible, they would arrest and imprison the whole population."

"And Stanislas?—and Ferrari, that is to say?"

"You will have a passport for yourself and servants."

"But I cannot take him with me in the carriage all the way to the Galician frontier."

"Then he will be recaptured and executed—of that there can be no doubt."

"Oh, heaven! what am I to do?" exclaimed Nathalie.

"Do what I tell you," said the countess. "In the first place make no further sign, on any account whatever, to Ferrari. On Thursday, when you have wished every one else good-bye, I will propose to accompany you to the barrier of the town. No one can object to that. You will stop at the Church of the Holy Cross, to say the usual prayers before setting out on a journey; and you must leave the rest to me."

In spite of her promise to the countess, Nathalie could not help putting her bonnet on at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and showing herself at the window, in order that Ferrari might understand that she also was going out. Ferrari looked at her long and earnestly, until at last the shadows of night closed round her, and he could see her no more.

"Quick, Pan Ferrari! put on this uniform," said Lamanski, when at five minutes to seven he entered Ferrari's cell for the last time.

"Have you shaved off your moustache? Yes. Put on this;" and he gave Ferrari a huge red moustache made in imitation of his own. "There! Pull the cap over your eyes. My own mother would mistake you for me now. You know the gate? Straight down the passage, across the yard, and exactly opposite. Outside, the Countess Konradin will be passing by accident. Follow her, without speaking, and you will come to the church. If you do not see her ask some child to show you the way to the church. But she will certainly be there. Now, God guide your steps,

and may He save you from ever entering this devil-possessed country again."

Lamanski went out of the cell and turned to the right. Ferrari went out and turned to the left, walked along the passage, crossed the court-yard, passed through the exterior gate without being questioned or even noticed by the sentinels; saw the Countess Konradin, wished very much to throw his arms round her and bless her, but did not; followed her, panting from excitement and giddy from the effect of the fresh air; and in three minutes reached the Church of the Holy Cross, where he fell upon his knees.

He felt a soft hand in his, looked round, and saw that Nathalie was standing by his side.

He sprang towards her, but the countess pulled him back, and said to him, as Nathalie disengaged herself from his embrace—

"No; you must thank her afterwards. You have not a moment to lose. Besides, I am going to trust you to escort her to the frontier, and you must not be so demonstrative. You are to play the part of coachman. Come out by the other door. The carriage is in the avenue. But what am I thinking of? You must change that uniform and put on my coachman's clothes. Go into the vestry."

In the vestry Ferrari found the countess's coachman—an insurgent who had taken part in the affair at Stanitz, and who had cleverly returned to his work without letting too many people know where he had been—waiting to give him his coat and his sheepskin overcoat.

"Thank you, Kuba," said Ferrari. "You see that I am out at last. We have not been so unfortunate as some of the poor fellows who were with us in the wood."

"Ah! those days in the wood. That was the happy time!" answered the man.

"There will be a happier time still for us all, some day," said Ferrari; "and it will last more than forty-eight hours."

"God grant it!" replied Kuba, "and may we live to see it!"

"Pan Ferrari," said the countess. "If I did not know you to be a man of honour I should not be here speaking to you. For the sake of Nathalie, more than for your own, I know that you will drive as quickly as possible to the Galician frontier. They will not keep you waiting for horses; the post-masters, even if they knew who you were, which is quite impossible, would not think of stopping you. Farewell! Good-bye, my darling Nathalie! You will meet Konradin at Oracow, and if you telegraph that you have arrived, without a word more, we shall understand that all is right."

What took place on the road can perhaps be imagined. The coachman talked much more to his mistress than he ought to have done, and at the end of the journey, when at the frontier, five miles from Cracow, he met Konradin, called out to him—

"Congratulate me, Konradin."

"So I do most heartily," said Konradin, embracing him. [The officials at the barrier were much astonished to see the aristocratic Konradin embracing a coachman.]

"But why?" asked Ferrari.

"Why? Why, on being free," replied the count.

"No, I didn't mean that," said Ferrari, as though the fact of his having regained his liberty were a detail of no importance. "I am engaged to be married."

"Oh! I thought I should not have had to congratulate you on that until next week," answered Konradin. "But the sooner the better. I congratulate you most heartily, and you also, Natalia Ivanovna."

Nathalie had numbers of messages to give Konradin from his wife, and before she had quite finished delivering them they were half way to Cracow.

"Now," said Konradin, when they had reached the top of the hill which commands so admirable a view of the ancient and picturesque city, with its ancient academy, its ancient churches, its ancient and eminently historical cathedral, in which lie buried the ancient Polish kings, and side by side the three great Polish heroes of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, Sobieski, Kosciuszko, and Poniatowski; "now," said Konradin, "you have driven me long enough, it is time I should drive you."

At last they reached Cracow, where Nathalie was received at the house of one of her Polish aunts, a sister of her mother. The arrival of the daughter of a Russian general, who had Polish sympathies, and was about to marry a Pole, caused some sensation in the town.

"Elle sera curieuse à voir," said some one to Konradin.

"Et charmante aussi," replied Konradin.

The very evening of Ferrari's escape, while Boutkovitch was still hesitating as to how he should inform the governor of what had happened, the countess obtained permission to leave Wilkovo; and, profiting by it at once, went away from the town, without letting General Molodiani know that she had any intention of taking her departure. Molodiani now began to intrigue more seriously than ever against Gontchaline, and made such good use of the little fact of Ferrari's escape, that he succeeded in getting him removed from his post, and in getting himself appointed in his stead.

General Gontchaline did his best and worst to be allowed to retain his office, but all in vain. In an admirable memorandum on the subject, his friend General Molodiani pointed out that it was Gontchaline from whom the celebrated list of names had been obtained in London; that it was he through whose weakness Konradin had got off; and that now Ferrari, supposed to be a member of the National Government, had escaped through his neglect, if not connivance.

The countess, then, came to Cracow to see her husband; and the general, relieved of his post, followed her to see his daughter. "Tout s'arrange;" and, after many difficulties, Nathalie's aunt, who was ready to give her niece a large dowry, and the Countess Konradin, who in a previous attack upon the general had already proved that she was quite irresistible, succeeded in obtaining the old gentleman's consent to her marriage with Stanislas Ferrari.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REACTION.

SOME months afterwards most of the principal personages mentioned in this story found themselves in London. In free England there is something to for every one, and the spy, Lamanski, on his arrival

our metropolis, established a private inquiry office, which is now doing a very flourishing business. Lamanski's idea was to introduce into the social sphere that system of espionage which, in despotic countries, is confined to the sphere political. He foresees the time when it will be possible to complete this private inquiry office by the addition of an assassination department.

Ferrari and Konradin both went to London, where they constantly saw one another.

"We have passed through some terrible scenes," said Ferrari, one day, when they were walking together.

"Yes," answered Konradin; "but if you think I pity you you are very much mistaken. You are the only man I know of who got anything out of the insurrection."

"You mean Nathalie, I suppose?" said Ferrari.

"I should think I did!" answered the count.

"Yes, I have been very fortunate. I often wonder what those poor fellows will do who have returned here, and who have gone in such numbers to Paris, without family, without means, without anything to care for, or anything to subsist on."

"The refugees of the extreme party," said Konradin. "One will contrive to start as a dealer in cigars, and the others will go to his shop, abuse established governments, and smoke on credit. But, seriously, their fate will be lamentable, and very little can be done to alleviate it, except now and then in individual cases. Some will become demoralized, and will disgrace us all. Some, to avoid that result, will in their despair commit suicide. A few of good connexions, good address, and immense courage, may perhaps struggle on without assistance; but there will be terrible suffering! 'I have always found great consolation in the study of history,' one of our friends has said. Perhaps some day we shall be able to extract a grain of consolation from the history of our unfortunate insurrection."

"We can reflect, at all events, that we did our duty," observed Ferrari.

"Not in the least. Many tried to do it, but some did too much, some too little; others did the right thing at the wrong time, others the wrong thing altogether. We were deceived, it is true, but then we wished to be deceived. I believe we Poles are like women in one respect; we would rather be flattered and deceived than left altogether without notice."

"It will teach us to be wiser another time."

"I don't know; this is not our first lesson. Men ought not to enter upon such dangerous speculations without counting the cost."

"If they did there would be an end to patriotism everywhere."

"Well, if it were known what difficulties unsuccessful patriots have to contend with, and what humiliation they are subjected to everywhere; what trouble some of the best and most industrious of them have to get lessons to give at a shilling an hour; and how agreeable it is for them to be suspected, when they call at a house, of an intention to steal the umbrellas and greatcoats out of the hall; perhaps what is called patriotism would really be less plentiful than it has been during the last fifteen or twenty years in Europe."

"If we had received half the assistance that was given to Italy," said Ferrari, "we should have succeeded too."

in 1867

"We ought to have bargained for it beforehand, or have remained quiet. But what are your plans in England?"

"I am going to try farming," said Ferrari.

"And the general?"

"He is writing a work on the errors of the Russian government in Poland."

"He calls them errors! Well, it is a vast subject. It will take him some time. Why, there is Boutkovitch over the way!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"Boutkovitch! I thought he was assassinated long ago," said Ferrari.

"No; they could not catch him. It was like trying to kill a flea. He has become a sort of insurgent himself, now."

"In what country?"

"He is employed to get up disturbances in Moldo-Wallachia. I believe it is a very lucrative situation. A great deal of money passes through his hands. Do you observe his decoration? He got that for murdering Sigismund Wilenski."

"Poor Wilenski! I wonder what became of his unhappy children! But Jankowski was our great loss. There was a noble, chivalrous soul!"

"He would have broken his heart if he had survived. After all, I don't see why a man should make so much fuss about the country where he happens to have been born. What is Poland? A large tract of rather moist land, covered with woods, intersected by rivers, and rendered utterly uninhabitable by Russian bears, Austrian tigers, and Prussian hyenas."

"But would you not like to live there again?"

"No. My brother sends me half his income—it was arranged that he should remain quiet, as we could not afford to have two insurgents in our family—and it is quite enough for me and my wife, though things are rather dear in England. Oh no!" Konradin continued, "I quite agree, now, with the Pole who said he did not mind dying for his country, but that he would not live there on any account. I can put up with a good deal, but I should lose my temper if I went back to Poland; supposing, even, that I could return there with safety, which I could not."

"But here," said Ferrari, "you are at home. I dare say Nathalie is with your wife. She generally is."

"Come in and see," said the count.

THE END.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY, AND TO KEEP IT SAFE.

II.—NEW OPPORTUNITIES—continued.



AYMENTS at death, or life-assurance is the next privilege we have suggested as being required by contributions to a friendly society. Life-assurance is very common amongst the rich as a means of provision for their families, and for other purposes; but in the case of those who live not upon the proceeds of accumulated industry, but whose daily labour is their capital, and the only source upon which they rely for their daily bread, life-assurance abdicates its lofty position, and assumes a humbler title. Payments at death, or burial-clubs, are terms

with which the poor are familiar. It is well worthy of observation that the operatives seldom subscribe for a larger sum, payable at death, than ten pounds. From an examination of the returns of five large societies containing together above 172,000 members, it has been found that out of 3519 persons who died in one year, no less than 2519 were insured for sums payable at death. Of these, 2152 claimed sums under five pounds; 360, from five to twenty pounds; and only seven reached the figure of twenty pounds and upwards. This is a strong indication of a tendency to subscribe only for very small amounts upon life-assurance; and it is therefore unfortunate that the Act should prohibit any one from assuring for a less sum than twenty pounds through the medium of the post-office—a regulation which renders this portion of the measure almost useless.

A boon, if conferred, should be given freely; a benefit, if bestowed, should if possible be without restrictions; and though it is the part of wisdom not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, yet a man ought to be ashamed of himself who presents his friend with a toothless, unsound animal, which he can neither ride nor drive. The minimum of twenty pounds is certainly too high; and a reduction to five pounds, or even less, if the objections to such a proposal are not insuperable, would be productive of great convenience to the poor. The greater risk occasioned by the difficulty of investigating cases of ill-health and the prevalence of disorderly or dangerous habits, as we descend in the social scale, might be met by a somewhat increased rate of premium. Other arguments may be urged on the same side. There is something to be said on the score of philanthropy and of the public good, for every drop which falls into the savings' bank is a drop of balm upon the seething waters of society. Then, again, men do not go and die or kill themselves merely to get five pounds; women might sometimes kill their children by neglect, but this would be a dangerous speculation, and one not safe to repeat; and, lastly, windfalls in the shape of lapsed payments and of unclaimed assurances, which would probably be very numerous, would alone remunerate the government for the extra peril and uncertainty of this class of business. On the whole, both theory and experience may be called as witnesses to support a request for some concession.

Medical attendance is provided in some form by nearly all friendly societies. This is one of the benefits chiefly sought for by the poor in their clubs. Health and strength are everything to men and women who supply their necessities no less than their comforts by manual exertion. Moreover, they are usually ignorant of the most ordinary sanitary rules; and the doctor is too often their best and only friend. But his visits during the unhealthy spring-time produce their fruit before the close of the year. The doctor's bill is an insurpassable and overwhelming mountain which cannot be got over, so the only plan is to walk round it; and this is done by a contribution to the club-fund for medical attendance, which, by anticipating, overcomes the evil.

No government guarantee has been contrived for this kind of saving, and the system of most of the old clubs is not altogether satisfactory. Medical men as a class deserve our highest gratitude and commendation for their self-denying and disinterested professional labours; but many club-members complain of neglect, and not always, we fear, without reason. Usually a club appoints only one medical officer; but why should not the poor have a choice? It is a delicate office that a doctor has to fulfil; and the finer and more sensitive emotions of our nature throb in a cottage as keenly as in a palace.

One of the best schemes we have met with for securing medical attendance has been contrived through the

agency of dispensaries. Such institutions have been very successful in one or two towns in Staffordshire, and the secretaries of the societies at Leek or at Stafford will readily furnish copies of the rules and all needful information to any inquirer. Under this system the benefit-member pays one penny per week to the authorized collector; and in the event of his falling ill, he can obtain a card from the secretary which entitles him to medicine and attendance from any practitioner he may select. The pence find their way into a common fund in the hands of the secretary, and at the end of the year the medical men send in to him all the cards in their possession which they have received from their patients. The money is then distributed rateably amongst them, so much per ticket. The whole of this machinery operates admirably; for the professional men get paid where otherwise they would probably get nothing; and the poor receive due attention. There are some difficulties in the way of extending it to country places which ought to be overcome.

A good idea in this direction is thrown out in some model rules which we find in the report of the Registrar for the year 1859, page 45:—

RULE 2. APPLICATION OF MEDICAL FUND.—The Medical Fund shall be divided between the surgeons at the end of every year, every surgeon receiving payment for the number of cards he produces, and the remainder of the money being equally divided between all the surgeons, first deducting 5 per cent. for management.

The suggestion is excellent, but we confess that we are so obtuse as to be unable to discover at first sight how the surgeon is to obtain the cards—why the division of money is confined to the surgeons and the physicians are shut out in the cold—and how, when the money has been distributed amongst the card-holders, the remainder is to be equally divided, less 5 per cent. for management. But these points are trifling, and are more or less explained in the special rules for the medical-attendance fund, which we need not quote now. So we proceed to the next stage of our journey.

Sick-pay is perhaps the most desirable advantage which a poor man can gain from his admission into a club. A few weeks of inability to labour may eat up the savings of years, and ruin the prospects of a whole family. But the subject is so difficult, that the legislature has not yet ventured to propose a guarantee for allowances in sickness. Some leading men have turned their attention to the matter, and some suggestions have been made with a view to the introduction of an act authorising the formation of parish societies guaranteed by the poor-rates. Here fresh obstacles arise. Such an act must be either compulsory or permissive: if the former, no government will have the courage to introduce it; if the latter, the local poor-law guardians will not have the inclination to adopt the measure. Again, why should the poor-rate incur any greater risk, or be contented with any less valid security, than if the liability were thrown upon the Consolidated Fund? To use a common proverb, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If, therefore, it is possible to form a society which will be worthy of any guarantee at all, by all means let us give it the best in the world, namely, the guarantee of the British Government.

Prudence herself sometimes suggests that we should run a little risk in order to acquire a great gain; but where would the danger be in a government guarantee for sick-clubs established under certain strict conditions? Of course the rules and tables must be most carefully prepared; they must be approved by the Registrar; they must be certified by an experienced actuary; the funds must be carefully placed in the post-office savings banks; the number of members must be sufficient to insure stability and accuracy in the averages. We would suggest that no club with less than 200 members should be entitled to a guarantee;

the secretary or responsible officer must enter into a bond for his fidelity; and, above all, a careful investigation must be made into the position of the society, at least once in five years, so that, if the funds appear inadequate, the scale of payments may be raised, or even, if necessary, a complete reorganization effected. It is very requisite that wherever measures affecting the daily life and business of the less-educated classes have to be introduced, all needless and superfluous enactments should be avoided, and that, so far as may be, all the provisions of an Act should be simple, concise, and intelligible. Some legislators appear to forget that others have trod the ground before them, and, indeed, their marks are like the foot-prints of a crowd upon muddy soil, which are often so confused as to render it difficult to distinguish the true path.

Pending the settlement of this vexed question, the inquiry will be often made, how a man ought to proceed if he wishes to enrol himself as member of a club. This is exactly the question which we are desirous to answer. If a man proposes to join an old society, let him be very careful to fix upon one which is both registered as legal by Mr. Tidd Pratt, and certified as sound by Mr. Neison or by some other London actuary. The importance of this caution has been already explained, and a person who acts upon it cannot go far wrong. If, however, the proposal is to form a new club, let him write to the Registrar of Friendly Societies, 28, Abingdon Street, Westminster, and ask to be furnished with a well-framed code of rules. If neither of these suggestions please, the best course will be to constitute a temporary club, and to await patiently the result of further legislative action. It is very certain that there is little use in planting a tree which may be rooted up in a year or two; and few men are willing to spend time and labour in the erection of an edifice which may shortly after be pulled down or rebuilt.

We are confident that a society might be formed with perfect security, with the certainty of maintaining good faith with the members, and with very beneficial results, on the following plan:—

I. Government annuities and assurances, to be purchased for the members solely through the agency of the post-office. Here, at least, the ground is safe; so far the club incurs no risk.

II. Expenses of management to be provided by a separate fund, say twopenny per month from each benefit member, and sixpence on entrance. Here, again, we are secure. No cost of management must on any account be charged to any other fund.

III. Sick pay. This must be a distinct business of itself, and we will endeavour to explain clearly how we propose to work the matter. The suggestion is not our own, but modified (and we flatter ourselves improved) from a scheme we have somewhere seen. This sick-club must be wound up at the end of each year. A complete statement of its affairs laid before the subscribers, and the society continued or otherwise, as may be decided. At first sight this may appear difficult, but in reality nothing can be more simple. Here is the table of payments:—

		s. d.	
Under the age of 35		1	0
Above " 35 and under 45		1	3
" " 45 " 55		1	6
" " 55 " 65		2	6

No member should be admitted above the age of sixty-five. Each member will have to pay according to his age, as set forth in the above table; and any member permanently invalidated must not be readmitted, but paid out when the affairs of the club are wound up at the close of the year. During the sickness the allowance will be one shilling per day so long as the member can produce a medical certificate that he is unable to work.

Now, suppose a club to be in operation under these simple rules. It is almost certain that at the end of the year there will be a considerable surplus; for, of course, we should not start the club with less than 200 or 250 members. If it were decided at the annual meeting that the club should be continued, this surplus would be laid by and deposited in the government savings bank, as a provision against a year of extraordinary sickness. As years rolled on, this fund would give great stability to the institution. Here we have to propose a novel feature, which, we imagine, would be useful and popular. To whom does this surplus fund at the close of the year belong? Clearly to those who have been subscribers to the club during the year past. To meet this just claim, we propose that the secretary should open a little ledger account in the name of each member, and at the end of the year he should place to the credit of every person who had not drawn sick pay the amount of his proportion of the superfluity. For instance, if at the end of the year the saving amounted to 30*l.*, and 120 members had drawn no sick-pay, each of these would be credited in the ledger with 5*s.* Suppose a man wanted to withdraw from the club, he would receive his share less 20 per cent., which might fairly be taken *pro bono publico*, that is, for the general good of the institution, and for the encouragement of those who held on. He would take away with him 4*s.* At the end of two years, a man leaving the club would take away more according to the result of its working, and so on *ad infinitum*. A deficiency in any one year, which occasioned a draw upon the reserve in the savings' bank would be charged in like manner ratably against each member's account in the ledger. It should be observed that any member joining in the course of the year ought to pay up the arrears of subscription from the commencement, unless he chose to forego his share in the fund for that year.

It appears to us that such an arrangement affords great security, raises no undue expectations, and presents a simple method of management, as well as a means of saving, which ought to render any club established upon these principles very popular.

IV. A burial-fund might be formed in a similar way; but this would scarcely be necessary, inasmuch as after a few years each member would have a good sum standing to his credit in the sick-fund reserve, which would be paid to his family in the event of death.

V. Medical attendance should be provided for by a payment of one penny per week, in the manner we have indicated when speaking of dispensaries.

VI. A contribution of twopence or threepence per month would supply money for a summer excursion, or for a dinner after the annual meeting.

We recommend this scheme to the careful criticism and consideration of all who take an interest in the subject.

Here our labours end. In the first place we have considered the characteristics and the position of the old clubs; in the second place we have examined the opportunities afforded by recent legislation. The recollection of the first may serve as a warning, and may pass away as an unpleasant dream, but the knowledge of the latter should be carefully treasured up and preserved for future use.

In providing for the days of weakness, which must inevitably come sooner or later, a man may either act alone, or in concert with others: he may subscribe independently for a government annuity, or he may become a member of a benefit-club. What he may expect in either case, how he ought to act, and in what manner he can make his investments secure, has been explained so far as time and space allow; and wherever anything has been left untold, the road to other sources of information has been indicated.

OVER THE MEADOWS.

OVER the meadows, at early morn,
Cheerily sounded the bugle-horn;
For noble gallants and ladies fair,
And hawk and hound are gather'd there,
With jest and laugh and ringing cheer.
To start from their covert the hern and the deer.

Over the meadows, when tidings came
Of cruel invaders, and cities aflame,
The good knight rode with his trusty band,
Eager to fight for their Fatherland;
And his lovely bride, in the castle keep,
Was left with her maidens to pray and weep!

Over the meadows, as months went by,
She gazed with a wistful, longing eye;
Often her cheek grew pale with fright,
Fearing the death of her own true knight;
And every hour in every day
She thought of him who was far away.

Over the meadows, as day was done,
His armour glowed in the setting sun;
Back from the war the good knight came,
His honour untarnished, unsullied his fame;
But dearer to him than all beside,
Was the loving look of his fair young bride.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

SOUNDS.

THERE are countless sounds in this world of ours,
Where hidden music dwells;
The song of birds when the day is young,
The chime of distant bells;
The echo of children's voices borne
From the shady primrose dells.

The tiny tread of a childish foot,
That strays about the room;
The tiny voice of a childish song,
Heard through the gathering gloom,
When the evening shadows are long without,
And the light grows dim at home.

The murmuring rustle of the leaves
That breathe a quiet tune;
The gentle dropping upon the grass
Of a midnight shower in June;
The far-off voice of a hidden brook,
That sings low to the moon.

The voice you have waited for so long,
The greeting kind and free;
The word that recalls back to your heart
Some old, old memory,
That sealed the promise your soul has held
Silent and sacredly.

There are countless sounds in these hearts of ours.
That speak to us alone;
Voices that reach not other ears—
Unheard save by our own;
Footsteps that echo back again
From the past with a muffled tone.

Oh! is there nought in these sounds to you?
No tender meaning there?
Can you not hear their echoes now,
As the cry of some despair?
Or is your life so crowned with bliss
You can forget they were?

J. STEWART ROBERTSON.



SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

A PATRIOT BISHOP.

IN a recent number we presented our readers with an authentic memoir and portrait of the statesman whose name must ever be foremost in the political history of the year 1867, however little love or veneration may be felt for Mr. Disraeli's peculiar talents, and what may be called his political *savoir faire*. With more pleasure, we now give as a companion picture the portrait of a distinguished ecclesiastic, in whose patriotism we really feel a conscientious belief.

The Bishop of Oxford possesses an hereditary claim to popularity, as the son of a man who was mainly instrumental in achieving for England one of its proudest distinctions, that of willing self-sacrifice and heroic endurance in the cause of humanity. Some particulars of his career, by way of introducing the principal subject of this memoir, may not be uninteresting.

William Wilberforce was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, August 24th, 1759. He was the son of Robert Wilberforce, a merchant of that borough. He received his education in the ancient Grammar School, and afterwards at the Free School at Pocklington, from whence he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated as B.A. in 1781, and M.A. in 1788. After quitting college he visited the continent, in the

company of William Pitt. At the general election of 1780 he became a candidate for the representation of his native town, and was returned by a large majority. At this election his sister, Miss Wilberforce, is reported to have promised the wife of each freeman, whose husband voted for her brother, a new gown. The promise was received with cheers, and loud shouts of "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" To which she replied by thanking them for their applause, but expressed a hope that it *would not be Miss Wilberforce for ever*. She was twice married.

In 1784 Wilberforce was again returned for the borough, and also for the county of York. He sat as the representative of the latter, and undertook the great question of the negro slave trade. No interest was, at the time, felt throughout the country in the question; whilst the prospect of abolition keenly excited the large mercantile interest engaged in the trade. In 1788 Mr. Wilberforce was laid up for some time by a severe illness, and Mr. Pitt, at his request, brought forward the subject. In 1789 he made his first motion, which was carried without a division; but when, in 1791, he again brought a bill into the Commons to stop the importation of slaves from Africa to the British colonies, the bill was rejected by a majority of seventy-five. In 1792, having enlisted the support

of both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, he carried a motion for the gradual extinction of the trade; and in 1807 he at last succeeded, after his long struggle, in passing an act for its abolition. It is in connection with this important measure that Wilberforce's name is now chiefly remembered, but he was the advocate of all measures having for their object the well-being of his fellow-men. He strongly advocated the putting down of lotteries, as destructive of morality. He was also a supporter of the improvements made in our criminal laws; he advocated Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation; he was a promoter of the Act to prevent children of tender years being allowed to go up chimneys, and of such humane measures as those for regulating the employment of women and children in mines and factories, the spread of education among the poor, and the protection of animals from ill-usage. He was also a supporter of Mr. Fox in his attempts to prevent the continuance of the war with France, speaking strongly against it, and in favour of peace.

In 1797 Mr. Wilberforce published a work under the title of "A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians, in the Higher and Middle Classes of the Country, Contrasted with real Christianity." This book soon became very popular, and three editions were called for in one year. It still continues to be very extensively read. It provoked much discussion in religious circles, magazines, newspapers, and reviews. The Rev. Gilbert Wakefield strongly condemned it in a letter addressed to the Rev. Thomas Belsham; and it was as violently attacked by Dr. Cogan, in "Letters to William Wilberforce, Esq., on the Doctrine of Hereditary Depravity: by a Layman." The work is distinctly Anti-Calvinistic in its teachings.

At the elections of 1790, 1796, 1803, and 1806, he was returned for the county of York without a contest; but in 1807 a powerful opposition was got up by the two great families of the county, the Fitzwilliams and the Lascelles: this election is still known in Yorkshire as "the great contest." It lasted fifteen days, and the two noble houses are supposed to have spent between them above 200,000*l*. Voters were fetched from all parts of England, and the colours of the rival candidates were displayed in every town and village of the county, while almost every man became a violent partisan, and carried the colours of his favourite. The contest, from the first, was understood to be between Lascelles and Milton; it being generally agreed that Wilberforce was to be returned, and his expenses paid by subscription. They were so. On the close of the poll it was found that Wilberforce and Milton were returned, the numbers being—Mr. Wilberforce, 11,808; Lord Milton, 10,990; Hon. Henry Lascelles, 10,177.

The friends of Milton took some offence at the conduct of Mr. Wilberforce, and he was accused by them of having made an attempt, towards the end of the election, to assist Mr. Lascelles; which was very unlikely, as that gentleman was strongly opposed to the oft and long-expressed desire of Mr. Wilberforce to abolish the slave trade. To defend himself, he published two pamphlets addressed to the freeholders of Yorkshire; one upon the question of the slave trade, and the other, a direct reply to the charge of favouring Mr. Lascelles. At the general election of 1812, he retired from the representation of Yorkshire, and sat for Bramber, until he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds in 1825, and took his final leave of active life, after having faithfully and honestly served his country in parliament for forty-five years. During this long period his name was identified with every measure designed for the religious, political, and social benefit of mankind. Few men who have been so long before the public, especially as politicians, have enjoyed such universal respect; and during his career no member in the House, except officials of the government, pos-

sessed a tithe of his influence—the result of a thoroughly honest course of action. As a proof of this there was, in 1783, a club of forty members of the Commons, called Independents, whose principle of union was, to take neither place, pension, nor peerage; yet, in a few years, Mr. Banks and Mr. Wilberforce were the only two of the party who retained their early simplicity of station. Mr. Wilberforce was the only county member amongst them who was not raised to a peerage.

In 1793 William Wilberforce was married to Barbara, the eldest daughter of Isaac Spooner, a Birmingham merchant. His family consisted of four sons and two daughters. His third son, Samuel, the subject of our notice, was born at Broomfield, close to Clapham Common, where his parents were then residing, on the 7th of September, 1805. He went to no public school, his father's religious principles leading him to distrust all public schools as they were then conducted. His education was carried on at home under private tutors, and subsequently as a pupil in the house of that distinguished scholar and divine, the late Archdeacon Hodson. In 1823 he went to Oriel College, then the most famous college of Oxford, and held an honourable place in that distinguished society. In 1826 he took his degree, taking a second class in classical and a first in mathematical honours.

In 1828 Samuel Wilberforce married Emily, the eldest surviving daughter of the Rev. John Sargent, the well-known biographer of Henry Martyn and friend of Charles Simeon. The following Christmas he was ordained to the curacy of Checkendon in Oxfordshire, and continued there until May, 1830, when he was collated by the present Bishop of Winchester to the rectory of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, which had been formerly the living of Bishop Ken, where, under a yew hedge in the garden, tradition delivers that the Evening Hymn was composed. This rectory was, for the remainder of William Wilberforce's life (he died on the 29th of July, 1833), his fixed residence for a portion of every year; and a certain terrace, where he loved to walk, is still called by the parishioners after his name. Here the subject of our memoir remained till 1841, having been for many years the rural dean of his district, and for the last two Archdeacon of Surrey.

In 1840 he was appointed a canon of Winchester. In the populous parish of Alverstoke, supported by curates who have since filled important posts in the church—one being now Archbishop of Dublin, and another the Incumbent of Christ Church, St. Pancras—he laboured until 1845. He had been before this more than once select preacher to the University of Oxford, and in 1841 was the Bampton Lecturer: though the loss of his wife in the spring of that year prevented him delivering the course. In 1845 he was again nominated, but resigned the office on his appointment to the bishopric of Oxford. This, however, is to anticipate.

In 1843 the late Prince Consort selected him as one of his chaplains, and he was in frequent attendance, and often preached at the palace. In the spring of 1845 he was recommended by Sir Robert Peel to the Crown for the deanery of Westminster, but retained the office only till the following autumn; when, on the translation of Dr. Bagot to the see of Bath and Wells, he was nominated to the bishopric of Oxford. His consecration took place on St. Andrew's Day, in 1845.

The see of Oxford, when Dr. Wilberforce entered on it, was extended from its former narrow limits to contain the three counties of Oxford, Berks, and Bucks—a field of action, with the University of Oxford, Eton College, and Windsor Castle, within it, wide enough for the energies of any man. It is not for us to sit in judgment on the manner in which the duties entailed by such an office have been fulfilled by its living occupant—such judgments are best reserved for posterity; and

as the bishop has not only been an unremitting labourer in his own diocese, but has taken a leading part in all church matters—whether in parliament, in convocation, or in the county—there will be no lack of materials upon which posterity may exercise its right. In the questions which have divided church opinion during these latter years, the bishop, whilst himself inclining to liberal, rather than exclusive counsels, has been a consistent opponent of all rationalising views within the Established Church. He has always maintained a distinct church tone, whilst yet it is easy to see that the early training of his mind and disciplining of his affections in the evangelical school, when it was the most earnest and living portion of the Church of England, has left its distinct mark upon him.

As a pulpit orator, the Bishop of Oxford undoubtedly holds a first, if not the first place among the preachers of the Church of England. It has only to be known that the bishop is to preach—whether it be in the university pulpit, before a fashionable town congregation, or to a simple village audience—and a crowded church is insured. Neither can any say that his great popularity is the result of flattery or concealment of unpleasant truths on his part. There is scarcely to be found a more straightforward denouncer of vice, selfishness, and illiberality, nor yet a more distinct enunciator of duties too often neglected. He has a most fascinating voice, and a peculiar facility, even when dealing with abstruse subjects, of making his arguments readily intelligible. One great instrument always ready at hand is that of happy and infinitely varied illustration. He has a horror of dullness, and his power in gaining the attention and winning the goodwill of his auditors, is notorious. Perhaps, of all his public addresses, those delivered at confirmations are the most striking; while all who have been admitted to hear his more private addresses to candidates for ordination, speak of them as being singularly appropriate and heart-stirring.

With respect to the bishop's political action, it will not have escaped the reader's attention that we meant to strike the key note of this brief memoir when we wrote at the head of it, "A Patriot Bishop." If he must be classed, he is a "liberal conservative," and it is worth remembering that he supported the repeal of the Corn Laws. But we like better to think of him as belonging to the number of those who defy classification. Perhaps, had he lived in the time when bishops were not unaccustomed to the use of carnal weapons, he would have ridden with the berserkers, or wielded a free lance. He has brought to those political questions which it concerns the honour and stability of the church to assist in settling, all that honest independence of character for which we have seen his father was remarkable. No better evidence of this can be required than his speech at Wolverhampton on the 3rd of October, when he appealed to the working men of England to bring their manliness, and courage, and accuracy of thought into the work of the church. That, we say, is not the language of the conventional priest, but of the patriot bishop—the true presbyter, or elder in wisdom and experience. It recalls the people at large to the exercise of a right which ought to be as dear to them as the political suffrage, and which they will not willingly abdicate when its immense value as an element in the social and political fabric of England is once recognized.

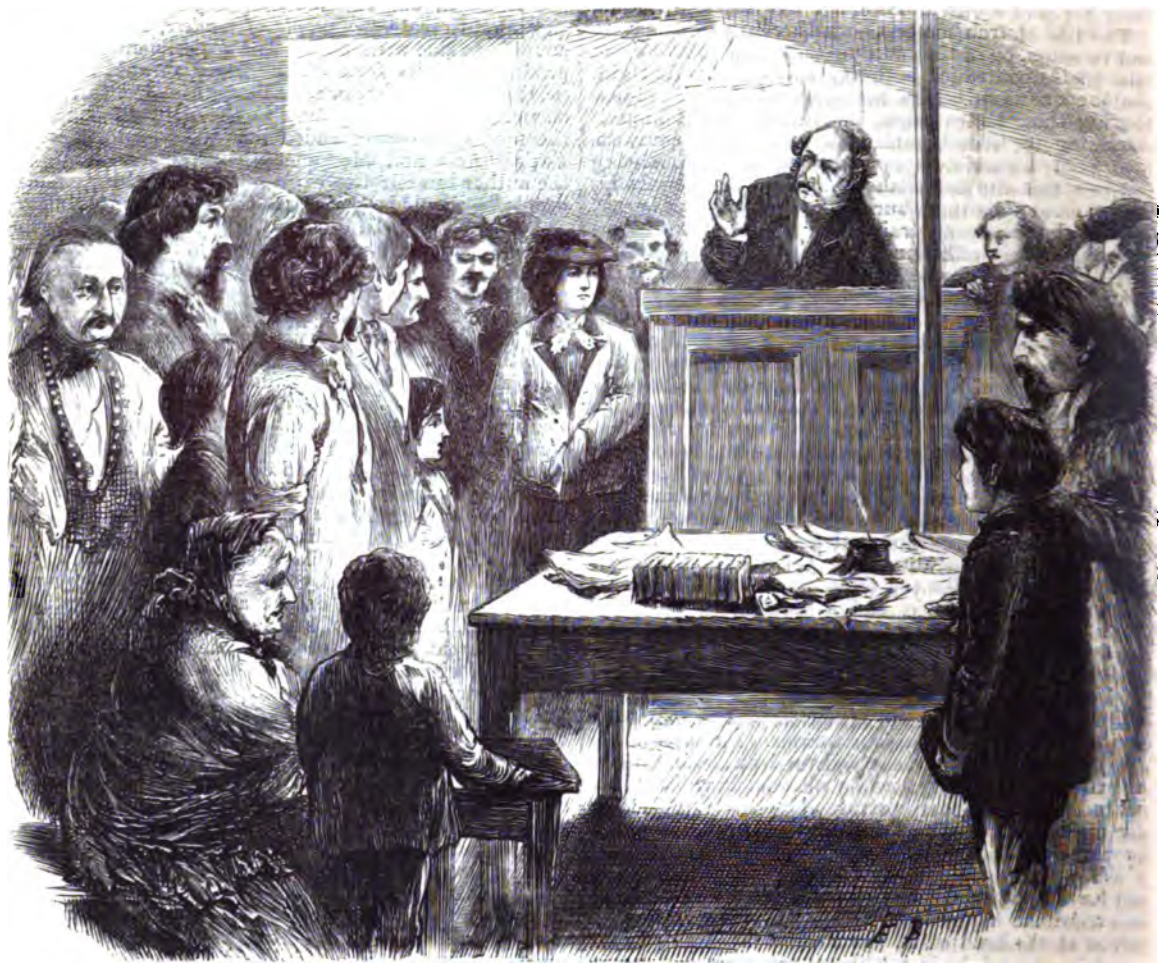
That speech set us thinking, and our thoughts ran in this wise:—If there ever was a critical period in the history of England, it was in the reign of Elizabeth, when public opinion first became a power in the state. With all his courage, and, in many respects, greatness of mind, her predecessor had not courage enough to trust the people. He once tried the experiment, when, by a *coup d'état*, as the act is called ("Amenities of

Literature"), he granted "the free and liberal use of the Bible in our own national English tongue,"—designing to create "a people of readers, on whom he counted to side with him." The experiment, however, produced results from which Henry shrank, and the privilege was withdrawn. Elizabeth dared to repeat it, and more. Participating in the inmost feelings of the people, she commanded that the awful tomes of Fox's "Acts and Monuments,"—a book written, as the author himself has expressed it, for the "simple people,"—should be chained to the desk of every church and common hall. In this "Book of Martyrs," gathered from all quarters, and chronicling the obscurest individuals, many a reader, kindling over the lengthened page, dwelt on his own domestic tale in the volume of the nation. No doubt, the earnest spirit of those massy books, appealing to the groups who flocked to hear them read, "multiplied Protestants," and moved Englishmen for the great conflict which was destined to place them at the head of the civilized world. No wonder that the adherents of Rome studiously endeavoured to compass the death of the queen "by poison and violence, and witchcraft and treason, and all other means of that kind which could ever be imagined, and which it is horrible even to relate."* In spite of all, our great Elizabeth lived to see the principles of Anglicanism firmly established. The royal prerogative, as affirmed by the Act of Supremacy, was left unimpaired at her death; and the great principle of liberty, that a truly Christian church and state are only different names for the same society surveyed from opposite points of view, was demonstrated on philosophical grounds by the illustrious Hooker.† There could henceforth be no such thing in England, unless the fundamental principles of our constitution were subverted, as tyranny over men's consciences enforced by law; and no such thing as a government, civil or ecclesiastical, which did not command the assent of the governed.

The establishment of this principle on a sure foundation was coeval with the vindication of the people's right to think and read for themselves—to do precisely that which the Bishop of Oxford has invited the people at large to do once more—"take their own part in the great church of Christ in this land." It would lead us too far to say more on this point, but let us hear the concluding words of the bishop—words which we are sure will be recorded to his honour when his voice is no longer heard amongst us:—"I believe I am speaking the opinion of the great mass of my clerical brethren around me when I say we don't want fine chapels, with perfumed handkerchiefs, but great churches full of thinking men. Well, then, I ask you to help us, help us—help us to make this blessing to yourselves and to ourselves. Let the time past suffice for the wretched jealousies of conflicting sects. If any man thinks that by adding over and above to that which the Church of England has instituted, *councils of perfection*, such as I firmly believe John Wesley intended to institute—don't let us of the Church find fault with them, but rather adopt them into the common bosom of a loving Christianity, set them acting within the church, and not separate from it, and then bid them God speed. I do thoroughly believe that the great religious differences which now divide us exist more upon the memory of past evils than upon the existence of a present necessity; and I believe that if churchmen and dissenters would unite together to exalt the one name of Christ, and in the love of that name seek heartily and thoroughly for brotherly communion in OUR COMMON CHURCH, I believe that England might have it, and that, having it, she might be first in things spiritual, and once being so, might in things material be more than a match for the divided world around her."

* Bishop Horn to Henry Bullinger. August 8th, 1571.

† "Ecclesiastical Polity." Book VIII.



COUNT DI TERGOLINA ADDRESSING THE POOR ITALIANS.

A WORD FOR THE ITALIAN ORGAN-MEN.

AMONG the "familiar" of our London and suburban streets who gain their scanty living by going "up and down the town," few claim more interest than the Italian organ-man.

The true history of these wanderers from a pleasant land is but little known, but to those who are acquainted with their lives and characters, and rightly understand the one honest reason which brings them away from their sunny Eden to our dull island of fogs and dirt, their history is a pleasing and hopeful one. To many persons the organ-grinder is a great plague, whilst others, with a loving spirit of good-will to their neighbours, look with an eye of pity on the poor fellow who walks so many weary miles with his heavy burthen on his back, looking here and there for the little bright-faced children who generally coax a penny from mamma for the poor organ-man.

Who shall tell what sad thoughts are passing through the poor fellow's mind as he plays his round of tunes—Italian ones most generally? how they must recall other scenes of his home far away in sweet Italy!

The contadina, or peasant of Italy, to which class our organ-men belong, are a very poor race, and even in early boyhood a sort of ambition is felt to rectify this

evil by emigrating to other lands. London or Paris looms in the distance as the El Dorado which is to convert the wretched peasant into the thriving farmer on his return to his native hills.

One grand reason of the success of these men is their patient endurance of every hardship, so as to enable them to accomplish their purpose in the least possible time; and be it remembered there is generally a little story, not very short of a romance, belonging to them—they have left their betrothed wife, or, maybe, one newly married, to mourn their absence; or, better still, the faithful one of years, who will wait in perfect faith the return of the loved wanderer, who counts as loss every weary hour that keeps him from her side.

The organ-man commences his day's journey betimes in the morning, well knowing that many weary miles must be walked before he has gained what he thinks a tolerable sum. When this is secured, he is content to wait for rest and refreshment until his day's wanderings are over, and he has arrived at his home; but to what rest, and what sort of refreshment, we must go back a little to explain.

In some instances these Italians, on arriving in England, have been consigned to some particular padrone or master by an agent in Italy, in which case they are met on arriving in London by some one who conducts them to the miserable place which is to be their so-called home. These form the most unfortunate part of

the Italian immigration, for, once under the padrone, their hopes of revisiting Italy are very distant. •

The life of these poor men is very hard to be borne, and in many cases the great change from their mountain life in Italy, where in the summer months they could sleep on the fragrant earth, nor wish a better bed, to a close, fetid room in some over-crowded London street, is felt very much—even so as to affect their health. If we add to this their life of slavery under the padrone, few will be disposed to think harshly of them.

But, to explain the life of the organ-men under this cruel taskmaster: first, who and what is he? The padrone is a man,—generally an Italian,—who keeps a sort of repository of what we may term street-amusement tackle, namely, organs, hurdy-gurdies, white mice, guinea-pigs, harps, and the like. Each man or boy who has been consigned to him may choose what instrument or animal he prefers, which is then delivered to them, and their bill of route, if we may so call it, is marked out. Each day in the week has its line of march specified.

The padrone then awards to each one so much per week besides food and lodging; and the men and boys are bound by oath to bring home to this padrone every night all the money they have received during the day, which oath they must faithfully keep.

In a street not far from Holborn there is one of these lodging-houses kept by a padrone, where, after their day's grinding is over, these men seek repose.

In a large room, which would be much better for the pail and broom, are a number of heaps of straw, over which is thrown an old frowsy blanket or a horse-cloth, as it may be. At sound of bell in the morning the inmates of these so-called beds are awakened, and after a shake, a walk to a pump in the yard, where the mockery of a wash is performed by throwing a little of the water over the face, and then making a rush at the time-worn towel which hangs up, they all proceed pell mell into another room, where "breakfast" is served up. Let us see of what this breakfast is composed. A yellow basin containing a pale liquid, said to be coffee, and a slice of dark, unwholesome bread is given to each man and boy. After drinking the liquid and eating the half of the bread, they shoulder their organs or whatever else they carry, and so the day's work begins.

The piece of bread saved from their breakfast is all these poor fellows have for their noon-day refreshment, unless some good lady should direct her servant to give a little broken food to the poor Italian—and for which, be it remembered, he will play no end of tunes. He then goes on his way to meet success or not, according to chance, and at night he returns again to lay his tired body on his heap of straw after he has partaken of the supper prepared for him. Surely it should be something substantial after so many hours' wandering! But let us see.

It is evening—ten o'clock—perhaps later—a number of tired Italians are standing awaiting the signal for supper; they are dreadfully tired, for some are sleeping as they stand—what a boon from God is this ready slumber! When the meal is ready they rouse themselves, and now each one is served with a basin of soup (?) and a piece of bread, the same size as that of the morning; after this is eaten, the whole of the tired group retire to the dormitories.

This is the dark side of the picture, but now let us look at the brighter side of it.

Many a shepherd and artisan has left his cheerful home, in the troubled revolutionary times, in despair of being allowed to keep the little that called him master; and, selling all he possessed, has come to England, meaning to work hard and live harder, for the sake of the happier future in which he believed. Italians

* The padrones are rich men: there is one at present in London who is worth at least fifty thousand pounds, entirely wrung from the misery of these poor fellows.

of this class have nothing to do with the padrone, and as a consequence, their lot is a far happier one than the others, for they hire their organ, or other things wherewith to amuse the public, and also have their poor lodging, which at all events is their own. But with all these advantages over his poorer brethren, the organ-man lives with the strictest economy, and keeps himself perfectly sober and honest, in anticipation of the time when he may claim a shelter and a home beneath the blue skies of his native Italy.

There was never a falsier picture than that which portrays the Italian as fierce, savage, and bad. So far from this, the Italian *contadina* is, in general, simple-minded, easily impressed, and eminently grateful. True, the use of the knife in Italy has been, and to a certain extent is now prevalent; but education, both moral and religious, is going far to teach this long-suffering people that it is an uncivilized way of settling a quarrel, and under the new régime the knife is but rarely used here among the Italians in London.

"Payunza e Corraggio," are the words which pass from one Italian to another in any trouble or sickness: and it would seem that these are the watchwords of these poor fellows, who will walk mile after mile without stopping to eat or to drink, so dear to them is the thought of returning to home, country, and friends.

How grateful these men are to those who notice them kindly may appear from the following little incident:—

"An organ-grinder had been in the habit of visiting in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell with his instrument for some two or three years; when all on a sudden Thursday came, and no organ-man. The children were disappointed, even baby looking with an anxious face towards the window.

"Weeks went on, when, to the delight of all—baby of course included—the organ sounds again; and when they run out as usual to give the man his pence, he also has something to give, for a neat letter is put into the little girl's hand, which tells her the reason of his long absence; that he has been preparing to return to his own land. The letter began by thanking them in his nice, graceful, Italian way: 'Signora, I thank you ver moosh for your good heart to the poor Italian: now I go to my own Italy, an pray be sure that I shall always pray for the English lady, and all her little meeses.'"

Some two years and a-half since, when there was a great cry about some grave acts committed by the Italians round about London, their isolated state and lonely condition, without true friends to guide and counsel them, struck most forcibly the heart of an Italian gentleman resident in London, himself a political exile. With true philanthropy he began to think of the best mode in which to do them good, so as to keep them free from the temptations incident to a life in a new city.

His first thought was to seek among his acquaintance for those who were friends to Italy and the Italians; the result was that some ladies raised a small fund to pay the incidental expenses of the enterprise; and Count di Tergolina began his work by visiting among his poor countrymen. The pleasure of the Italians thus visited and cared for was shown in many ways.

Count di Tergolina having for twenty years filled the onerous offices of a judge, is eminently calculated to exercise a certain quiet power over his compatriots, and thus he at once became their counsellor and their kind friend, whilst on their part a feeling of gratitude and trustful dependence went far towards bringing about a good result. But the Count was anxious to inspire a feeling of self-respect and morality among these poor wanderers in a strange land. He therefore, without touching upon the happy change in his own views of religion at this moment, invited them

to meet him on the Sunday afternoons for reading the Bible, and a little instruction in the way of conversation.

For this purpose he took a room in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, and having gone his round of visits, he cordially invited the Italians to meet him at the room on the Sunday following, at three o'clock.

On the first day only one man came; but the Count was not disheartened; he knew his countrymen—none better. Thus it went on for several Sundays successively, only one, or at most two, Italians being present; but this was in great part owing to the influence of the Roman priests, who had heard what was doing, and had been making themselves busy to prevent the poor, hitherto neglected Italians from going to the Count's Sunday-afternoon reading. But it was not to be so long. Little by little the Italians took confidence and came, for the Count had never ceased his visiting and talking with them; and by a ready sympathy with them in all their troubles and perplexities, he had gained the confidence and goodwill of all.

At last, to this gentleman's great gratification, the room in Cross Street began to have more visitors on the Sunday afternoons; and it was pleasing to see how all these untutored men began to change their loud talking, whilst the Scriptures were being read and explained, to a subdued sound, and at last to a respectful silence, until such time as they were invited to ask any questions they wished.

Soon, a better spirit grew up between the Italians themselves, and, did any of them want advice and counsel, they knew there was one who was pleased at all times to be of use to them.

At this juncture, the small fund which had been raised came to an end, and the Count began to think of the ways and means to meet this great difficulty; and he soon heard, by making diligent inquiries, that some persons, good friends to Italy, had made a beginning towards forming a society in favour of the Italians in London. He very soon found these good friends, and an understanding being come to, they joined forces, and a committee was formed, under whose auspices the work he had commenced was continued.

It was found necessary to have a larger room than that in Cross Street, for every Sunday afternoon had brought an increased number of visitors; and as one of the new arrangements was to endeavour to establish an evening school twice a week, for the purpose of teaching these poor men to read and write, in their own language or in English, a larger room was taken in Baldwin's Gardens, for two evenings and the Sunday afternoons.

In these rooms are held the national schools of the district, and it was from the politeness of the director that they were given up for this purpose.

An evening's entertainment was given, as an opening to the new state of things; the ladies of the committee and their friends lending their aid to the concert, which formed a part of the programme.

The evening was a complete success. The Italians were surprised and delighted—this being the first evening of the kind they had ever passed; and it had its effect, for it told them they were cared for, and that their friends wished them to be happy. There were many among those interested in the society who will not easily forget the look of bright satisfaction and content on the faces of the Italians that night. The school then commenced, and progressed steadily, for the Italians themselves, seeing their teachers had their good at heart, soon showed a desire to improve their education and morals, so as to take with them to their own country the means wherewith to improve those who belonged to them.

The Sunday-school is now attended by from twelve to thirty Italians, which gives an average of twenty-one per Sunday; but this number is frequently augmented. The evening school is attended by from twenty-two to

sixty organ-men, image-makers, men employed in the manufacture of confectionery, glass, and various other light trades—thus giving an average of forty-one per evening.

At first, owing to conversation between the pupils, it was a little difficult to pursue the lessons with advantage; but, little by little, this has been changed, and order and respectful silence now prevail. Another great and happy improvement has also taken place—that of cleanliness and respectability in attire.

At first, as a matter of course, these men would present themselves just as they left their work, so that it was anything but pleasant to sit beside them. Gradually this neglect has given way to the kindly advice they received. When one or two were wise enough to begin the reformation, the rest, not to be outdone, soon followed in their wake, and now a cleaner or more respectable school of the kind it would be difficult to find.

Besides writing and reading, arithmetic, and, when there is time, a little grammar and geography are introduced as a sort of relaxation. The school commences at half-past eight and ends at ten o'clock.

It is the custom of the Count, when the school is finished, to say, each evening, some kindly words of instruction and advice before the men and boys leave the room, choosing such subjects as tend to show the advantage of keeping the passions under control, the good of temperance, cleanliness, truth, virtue, kindness to our neighbour, and the duty of helping those who are in distress. The artist has chosen this happy moment for his spirited sketch. We will only add that it is pleasing to see how eager the poor Italians are for these few words of instruction and kindly sympathy, as their loud *vivas* show when the address is concluded.

CAROLINE DI TERGOLINA.

I USED to draw under my mother's superintendence, and to her I read aloud books of history and general literature. It is thus that she developed in me that love of reading and that curiosity for all things which were the springs of my life—*Cuvier*.

THE loss of a mother is always severely felt. Even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying-point, around which affection and obedience and a thousand tender endeavours to please, concentrate, and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn. It is like that lonely star before us—neither its heat or light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends.—*Lamartine*.

I too acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush or a high towering wide-shadowing tree! either a sick, yellow cabbage or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education,—what furthered, what hindered, what in any way modified it.—*Carlyle*.

LISTEN, good mothers: this is not a question of one of those idle studies, the only aim of which is to stock the memory; the education of the soul is an important question, the most important which can be agitated on this earth. It is not only a matter which regards yourselves, but also the flesh of your flesh, the blood of your blood; these poor little creatures whom you have brought into this world, with passions, vices, love, hatred, pain, and death; for these are in truth what they have received from you with the life of the body; and these will indeed be miserable presents, if you do not also educate their souls, that is to say, arm them wherewith to fight, lead them to a light whereby they may direct themselves.—*Almeida Martin*.

THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.



HE lilies toil not, neither do they spin," was the vainglorious motto of the ancient kings of France; from the device which Louis VII. (Le

Jeune) first placed upon his seal, in reference possibly to the abbey of Fleury, the favourite retreat of the French kings, the burial-place of his grandfather, Philip I.

Our quaint authority upon heraldry, who wrote under the name of Guillim, demurs slightly to the identification of the lily with the fleur-de-lys; but adds, that a quibble was founded upon this motto in support of the salic law, which debarred females from succeeding to the crown of France, as if it were meant to exclude the spinster part of creation only from the honours of the lily.

At any rate, the figure identified with Frank sovereigns has given occasion for much ingenuity and ample diversity of conjecture. It has been called a monogram or capital letter, the head of a spear, a buckle, the finial of a spire. Nay, the ingenious malice of English heralds discovered that three toads were the original arms of France; and this statement was absurdly paraded within the last few years by a fanatic who desired to prove that the present emperor was typified by the beast mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of the Revelations, out of whose mouth came frogs.

The form of this ornament is so graceful, and capable of being adapted with so much ease to architectural or embroidered decoration, that it must be familiar to most of our readers; and those who remember the old-fashioned lily, to be found in the formal gardens of our youthful associations, will be able to judge of its likeness to that upright stem crowned by a flower mitre-shaped in the centre, but curving back in its side leaves almost to the shape of the letter M in mediæval alphabets. It is perhaps from this resemblance, as well as from the associations of the lily with purity and innocence, that it has been ranked as a symbol of the blessed Virgin Mary; while others have found in its three leaves, bound together by a link or tie, an emblem of the Holy Trinity; both suppositions serving alike to make it a favourite item in the decorations of Christian art. While it thus acquired a sacred character in this country, it became a national emblem in France, where legendary fable invested it with a special sanctity. Dame Julian Berners relates that the arms of the King Clovis were certainly sent by an angel from heaven; that is to say, three flowers in the form of swords in a field of azure (viz., a blue shield with three golden fleurs-de-lys upon it), in sign of everlasting trouble to befall him and his successors; a melancholy fate, which the patriotism of Master Gerard Leigh, a herald of Queen Elizabeth's time, discovers to be by way of retribution "for rebelling against their natural liege lords, the kings of England,"—an accusation he would find it hard to sustain against Clovis, the contemporary of the earliest founders of the Saxon heptarchy. The fact, however, seems to be this, that the similarity between the words "Lys" and "Louis" led to the adoption by Louis VII. of a conventional representation of his namesake flower as his badge, a figure already familiar from its use in classical and Christian art, to surmount pinnacles, sceptres, and sword-hilts, to besprinkle embroidered garments, or fasten them as a

buckle; and that subsequently the arms of the later Louis were traditionally referred to the founder of the Frank monarchy, whose name was only the earlier form (before the initial C was dropped) of the denomination so popular in the successive royal families of France. So completely was the fleur-de-lys considered to be identified with the regal insignia of France, that Guillim expresses his regret that a figure once so honoured should, by tract of time, have become a more vulgar (i. e. common) bearing; "even as purple was in ancient times a wearing only for princes, which now hath lost that prerogative through custom."

The fleur-de-lys does not figure in English politics until the tenth year of Edward III., A.D. 1340. When claiming the crown of France in right of his mother, he quartered his shield, and placed the blue field, powdered or sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lys, in juxtaposition with the three lions of England on the red ground; hence the royal livery of red and blue worn by our soldiers and official personages. In the year 1365, Charles V. of France, in accordance with the more formal heraldic fashions of his day, reduced the number of fleurs-de-lys upon his shield and banner to three, a variation promptly followed by our Henry IV. It is thus that they usually appear on the seals of the Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart princes, and the earlier kings of the house of Hanover; and thus they are to be found in many beautiful examples of architectural ornament in the edifices of the middle ages.

The causes which led to the disappearance of the fleurs-de-lys from the royal arms in 1801, were briefly these. It was desirable to show some mark of sympathy with the exiled king of France, then residing in this country, and, as the union with Ireland rendered a rearrangement of the national insignia necessary, it seemed a suitable occasion to disuse a portion of them, which only conveyed an empty menace to the family of Bourbon—all idea of a serious claim on French territory having been for ages abandoned—and by royal proclamation they were dispensed with on the 1st of January in that year. They were expunged from the national banner of France in 1830.

The mention of shields sprinkled with fleurs-de-lys reminds us of the frequent use of this pattern in what is termed, heraldically, diaper, from the fine cloths made at Ypres, in Flanders; a word which has survived to our own day in relation to a cross-hatched pattern of linen cloth, the floriated patterns having received the appellation of damask from the fabrics of Damascus. Heraldically speaking, any flowered or patterned ground was known as diaper, and in nine cases out of ten the pattern chosen was that of fleurs-de-lys. We only mention this as an additional instance of the way in which apparently bygone matters turn out to be mixed up with the details of our everyday life, and for the purpose of noting the change of fashion revolving in a clearly traceable circle. It is quite possible that we may see armorial bearings transferred again to articles of dress, and coats of arms no longer a mere technical expression.

And one more association deserves noting. We may remember that anecdote in the "Spectator" of the Westminster boy, who could neither sleep nor play for thinking of the banners which were hung in the hall. These were trophies of the great Duke of Marlborough's victories over the generals of Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, the most potent and longest bearer of the lilyed shield. Still, in memory of these victories and the magnificent reward by which the country paid its debt of gratitude to the great warrior, does his descendant, on a stated day, present at Windsor Castle a small silken banner bearing the embroidered copy of the lilies of France, once the terror of Europe, now only retained in a mimic symbol of homage, to preserve the recollection of their humiliation at the hands of the first owner of Blenheim.

SQUARE WORDS.

(Concluded.)

The following examples conclude the specimens, which have now been given under every letter of the alphabet.

T.
TOM: TOBIT:
OWE: OPERA:
MEN. BEHAR:
IRATE:
TARES.

Expl.—TOBIT will suggest the *Book of Tobit*. BEHAR will be found in maps of our Indian empire and elsewhere, if not in dictionaries.

U.
UPAS: UTTER:
POPE: TOOLE:
APSE: TONIC:
SEEN. ELIZA:
RECAL.

Expl.—UPAS, if *tree* were added to it, would at once be familiar to all as the half-fabulous tree of death. APSE, an architectural and astronomical term. TOOLE, the name of a popular comic actor. RECAL, the new-fangled way of spelling RECALL.

V.
VENT: VOMIT: **W.**
EVER: OPINE: WASP: WATER:
NERO: MINNA: ANNA: AWARE:
TROT. INNER: SNAP: TAXES:
TEARS. PAPA. ERECT:
RESTS.

X.
XENOS: XANADU:
EXILE: ABORAH:
NIZAM: NO-EARL:
OLAVE: ARABIA:
SEMEL. DARIEN:
UHLAND.

Expl.—XENOS is a Greek family-name. In the papers of May 28th, 1867, was to be read:—"This was an action by Aristides Xenos, &c." NIZAM, the title of certain sovereigns of Hyderabad. OLAVE needs but St. before it to be familiar. SEMEL, a Latin word meaning *once for all*. NO-EARL is, perhaps, as light liberty; though it is not uncommon to see such phrases as *King and No-king*, &c. DARIEN, *gulf of D.* UHLAND, an admirable German poet.

Y.
YARD: YIELD:
AGUR: INNER:
RUSE: ENTRE:
DREW. LERNA:
DREAD.

Expl.—AGUR, the son of JAKEH (*Prov.*). ENTRE, a French word meaning *between*, and very familiar to us in the phrase *entre nous*. LERNA, a district of ancient Greece, celebrated as the place where Hercules killed the hydra.

Z.
ZEAL: ZENO:
EZRA: EBOR:
ARMS: NONE:
LAST. OREB.

Expl.—EZRA, Scriptural name. ZENO, the founder of the Stoic philosophy. EBOR is found in use in such expressions as *The Ebor, St. Leger*, &c. OREB: "Make their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb" (*Psa.*).

* * Several of our correspondents having found a difficulty in squaring the word France, we add the following to the examples already given under the letter F.

FRANCE: FRANCE: FRANO:
RADIUS: RULERS: REBELS:
ADVERT: ALLIED: ABASED:
NIEBLA: NEIDER: NESTOR:
CURLED: GREENA: CLEONA:
ESTADA. ESDRAS. ESDRAS.

Expl.—NIEBLA, a place in Andalusia. ESTADA, Spanish, residence. NEIDER, German, *grudger*. CLEONA, more usually and properly CLEONÆ, a village of Argolis.



G. B. favours us with the following lines, which he very oddly calls an *anagram*, and in so doing makes two mistakes at once. An anagram is a word so transposed, that its letters form another word, the sense of which ought to have some sort of application to the word transposed. No doubt our correspondent means an *acrostic*; but in an acrostic the first letters ought to form a word, or words, which indicate the subject of the verse. This, therefore, is neither an anagram nor an acrostic, but a new species of composition especially invented to pay us a compliment, for which, therefore, we feel bound to find room:—

Passing away was she in the very spring of existence,
Ending a life of pain in the hope of a happier future;
On her couch she lay, drawn close to the latticed casement,
Placed wide open for heat, on an eve in glorious summer;
Lovely was she, most fair, while the hectic flush of consumption
Ever dwelt on her cheek, and enhanced her exquisite beauty;
Soon to perish on earth, to wake in loveliness greater.

Maiden of lowly birth, yet pure and sweet as the lily,
All her thoughts were of heaven, no taint of earth was remaining.
God was her all in all, her shield, her hope, and protector,
Aye present, almighty, a God of ineffable goodness.
Zephyr-born, fresh as ether, the breeze came sighing at even,
Incense-laden, and soft, honey-sweet, while death and the angels
Nearer and nearer came, and released the struggling spirit,
Ever hereafter to rest at the feet of her Father in heaven.

PENNY READINGS.—To the Editor of the *People's Magazine*.—Being a reader of your valuable periodical, I saw, in the number for September, a letter from "Theophilus" about Penny Readings. [A few words on the subject will also be found in our October number, page 688.]

Since I am a decided advocate for Penny Readings, I am rather anxious that they should appear before the public in their true character. Theophilus does not give us *many* of the general good points of Penny Readings, but tells us a good many of the bad points of Readings which he has attended; and I think I may say with truth, that he seems to have been very unfortunate in the ones he has attended.

We must not expect anything to succeed unless we take pains with it, and devote a certain amount of both time and care to it. Now, it will be found advisable that some competent person undertake the duty of chairman, who will retain that post either for the whole series of meetings, or at any rate for as many as he will be present at. No meeting ought to take place unless a chairman or president, who has full authority, be present; for since a reader has so very much in his power, either towards making the meeting enjoyable or not, one who "beats the best passages, of perhaps a great author, out of shape and sense, by bad intonation, by provincialisms, and by misplaced aspirates," ought to be scrupulously avoided; and how is this to be done, except by appointing a president with power to prevent such a reader as I have mentioned from spoiling the evening? I think in most cases, one of the clergymen of the parish in which the readings are held would be the best person to serve as president. [Our correspondent must be prepared for a difference of opinion on this point.]

Next comes the choosing of pieces, which ought perhaps to be more carefully attended to than the choice of readers; and here also the chairman or president ought to be allowed to exercise control. I think in this manner Theophilus would be spared from "villanous attempts at wit and wretched humour."

Theophilus also says, "Let us examine even in its most hopeful form this supposed combination of instruction with amusement." Evidently from this he thinks that Penny Readings do not combine instruction with amusement. Now we all know the saying about "all work," and the effect it has upon Jack; and I think that Penny Readings with nothing but instruction would answer the purpose at all, and all amusement would be as bad. It seems to me, with a little trouble, easy, judiciously to mix amusement with instruction. Penny Readings are, as Theophilus remarks, very popular; and in my neighbourhood are not attended "by a miscellaneous assemblage of the lower middle class, consisting principally of females," but by all classes. Neither have they been allowed to supersede the lecture.

Hoping that Theophilus will be more fortunate in what reads and pieces he hears in the coming Penny Reading season, I remain, Very truly yours,
LECTOR.



